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PAPAL PRETENSIONS AND CIVIL ALLEGIANCE.

TRULY may it be said History repeats itself. What stronger or stranger illustration of this could be desired than the recurrence now of those fruitful topics of controversy and strife concerning Papal Supremacy, that distracted Christian States during the middle ages, and deluged Europe with blood. In our day when the Popedom has been shorn of its mediæval glory, when its temporal power has departed, and even its spiritual authority is openly derided by multitudes of rebellious subjects, and is, besides, everywhere on the wane, it certainly appears most strange that such a time should be chosen for reviving pretensions to a Divine Supremacy in things temporal as well as spiritual—a supremacy which the most Roman Catholic of countries resisted and spurned even in the darkest ages.

But so it is. The Papacy once more claims, in no faint or hesitating tones, supreme and undivided authority, as of divine right, over all baptized Christendom. Papal infallibility is now affirmed, with a degree of amplitude and thorough-

ness such as never was attempted in the darkest ages by the most aspiring and audacious Popes. Ultramontane dogma, in its most intolerant and revolting characteristics, is openly inculcated. An ascendancy is avowedly contemplated that would sit like a nightmare on the intellect of the nation, and only permit the cultivation of Science, Literature and the Arts, in so far as they served Ultramontane purposes. All this, and far more in the same spirit, is now attempted to be imposed on the intelligence of the Roman Catholic laity. A thorough belief in accordance therewith, is declared to be "essential to salvation," while to doubt or reject incurs the penalty of *anathema*!

What wonder when Ultramontane dogma is thus offensively paraded to scandalize and shame the enlightened liberality and charity of modern civilization—what wonder, we say, if Sovereign States should, under such provocation, revert to the lessons of the past, and take timely precautions to curb the insolence of Papal pretensions, and uphold the supreme jurisdiction of

the civil law. Is it not a necessary consequence that such should be done?

Thus it is that questions which commenced to agitate Christendom long centuries ago, crop up again, invite discussion, and come to have a deep significance in our own day. A "good Catholic," says Ultramontane dogma, is one who harkens with the unquestioning docility of a child, and a full, implicit faith to the teaching of the Church—who, in "blind obedience," utterly abandons his own reason, surrenders absolutely his own judgment in all things to the guidance of spiritual authority, and accepts unreservedly the *ex cathedra* utterances of the Pope as the veritable voice of God!

Such briefly and simply is the Ultramontane definition of a "good Catholic," and though we are happy to believe there are very few such to be found among the educated laity, still it cannot be a matter of surprise if, in consequence of such teaching, doubts should again arise in Protestant minds whether a "good Catholic" in this Ultramontane sense, could possibly be at the same time a good citizen and loyal subject?

It was the ignoble boast, worthy of the feeble intellect of the pervert Peer who made it, that he was "a Roman Catholic first, and an Englishman after." This is in strict and harmonious accordance with the true spirit of the Papacy—"Give your undivided allegiance in all things, your heart and soul to Rome, then be anything afterwards." Theoretically, this may be harmless enough in the light of the nineteenth century, when our free institutions and constitutional liberties are so well secured, and more especially when the vast majority of educated Roman Catholics spurn such slavish teaching as indignantly as any Protestant. This is a vital point to

keep in view; for were it other-

wise—were it possible for Ultramontanism to acquire such an ascendancy as would impose its detestable yoke of mental bondage on the Roman Catholics of the world, and inspire them with the wicked intolerance of its own spirit, why, then, the simple and inevitable result would be wars of extermination. Ultramontanism would then be on a par with Red Communism, and society should be protected at all hazards.

These topics carry us back to the mediæval ages, when, undoubtedly, the belief was prevalent throughout Roman Catholic Europe that the pretensions of the Papacy were wholly irreconcilable with the sovereign rights of States. Long prior to the Reformation, the Popes flooded not only Italy, but Europe with blood, in attempts to assert and establish their claims to temporal as well as spiritual supremacy. In self-defence, Roman Catholic nations had to resist the insatiable ambition of the Popes, and thus during many centuries the Papacy was embroiled in continued disputes and successive wars, not alone with the sovereign States of Italy, but also with France, Germany, Spain, and England. Thus the great majority of the wars that desolated Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century were principally caused by the aggressive spirit that inspired the policy of the Pontiffs, or were encouraged by them with a view to the further aggrandisement of the Holy See. Their desire, the main-spring of their policy during those ages, was to establish their pretensions to universal dominion, by subjugating and trampling on the sovereign and supreme rights of nations.

If "history is philosophy teaching by examples," it becomes us to note well its facts, that we may draw practical wisdom from them. Now we have it proclaimed as an

infallible truth that Popery knows no change—that it has always been the same, and remains the same. Assuming this to be so, the question arises, Why is not Pius IX. a Gregory VII? Why is it that the Europe of to-day is not desolated by Papal ambition as in the middle ages? Is not the answer to be found in the expansion of national liberties, the spread of intelligence, the moral and social developments of progress—all, in fact, that goes to make up the sum of “modern civilization,” with which to assert the Papacy should place itself in accord has been pronounced by the Pope, *ex cathedra*, to be “a damnable heresy!”

The logical conclusion, then, just comes to this, that had the Papacy of to-day the same powers and opportunities that were at its command in the middle ages its course of action would be exactly similar. It would desolate Christian Europe with ruthless wars for the extermination of heretics, and to impose its degrading yoke on the neck of sovereign states. This is its own logic, and once it was pregnant with fearful import.

Considering these things, and reflecting on the vast accumulation of abuses and iniquities, the agglomeration of centuries of Papal scandals and crimes which finally culminated in the Reformation, we can at once understand how the Penal Laws enacted by Protestant States against Roman Catholics were not dictated by an aggressive spirit of persecution, but, on the contrary, had their origin in a defensive policy dictated by prudence and purely protective. Those laws, harsh and unjust as we may now consider them, were all framed on the supposition that Roman Catholics did yield to the Popes the willing, complete, and “blind obedience” they unquestionably claimed. If allegiance of this kind was due

and given to Rome, it followed as a natural consequence that Roman Catholics so compromised could not be considered faithful and loyal subjects of a Protestant state. It was this belief that inspired the Penal Code; and undeniably it was to a large extent warranted by the attitude of the Papacy, the wars of the Reformation, and accredited Ultramontane teaching.

It is needless to observe that, had this belief continued to prevail in Great Britain, the Relief Act of 1829 would never have been passed, nor would the political status of Roman Catholics have been ameliorated save as the result of a successful revolution. Time, however, brought healing on its wings. Gradually the belief in Roman Catholic disloyalty became diluted and modified. We were taught to discredit the assumed identity of the mediæval Papacy with that of the nineteenth century. The persecuting doctrines of the past were condemned as the unauthorized utterances of bigotry and fanaticism. In point of fact, all the most offensive doctrines of the mediæval Papacy that appeared to aim at the usurpation of a universal supremacy, or to trench on the domain of national sovereignty and the supreme jurisdiction of the civil law—all these were either totally renounced and repudiated, or explained away by the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy, and educated laity of these countries during the period of organized agitation that immediately preceded the act of 1829.

But that generation has passed away; and now, while Roman Catholics are, constitutionally, on a footing of perfect equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects, an insolent and aggressive Ultramontane spirit has been revived, and we are again confronted with those irritating topics of rancorous controversy, so provocative of religious animosi-

ties and antipathies, which we fondly hoped had been eliminated for ever from the political life of the nation.

It was not, however, suffered to be so, for during the last quarter of a century, while the political Papedom has utterly perished, and the bonds of its spiritual authority are relaxed in every quarter, a most singular return to the mediæval spirit has taken place, and changes in doctrine have been inaugurated of so startling a character as to place the Papacy in direct antagonism to the sovereign rights of States and the civilizing developments of modern progress. It need only be observed that the infatuation which inspired such councils, in the very derrepitude of the Papacy, is as amazing as unaccountable.

In was in July, 1870, when the temporal Papedom was lingering out a humiliating existence under the protection of French bayonets, that an obsequious Council of the so-called "Universal Church," assembled at Rome, astonished Christendom by proclaiming the astounding dogma of the Personal Infallibility of the Pope. Not only did this marvellous emanation of human presumption and folly confer *Infallibility*, and, by consequence, *Imprescriptibility* on the occupant of the Pontifical chair, but the decree had a retrospective effect, and was declared to have been a truth from the beginning. It applied with equal force to all ages, and to the present! Never, was not a council without actual, opposition. Bishops dissented also, and emphatically expostulated since, creating a new article so repugnant to reason and to the traditions of the rational

minority was overborne by a majority, which, if weak in intelligence, was strong in ingenuity, so that the enlightened dissentients had no alternative but to sacrifice their conscientious judgment or retire from the Council.

Such a dilemma tries the souls of men. All is to be sacrificed for conscience' sake, or, if truth is abandoned, self-respect must be forfeited. In this case, many did compromise conscience; they protested and retired in the first instance, but afterwards, when the dogma was promulgated, they tacitly submitted on various pleas, and consented to seemingly accept a dogma against which their whole mental nature revolted.

Others, on the contrary, were cast in a sterner mould. Strong in principle, and undaunted in its maintenance, they scorned to sacrifice conscience at the bidding of a fanatical majority. They chose a more honourable and manly part, and already they have had their reward. They ably contended against the dogma as long as discussion was permitted; but when overpowered at last by the sheer force of numbers, they then adopted the only honest course open to them—they vehemently repudiated the acceptance of such a dogma, no matter by what majority affirmed, and, so protesting, retired from the Council.

The immediate effect of the promulgation of the Personal Infallibility of the Pope was a schism in the Roman Catholic Church. So daring and gross an outrage on the intelligence of the nineteenth century, could not be patiently accepted and borne. Accordingly that schism has been extending its proportions ever since, and has already attained an influence so great on the Continent, as to endanger that of Rome. The faith and church of the "Old Catholics"—of the Dollingers

and Reinkins, is now attracting to it the mature intellects that were content to rest in undisturbed indifference under the Papacy until startled into life and reason by so flagrant an outrage on their faith and common sense, and thus a little cloud arose in the far distant horizon, which although no bigger than a man's hand, is nevertheless destined to overshadow the Roman Catholic world, not with a return of mediæval gloom and barbarism, but with the splendour of advancing civilization, and the glory of intellectual emancipation from the bondage of superstition.

Prior to the promulgation of his own *Personal Infallibility* the Pope had committed, in 1854, a grosser outrage, if possible, on the accredited faith of the Church, and the teaching of its ablest divines, by the publication of a Bull, declaring the Immaculate Conception to be an Article of the true faith, not to accept and believe which, consigns to everlasting damnation! To a like eternal perdition he consigned all who even entertained a doubt as to the entire truth of the ridiculous dogma; while similar pains and penalties were fulminated against any irreverent mind that dare utter an expostulatory word, "hint a fault or hesitate dislike" concerning its undoubted Pagan origin, manifest grossness and absurdity.

After the Immaculate Conception, in due time came another of the Pope's wonderful theological torpedoes. In 1864 he startled and scandalized the intelligence of the world by the publication of his famous Encyclical letter, with a Syllabus, containing a formidable array of so-called errors of modern philosophy and civilization, against all of which he thundered his impotent anathemas.

By such acts the Pope and his advisers defiantly threw down the

gauntlet to the intelligence and mental independence of his age, and there have been plenty to pick it up. Perhaps no previous occupant of the Pontifical chair was more distinguished for amiability of disposition and virtuous life than the present Pope; yet he is weak, superstitious, and bigoted to a degree that overshadows and perverts all his good qualities. He has been solely in the hands of the Jesuits since his ignoble flight to Gaëta, and by playing on his intellectual feebleness, and pandering to his spiritual vanity, they have succeeded too well in moulding him to their purposes.

The consequences are that no Pope, so well disposed, committed greater mistakes. By the vacillating, crooked policy he adopted, the temporal Popedom has been utterly destroyed, never to be restored; while, by giving way to his childish superstitions, and a desire to gratify the morbid cravings of his spiritual vanities by proclaiming his own *Personal Infallibility*, the astounding absurdity of the Immaculate Conception, and hurling his harmless anathemas against the intellectual life and progress of the age—by this policy, he has succeeded in creating a schism in his own Church, which time must widen, but cannot heal; because to "heal" would be to turn the tide of intellectual progress back on its source.

Thus, under the direct auspices of the present Pope, a second Reformation has been commenced, and its origin is due solely to the policy he has pursued during the last quarter of a century. And yet in this decadence of the Papacy, in its utter lack of authority, and while contending with the rebellion of its own subjects on every side, how grandly absurd it is to find that no pretensions ever advanced by mediæval Popes—no claims of

the Papacy in its most arrogant, imperious, and triumphant days could exceed those so fondly cherished by Pius IX.

It is worthy of note, however, that the extravagance of Papal pretensions as a rule, meet the warmest approval and support—not from the old Catholic families of Great Britain, but from neophytes, who, by the very fact of their perversion, have supplied an unerring test with which to gauge their mental calibre. The aggressive spirit, the violence and slavish devotion professed for the follies of Papistry that has characterized the Romanist party of late years, is, for the most part, attributable to the exuberant and ridiculous zeal of those neophytes, who fear their perversion might not be regarded as sincere, unless they perpetually exhibited their abject renunciation of mental manhood, and attracted attention thereto by never ceasing to jingle their caps and bells.

In this spirit the Romanist organ, the *Tablet*, which reflects the extreme views of the ultra party, could not conceal its exultation when gloating over the anathemas of the Syllabus—"Here," it exclaimed, "*here is language loftier than Gregory's; here are pretensions higher than those of Sixtus.*" . . . There is no Jesuitical mystification, no amphibological casuistry; it is all as plain as a table of turnpike tolls." This is all quite true, but what has come of it?

Where now is the sword of Gregory, or of Sixtus, to enforce Papal claims, and collect the "turnpike tolls?" Where is the world of Gregory or of Sixtus?—a world steeped in besotted ignorance and superstition, that "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee" and grovelled in the dust before Papal pretensions? In those days there was a gile . . . audacity . . . of . . .

the Popes; but now what do they merit but derision and contempt, for the world in which a Gregory could flourish, in which an Emperor would grovel in the dust to kiss the foot of a Pope, or hold his stirrup while he mounted, that world has vanished for ever.

This is a great truth, which the Ultramontane Romanists of our day will not admit. They are wilfully blind to the great revolutions time has effected. They hear the sonorous tone of the Papacy, high and haughty to-day as of yore, but take no heed of the intervening and impassable gulf time has created; of the totally altered conditions the advance of ages have imposed on Europe—in fact, they ignore, in their miserable self-willed blindness, the entirely new world, mentally, politically, socially and morally, in which we now happily live. This is their ridiculous infatuation.

We admit there was something of the sublime about the audacious ambition of the mediæval Popes, who sought to lord it over the universe. But when poor Pio Nono presumes to filch a leaf out of their policy—when he affects to speak with their authority, to mimic their tone, and attempts to stretch forth the hand of his paralyzed power, to grasp their sword, could we be presented with, at one and the same time, a more ridiculous caricature, or a more humiliating? Alexander weeping because there were no more countries to conquer, and Alexander dead and returned to earth, as Hamlet puts it, does not furnish a more remarkable contrast, for just as the ambitions of the great Gregory are aped by Pius IX., so may imagination trace the "noble dust" of Alexander stopping the bung-hole of a beer barrel.

But in the case of Pius IX. and his Jesuit manipulators, there is no room for imagination at all—it is all a cold, stern matter of fact. We

have the mediæval Popes, boundless in their ambition, and thoroughly unscrupulous in their means. They were no mumbling bigots steeped in silly superstitions about Immaculate Conceptions and absurdities of that kind; they were cast altogether in a grander, if in a more criminal mould. Under them the Papacy attained a power and grandeur unexampled in the history of the world,—their authority overshadowed Europe.

Those were the magnificent days of the Papacy. It spoke, and its bloody decrees carried fire and sword throughout Europe. Contumacious sovereigns, no matter how proud and self-confident, were brought, by little bits of parchment whereon were inscribed its "excommunications" and "interdicts," to prostrate themselves as humble suppliants for forgiveness at the Papal footstool. The Papacy was then a tremendous, all-prevailing power, and for a time held the life and liberties of Europe in its grasp.

But now, what are we to say about the travesty that is presented to us? Now—when the famous fabric of universal dominion claimed and asserted by mediæval Popes has dwindled down to a "Palace, a garden, and a Church" charitably bestowed upon the successor of Hildebrand, "Christ's Vicar on Earth," and when, without shame, the superstition of "the faithful" is everywhere annually appealed to for the support of the Pontificate and its surroundings,—what are we to say about the common sense of the Vatican in still persisting in its old pretensions?

Now the mediæval Papacy has fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, and few, comparatively, are left so poor in sense and spirit as to do it reverence. The ignorance and superstition of a benighted world, in which its strong foundations were

laid, have been gradually dissipated by the lights of literature and science, and the conquests of constitutional liberty. Thus the giant of ancient days has descended to us the puniest of dwarfs, and what can be more pitiable than the puerile display of the ruling passion, strong even in the agonies of death; to hear, feebly mumbled by Pius IX., the awful anathemas which were formerly thundered in the ears of nations, shook thrones and terrified populations; and to witness now the puny efforts of his expiring power, attempting to grasp the terrible two-edged sword which, wielded by a Hildebrand, made Europe tremble! How striking the contrast between "then" and "now," and how vast the changes it involves!

But, in looking practically at the question that has now been raised, there can be no denial of the fact that, of late years, the policy of the Papacy has been of a retrograde and aggressive character, and in marked contrast to what it was during the struggle for Emancipation. It is not surprising, therefore, that a considerable amount of uneasiness, if not of positive distrust, should have been excited even among the most confiding and tolerant of Protestants, by the attitude of the Roman bishops and clergy since 1829. While Protestant Britain has been yielding, year after year, more liberal fruits, conceding everything justice demanded, and constitutional equality appeared to warrant—while the whole tone of the Protestant mind has been to bury for ever the religious animosities and antipathies of the past, and look forward only to a brotherhood of common interests, and of Christian charity; while this has been the characteristic of the Protestants of Great Britain, there has been gradually growing up among us a Papal party imbued with principles

and ideas hostile to all liberty, charity, and progress—an Ultramontane faction that receives its instructions direct from the Vatican, and whose disloyal boast it is that their first allegiance is due to Rome. They avow that, politically as well as religiously, they are "Papists first," whatever they may be after.

Now were the Papacy of to-day what it was in Hildebrand's age, and the world no farther advanced in civilization, then indeed, the mischievous activity of such a party among us might afford grounds for suspicion and anxiety. But when we look abroad on the world and regard the facts as they appear transparent before us, how is it possible to entertain any fear whatever respecting the growth of an Ultramontane party, no matter how intent it may be on pushing Papal pretensions to extravagant and violent extremes? The *will* may exist, but where is the *power*? In every quarter of the globe we observe unmistakable evidences that testify to the decided decline of the power once possessed by the Roman Church, and of the all-pervading influence exercised by its priesthood. And most singular and noteworthy is the fact that this general diminution of Papal power and influence, which is everywhere observable, is really more apparent in Roman Catholic than in Protestant countries..

At this moment, when the pretensions of the Papacy outrival the extravagancies of the mediæval Popes, there is not a solitary Roman Catholic country in Europe—not one, indeed, in the whole world—that acknowledges these pretensions, and renders them the homage of submissive obedience. One after the other all the states of Europe have emancipated themselves from the bondage of the Papacy, and in the civil authority rules

supreme. In Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, Belgium, the German states, Portugal, Spain, France and Italy, all Roman Catholic countries, not one now tolerates Papal interference in civil matters, nor even permits the unrestrained exercise even of a purely religious jurisdiction. Education, which the Papacy claims as peculiarly within its own sphere of "faith and morals," is now, in all those states, under the supreme control of the civil law. For purposes easily understood, Rome made marriage a "sacrament," but now there is not, we believe, a Roman Catholic country in Europe in which the civil law does not recognize marriage as a civil contract, and maintains its validity and completeness for all state purposes.

In fact, all the "damnable errors" enumerated and denounced in the Syllabus involve little more than the wholesome restraints which the progress of civilization and liberty have placed on the usurpations of the Papacy. After the revolutionary mania that swept over Central Europe, in 1848, had been suppressed, a reaction in the opposite extreme followed, and the Jesuits obtained the chief direction of affairs in nearly all Roman Catholic states.

But a reaction to such a violent extreme could not be sustained. Jesuit policy was too pronounced in favour of Absolutism, and provoked resistance instead of conciliating support. The result was a new phase of progress soon became apparent. Practical ideas of Constitutional liberty took the place of wild revolutionary schemes that had their origin in French Communism. During no period in the history of the world has such steady, rational, and assured progress been made in the development of the civil and religious life and freedom of nations, as the last quarter of a century has witnessed. The advance, not only in rational liberty, but also in mate-

rial industry and prosperity, has been as unexampled as gratifying, and now we have reached such a stage of stability, with intelligence so quickened, and enlightenment so general, that retrogression is impossible.

True, all this progress, its causes and its good fruits, have been put in the Syllabus by the Pope, and heartily anathematized. But this only makes the reality more undoubted, as well as more prized. It would be against nature to imagine that this great universal stream of progress is to be stayed and rolled back on its sources by any amount of scolding or cursing an angry Pontiff may indulge in. "Hard words break no bones," yet hard words—the hardest and strongest the Vatican vocabulary, so rich in denunciatory verbosity, can supply—are now, happily, the only weapons the Papacy can employ to uphold its pretensions and enforce its decrees.

Turn which way we will, in no quarter can we discern the submission and homage of nations rendered to Papal authority, as of old. Everywhere we find Papal pretensions curbed and restrained; either ignored altogether, or only permitted a questionable existence within prescribed and regulated limits. Priestly authority no longer enjoys the license it once demanded and exercised, and which superstition so readily accorded; now, on the contrary, supreme over all the ambitions and pretensions of Popes and Councils, we have the authority of the civil law asserted and maintained. Even the most bigoted and degraded nation in Europe—and mainly made so by its religion, its priests, and their policy,—even Spain has cast off the shackles of the Papacy, and proclaimed the supremacy of the civil law over all ecclesiastical pretensions.

Not only is this true of Roman Catholic European states, but it is most remarkably so of the old

Spanish states of South America—the last great strongholds of bigotry and superstition, of intolerance and fanaticism. Those countries were distinguished for a slavish obedience to the behests of Romanism in all the affairs of life. But is such the case now? Far from it indeed! We find revolt everywhere active against priestly domination. Not one of those states, once so humble and obedient, now bows its neck to the Papal yoke!

In Brazil the bishops recently determined to uphold the authority of the Papacy as superior to the civil power, and they brought on a contest which will terminate, as is usual in such cases, by promoting public liberty and mental independence. The bishops pushed matters to the very verge of high treason, and as they would not acknowledge the supremacy of the civil jurisdiction, there was nothing for it but to send them to cool their Papal fervour in jail, where they remain, according to latest advices.

In Santiago a similar embroilment has taken place. Acting under direct orders from Rome, the priests resisted the authority of the civil law; they claimed to be exempt from its jurisdiction—in fact, sought to enforce the *privilegium clericale* of mediæval times—and to yield no allegiance save to the Papacy and its tribunals. Thus two wholly incompatible jurisdictions were brought into direct antagonism, and one or other should go to the wall. No state could tolerate such pretensions on the part of any ecclesiastical body, and yet pretend to be independent.

Roman Catholic Santiago, we are gratified to find, acted in this matter as Brazil and all other Roman Catholic countries have acted of late years. The supremacy of the civil law should be asserted at all hazards, and this so exasperated the clergy that the extreme measure was

resorted to of cursing Santiago by "bell, book, and candle light!" Excommunication has been fulminated against the whole civil government, and the country laid under interdict! But, strange to say, Santiago has not succumbed under the infliction. The government exists, and is administered as usual, and the Papal party has only succeeded in demonstrating its own pitiable weakness.

Now, in the face of such undoubted evidence of a general decadence overshadowing the pretensions of the Papacy everywhere, as with a pall, how can men of common intelligence and ordinary nerve profess fears for our liberties because, in the Vatican Decrees, the Pope has revived the pretensions of his ambitious mediæval predecessors?

Having regard, we repeat, to the political circumstances of our time, to the general enlightenment that is penetrating the dingiest nooks of sectarian prejudice and superstition, while we behold the Papacy, once so omnipotent, now totally shorn of even the semblance of temporal power, and only receiving a dubious and qualified spiritual allegiance—looking at matters in this plain practical light, we certainly cannot affect to share in the miserable pitiful feelings of alarm that have been excited by the publication of Mr. Gladstone's *Political Expostulation*. Ten thousand pamphlets of the kind could not induce us to believe our liberties endangered.

The avowed object of Mr. Gladstone's publication is to prove that a Roman Catholic who accepts the Vatican Decrees as "binding on conscience" can no longer be considered capable of fulfilling the duties of a loyal subject to the state. His words are:—

"I am no longer able to say, as I would have said before 1870, 'There is nothing in the necessary belief of the Roman Catholic which can appear to

impeach his full civil title; for, whatsoever be the follies of ecclesiastical power in his Church, his Church itself has not required of him, with binding authority, to assent to any principles inconsistent with his civil duty.' That ground is now, for the present at least, cut from under my feet." *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance; a Political Expostulation*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: John Murray.

Now, Mr. Gladstone cannot complain when judged according to his own standard. He comes out at the close of the year 1874, and publishes a pamphlet that frightens these isles out of their propriety, and makes weak-minded Protestants revert, with dread, to Guy Fawkes conspiracies and horrible reminiscences of that kind; and what is Mr. Gladstone's excuse, his justification for all this rashness and folly? Why, that in *his opinion* the Vatican Decrees of 1870 created an entirely new relationship between Roman Catholics, who accept them as binding on conscience, and the Governments under which they live. Such is Mr. Gladstone's statement of his own case.

Now admitting such a change, as he asserts, took place in 1870, respecting Roman Catholic allegiance, what then was his duty? He was then Prime Minister of Great Britain. What was his action to meet and counteract this fearful aggression on the loyalty and independence of British Roman Catholics? Why, his whole course of action during the period he remained in office after 1870—after the acts took place which he now affects to lament—was to pursue a policy the main object of which was to place political power and other means of aggression in the hands of the very Ultramontane faction whose existence he now declares is incompatible with British loyalty!

During the whole of this period

Mr. Gladstone's policy was Papal in England and Scotland as far as it could be, but in Ireland *thoroughly so*. An insolent and aggressive Ultramontanism made its ascendancy felt in directing the policy of the Irish Government. The University Bill was the offspring of this influence. It was one of the most insidious measures ever devised to undermine and destroy the free educational institutions of the country. It was entirely conceived in the Ultramontane interest, and the undoubted effect of its operation would have been to have made, in a very few years, that interest supreme in the direction of Collegiate education, and consequently of primary and intermediate. Happily, however, that evil was averted; yet Mr. Gladstone, who now complains of "Papal aggression," was the very man who supported the University Bill, and tendered his resignation in a pet because the awakened Protestant feeling of the country caused its indignant rejection.

This is only one of the many striking inconsistencies observable in Mr. Gladstone's career. Indeed, from his first entrance on public life, it may be said of him that he has been consistent only in his inconsistency. What greater evidence of inconsistency could any Minister offer than to pander to Papal influences and court Papal support, when in office, and then, having been forced into the cold shade of Opposition, to turn round on his former allies and impute to them a religious allegiance incompatible with their obligations as loyal subjects? This was to be gratuitously offensive.

"Assuming," says Mr. Gladstone, "my allegations true"—that a Roman Catholic who accepts the Vatican Decrees cannot render the allegiance due by a loyal subject to the State,—assuming this, "were

such allegations suitable to be set forth by me?" This is the question he puts to his party, and we fancy there is but one very short and decisive answer to it. The opinions expressed by Mr. Gladstone in his *Expostulation* he must have held while in office, and shaping his policy so as to give increased offensive power to Ultramontane influences, how then can his official conduct be reconciled with the publication of such a pamphlet when in Opposition? We confess our inability to understand how it is possible to applaud the publication now, and yet hold him not only justified in suppressing his opinions when in office, but in fact, as head of the Government, doing all in his power to strengthen the very Papacy he now affects to dread.

In fact no Minister of our day has done more than Mr. Gladstone to encourage that very spirit of Papal aggression which he now so ostentatiously pretends to deplore. In 1850, when the Vatican parcelled out England into so many Popish dioceses, and usurped the Sovereign right to confer titles in connection therewith, who then stood forth as the champion of Vatican audacity and aggression? Why, Mr. Gladstone. He exhausted the resources of his sophistical rhetoric in defending the Vatican policy. He opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, a measure that had only one fault—as a means it was inadequate to the end proposed. But this was not Mr. Gladstone's ground of opposition; he opposed it entirely from the Papal point of view, and twenty years after, when in power as Prime Minister, took occasion to repeal it.

Considering how Mr. Gladstone, during his whole political career, has favoured a policy that directly encouraged Papal pretensions, we are totally at a loss to discern any consistency in the publication of

his pamphlet. If it was desirable that such an *Expostulation* should be published, assuredly Mr. Gladstone, with his antecedents, was not the person to undertake the task.

As already observed, Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet opens up an old controversy, that places the acknowledged pretensions of the Papacy, as advanced by the Ultramontane party, in striking antagonism to the liberality and enlightenment of modern thought. We are well aware that the Roman Catholic gentry and professional classes whose minds have been enlarged by education and contact with the world repudiate Papal pretensions in the Ultramontane sense, and of this fact we could not have more creditable and gratifying evidence than that afforded by the public declarations of Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, Mr. Petre, Mr. Shee, and other representatives of old Catholic families, who refuse to subscribe to or accept the slavish interpretation given by such a Protestant pervert as Dr. Manning to the personal infallibility of the Pope, and his power to decree new articles of faith. They are of the old school of British Catholics. They represent the bold men of old who extorted *Magna Charta* from the recreant John, when he degraded his crown and dignity by becoming a Papal vassal. For doing so the Pope anathematized them, but the Great Charter of English liberties was secured for all that. Their spirit also animated the framers of the *Constitutions of Clarendon*, which gave the first really effective blow to Papal usurpations in England; and the same spirit in Roman Catholic times, down to the period of the Reformation, always upheld the laws and liberties of England against the aggressions of Rome.

Now, prior to the Relief Act of 1829, the same spirit all the clerical

and lay leaders of the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. The celebrated "J. K. L.," Dr. Doyle, one of the most gifted and patriotic minds Roman Catholic Ireland ever gave birth to—he indignantly scouted the idea that any mere *ipse dixit* of a Pope was binding on conscience. He was a Gallican Catholic, and Gallican Catholicism was the profession of the educated Catholic world in those days.

But now the Roman Catholic Church is not ruled by gentlemen of the school of Drs. Doyle, Murray, Crolly, and kindred spirits, but we have a most bigoted Roman monk ruling in Ireland, and a Protestant pervert, through disappointed ambition, lording it over the Church in England. What wonder, then, that the representatives of old Catholic England should rebel against the ignominious yoke of superstition such "authorities" attempt to impose on them. A serious resistance has been commenced in these countries to the detestable slavery, mental, moral, and social, that Ultramontanism involves, and our belief is it must necessarily grow stronger, and widen the breach that has already laid the foundations of an "Old Catholic" party in England.

Now the contrast between the opinions professed by this old English Catholic party, and the Ultramontanes, headed by Drs. Manning and Cullen, are just as different as light and darkness. "*I am no Ultramontane*," writes Mr. Martin Arthur Shee. "I deplore as deeply as Lord Camoys, or Mr. Henry Petre, the recent course of ecclesiastical events at Rome, which, under the inspiration of what Dr. Newman has described as an aggressive and violent faction, has perplexed and bewildered the Catholic mind throughout Europe." He then goes on to repudiate the personal infallibility of the Pope, or

"that he has any authority whatever in temporal matters." Such is the tone and spirit manifested by British Catholic gentlemen in resisting and repudiating Ultramontane pretensions.

In contrast, however, with such bold renunciation, it must be admitted that the Ultramontane faction are equally emphatic in reprobating all these parties as having placed themselves outside the pale of "Catholic Unity"—they are, in fact, "heretics," doomed to eternal damnation unless they repent and make due atonement! Dr. Manning, in a circular letter, dated November 22, 1874, declares that any Roman Catholic who does not receive the decrees respecting the Immaculate Conception, the Pope's Infallibility, the Encyclical and the Syllabus—*let him be anathema!* He says:—

"It has come to our knowledge that some who openly refuse to believe the said doctrines persist nevertheless in *calling themselves Catholics*, and give out that they go to Confession and to Holy Communion in the Catholic Church. We therefore hereby warn them that, in so doing, they deceive our clergy by concealing their unbelief, and that in every such Confession and Communion *they commit a sacrilege*, to their own greater condemnation!"

And again, in addressing the Roman Catholic Academia, Dr. Manning was somewhat more explicit:—

"But they must have no half-hearted measures. They must have no half-fearful, half-hearted assertions of the Sovereign Pontiff's claim; they must not fear to declare to England, and to the world through the free Press of England, *the Sovereign Pontiff's claim to infallibility, his right to temporal power, and the duty of the nations of the earth to return to their allegiance to him.*"

Now this is quite sufficient to show the gulf that separates these two parties in the Church, and it is perfectly clear that a "good Catholic" of the Manning school could not be an equally good, independent, and loyal subject of the state. There is no compromise possible between the pretensions of the spiritual and temporal power. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction or civil must rule supreme; and now, when the civil authority maintains a civilizing ascendancy even in all Roman Catholic countries, we need not surely be frightened by the bug-a-boo conjurations of Dr. Manning.

It is an undoubted Ultramontane dogma that the Pope can free a Roman Catholic from the allegiance due to his Sovereign. This is involved in the claims of the Papacy to universal dominion, as representing Christ on earth; and although many Roman Catholic divines of the Gallican school, and all the ablest of the English and Irish, utterly repudiate such detestable pretensions, still they are now upheld by the Ultramontane party, and have never been formally renounced or repudiated by Papal authority.

Practically, however, we repeat it matters little. The Papacy is utterly powerless now to do anything but scold and curse. The very discussion of these matters must do good. We already have bishop opposed to bishop, and a distinguished party of lay gentlemen indignantly repudiating the abject teaching of Protestant perverts, whose superstitions and fanatical devotion to the Papacy they offer as a test of their sincerity. We need have no fear about the intelligence of our age wrapping itself up in the swaddling-clothes of Popery, and we may reasonably conclude that out of the discussion excited by Mr. Gladstone's indiscreet publication good will arise. Whatever

excites intelligence, and stimulates the mind to thought and judgment, necessarily aids intellectual progress, and is hostile to superstition; therefore, we cannot

altogether regret that such a publication took place, for we believe that the balance of results will be beneficial.

THE SONG OF FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Dream not that Father Christmas knows
 No life but of a winter's day.
 My reign outlives the melting snows—
 The time of Christ is August's ray,
 Or wind of March, or breeze that blows
 The perfume from the bloom of May.
 All cults are Christ's which true love sows.
 For me the twelve moons roll and say
 "Man is thy babe, where'er he goes,
 'Tis thine to be his shield and stay."

I bare my breast to Cupid's shot,
 Loyal to dimples as to creeds;
 Bright as a palace smiles my cot,
 Where rose-bush buds and vine-trees bleed.
 A brook purls by my mossy grot;
 Brawling for very joy it speeds
 Where fairies find Forget-me-not,
 Born of my pipings midst the reeds;
 And cull from consecrated spot
 Blue-eyed mementoes of my deeds.

Canst thou enjoy
 Luxurious quietude of drowsy summer air,
 The infinite repose of distant landscape fair,
 The glory of the lazy clouds, while foreheads wear
 Unlovely wrinkles, furrowed by the plough of care,
 While famine scares the poor?

Canst thou enjoy,
 In mansion isled in snow-wreathed woods of fir and oak
 And holly, the brave blaze of logs, feast, song, dance, joke,
 The laugh, the wine-cup, while the serpent's tooth, which broke
 Eve's bliss, wounds beggars on gay Christmas Eve? God spoke
 With thunders, Christ with tears.

Go, tell the wild swan—where he lies
On rush-built death-bed—not to sing;
Go, bid the rage of weeping skies
Hush its orchestral thundering;
But never, while one mourner sighs,
Urge me my carols not to fling,
There, where each wound of anguish dies,
Beneath my lyre's all-soothing string,
Each man, like twining ivy, tries
Round my great heart of oak to cling.

Canst thou enjoy
A sweet, stray, careless hint of mellow elfin chimes,
Wafted on gentle gusts of spring, like random rhymes,
Faint, blossom-laden with the breath of vanished times,
While children eddy on a stormy sea of crimes,
Wrecked where no lighthouse shines?

Canst thou enjoy,
In russet copse that dots the sunset-skirted moor,
The sough of autumn gales, the shock of thoughts, the store
Of dreams, which, like a shell's soft murmur, wake the days of yore,
While few of the blind multitude can find the door
Which opens upon Peace?

Just as each breeze which faints along
Æolian harp wakes silver strain,
So each sweet season's scent and song,
Touch, taste, and colour thrill my brain,
Stir a humanity, intense and strong,
Whose voice shall ring from peak to plain,
From hermit's cell to jewelled throng,
From race to race, from reign to reign,
Till off each slave Right strike the thong,
Till man, once just, be just again.

Till from the cradle to the pall
Man war no more with man, but Crime;
Till at fair Culture's hallowed call
The lords of reason, Kings of rhyme,
Shall spring alike from hut and hall;
Till each bell be a Christmas chime,
Till each man work with joy for all,
Till chivalry shall reign sublime,
Till strength strive hard, lest weakness fall,
Till all the year be Christmas time.

ROBERT BATSON.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 12.

CHARLES BIANCONI, Esq., D.L.

IN the history of self-made men we frequently find that adventitious circumstances contributed much to the result; and that, in fact, the chief element of success was the ability to take advantage of the conditions by which the aspirant was surrounded. In a sudden emergency, for example, an officer of known discretion is placed in command of an expedition, and comes in for rewards and honours without the exhibition of a single quality in any higher degree than would have been displayed by numbers of his brother officers. Here, circumstances made the position. No doubt there are exceptions to this rule, as in the case of a Marlborough, a Nelson, a Wellington, and others whose names have become familiar as household words, but such cases only the more prominently indicate the operation of the general rule. Again, a period of exciting monetary speculation ensues, and a few adroit operators become millionaires on the ruin of thousands of their dupes—men who under other circumstances would have followed in the wake of mediocrity, and never have emerged from the ranks. Industrial operations on a colossal scale produce great contractors, who, from the rapidity with which many of the works must be completed, and from the large capital required to carry them on, and the consequent limited range of competition, rapidly amass wealth. In all these cases circumstances mainly contributed to the result. There was a particular field in which success was attainable, and out of which nothing but mediocrity would have been achieved. And yet amongst the highest qualities which one can possess may undoubtedly be classed aptitude to take advantage of the conditions in which one is placed, and the ability to turn them to the best account.

But however the qualities here referred to may be entitled to consideration, success is entitled to much higher commendation when it has been achieved without the aid of any adventitious circumstances whatever—by the exhibition of indomitable industry and self reliance—not permitting disappointments of any kind to dispirit or abate persevering effort until the goal has been reached. Such has been the case of the subject of this memoir, the *ci-devant* wandering and penniless Italian boy, now the highly respected Irish country gentleman, of whom it may with truth be said that he has been amongst the greatest benefactors of his adopted country of this or any other age.

There is perhaps no country the character and habits of whose people the career of such a man as Mr. Bianconi might be expected to influence

to a greater extent than those of Ireland. The qualities which led him on to fortune, and made him in the acquisition thereof a great public benefactor, are precisely those in which the mass of our countrymen are most deficient. Self-reliance is not the forte of the Irishman. His credulity makes him the facile tool of the political agitator, by whom he is induced to engage in the pursuit of phantoms—of extravagant demands, Communistic in principle, or threatening the dismemberment of the Empire. And so demoralized have the masses of the people become by agitation in three out of the four provinces, that they are to a great extent incapable of benefiting by the lessons of experience in another direction. To the northern province these remarks scarcely at all apply. There industrial progress is in the ascendant, and, as a consequence, the political agitator finds no field for the exercise of his vocation. But it is somewhat remarkable that to the north of Ireland Mr. Bianconi's operations scarcely at all extended. They were, in fact, confined to the very regions where they should be calculated, by their example, to produce the most beneficial effect. Wherever located, however, no external circumstances could make him swerve from his course. Success was the goal which he placed before himself, and which he was determined to reach, irrespective of the social characteristics by which he was surrounded. Would that those amongst whom his operations were so long carried on could be induced to seriously consider the advantage that would result to themselves by following his example in their respective spheres! Could they really be induced to do so, and act the part that a true patriotism would dictate, in the course of little more than one generation the fruits of the change would be so evident as ere long to justify the realization of the aspiration of the poet being looked forward to as of no distant date, when Ireland would really become

“Great, glorious, and free!”

instead of the mass of her people continuing the prey of agitators, and remaining as a consequence in a state of chronic disaffection, ready at intervals to break out into open revolt.

Charles Bianconi was born at Tregola, a small village of Northern Italy, on the 26th of September, 1788, from which place he was soon removed to the care of his paternal grandmother at Caglio. At an early age he was sent to school to the Abbé Praddaioli, who had a high reputation as a teacher; but young Bianconi was little calculated to add to the reputation of his master by devotion to, and proficiency in, his studies. On reaching his fifteenth year his father entered into an arrangement with one Andrea Faroni, to take the lad to England and instruct him in the trade of selling prints, barometers, and looking glasses, and in the event of his not liking that occupation he was to be placed under the care of Colnaghi, of London, the famous printseller, who was a friend of the elder Bianconi, and a native of the same part of Italy. Faroni, instead of remaining in London, proceeded at once to Dublin with his apprentice, and opened a small shop in Temple Bar. This was in 1802, when the country was in a very disturbed state; but this did not, however, much affect the prospects of the new enterprise, the Italian and his young apprentice not being regarded with suspicion by any one. At that time the lad could not speak a word of the language of the country of his adoption, and therefore laboured under special difficulties in the prosecution of his vocation. The appeal, “Buy! Buy!” was easily acquired, but to indicate the price of his wares was a more difficult matter, which at first could only be indicated known by holding up as many fingers

buying up gold to send secretly to Bonaparte; but this rumour only made the country people the more readily part with their guineas, from their sympathy with anything which might tend to damage the prestige of England. With the views of either party, it is almost needless to add, Bianconi had no sympathy. He merely regarded the transaction as one of business, as all the guineas he purchased he was then able to sell, at a handsome profit, to the bank.

The removal to Clonmel was a fortunate one. There Mr. Bianconi soon came to be regarded as an enterprising and prosperous trader, the profits of his business increasing year by year. In 1815, when he had amassed a considerable amount of property, and was thereby in a position to combat adverse circumstances for a time, should success not be immediate, he resolved to make a beginning in seeking to realize his long cherished scheme of providing public conveyances for the masses of the people. His own explanation of how he came to engage in such an enterprise in what was at the time still to him a strange land, is possessed not only of personal, but also of historic interest. In answer to Mr. Wallace, chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Postage, in 1838, Mr. Bianconi said, "I was induced to commence the car establishment from what I saw of the necessity of such cars, inasmuch as there was no middle mode of conveyance, nothing to fill up the vacuum that exists between those that were obliged to walk, and those who posted or rode. My want of knowledge of the language gave me plenty of time for deliberation; and in proportion as I grew up with the knowledge of the language and the localities, this vacuum pressed very heavily upon my mind, till at last I hit upon the idea of running jaunting cars, and for that purpose I commenced running one between Clonmel and Cahir."*

In these days of extended traffic accommodation throughout even the remote districts, when the monthly Travelling Guide has become one of the necessities of the times, it is difficult to realize to the mind the state of affairs in this respect when Mr. Bianconi placed his first conveyance on the road. This vehicle was a one-horse car, capable of accommodating three persons on each side; the first journey between Clonmel and Cahir being appointed for the 5th of July, 1815. The idea was so novel to the people of the district that they scarcely knew what to think of the project. They amused themselves in speculating on what possible connection there could be between picture-selling and car-driving. While predictions of failure were freely indulged in, the projector of the enterprise felt assured that the Clonmel and Cahir car would show the traders in both places, more strikingly than they had hitherto seen it, the value of time. They would ere long, he believed, find out that their business with each other could be transacted in a comparatively short time and without fatigue, by the aid of the public conveyance between the two places. And he was quite right in his calculation. From almost the commencement that car became a great success, the result early justifying an extension of the system. In the same year the car was extended to Tipperary and Limerick; and another car was placed on the road between Clonmel, Cashel, and Thurles. In the latter case, Mr. Bianconi's calculations were very slow in being realized. Between Cashel and Thurles the car ran for

* "Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Postage, 1838," p. 284.

weeks without a passenger. Such a result would have induced many persons to withdraw from so very unpromising a speculation. But he was not to be deterred from his purpose. He had faith in the facility of communication which he had provided, ultimately creating the traffic necessary for its maintenance; and he foresaw the damaging effect that would result from an acknowledgment of failure, and from the feeling that would be thereby created in the minds of the people as to the instability of his arrangements. Even in the early stage the basis of his policy was not to adopt a programme for action without due consideration, but once having taken a step to persevere therein irrespective of consequences. In addition to thereby securing the confidence of the people, perseverance in this course practically secured for Mr. Bianconi, throughout his entire career, a monopoly of the traffic of any district into which he entered. The most reckless competitor would hesitate to encounter an opposition with him when it came to be fully understood that no combination of adverse circumstances would drive him off any line of road which he had taken up. However disastrous in a pecuniary point of view any particular route might prove, this would be compensated for by the abundant success of other routes. Hence competition with Mr. Bianconi soon came to be regarded as a Quixotic enterprise.

An illustration of Mr. Bianconi's determination in this respect came under the notice of the Select Committee on Postage in 1838. He was asked by the Post Office authorities to compete for the mail contract by coach between Limerick and Tralee. Before tendering, Mr. Bianconi had an interview with the then contractor, in which he sought to persuade the latter to comply with the requirements of the Post Office, but having learned that it was the intention in any case to terminate the contract, Mr. Bianconi sent in a tender, which was accepted. Soon afterwards he commenced the service, and, it need scarcely be added, satisfactorily performed it. A local combination was, however, formed to bring pressure on the Government of the day, through the Postmaster General, to have the contract restored to the former contractor, the manœuvring of which was successful. But Mr. Bianconi was determined to resent this breach of faith with him by continuing to run his vehicles on the line. Of this determination he had given notice to the parties engaged in the intrigue to take the mail contract from him. Both coach and car ran for years in opposition, each sustaining heavy losses, until in the end Mr. Bianconi triumphed. In explanation of the transaction to the Postage Committee, Mr. Bianconi stated, "I was bound to keep my word with the people, and I kept my word. I must either lose character by breaking my word, or lose money. I preferred losing money to giving up the line of road." He was, however, tolerant of legitimate enterprise. At a meeting of car proprietors, called for the purpose of putting down a coach then recently started, he not only refused to concur, but firmly protested against such action, saying, "If a combination had been raised against me when I started, I should have been crushed. But is not the country big enough for us all?"

The practical monopoly of traffic thereby acquired did not in the slightest degree abate Mr. Bianconi's determination to provide for the public the largest possible extent of accommodation, consistent with a fair return for the service. His conveyances of whatever grade, from the well appointed four-horse coach to the unpretending one-horse cars, were therefore at all times entitled to the highest encomiums, for the extent to

which comfort, economy, and punctuality had been combined in their get-up and traffic arrangements.

The next extension of the system was a car from Clonmel to Waterford in 1816, and Waterford soon became one of the centres of operations. In 1818 a car was placed on the road from that city to New Ross, Wexford, and Enniscorthy. Cars between Waterford and Dungarvan, and Waterford and Kilkenny, soon followed; as well as from Clonmel to Cork, and Limerick to Tralee, thence to Cahirciveen on the south-west coast of the island.

The supervision of the great organization so rapidly growing up soon came to demand the undivided energies of its founder, and the original shop in Clonmel, the profits of which had set all agoing, was closed up. But the exigencies of the business soon satisfied Mr. Bianconi that a manufacturing establishment should be combined with the traffic organization, and for years his vehicles were not only repaired but built in his own factory. Excellence of workmanship as well as economy was thereby secured; and this arrangement contributed no little to the immunity from accident, and the generally safe travelling which became a characteristic of the Bianconi conveyances.

The first vehicles employed were the ordinary one-horse jaunting car, capable of carrying six persons. In a few years some of the cars were constructed to carry four on each side, and to be drawn by two horses. But here there was a waste of horse power, the extra horse only adding one-third to the previous extent of passenger accommodation, and the car soon came to be lengthened so as to accommodate five passengers on each side. Three-horse cars followed for certain districts, with six passengers on each side. On some of the leading lines four-horse cars came to be used, with eight passengers on each side, and one on the box beside the driver. For some of the mail contracts the ordinary four-horse coach was employed, but this vehicle was adopted in compliance with the requirements of the Post Office, and formed no part of Mr. Bianconi's ordinary traffic arrangements.

The progress of the organization which Mr. Bianconi continued actively to superintend for a period of fifty years, is highly interesting. It might be supposed that the introduction of railways would have materially tended to diminish his traffic, but their effect was rather to change its direction. The railways no doubt broke up many of the most important lines; but new lines were started, proceeding right and left of the lines of railway, and conveyances were extended to new and remote districts, hitherto without any facilities for locomotion, so that the business exhibited no serious diminution until he finally relinquished it in 1866. The progress of the traffic will be indicated by the following figures:—

Established.	Miles worked daily.
1815 till 1825	1,170
1826 till 1835	1,064
1836 till 1845	1,032
<hr/>	
Established before Railways . . .	3,266
1846 till 1855	2,656
1856 till 1865	988
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Established since Railways . . .	3,594
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Total established	6,860

The judgment with which the earlier lines were planned will be shown by a reference to the small number discontinued before the introduction of railways :—

Lines Discontinued.	Miles worked.
1815 till 1825	Nil.
1826 till 1835	Nil.
1836 till 1845	76
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Discontinued before Railways . .	76
1846 till 1855	2,214
1856 till 1865	2,064
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Discontinued since Railways . .	4,278
Total discontinued	4,354

If we deduct the total number of miles discontinued (4,354) from the total number established (6,860) we have 2,506 the number of miles worked in 1865, which is only 684 miles below the maximum number (3,190) of miles worked in 1845, before railways interfered with the traffic.*

The following facts as to the class of conveyance used are also possessed of much interest :—

	Miles ever worked.	Final traffic.
Two wheels	1,286	802
Four wheels	3,988	1,396
Coaches	1,586	308
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Total .	6,860	Total . 2,506

The perusal of these statistics of the results of Mr. Bianconi's labours will suggest the inquiry as to the still more interesting details of the *modus operandi* by which such results were obtained. The rules which he laid down for the government of his establishment practically taught and enforced the virtues of honesty, truthfulness, punctuality, and sobriety. The strict discipline in these principles was not long in producing a staff of employées whose conduct was the admiration of the public. The drivers were noted as being the most civil and obliging men to be met with anywhere, and they so much made it their business to acquire local information that they were most pleasing companions, the box seat beside one of these drivers being really worthy of rivalry amongst the passengers. The characters of these men were studied so far as practicable, every fact worthy of note pertaining to each being recorded, so that promotion might be based on deserts. In every grade of the service this policy secured the sympathies and attachment of the men, a feeling which was further promoted by the knowledge that during periods of sickness their wages would be paid the same as when in health and active service; that under certain circumstances they could retire on pensions equivalent to their full salaries; and that as the rule the education of orphans of men who had been in the service would be looked after, and employment provided for them. Every one of the employées had thus a direct interest in his own personal good conduct. They all felt assured they had a freehold, as it were, in their respective positions, of which nothing but misbehaviour could deprive them. While the utmost exactitude and stringency were

* Paper read at the meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Belfast, in September, 1867.

employed in the enforcement of regulations, the men were treated so as to inspire them with the feeling that they had the confidence of their employer, and as the result they were always gratified by his presence whenever he came amongst them. He sought to make them feel that by the faithful discharge of duty they placed him, as well as the general public, under a greater obligation than he placed them by the payment of wages.

Amongst the voluminous evidence that might be quoted as to the beneficial effects to the country generally resulting from Mr. Bianconi's enterprise, we are tempted to give a place to the following extract from the Report of the Irish Railway Commission, written by Mr. Drummond, then Under Secretary for Ireland, at a time when the traffic system was far short of that development which it eventually reached. Mr. Drummond thus wrote: "With a capital little exceeding the expense of outfit he commenced. Fortune, or rather the due reward of industry and integrity, favoured his first efforts. He soon began to increase the number of his cars, and multiply routes, until his establishment spread over three of the four provinces of Ireland. These results are the more striking and instructive as having been accomplished in a district which has long been represented as the focus of unreclaimed violence and barbarism, where neither life nor property can be deemed secure. Whilst many persons, possessing a personal interest in everything tending to improve or enrich the country, have been so misled or inconsiderate as to repel by exaggerated statements British capital from their doors, this foreigner chose Tipperary as the centre of his operations, wherein to embark all the fruits of his industry, in a traffic peculiarly exposed to the power and even to the caprice of the peasantry. The event has shown that his confidence in their good sense was not ill founded. By a system of steady and just treatment he obtained a complete mastery, exempt from lawless intimidation or control, over the various servants and agents employed by him, and his establishment is popular with all classes on account of its general usefulness, and the fair and liberal spirit of its management. The success achieved by this spirited gentleman is the result, not of a single speculation which might have been favoured by local circumstances, but of a series of distinct experiments, all of which have been successful."

It is a remarkable fact, that lawless as were the people at different times in the districts traversed by Mr. Bianconi's conveyances, neither his own property, nor that of the public committed to his charge, was ever interfered with. The leaders of the various illegal associations that from time to time disturbed the country, never permitted any interference with the Bianconi car or coach, whoever or whatever might be on it.

Another circumstance deserving of note is that, unless when the requirements of the mail service rendered it imperative to violate the rule, he ran his conveyances only on week days. Even in a social and pecuniary point of view, he contended that a day of rest every week was advantageous. "I find by experience," he said, "that I can work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, easier than I can work six miles seven days; and that is one of my reasons for having no cars, unless carrying a mail, plying on Sundays."

The unflagging zeal and active supervision which brought the system to so high a state of development, was continued by Mr. Bianconi almost without intermission, until a serious accident in 1866, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, deprived him of the use of both his legs for the remainder

of his life. Active exertion thereafter became impossible, and he then altogether relinquished business, and handed over the cars, coaches, horses, and plant to his employées on most liberal terms.

The persistent devotion of Mr. Bianconi to the superintendence of his great establishment left little time available for his taking any active part in public affairs. It was not until 1831 that he even obtained letters of naturalization as a subject of the realm. But when he became eligible to hold a public office the people of Clonmel determined that he should have the highest honour in their power to bestow, by electing him to the office of mayor. He was soon afterwards entrusted with the Commission of the Peace for his adopted county of Tipperary, of which he subsequently became Deputy-Lieutenant, the appointment in both cases having been made without any solicitation whatever on his part, as a tribute of acknowledgment of the great public services which he had rendered to the country.

The sound common sense which Mr. Bianconi possessed in so remarkable a degree, caused great value to be placed in his judgment in any matters of local controversy. A striking illustration of the services which he rendered in this way, from time to time, is to be found in the history of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. Some twenty years ago the Society had been brought into a state of complete disorganization by the alleged mal-practices of parties connected with the management, the continuance of which threatened to bring about the dissolution of the institution. As usual in such cases, there was much controversy as to how the evil of the Council of the Society, being split into contending sections, could be best remedied. A Committee was at length appointed to inquire into the whole subject, and make such recommendations as the case seemed to render expedient. Although having taken no part previously in the management of the Society, Mr. Bianconi was one of the first persons to whom every one looked for aid in the crisis, and he became one of the active agents through whose instrumentality a complete reorganization of the governing body was effected, under arrangements which were successful in securing future harmonious action. His co-operation was also eagerly sought by railway and other boards, on account of his well known great administrative ability. But the only board which he could be induced to join was that of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, for a short time, that railway traversing the centre of his then operations.

Mr. Bianconi's family consisted only of a son and a daughter. A few years ago he had to deplore the untimely death of his son. He now resides at his country seat, Longfield, near Cashel, surrounded by some of his grand-children and a few friends; he continues in full possession of his mental faculties, is quite as pleasant a companion as in his earlier days, and is respected and esteemed by every one acquainted with him.

THE ATHELSTONS OF MORTE D'ATHELSTON.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Athelstons, of Morte d'Athelston, were a very ancient race, dating from long before the Norman Conquest. Pure Saxon blood; there had been Cedrics, Modreds, and Edgars, Eleanors, and Rowenas in the family, time out of mind, and William the Norman was looked upon as quite a person of the other day, while pedigrees dating from his era were considered as nothing worth mentioning. Nevertheless, they were not an over-haughty or arrogant race—at least, the present head of the house, the only one we have to do with, was not; he was a genial, courteous, affable gentleman to all; and if he was proud of his old name, and the fair and pleasant acres on which his ancestors had for so long dwelt, it was not the pride of arrogance, but rather that which showed itself in deeds of love and kindness amongst a tenantry which idolized him.

For all that they were such an ancient race, the house of Morte d'Athelston—or the Castle, as it was more commonly called—was a very modern building, having, indeed, been built by the present owner's father; the old house, and almost everything valuable it contained, having been destroyed by fire when the now reigning lord was little more than a baby.

The old Earl of Athelston—for with all their pride of Saxon birth there had lived a degenerate ancestor, who, it seemed, was not too proud to accept an earldom from the hand of a Norman rival for service

done, albeit unrecorded in history, and doubtless wisely so, as the deeds for which in those bygone days monarchs rewarded their subjects, were seldom such as would come up to our modern ideas of honour or virtue—the old Earl, then, had built the present mansion, a magnificent building in the Grecian style of architecture, and standing about half a mile from the remains of the old Castle, now a picturesque ruin, ivy covered, three sides of which were surrounded with the nearly dried-up moat, while the fourth was built on the very edge of a precipice, some hundred feet deep, where the sea raged and roared round its base, foaming and struggling through the narrow entrance of a cave said to run for miles inland, but into the vast extent of whose subterranean passages, with their vaulted roofs and glittering walls, no rash explorer had been known to penetrate since the days when an Athelston and an outraged friend had perished in a death struggle there.

It was a tale of foul dishonour done, treachery, and revenge. The Saxon lord fled to his cave for refuge, but was followed to its inmost recesses by his Norman foe, deaf to the wild prayers and agonized entreaties of the fair, false woman who had wrought the woe. Neither ever came forth again, but a crimson stream of blood was seen issuing from the mouth of the cave, and trickling over the yellow sand until it tinged the crested waves with red; and the mad laugh of a woman was heard echoing wildly over the cliffs

till it startled the very sea-birds in their rocky nests. Hence, the cave gained the name of Morte d'Athelston, which soon spread to the Castle and its surrounding lands, and whenever sorrow or death, so goes the legend, threaten the ancient house, the red stream may be seen mingling with the waves, and the maniac's laugh may be heard echoing through the vaulted roof of the cave.

The present Earl of Athelston was a man of about sixty years of age, but looking many, many years older; a bent and broken man of his age. His life had been a sad one for all his broad lands, and sorrow and care had told upon a naturally delicate constitution.

At twenty years of age he had come home from foreign travel to celebrate his majority in the magnificent new house just finished, his father, looking hale and hearty, welcoming with lavish splendour his only son, and for six weeks the house was full of gay company, and revelry, dancing, and feasting lasted long into each night; but it was scarcely all over, and the last guest barely departed, when the Earl was struck down, and in little more than the prime of his life was laid beside his wife, some two years dead, in the vault of the Athelstons.

Confiding the Lady Eleanor, a child of four years old, and his only surviving daughter, to the care of her maternal grandmother, the new lord shut up the house which had blazed forth so brilliantly for so short a time, and returned to his old life of travel. Some said he had no choice in the matter, for that when he came to look into his affairs he found that the vast sums of money raised at enormous interest by his father for the building of the new house had almost swamped the estate. Be that as it may, Lord Athelston went abroad, where he remained for ten years, and then

suddenly returned, bringing with him a beautiful young wife.

Once more the spacious halls of Morte d'Athelston were thrown open, and the lord of the manor and his beauteous dame kept open house for his neighbours; or, rather, they would have done so, had their hospitalities been cordially received by the surrounding gentry. But the fair woman who had come among them was a foreigner—a Greek, and with that proneness to suspicion, and dislike to everything that is in the least out of the common routine of ordinary life, inherent to the English nature, they accepted invitations, giving formal parties in return at intervals, but they never unbent towards the foreign wife. An invisible but insurmountable barrier of prejudice hedged them round, and the poor lady lived and died amongst them, a stranger still.

And she had heavy domestic griefs, this lovely woman in a strange land. One after another three sons and a daughter were laid in the family vault; and Eleanor, the sister, who loved her, and whom she loved, was banished the Castle, and all correspondence between them forbidden, by a stern brother's decree, in that the young lady had chosen to place her affections upon, and cast in her lot with, a young Oxford divine, the once dear friend of her relentless brother.

At length, after five childless years, there was once more rejoicing in the house of Athelston, for a daughter was born to live; but all too soon the bells of joy changed their tone for the wail of woe, and the poor foreign mother, smiling faintly on the frail, tiny infant, so longed and prayed for, paid the penalty of its birth with her own life; and after ten years of outward magnificence, but inward yearning for the love and friendship she had never found, once again the great doors of the tomb were opened, and

she was laid beside her babies to mingle her foreign dust with the untainted clay of the Athelstons.

That this poor Lady Athelston had been so lone and friendless was really not altogether her husband's fault. A silent, self-contained, undemonstrative man, he did love his wife with all the depth of a strong nature. He was not to blame in that he did not understand the vehement, passionate temperament of the Eastern woman, which yearned for the outward demonstrations of affection, and could not bring herself to the calm, English fashion of taking it all for granted; and when this last blow came, he mourned with a grief that, for all it was silent, was nearly akin to despair.

For long the little feeble infant for whom she had died, was a sight unendurable to the bereaved husband; till at length one day he came unexpectedly on the child, now old enough to crow and laugh when he spoke to her, and the whole tide of his nature turned; from henceforth she became the idol of his heart, and her baby lispsings the sweetest music that could fall upon his ear. As time went on she became his almost inseparable companion. No advantages or pleasures that money could give had been denied this "sole daughter of his house and heart." And no whim or caprice of hers had been too exacting for the over-indulgent father to gratify. And now after having travelled through Europe, and been for two succeeding seasons the reigning belle of London, the Lady Rowena had consented to accompany her father, and ruralized for the summer at Morte d'Athelston. Once more the long-deserted house was opened, though just at present it contained only a small family party. Not long before leaving London, the Earl had encountered, unexpectedly, an old

and once dearly loved friend, a hale, hearty-looking clergyman, with his fair-haired daughter leaning on his arm; he would have passed Lord Athelston, nor even recognized in the bent and broken man before him, his quondam schoolfellow and college friend.

"Norman Charnleigh, have you forgotten me? or have I, in my foolish pride, so utterly estranged my early friend that he can never forgive me?"

For a moment the clergyman looked bewildered. Then grasping the Earl's outstretched hand, "Dear old friend," he said, and the two men stood looking at each other, hand locked in hand, both too much overcome to speak. These men, who for five-and-twenty years had never met, were nevertheless brothers. It was for this Mr. Charnleigh, that Lady Eleanor had so long ago left home and kindred; and now when Lord Athelston thus unexpectedly met his old friend, with his daughter on his arm, his only sister's child, tears choked his voice as he tried to speak, and all bitter memories were forgotten.

Mr. Charnleigh, to whom the loaves and fishes of the Church had not been awarded with over abundant liberality, was in London with his daughter, who, for the first time in her life, had left her distant Yorkshire home away amongst the dreary wolds, and endless commons, to visit the metropolis, and see the last of her eldest brother, a lieutenant in the Navy, about to sail for some far-off land; and the mournful part of the visit being now over, the young lady was putting her father through a course of sight-seeing, that was no doubt highly enjoyable to herself, whatever it may have been to her respected parent. Lord Athelston was charmed with this pretty, unsophisticated country girl, and would not hear of her returning with her father to her

northern home; so, after a written consultation with mamma in the distant parsonage, it was decided that Sybil was to remain with her uncle and cousin, and accompany them to Morte d'Athelston, and highly pleased was the old Earl with this bright young friend he had thus so opportunely secured for his companionless daughter.

CHAPTER II.

THE great heat of the early September day was nearly over now, and a soft breeze had sprung up from the western sea, the shadows of the tall trees were lengthening upon the well-trimmed lawn, and all was fair and beautiful to look upon; but the fairest sight in all that fair scene, was the Lady Rowena Athelston, as she stood in the deep oriel window gazing listlessly on the picturesque landscape which lay below.

The soft lace curtains which fell round her in graceful drapery, seemed a fitting frame for her pure Saxon beauty; her yellow hair was drawn back from her low white forehead, and plaited in heavy braids at the back of her head, the pale monotony of its hue being relieved by a broad band of mauve velvet; her dress, too, was of the richest silk, for her ladyship liked well to deck herself in vivid, almost startling colours, and rich heavy materials, which, though generally so unsuited to so young a girl, seemed in her case to harmonize well with her queenlike bearing, and stately grace of manner.

Lady Rowena was scarcely of the middle height, perfectly formed, rounded and full in her figure, by no means the slim and shadowy style common amongst young ladies. Her white hands lay idly before her, soft white incapable looking hands, *hands made* apparently for no

possible use, from whose nerveless grasp everything slipped and slid, albeit beautiful to look upon; her face was soft and almost infantine in its rounded beauty; and her eyes large, shapely, almost colourless, had at times a strange weird look as of some dangerous animal, as they seemed to dilate and darken into black. Truth to say, they were curious eyes, and their expression sometimes hardly a pleasant one. Just now they seemed to glitter like cold steel, and her white brows were knit, while her nerveless pink fingers worked restlessly. There seemed little in the beautiful scene which lay before her to cause that strange expression on her ladyship's brow; nevertheless, she evidently saw something which pleased her little, as she watched a small white gate, at the end of the straight gravelled path slowly opened, and a girl sauntered leisurely through, followed by a tall man in a shooting costume of rather a fanciful description; he carried a gun in one hand, and a game bag hung on his shoulder, but judging by its appearance his sport had not been very good, and he could hardly be accused of being over active in the pursuit of game, as it certainly was unnecessary early for him to give up in despair and return homewards; however, no one to look at him would have given him credit for much energy of character; he was strangely like the Lady Rowena, though hardly so perfect a specimen of the Saxon type of beauty, his colouring might more correctly be called tawny than fair, and his whiskers and large moustachios decidedly merged into red; but in his eyes lay the great difference between the two; like Lady Rowena's in size and colouring, they were as different in expression as eyes could be; when he raised his sleepy lids, it was only to display a laughing look of merriment and good humour, which lit

up his face with a charm which was more than beauty.

Still he and the Lady Rowena might have passed for brother and sister, whereas they were only distant cousins; nevertheless, Captain Athelston was heir apparent to Morte d'Athelston, with all its broad acres so strictly entailed that, whenever the old lord should die, his daughter would be left, comparatively speaking, fortuneless, for so heavy had been the expenses in which the reckless extravagance of his father had plunged the estates, that he had very little money to settle on his only child.

For many years this trouble had weighed heavily on his heart; but all was well and satisfactorily arranged now—a plan, no doubt originating with the Earl himself, had nevertheless been readily fallen into by the heir—and Captain Athelston was engaged to be married early in the coming year to his cousin, Lady Rowena.

And the lady herself, when she looked out over the goodly lands which lay before her, rejoiced inwardly in that they were always to be her own, and no doubt so well regulated a mind had she that she would unhesitatingly have fallen into the arrangement made for her, even if she had not loved her cousin; but she did love him, with a jealous, passionate love, that few would give her apparently calm nature credit for, and therein lay the sorrow of her life, the skeleton in her ladyship's cupboard carefully hidden away under an appearance of coldness, almost of indifference.

Captain Athelston had not proposed the idea of making her his wife, he had merely acquiesced in her father's plan, partly in a feeling of chivalry towards her, to whom that parent's death would make such a change; partly from lazy indifference; and partly, no doubt, because he liked her well enough,

and they suited each other, and altogether it was less trouble.

Lady Rowena read her cousin's careless, honest nature as clearly as a book, and she ground her small white teeth in bitter wrath, for that she, in spite of herself, had given her whole heart to him. If she could only be as indifferent—if she could only be as unexact as this lazy love of hers, all might be well, but that could never be. No wonder the proud little lady fretted sore within, and that her great love at times was almost turned to hate.

And now this girl with whom her affianced husband was often wont to walk, stumbling upon her in mossy lane or dell, and strolling home with her in the dusky shades of evening—this Sybil Charnleigh, whose country breeding Lady Rowena had once only despised, she had now lately learned to hate—this country girl, who had never had the advantages of a fashionable education, did not even know that it was good style to be *blasé*, who enjoyed life, who said what she meant, and showed what she felt, whom the Lady Rowena considered vulgar and countrified, had she dared to come between her and her future husband! Lady Rowena had once given her opinion of this Yorkshire girl, but Captain Athelston had angrily, and with, for him, most unwonted energy, resented her remarks. "Sybil is not vulgar," he had said, "though she can talk and laugh, and keep one from falling asleep, which I admit is an uncommon accomplishment in young ladies, as in their charming society, as a general rule, my whole energies are expended in a prolonged struggle to keep awake." And the gentleman yawned, and stretched himself; and Lady Rowena veiled her angry glances 'neath her long fair lashes, and was wiser in future about giving her opinion openly of Miss Charnleigh, though

secretly, if possible, hating that young lady the more.

Now, standing like a queen in her young beauty, Lady Rowena's heart was sore; nevertheless, she put on one of her sweetest smiles, as she stepped out on the broad terrace and advanced to meet her cousins. There were many who thought Miss Charnleigh a formidable rival to the beautiful daughter of the house of Athelston. Her dark brown eyes, with darker lashes and brows—an innovation entirely due to the paternal side of her family—and which contrasted so strangely with her yellow hair, which shone like the golden corn when the red sunset gleams upon it, was albeit a beauty which the Lady Rowena could not even see, so that at least she was spared the pangs of personal jealousy.

"Why, Sybil," said Lady Rowena, smiling sweetly, "where have you been? you look as hot and dishevelled as if you had done all the shooting, while Modred, which is not at all improbable, was indulging in a refreshing sleep in some cool shade, or under some spreading tree."

"Well, indeed," said the girl, laughing, "I might apparently have done all the shooting without over-exerting myself; and I certainly incline to the opinion that Modred was asleep, though it is fair to state that he was nearly awake when I met him in the shrubbery."

"Now, really, Sybil, that is too unkind; I was wide awake, and, what is more, I assure you, Rowena, I never knew a case of blacker ingratitude, for I actually offered to carry her basket for her, but she would not trust me."

"I suppose its contents were too precious," sneered Lady Rowena, casting a contemptuous glance at the basketful of ferns and wild flowers, which hung upon her cousin's arm. It was a subject of inward

amazement to her how any girl could go poking into hedges and ditches for things that looked like weeds when she might, at any time, send to the gardener for a bouquet of the rarest flowers, or have gone to the conservatory for them herself if she preferred it; but the sneer was lost on Sybil Charnleigh, and, if she knew, she certainly did not seem to heed her cousin's sentiments in the least, so she only replied with a gay laugh, "No, indeed, it was not quite that, but you know it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back; and I was afraid that if I took advantage of Modred's chivalrous devotion, it might end in such complete exhaustion on his part, that I should not only have to take back my own basket, but probably have to carry his gun and bag also, which I did not feel equal to this hot day."

"Sybil! I should have died in the 'struggle,' but such a terrible catastrophe should never have occurred;" and the Captain made an effort to look sentimental, but only succeeded in looking absurd, while Sybil's gay, ringing laugh was the only reply he received. These two cousins were, doubtless, once or twice removed, nevertheless cousins, and, consequently, prone to indulge in that serio-comic species of flirtation, the admitted privilege of that degree of consanguinity, albeit the Lady Rowena did not like it, so she interposed sharply, proposing a game of croquet.

"Croquet," groaned the Captain, "who is to play?"

"Sybil and I, against you with two balls."

The Captain gasped, "Rowena, your word is law; but for one moment reflect upon what you are doing. Just consider the extraordinary amount of rigour that Sybil throws into her requests, and your own good sense will show you that no constitution on earth cou"

stand two balls under such circumstances."

"Well, my feebleness would, in a great measure, counteract her indisputable powers. However, I think you will be spared the terrible ordeal, for here comes Mr. Appleby. He and I will play you and Sybil."

"Yes, really, so it is; the sheen of your satin, or the glimmer of your—whatever Tennyson says about that sort of thing, you know—is quite sufficient for that deluded young man to turn up. Rowena, you should be careful, it would be decidedly awkward to see his patent leather boots sticking out of the moat some day—really quite tragical, enough to make a rival deuced uncomfortable;" and the Captain stroked his tawny moustachios and shuddered, while the Lady Rowena, not deigning to answer him, swept majestically to meet the object of her cousin's anxious solicitations.

If there was one thing more than another which grated on the haughty little lady's nerves, it was chaffing, and then about a curate, no doubt a faultless specimen of that genus, spotless as regarded the small portion of white collar displayed at the top of his tightly-buttoned black waistcoat, unexceptional in the matter of boots and gloves, nevertheless a curate still, and, therefore, as far removed from her sphere as the little brook, which albeit basks and glitters under the silver light of the cold moon that shines upon it.

But Lady Rowena was too well bred to let her disdainful feelings appear in her manner, as she shook hands, almost cordially, with the poor infatuated young man, who was so utterly bewildered in the presence of this woman, who to him was as a goddess, that he seemed utterly unconscious of even the existence of the others, till Lady Rowena blandly called his attention to them, and asked him to join in a game of croquet.

It was nothing now that Mr. Appleby had solemnly sworn one night, as he had done many a time before, over his solitary chop, limited in quantity, lavish in smuts, that he would fly from this siren, this *ignis fatuus*, leading him he knew not whither—only it needs must be into darkness and despair—forswear the Castle grounds, take to his second best boots, make his lavender kids do duty longer, and confine his croquet-playing to the grounds appertaining to the Miss Plums, of the Orchard, well-looking, well-dowered young women. The glamour that was on him was too strong for his powers of resistance, and each day was but a record of broken vows and good resolutions abandoned, and the Miss Plums' croquet ground, in so far as our poor curate was concerned, was left intact to the sole use of those eligible virgins.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks had passed since our last chapter. The green beauty of summer was slowly giving way to the golden tints of autumn. The days were growing perceptibly shorter, and a cool breeze stirred the tops of the tall trees; still the weather was beautiful, and the joyous summer seemed loth to depart, but lingered lovingly, unwilling to give place to the rough blasts of winter.

Sybil Charnleigh had returned to her north country home, and dress-makers and sempstresses were busy hurrying on the *trousseau* that would be wanting so shortly now.

Sybil Charnleigh had gone, and with her had departed the inward unacknowledged, but bitter, feeling of jealousy which had troubled the Lady Rowena. Captain Athelston was all her own now. There were no more strolling through green

lanes, or meeting expeditions where the fashionable young lady of the world had to cross stiles and push through brambles on guard of her property, or see it subject to the fatal risk of *tête-à-tête* with her hated enemy. He was all her own now; and the broad lands of her ancestors were all her own, or would be so soon, and so the lady was content.

On this soft and balmy afternoon, the Lady Rowena had strolled out with her cousin. The girl seemed to be developing altogether a new phase of character now, and she was everything that was gentle and yielding to her future lord, the depths of whose conscience had been slightly stirred, and he was making up for past delinquencies by an extra amount of devotion, and all was going "merry as a marriage bell," or at least had been up to this fatal day.

The two cousins stood upon a projecting butt of the old Castle that almost overhung the sea. There was no parapet round it; and the sullen roar of the waves sounded terrible enough, as they were plainly heard some hundred feet below. But Lady Rowena had strong nerves for so delicate a looking creature, and she openly despised the feminine weakness that shrunk from giddy heights, or turned faint on perpendicular precipices. I said they had been happy up to this; but a cloud just now was darkening the girl's fair brow, and a faint shadow of the trouble she had thought vanished for ever, was stealing over her again, as Captain Athelston continued, after a slight pause,—

"Well, I don't know, Rowena; of course, you understand your own reasons best, but I own they are a mystery to me. I thought Sybil everything that would have been a pleasant and lovable companion for you; and I certainly think that, as the daughter of your father's

only sister, for the sake of appearances, she should at all events be asked to your wedding."

Asked to her wedding! this girl, this Sybil Charnleigh, whom she hated with a deadly hatred; the one dark cloud that had dimmed the bright horizon of her life, the vague, intangible something that had come between her and the man that she loved. She almost mechanically repeated the words, then with a scornful curl of her soft baby lips,—

"Perhaps you think I should ask her to be my bridesmaid?"

"Indeed, I do, Rowena; I often wondered why you did not."

"You wondered, did you?" cried the girl, fiercely. "Then shall I tell you why? Because I would spare you the agony of such an ordeal, save you from yourself, from your own wretched delusion for this girl, unless, indeed, I was prepared to act quite disinterestedly in the matter, and see the lands of my ancestors pass to the daughter of the only Athelston who ever disgraced herself by a *mesalliance*. Then, indeed, I might substitute her as the bride, while I might be allowed the honour of being her bridesmaid. Perhaps this would suit you better, would it?"

"Nonsense! Rowena, you are talking folly now."

"Am I?" she said, her livid lips trembling with passion, for her sharp eyes had detected the faint flush that for one moment flitted over her cousin's brow, and the slight twitching of the mouth, under the long reddish moustachios—"am I? Yes, it is folly, I suppose, to think that there is any truth or honesty in man, or that false, craven-hearted as they are, that they know what real love means. As for her, scheming, artful wretch, she shall never put her foot inside the doors of Morte d'Athelston. Of course, you can meet her at

other places if you wish, I cannot prevent that."

"Rowena, you have no right to speak as you are doing. If you do not care about insulting me, at least have some respect for yourself. You will only render your own life miserable, as well as mine, if you allow yourself to be the victim of such groundless jealousy."

"Groundless! Will you swear that it is groundless? Swear by all you hold sacred, that if you were free to-morrow to choose between us two girls, that you would be true to me. Ah! you dare not tell me the lie." She hissed, her fair young face distorted by the convulsions of passion, as she advanced towards him, till her hot breath seemed to sear his cheek.

The young man recoiled in horror. "Rowena, you are mad."

She looked at him for one moment, her eyes gleaming and flashing, like some cruel animal's in the dark. "Mad!" she echoed. "Yes, I am mad," and the white hands looking soft, fair, feeble as ever, were raised with the strength of a fiend; and for one moment the strong man, in the full vigour and prime of his life, hovered over the abyss, then fell with a sudden plash into the yawning gulf below.

Lady Rowena closed her eyes, and stood like one transfixed; for a moment she hardly realized what she had done, but very soon she recovered herself. She looked out anxiously far away over the cliffs, but she could see no one who could have witnessed the deed that had been done. Then hurriedly gathering up the pencils and sketch-book, that he had so gaily carried there for her scarcely one short hour before, but without once looking at the dread spot where he had fallen, she sped rapidly down the broken, dangerous steps, that few girls would have dared to climb even.

with assistance, and walked quickly homeward.

As she drew near the Castle, she drew down her thick veil over her face, and stepped more leisurely till she reached her own room; then the necessity for restraint being, at least for a time, over the tension of her nerves gave way, and, with a wild and bitter cry, she flung herself into an armchair, and almost screamed aloud in her agony.

But the deed was done now, a deed irrevocable, and this fragile girl was not one to waste precious moments in futile regrets; nor, indeed, would she have recalled the past, even if she could. She felt no remorse now; but she knew she had a part to play, a difficult and dangerous part, and one that would have appalled a feebler heart than hers. But she was one whose strength seemed only to increase with the magnitude of the danger before her. She rose calmly, and looked at herself in the large mirror that stood on her richly decorated toilet-table. She might well shudder at the image she saw reflected there. The blanched and bloodless lips, the livid brow, and eyes bright with the light of hell, all trace of her former infantine beauty vanished, fled; her very features marred and distorted with the black stain of her guilt. But she never quailed; she knew that it was merely the overwrought state of her own nerves, so she bit the blood back into her lips, and rubbed her cheeks with a coarse towel; then throwing open the window, she took off her hat, and leant out, letting the cool breeze fan gently her fevered brow.

The shadows of the coming night were falling on the land; she could hear waves plashing on the distant shore, and the deer browsing in the home park close by. There was the old ruined Castle looking so familiar in the twilight, and the little path where he was wont to stroll,

mayhap waiting for her, but where she would see him never again! never again! She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible truth. "Ah! Modred, Modred," she murmured, "I would have died for you, but would you have cared? No!" she cried, fiercely clenching her small hands, passionately. "She would have taken my place, been mistress of my lands, in my home. No, it is far better, far better as it is."

The opal and diamond ring, his betrothal gift to her, sparkled and glittered on her finger in the cold white rays of the rising moon, still the Lady Rowena stood and gazed out on the scene before her; the park, with its undulating lands, bounded by a belt of wood that thickened into a forest as it spread inland, the goodly acres that had been her forefathers from generation to generation. "All mine! all mine now!" she cried, as with a smile of triumph she closed the window, and, shivering slightly from the chill night air, rang the bell for the attendance of her maid.

He! Modred Athelston, lying dead, murdered in the mouth of the cave, was the last of all the Athelstons, the entail died with him; of course it was her father's now, and so surely hers for ever.

When Mademoiselle Auralie came to dress her mistress for dinner, she perceived nothing unusual about that young lady, she was just as particular as ever in the arrangement of her hair, and as exact in suiting harmoniously the vivid colours of her rich dress; and then, with the stately grace ordinary to her, she swept down the great staircase into the drawing-room, and met her father with a pleasant smile, answering the few questions he asked her of where she had been, and what she had been doing all day, sweetly and lovingly as she always spoke to him; and, when

dinner was announced, and the old lord asked, "Where is Captain Athelston?" she looked up quite naturally to hear the servant's reply, "He has not come in yet, my lord."

"Not come in! Rowena, do you hear that, dear? Where do you think he can be?"

"Very likely fallen asleep in the old Castle, where I left him," answered the girl, carelessly; "he will wake up to find that he has lost his dinner. Let us hope that he won't get an attack of rheumatism to add to his misfortunes."

Lord Athelston laughed heartily as he gave his daughter his arm. "It was so like Modred, the lazy dog; but we must not punish him too severely, if he is not in soon we must send and waken him."

"Oh! he will be sure to be in soon now, papa," responded Lady Rowena, who was apparently quite easy in her mind about her betrothed. Nevertheless, the dinner passed rather drearily; the Earl was fidgety, and kept muttering, "Never knew Modred late before in my life, with all his laziness he was a most punctual fellow; indeed, prided himself upon being so: it is strange, most unaccountable."

At length, when dinner was over, and the servant who had been despatched to the ruins, returned to say that there was no Captain there, Lord Athelston became seriously alarmed. He questioned his daughter, he questioned the servants, sending them in different directions to search for the missing man; but one by one they returned from their unsuccessful expeditions, and the night wore wearily on, and the Lady Rowena, waiting, watching for the dead form that might be borne in at any moment, played her part well. Striving to cheer the old man, her father, saying she knew he would be found in some unexpected place; she, nevertheless,

allowed herself to show a sufficient amount of uneasiness and anxiety, and, as the night advanced, yielded, with much apparent reluctance, to her father's earnest solicitations that she should go to her bed. "She could do no good, only knock herself up," he said; "and in the morning, if Modred had not returned, which, however, please God he would, he would have the police out and the country searched far and near."

The morning came, but no Modred, and, at Lady Rowena's suggestion, his own servant was sent to his lodgings in London; she felt if that man were gone, the search was more likely to die out, and she might escape the dread ordeal of gazing on the dead face of the man she had slain.

"Send Broughton to London, dear papa," she had said. "There is no accounting for Modred's queer freaks, and he might be there quite comfortably all the time, while we are worrying ourselves and making such a fuss about him."

"I hope, my love, that there was no quarrel between you?" asked Lord Athelston anxiously.

"Quarrel, dearest papa, no, certainly not; but then, you know, Modred is so eccentric."

"He would hardly do such a thing as that, dear, hardly." Nevertheless the servant went, and the searchers continued their fruitless search, not, however, to remain long allotted so, for, late in the evening, a man brought in a glove, which he had found lying high and dry on the sand a little way inside the entrance of the great cave. It was Captain Athelston's glove, no doubt of that. It was at once recognized by the Earl and by many of the servants, and by the Lady Rowena herself; pale and agitated now, creating quite a sympathy amongst the rough, strong men, well accustomed to scenes of sorrow, despair,

and death, as she told faintly, but quite distinctly, how they two had parted at the little white gate, she sitting down beside it to sketch the ruin, while he had sauntered on, saying that she was to draw him standing on the very top; how she had looked, but had not seen him there; and, as it was getting very cold, and she was tired waiting for him, she had returned home alone.

Lord Athelston bowed his head and cried aloud for the young man, who, from his orphan boyhood, had been to him even as a son. While old Mrs. Binny, the housekeeper, remarked, "How beautiful it was to see her ladyship so calm and resigned, hiding her own grief to try and be a comfort to her father."

The next morning's post brought a few lines from the valet in London:—

"My Lord," he wrote, "I deeply grieve at not being able to give you any intelligence of my master, Captain Athelston. The whole affair seems veiled in mystery, and I greatly fear will remain so, at all events, for the present. I, however, will remain in London, and will write to your Lordship again if I should have any satisfactory information to communicate. I have written to Mr. Sprot, asking him to forward me whatever things I have left at Morte d'Athelston."

"I have the honour to remain your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"T. BROUGHTON."

It was a curious letter Lord Athelston thought, though he could hardly tell why he thought so. He showed it to Mr. Sprot, the butler (who shook his head wisely over it, but said nothing), and desired him to write to Broughton, and tell him all that had occurred since his departure, and the fear, which had now almost become a certainty, that Captain Athelston, had fallen from

the old ruins and perished in the waves beneath; his body, however, had not as yet been found, but that was not in the least unaccountable, as he must have fallen about the return of the tide, and had, most probably, been carried out to sea.

CHAPTER IV.

VERY slowly and sadly the dreary days passed at Morte d'Athelston. The autumn had merged into winter, but no gay shooting party enlivened the great house, nor cheery voices, nor echoing shots resounded through the well-preserved coverts.

Gradually the search for the lost heir had died away; no busy-looking men were any longer to be seen rooting and dragging the half-dried mudat, or watching anxiously the ebb and flow of the tide. Life had subsided back into its old routine, excitement and wonder had died away, and the world, as included in Morte d'Athelston and its neighbourhood, had become accustomed to the idea, and no longer discussed the mystery of Captain Athelston's disappearance.

So it ever is, and ever will be, till time is swallowed up in eternity. Some terrible misfortune comes swooping down upon a happy home, bringing, so it seems at first, life-long desolation and inconsolable woe; but, though the grave is dug to-day for all we love in life, we must eat and drink and live, and to-morrow the closed windows are opened, and the blinds drawn up to admit the joyous light of day, and we go about our accustomed occupations, and again interest ourselves in local affairs, read the daily papers with their register of deaths, carelessly, unconcernedly, little recking that such simple announcements may be the record of a great desolation coming down

ruthlessly on a once happy home, leaving no consolation, till time comes creeping slowly on with healing on its wings.

As it is with the world at large, so it was at Morte d'Athelston. The Lady Rowena's vivid silks were changed for robes of heavy black, and the baby beauty of her face seemed gone, and a harder, sterner look to have taken its place. But there was little other apparent change in her; and for the old lord, her father, he was more bent and broken than of yore, and the furrows had deepened upon his brow; but even he could talk of other things now, taking an interest in his farms and gardens, and even discoursing with the head keeper about the game on the estate, "Not that I shall ever fire another shot," he said, with a mournful shake of his head, "or perhaps even live to hear a shot in the old woods again. God only knows, His will be done."

The old man rarely spoke of Modred now; but regularly, in the dusk of every evening, Lady Rowena watched him as, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his figure bent and stooping, he turned his steps down the straight gravel walk, and passed through the little white gate that led to the ruined Castle by the sea.

At first this habit of her father's filled the lady with a vague dread. She pictured his return with hurried footsteps, and the trampling of men bearing a dead burden, whose face, in tender pity for her, they would never let her see; but as time wore on, she conquered her nervous terror, and smiled at what she considered mere woman's weakness.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a bright frosty day, when Lady Rowena quitted the window from whence she had been watching Lord Athelston turn into his usual path; she saw him pass the little white gate towards the

spot where she had never once been since that fatal day, and a faint shudder passed over her slight frame, she could not tell why; but she felt anxious and uneasy, restless in mind and body; she wrapped a shawl round her, and went up to what was called the Picture Gallery—a long kind of corridor at the far end of the house, looking altogether away from the ruined Castle and the sea, where lay the dread secret of her life.

Up and down, up and down, she paced, sometimes stopping to think and reason with herself, then hurrying on again, as if she was bound to do the measured mile in a limited space of time. Dusk deepened into darkness in the gloomy gallery, and the moon shone in with a ghostly light, while the girl paced to and fro, unmindful of the painted images of her ancestors that frowned or smiled upon her from their heavy frames upon the wall. The white moon, shining wan and cold, whispered never a word of a dead man walking pale and ghastly, flitting like a shadow among the grey ruins of the Castle over yonder by the sea.

Dorcas, the under-housemaid, was having a clandestine meeting with Job Brushwood, woodranger, under cover of the gable end of one of the farm buildings. They were extremely close to each other, Job's arm might almost have been said to be round the damsel's waist, and he was looking into her face with an insinuating expression, which betokened him on the point of indulging in a more demonstrative proof of his affection, when the happy pair were suddenly startled, as Dorcas subsequently declared, "out of her seven senses, till she did not know whether she was on 'er 'ead or 'er 'eels by the apparition of a ghost."

There is not the slightest doubt but that the under-housemaid would

there and then have been at once seized with a fit of strong hysterics, except that it was so very evident that Job was frightened far beyond the power of rendering her any assistance, and altogether out of whatever amount of wits he may have originally possessed; consequently that sharp-witted young woman quickly perceived that it was not an occasion for the display of feminine weakness with anything like a satisfactory result; and the ghost having in the meantime seized Job by the arm, and given him a slight shake, just to bring him to, Dorcas only screamed, "Lord 'ave mercy on hus, Capting Hathelston, wherever are you come from?"

"I am glad to see you have some sense left," answered the Captain; "I am no ghost, as this good fellow seems to think I am; run quickly to the butler, and tell him to come at once to the ruins, and to bring a bottle of brandy; Lord Athelston has had a fit, and is lying there. Here, Job, do rouse yourself, and collect some of the men to bring down a litter to carry his lordship home; and don't look so scared, man, don't you see I am alive?"

Job looked very doubtfully at the decidedly emaciated looking figure before him, whether in the body, or only the spirit, he was by no means prepared to say. Nevertheless he did as he was desired, spreading terror and dismay by his scared and bewildered-looking face, while Dorcas alarmed the house. Mr. Sport procured the brandy and hurried off, followed by footmen and stable-boys, bearing blankets and poles wherewith to construct a hasty litter to bear their dying lord to his home.

Old Mrs. Binny, the housekeeper, quietly counting her pots of jam in her store-room, a favourite amusement of the old lady's, was utterly collapsed and prostrated by the

rather confused account, as given by Dorcas, of what had occurred, and that young woman's repeated assurance "That it was the very first time in her life that ever she had been talking to Job, more particularly under that bespacial gable, which she—no, never in her life, ever once stopped under before—which was the merest haccident she did that blessed day in the goodness of Providence; and he, for all the world, like a ghost in gaiters, and an overcoat clinging like an haspen leaf to him. Thereby not meaning Job, who is a very well-spoken, discreet young man, though me can hardly say, knowing him at all, as was returning, quite hinnocent-like, from seeing Mrs. Obbs' hinfant, a real hangel, taking its food beautiful, not thinking that me poor lord was lying dead on the cold green sward, leastaways in a fit, with the wild ocean roaring round him." And then Dorcas did gave way to the long threatened hysterics, and, throwing her apron over her head, rocked herself to and fro, howling dismally, in the housekeeper's chair.

Poor old Mrs. Binny tried to collect her scattered faculties to understand what she could of Dorcas' very unconnected tale, and think what was best to be done. Three generations she had seen come and go since she had entered those halls a buxom young woman, maid to my lord's grandmother; and now, he who seemed but a young man to her, was struck down. That much she understood, and she thought of the Lady Rowena, her nurseling, whom she had held in her arms for the dying Greek mother to kiss, and whom she had loved and tended when her own father seemed hardly to know or care whether she lived or died.—"Stop that noise," she cried, angrily to the moaning damsel, "and don't disturb the house with

your stuff! Oh! my poor child, my poor child! I must tell her myself, oh, how will she bear this second blow?" And the old woman hurried off to seek the Lady Rowena in the little boudoir where she usually sat, but no Lady Rowena was there; in vain she sought for her in her room, and in the library, from whose windows she could have seen the whole dreary procession as it wound along; but she was nowhere to be found, and the housekeeper, thankful that the girl had at least been spared that painful sight, closed the door and turned to seek her elsewhere. As she crossed the hall, she heard the tramp of many feet nearing the house, and there before her, coming down the great staircase, was the Lady Rowena herself. "Ah my lady, my lady! don't come here, don't, my darling! it is no sight for you," cried Mrs. Binny wildly. "Come in here, I want to tell you something; oh, my lady, come, do come!" And she opened the door of the state drawing-room, all rolled up and smothered in grey linen, and tried to draw her young mistress inside.—Meanwhile the steps drew nearer, shuffling and stumbling more with the dead weight they bore, doubtless the sight she had so long schooled herself to see, and as the great doors opened, she gently but firmly pushed the housekeeper aside, and stepped out into the outer hall. There they had laid the litter down to rest; the old butler, with tears streaming from his eyes, was leaning over his dying lord, and grooms and footmen, with scared and awe-stricken countenances, were crowding round him.—Her father, yes, she saw that at a glance, but standing by his side, tenderly holding the old man's hand, stood one, the grim shadow of what he once had been; for one short moment their eyes met, and then with a shriek so terrible that the

dying man stirred uneasily on his pillow, the Lady Rowena fell upon the marble floor!

CHAPTER V.

THE bustle and excitement consequent upon the startling events of the day had, to a certain extent, subsided. The dying lord had been borne to his chamber, where he lay all unconscious, his poor eyes wandering restlessly, and his fingers plucking nervously at the heavy counterpane of the bed, which he never was to leave again till he was carried forth to join his dead wife, away in the lonely vault of the little church of Morte d'Athelston.

The village doctor kept anxious watch and ward, calculating the soonest possible time that Sir Gregory Powder, the great London physician, who had been telegraphed for, could arrive.

"I fear we shall have some time to wait yet," he said, addressing himself to Captain Athelston, who never for one moment left the dying man's side, "I have done all that I really could do, I cannot say that I think even Sir Gregory Powder could do more; I fear, I greatly fear, that his lordship is past human aid; still, of course, it is a great thing to have Sir Gregory's advice, a great thing, no doubt;" and the small doctor looked deprecatingly at Captain Athelston, but finding that that gentleman did not apparently even hear him, he muttered something about going to see his other patient, the Lady Rowena, and glided gently from the room.

The village doctor spoke the truth; not Sir Gregory nor any other man could tighten the silver cord that was fast loosening, nor mend the golden bowl that had been so ruthlessly broken. Still

Captain Athelston sat watching silently, one hand holding that of the dying man; while ever and anon, gently, with tender touches as of a woman, he passed the other over the pale, white brow, smoothing rapidly into the calm peacefulness of death.

In the library down below, whither she had been just carried, lay the Lady Rowena; for hours she had been laying in a strange kind of convulsion; her eyes were fixed in a wild, unnatural stare, and she seemed to writhe in inward agony, altogether baffling the art of healing as known to the small village practitioner, and utterly upsetting the theory of hartshorn and sal volatile, hitherto considered infallible by Mrs. Binny in all cases of feminine weakness. But she was quieter now, and the burning eyes were closed at last, and the bosom heaved and fell more regularly, but she had never spoken, and seemed utterly unconscious even of the presence of the faithful old servant, who was watching so anxiously by her side.

"Well, if ever I saw a curiouser affair from first to last," observed Miss Potts, still-room maid to Mr. Jenkins, a colossal specimen of the flunkey order, with highly developed calves, the routine of whose business had become so much a part of his mechanical nature, that in the midst of all the confusion of terror, and sorrow, and death, he was calmly lighting the great chandelier in the hall, and would probably have sounded the gong for dinner at the usual hour, if the aforesaid Miss Potts had not come to the rescue.

"Well I never did," continued that voluble young person, "to think how my lady is taking on screeching and screaming, and fainting for my lord, that was as stately and calm when the Captain was drowned, and he her own sweetheart as was

to have married her, sanctioned by my lord. Mr. Jenkins, la! don't you ever go to light up the place for all the world like a lumination."

Mr. Jenkins paused, flourishing his long candle lighter in the air; his countenance was serene, as he sarcastically observed,—"The Captiving was her sweet'art, Miss Potts, and girls is hapt to think that sweet-harts is as plentiful as blackberries, whereas pa's with large properties is not."

Miss Potts, who had of late rather snubbed Mr. Jenkins in favour of my lord's own man, felt the sting conveyed in that slighted functionary's remark. My lord was dying now, and my lord's own man had not declared himself, and being a young woman of penetration she at once saw the exigencies of her position, and not having the advantages enjoyed by the young ladies of the upper ten thousand, viz., either a mamma or some trustworthy chaperone to manage her affairs matrimonial for her, she was obliged to play her own little game in the best way she could, so she sighed audibly, giggled convulsively, and, rolling her black eyes sentimentally at her quondam adorer, exclaimed, "La, Mr. Jenkins, how can you say so? I am sure I think it is as how it is the gentlemen as is more inconsistent to their vows, leaving us poor girls to pine like doves on their withered stem." Here she wiped away a tear, which so stirred the depth of Mr. Jenkins' soul, that he would, undoubtedly, have been hurried into a declaration of his passion, if the little doctor, with his snuff-coloured wig all awry, and his spectacles hovering in apparently a most precarious situation on his nose, had not most inopportunately opened the library door, and addressed himself rather unceremoniously to that august individual,—"I say, you flunky fellow

in calves, run quick and send Lady Rowena's maid here. Stir yourself! look alive!" and the little man, being very much alive himself, disappeared with a celerity that was marvellous, and long before the astonished Mr. Jenkins, slow of speech, though evidently quick of feelings, had recovered from his amazement and dismay—he, a London footman, six feet two in his stockings, to be addressed in such terms by a village apothecary, a thing not the height of his elbow—he actually seemed to swell with indignation, till his very calves were almost bursting their delicate encasement of pinkish silk, and his eyes glazed with fierce rage at the closed door through which the audacious little wretch, who had so insulted him, had vanished. But Mr. Jenkins' wrath was impotent; the village doctor was safe inside that door, and not having even Miss Potts to sympathize with him (that young damsel having fled at the first sound of the door handle turning, instinctively feeling that Mrs. Binny would be down upon her, that excellent old lady, though having herself wooed the defunct Mr. Binny, leaving that gentleman, it was very properly believed, very little choice in the matter, systematically setting her face against all courting and company keeping, as an idle and demoralizing custom to be suppressed with much severity), he was fain to smother his wrath, and do as he was bid.

In the servants' hall below stairs, there was a great collection of keepers, and other hangers on of the great house, who with their wives and families dropped in to discuss the startling events of the day, and join in the general mourning and lamentations. And grief being dry work, there was much strong ale consumed, while a select few mourned and regaled themselves on some of the dying lord's

best brown sherry in the butler's own private apartment. It was there that Mr. Jenkins found Mademoiselle Auralie, who had slipped away from her young lady for a few minutes, and having the last budget of information, was a person of consequent importance.

Mr. Sprot was in the act of uncorking a bottle of wine; nevertheless, they were genuine tears of sorrow that were flowing from his eyes, as he mournfully observed, while carefully dusting the mouth of the bottle, "He was a kind master, a good landlord, and a true gentleman. Another glass, ma'm?" and he refilled buxom Mrs. Flower's glass, while that good lady sighed, and, seemingly unconscious in her sympathy of what she was doing, tossed off the invigorating fluid, and held out her glass for another; while her lord and master, head gardener, and highly respected on the estate, groaned acquiescence with the butler, albeit anxiously watching the effect of so much unaccustomed stimulant on the partner of his domestic joys.

"There is the London doctor at last," cried one of the company, as the sound of wheels crunching on the gravel outside was plainly heard; and Mr. Sprot hurried off to meet the great Sir Gregory Powders, of world-wide reputation, who had come from London by special train, as he had been desired by telegraph to do; and now disencumbered of rugs and coats, and looking every inch the great man he was, he slowly ascended the chamber of death.

Too late! Sir Gregory, too late! Your carriage had scarcely turned in at the great gates, when the dying man, so long insensible, had suddenly wakened up, and glancing anxiously around him, had muttered a few words; his own man standing near him could not hear what he said; but Captain Athelston, leaning over

him, caught the broken sentences as they fell, "My child! my child! so desolate! forgive! The merciful shall obtain mercy." The young man pressed the dying hand that lay in his; words were useless; he could not even tell if that mute sign had been understood; and with solemn tread, as befitted the occasion, Sir Gregory stepped over to the bed; it needed but one glance of his experienced eye to see that all was over.

"I regret to say," said the London physician, as he lightly felt the pulseless hand, that my utmost skill is unavailing here; but from what I see, I think it would have been so from the first."

Captain Athelston bowed his head, and the doctor continued in an inquiring tone, "His lordship, I fear, must have met with some great shock or sudden excitement: pressure on the brain, I should say, was the immediate cause of death, though the heart was, doubtless, affected also."

What availed it now, what the cause, or how great the shock? Nevertheless Captain Athelston answered, "Yes, you are right; I see suddenly, and most unintentionally on my part, met me this afternoon, whom he had for some time supposed dead."

Sir Gregory rubbed his hands, and said, "Ha! exactly so," in a self-satisfied tone. He had said the correct thing, and he seemed to grow quite cheery and pleasant under the influence of the bright fire and luxurious atmosphere of the chamber of death. But the doctor's cheerfulness was not contagious; viewed professionally, everything was satisfactory, but to the young man who stood by the bed, a true friend was gone, and a heavy weight of grief, which for ever must remain unalleviated by human sympathy, lay sadly on his heart.

It was soon whispered through

the silent house that the old lord was dead, and a messenger from the village doctor summoned his great colleague to the Lady Rowena's room; she was in her own bed now, the old housekeeper and Mademoiselle Auralie having carried her thither, the doctor rolling in a wisp the heavy train of silk and crêpe, emblems of her almost widow's woe, which were wont to sweep so majestically behind her, following in the rear. She lay tossing uneasily now, her yellow hair pushed back in a tangled mass from her fair white brow, and a burning spot of red on each sunken cheek. Mademoiselle Auralie, who had been bathing her forehead with vinegar, ceased, and stood with Mrs. Binny watching with anxious eyes, while Sir Gregory took out his watch, and felt the feeble but rapid pulse.

"Fever has set in, Sir Gregory, I greatly fear," whispered the village apothecary, in humble tones, almost as if it had been his fault; while Sir Gregory answered condescendingly, "Yes, brain very much affected, severe mental excitement, must be kept perfectly quiet. Is there a nurse anywhere near who could be procured at once?"

"Not to-night I fear, sir," said the housekeeper; "but I will remain with her all night, and do whatever you may order."

"No chance of your falling asleep, eh?"

The old woman flushed, but in spite of her inward indignation, answered respectfully, "No, sir, I stood by her dying mother's bed for many a night, and never closed an eye, even when the hired nurse gave way."

"Oh, very well my good woman, very well, I shall remain all night, and come and see how you are getting on every hour or so; there is not much to be done but to watch her carefully, and to moisten

her lips occasionally with cold water."

Then Sir Gregory retired to the dining-room, where he had refreshments, and made himself comfortable in a great arm-chair.

And the weary invalid tossed and moaned, and muttered on her uneasy couch through the long hours of the night; and the sun struggling through the grey mists of the early dawn, found her tossing still, with the fever spots burning deeper and yet deeper on her hollow cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

For six days and nights, the Earl lay in solemn state in the death chamber, covered with a gorgeous velvet pall, and heavy draperies of black, while his only child lay unconscious in the wild delirium of fever, never again to see that loving father, or to press one last kiss upon the clay-cold lips that were closed for evermore.

With nodding plumes and sable scarfs, and all the pomp of funeral pride, they laid the old man in the great stone vault of the Athelstons. For more than a mile the long procession wound, carriage after carriage, some full, others with only the fat coachman and footman on the box, to testify the sympathy of the family they represented. Farmers in their tax-carts, stout yeomen on horseback, comely maidens walking, a goodly sight to see; and no doubt, even in her great grief and anxiety, the sight did afford poor old Mrs. Binny some consolation, as she peeped under the blinds, denying herself the still greater gratification of sitting with her fellow-servants in the great mourning coach; but she could not leave her dear young lady, and so the first of the Athelstons for forty years was buried without her being there to see.

Captain Athelston, now the Earl, lord of Morte d'Athelston, with all its fair estates, came down from London, whither he had gone after the late lord's death, and followed as chief mourner; Mr. Broughton came, too, but still somehow the mystery of the young man's disappearance never seemed to be satisfactorily accounted for, Lord Athelston himself being perfectly silent on the subject, and visibly shrinking from any reference whatsoever to the recent occurrences, notwithstanding a kind of account of the affair, and to a certain extent, a true one, was set afloat. Captain Athelston, so some one said, had fallen accidentally from the cliff, and been swept by the waves into the great cave; that upon coming to himself, he had walked a mile to the railway station, just catching the up-train to London, where he arrived in the early morning; weak and ill, he had made his way to his lodgings, where Mr. Broughton had joined him, who, immediately upon seeing his master's state, had called in a doctor. For four weeks Captain Athelston had been laid up with violent rheumatic fever, during which time he never would allow his servant to make any other communication to the late lord than that which he had himself dictated upon the first day of his valet's arrival.

But why he had so pertinaciously maintained this silence with his friends, why he had walked to the station and travelled to London in wet clothes, instead of going to the Castle for dry, and finally, why he now never once visited his affianced wife, lying on the point of death, were things which remained a profound mystery even to Mr. Broughton, who, however, would not acknowledge such a humiliating fact, and who, consequently, had recourse to an ominous shake of his head, and a tight shutting of

his lips, thereby intimating that he would perish at the stake before he would betray his master's confidence.

Lord Athelston returned to London after the funeral, and Mrs. Binny, aided by a London nurse, tended, watched, and waited by her young mistress's side, while the fever raged and burned, struggling hard with its victim, but not unto the death. Sir Gregory Powder paid periodical visits, and shook his head, and went his way; and the village doctor spoke despairingly of exhausted strength, and of a constitution worn out, and powerless to rally from the shock; albeit a change did come, and pale, weak, a wreck of her former self, with sunken eyes and faded beauty, the Lady Rowena rose a conqueror for this time in the battle between life and death. Still, however, the victory gained seemed a very doubtful one, and weary weeks of weakness, and it almost seemed of mental as well as physical prostration, had to be passed before she showed any sign of returning vigour.

She never spoke of the past, she asked no questions, and no one could tell save by her silence, and never asking for him, if she were even aware of her father's death. Of the present lord's existence she apparently knew nothing whatever; and the country doctor, to whose care she was now entirely entrusted, adhered strictly to Sir Gregory's parting admonitions, and forbid all exciting topics of conversation; but seemingly the lady herself had no desire to speak, and so almost in complete silence each weary day wore on.

In the meantime Lord Athelston cogitated in his London lodgings upon what was best to be done. The late lord had left no will, and almost no ready money, having, when all was arranged for his daughter's marriage, drawn heavily

upon his bankers, in order to pay off the remaining debts upon the house. Upon the supposed death of his nephew he had either believed that everything would, as a matter of course, go to his daughter, or he had put off the making of his will from day to day, with a morbid horror of the subject, thinking that there was time enough to look into his affairs and see how matters really stood; and so no will was made, and at the last the old man died, leaving his paupered child a pensioner on the bounty of the cousin whom she had outraged. Ah! well for him, poor doating father! that he never knew how terribly.

"He did not know all, thank God for that, though he knew that she and I had parted angrily in spite of her declaration, how she deceived him; but I cannot obey his dying wish, poor old man." So reasoned Lord Athelston, as he pressed his hand upon his brow, and a cold shudder crept over him as he thought of the last time he had seen the fair fiend who was to have been his wife. "No, I will make ample provision for her; I will make over two thousand a year to her, or more, if she does not think that enough; but more I cannot do." And then he thought, "She does not even know that I am alive; she thinks herself mistress of everything all this time, and who is to tell her? I could not even see her, it would be terrible for us both." And then his mind went slipping back to the long autumn days that were past, and the vision of another fair girl rose before him, and a cold, calm parting, that had nevertheless left an aching pain so deep down in his heart that it was almost unrealized, certainly unacknowledged, to himself, till the mad jealousy of the Lady Rowena dragged it into the broad light of facts.

Now, with a process of mental argument, no doubt perfectly clear to his lordship's own mind, he decided that Sybil's mother was the person of all others to be consulted in his present difficulties, and, in order for him to do so, it would be necessary for him to start for the North on the very next day. Lord Athelston had immediate recourse to Bradshaw, and having ascertained, as clearly as it was possible to ascertain anything in that complicated volume, that the earliest train was at half-past ten o'clock next morning, and being by this time thoroughly exhausted, he fell asleep.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Broughton, who still looked upon his master as an invalid requiring his constant care and watchfulness, made his appearance with a lighted candle, suggestive of the propriety of his, Lord Athelston's, retiring to bed; he was struck with the placid smile and happy expression which had long been strangers to his master's countenance; but that worthy individual was nearly thrown out of his usual amount of dignified complacency, and did actually give way to a grave amount of surprise when Lord Athelston told him to have everything necessary packed, and be ready to start with him by the half-past ten o'clock train on the following morning, for Pockley in the Marsh, considerably north of the town of York, or, indeed, of any civilized place that it had been his, Mr. Broughton's, luck to hear of before.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSIDERABLY to the astonishment of the valet, and, indeed, not a little to his own, half-past ten o'clock next morning found Lord Athelston comfortably ensconced in a smoking carriage, well wrapped up in rugs and mufflers, a fragrant cigar be-

tween his teeth, which he could smoke unmolested by the outcries of delicate females, who indulge in a nervous horror of that soothing weed.

That he did not exactly know what he was going to do, nor yet what he was going to say, nor, in fact, that he was not at all clear on the subject, did occur to him; but he was not a man to let a trifle of that kind stand in his way, so he smoked on placidly, leaving his future actions to shape themselves according to circumstances, as arranged by Providence. Then, with a few premonitory bumps, the great engine, screaming and whistling, moved with slow dignity through a great forest of other engines, some puffing, gently letting off steam, others quietly waiting their turn to labour, then off and away with a rush and a roar through the endless suburbs of the mighty English Babylon, by villas becoming fewer and farther between, out into the open country—by green pasture lands, dotted with sheep and cattle—by brown fields turned up by the plough, where great mild-eyed oxen, toiling steadily at their work, scarcely deigned to raise their stately heads, while the shrieking monster, with its serpentine train of carriages, swept along. Stopping now at the crowded, bustling station, shunting, bumping—a whistle, a wild, shrill scream, then off and away again, through the great manufacturing districts, where the tall chimneys belched out thick black smoke, and red fires blazed, and the war and din of machinery is for ever heard, speeding off and away through the black North country, till they reach the city of York. Then all the bustle and worry of changing trains, on to a small branch line, dull and quiet, through never-ending flats, till at length, when they had reached what appeared to the exhausted travellers

to be the end of the world, the train stopped, and the stiff and benumbed valet made his appearance to aid in unrolling his master, and helping him out on the platform.

Pockley in the Marsh did not seem to be a very thriving locality, nor were first-class passengers apparently very often seen to get out at its dingy station, albeit the rarity of the event by no means appeared to impress the few porters who lounged about with any very great amount of respect for those who did come; with true British phlegm, they gazed with the utmost indifference at the strangers; while the driver on the box-seat of the solitary fly, which represented the posting capabilities of the place, slept calmly on, with his hat over his eyes, feeling that if such a very unusual occurrence as a fare turning up should take place, there was no need to over-exert himself, as rivalry was altogether out of the question: he stood alone in the matter of cabs, sole master of the position.

Lord Athelston shook himself, stamped his feet, and clapped his hands to restore circulation, swore a good deal at things in general, the sleeping flyman in particular, and demanded to know, in an angry tone, "if there had been a plague there lately, which had swept away the inhabitants, or if there was such a thing as an hotel in that confounded hole of a place?"

"Yas, there be a 'otel in the village, the 'Hiron Duke' by name," responded a porter; while Mr. Broughton, having taken possession of the fly, had his master's things stowed away on the roof, while Jonathan Hicks, the driver, so far roused himself as to gather up the reins, and Lord Athelston having got in, feebly cracked his whip and exclaimed, "Heigh up, old girl;" while the mare, seemingly a very old girl indeed, set off in a kind of ambling shuffle, something between

a walk and a trot, but decidedly not rapid as a mode of travelling.

Arriving at the "Hiron Duke," which event did take place in course of time, the prospect of anything like comfort did not seem one whit more cheering.

Lord Athelston inquired of a stout man, sitting on a stone bench outside the house, smoking a pipe and drinking beer from a short pewter mug, "if he could get accommodation for the night?"

The stout individual took the pipe from his mouth, expectorated unpleasantly near to Lord Athelston's well-polished boots, gasped as if he were going to speak, but emitting no sound, pointed indoors with the handle of his pipe. Lord Athelston had nothing for it but to take the hint, and walking in found himself at the bar, where a buxom-looking matron beamed amongst her polished pewters, and, though radiant in smiles, was evidently much surprised at so unusual a demand. Nevertheless, she informed him that he could go into the coffee-room, at present unoccupied by even a solitary commercial gentleman, and that she would see about rooms for the night.

Utterly wearied out in mind and body, Lord Athelston entered at the door which the landlady held open for him; but not altogether understanding the good woman's northern dialect, wherein she gave him a friendly warning to take care of the steps, he was precipitated head foremost into a long, low room, with a sanded floor and capacious fireplace, which just now, however, contained no fire. This evil was soon remedied by a red-armed, able-bodied damsel, who seemed like the little old woman in the song, to have come in contact with a pedlar, "who cut her little petticoats up to her knees," but who, nevertheless, quickly succeeded in lighting a cheerful fire, which crackled

and blazed up the spacious chimney, giving a more habitable appearance to the wretched apartment.

Both travellers, fortunately for them, were pretty independent of food, having dined comfortably at York, not to speak of sundry packages of sandwiches, and the contents of a flask prepared by the careful valet, and discussed by his master by the way; and there being no inducement to late hours, they soon sought the bed-chambers, such as they were, that had been prepared for them.

CHAPTER VIII.

SYBIL CHARNLEIGH, eldest daughter of the house of Charnleigh, found the privileges of her position as such, counterbalanced by the fact of having not only to assist in the general scrubbing and polishing up each morning of the very junior members of the family, but also having to aid the governess in their mental culture, so that this young lady's life was by no means an idle one, and a holiday to her really meant a holiday quite as much as to any one of the children.

Taking advantage now of the hour of recreation allowed before the general dinner, which took place at two o'clock, Sybil strolled out to her favourite haunt in the farm-yard, and leaning against the little iron gate, watched the fowls picking round the corn stacks, and the heavy plough horses watering at the great trough, whilst her own especial little white calf poked its nose into her soft white hand, looking up at her lovingly with its great mild eyes. The girl patted it gently, but absently, and there was a dreamy far-off look in her large brown eyes, a look almost of weariness and listlessness that was not wont to be in the days of yore. She certainly seemed changed of late; the once elastic step had grown

slower and more subdued, and the gay, musical laugh, which had often grated so offensively upon the high bred ears of the Lady Rowena, sounded far less frequently now, till even the placid mother, albeit rendered slightly dull in her perceptions by the overpowering responsibility of seven daughters, pondered sadly in her own mind and decided that home and home duties were the best for girls; for certainly Sybil had never been the same since her trip to London and her visit to Morte d'Athelston.

Sybil had, of course, heard of the mysterious disappearance of Modred Athelston, and a deadly heart-sickness had seemed to crush out her very life.

And then, later, she had heard of his equally strange reappearance, and in spite of herself a heavy weight seemed lifted off her soul. It was nothing that she told herself that he was her cousin's betrothed husband — nothing, less than nothing, to her. At first, the very fact that he was alive would bring a quickening to the pulse, and a wild joy to her heart, which she vainly strove against. But now the reaction had set in, and the bitter truth seemed, if possible, to rise before her more bitterly than ever, and Sybil, the unsentimental, seemingly light-hearted girl, carried a "dead heart" within.

"Sybil! Sybil! where are you? I have been searching the whole place for you till I am tired."

"For me?" said Sybil, with a start.

"Yes, for you," cried a great girl of about fourteen years of age, gasping and panting from the rapidity with which she had rushed up to her sister.

Sybil, assuming immediately her position as mentor and instructor of youth, said,—

"Gently, gently, Agnes. You are really too wild and hoydenish

for such a great girl. You must try to be a little quieter, and more ladylike."

Agnes, who was systematically antagonistic to sisterly authority, said,—

"Bother! I tell you that you are wanting, so look sharp. Stir your stumps! Trot!"

"Who wants me?" asked Sybil, resignedly. Agnes was becoming too much for her in her present listless mood.

"A young man, decidedly not from the country, judging by his get-up. Rotten Row—man about town—that style of thing, you know," responded the incorrigible Miss Agnes.

Sybil put her hand quickly to her heart as if to still its rapid beating, and tried to argue herself into a state of common sense. Nevertheless, she hardly heard her sister's parting admonition, "To look her best, for he was a howling swell," as she ran quickly upstairs to her own room, and, plunging her face into cold water, tried to calm her agitated nerves. She pulled down the black spotted veil, more generally worn on her hat for ornament than use, and touching herself up a little before her looking-glass, proceeded demurely to the drawing-room. She had known as well as if she had seen him who was there. She could not tell how, or why, that certain knowledge came to her, only she felt that it was so; notwithstanding which, she entered the room as calmly and placidly, and did her little start of surprise at seeing him, as naturally as if Lord Athelston was the last person in the whole world whom she had expected to meet. She might have dispensed with the spotted veil, so transient was the faint flush that for a moment tinged her cheek. She was a woman, and the natural instincts of her sex told her thus much; and she could be composed and self-possessed

though the iron was entering into her soul, thereby slightly disconcerting "the man about town! the howlingswell!" who felt utterly collapsed under the *sang froid* of this country girl, more especially as he felt that he himself was not appearing to advantage—he, a veteran, who, for sixteen years or thereabouts, had been subject to every species of artillery that female invention could bring to bear upon the heir apparent of the house of Athelston, being decidedly put out, awkward, and more or less incoherent, spell-bound in the presence of this north country maiden.

Lady Eleanor, weeping quietly on the sofa, drying her eyes with soft white cambric, saw none of these things. Her thoughts were only of the brother, the account of whose last moments she had just been hearing from her unexpected visitor. The brother who had once been her almost father, whose dead wife she had so truly loved, from whom she had been so cruelly banished well nigh five-and-twenty years ago, never to meet again. True, she and her brother had been so far reconciled as to write to each other before his death, but they had not met. This fair, fat, indolent woman, who had never been half a dozen times from home in the course of her married life, and to whom a journey to London of late years appeared a greater undertaking than a cruise to Iceland or a trip to the Pyramids to a modern young lady, had put off the visit to Morte d'Athelston, so urgently pressed upon her by her brother; and now her warm heart reproached her as she thought of him dying all alone, without his daughter's hand in his, or one loving woman's voice to whisper words of faith and hope as he crossed the dark stream, and entered the valley of the shadow of death.

"How did you leave Rowena?"

Inquired Miss Charnleigh, with a proper amount of sympathy in her voice for the girl this man was going to marry; and then it suddenly occurred to her that he might have come—perhaps at Rowena's own request, sorrow might have softened her haughty cousin's heart, and made her yearn for love and sympathy—to ask her to act a sister's part by her, and stay with her till her marriage, or, mayhap, even to be her friend and bridesmaid on that occasion; and she would do it. She was prepared affectionately to forget the coldness of the past, and truly, at any inward sacrifice, to befriend her cousin in her loneliness and desolation; so that this heroic damsel was rather disconcerted when Lord Athelston, stammering and stuttering, answered, rather incoherently,—

"Rowena is quite well, or, that is, she is very ill. I believe she is much better, but I have not seen her since her father's death, or, I should rather say, since I came to life."

"Not seen her?" and Sybil's great eyes expanded with astonishment. "Oh, perhaps she was too ill even to see you, poor thing; how very bad she must have been, and how lonely."

And all her woman's sympathy was aroused in one moment for the suffering girl, notwithstanding that she had won the prize in the race of life.

"No, really, I can't say that; the fact is, I don't believe she knows that I am alive. To tell the truth, it was about that very thing I came to speak to Lady Eleanor."

And Lord Athelston stopped abruptly. Now that he was there, what was he to say? How could he tell these unsophisticated country people that their relation was to all intents and purposes a murderess? No, he could not possibly do that. Then how explain that he meant to

jilt her, and thereby bring the virtuous indignation of her aunt and cousins on his devoted head. He began to find his situation embarrassing, and, curious phenomenon, this little country girl, whom he had pictured to his imagination as so utterly overcome at sight of him, and to whom he meant to be so kind and patronizing till he made her feel quite at her ease, had just turned the tables on him, and in a well-bred, ladylike way, was talking him out of his too evident confusion. His lordship was floored, and if he did inwardly mutter "that girls were the very devil," he was really to be excused, under such very humiliating circumstances.

Sybil was certainly very puzzled at Lord Athelston's apparently utter ignorance about his betrothed. There certainly was something wrong. Nevertheless, conversation being a duty which, under existing circumstances, devolved itself upon her, she started on a different tack, referring to Lord Athelston's long journey, the primitive hotel the village afforded, and other indifferent topics, avoiding all reference to subjects which she saw were embarrassing to their guest, till the fashionable man of the world found himself gradually regaining his lost composure under the judicious treatment of this naturally well-bred country girl.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD ATHELSTON having once regained his natural composure, was soon quite himself again, and yielding to the pressing invitation of Lady Eleanor, who was now joined by her husband, found himself located at the rectory, and making one of the family dinner party at two o'clock. It was such a new life to him, everything so simple, homelike, and unpretending,

yet he was taken quite as a matter of course, no fuss, no apology; and then Sybil so fair, so graceful, waiting upon the children, and looking like a queen. "The man about town" could hardly realize his position, but found himself thoroughly charmed with the happy home circle; and very soon the unacknowledged half-formed visions that were floating through his mind, began to settle into realities. Because one girl threw him over a cliff, it was no reason that he should forswear the sex, and turn misanthrope for his life. No, he would try his chance with this parson's daughter—"Hang the girl, he wished that she were not quite so cool and collected"—albeit there is always more or less charm in variety, and it was a decided variety to Lord Athelston not to be made love to; so that if Miss Sybil had known that he was free and had been playing her cards accordingly, she could hardly have hit on a more successful plan.

It was with a feeling almost akin to terror, that Lady Eleanor found herself before the evening was over pledged to her guest to break personally to Lady Rowena, not only the fact of his (Lord Athelston) being alive, but the still more appalling fact that he declined to keep his engagement with her. The young man did not tell his hostess of that disastrous scene upon the Castle wall, consequently Lady Eleanor did secretly think that he was not behaving altogether well to the desolate girl; and feeling as indignant as her mild nature could, she insinuated her opinion to Lord Athelston, who, with no doubt some slight confusion of manner, told her that Rowena really would not be the least surprised at the latter fact, "As, to tell the truth, Lady Eleanor," he said, "she and I parted angrily, and I am certain that even if I wished it nothing

would induce her to hold to her engagement ;" and with this assurance, the worthy dame was feign to be content.

Lady Eleanor talked the matter over with her eldest daughter that night, in the privacy of her chamber, moreover mentioning that Lord Athelston had asked to be allowed to remain a guest at the rectory during her absence, which latter apparently unaccountable desire on the gentleman's part, had put Lady Eleanor on the *qui vive*, and roused all the keenness of her natural instinct for the preservation of the peace of mind of that golden-haired daughter, so dear to her, but whose attractions for mankind in general she had never thought of before.

She did see now how lovely this girl was, as, with face half averted, and the colour slowly rising to her brow, she heard for the first time of Lord Athelston's strange request; she had all that afternoon found her domestic duties of such an exacting nature, that greatly to the young nobleman's secret chagrin, she had absented herself almost entirely from the family conclave, and left him to her father, who, feeling it incumbent on him to entertain his visitor, had final recourse to showing him the church, and other lions of the place, thereby gaining for himself no other advantage than the reward supposed to be derived from an approving conscience, which felt, that no matter however unsatisfactory the task might be, he was doing his duty; and, truth to say, the young man was not an agreeable companion that afternoon to Mr. Charnleigh, whatever he might have proved to Miss Charnleigh had she given him the chance.—"How long will you be away, mamma," inquired the girl. Lady Eleanor saw it all plain enough now, and her heart bled for her child. Supposing this man,

who had jilted one girl, was only amusing himself with this ewe lamb of hers; but she thought it better to seem to see nothing; her woman's tact told her that the time to seek her confidence had not yet come, so she answered, "You may be sure, my child, not one day longer than I can help."

"Mother, may I go with you? Rowena would like to see me."

This was a new view of the subject to Lady Eleanor, but nevertheless not altogether an undeniable one; certainly, both she and Sybil away from home together, would make the housekeeping and domestic arrangements at the rectory, not to speak of the individual comfort of their guest, rather doubtful; but, after all, that was a very secondary consideration, her child's happiness came first; and if it was to save that child, perhaps from weary years of sorrow and pain, she cared little for Lord Athelston's enjoyment. Meanwhile, surely Sybil should go; but she did not tell the girl her decision. "None of us can go till Monday, dear," she said, "and I will speak to your father. I daresay it would be a very good plan; I really am a coward at travelling all by myself; and Mr. Quill being away, your father could not well leave home."

Then Sybil wished her mother good night, and went slowly along the passage to her room. "Lord Athelston free," she thought, "no engagement now to hamper him;" and a cord seemed to tighten round the girl's heart. "Oh, I must go, I must go," she muttered, "that only makes it more absolutely necessary that I must go."

The next day was Sunday, but what between church and Sunday-school, and her various Sunday duties, Lord Athelston saw little of Sybil, till they met at the early dinner, where Agnes, with her usual talkativeness, asked if it were really true that

Sybil was going with her mother, and that she, Agnes, would have to keep house while they were away. "Oh, won't it be jolly?" cried the girl; "and you know, Miss Braddon," addressing her governess, "I shall never have time for any lessons, I shall have such lots and lots to do."

Lord Athelston looked up quickly at Sybil, but that young lady was just then very busy teaching Master Tom good manners; and Lady Eleanor told Agnes to hold her tongue. "You shall do your lessons just as usual, my dear," she said, "at least as much as Miss Braddon will have time to teach you, for," she continued, turning to the governess, "it is to your good-nature I must trust to manage the housekeeping for me."

"Certainly, Lady Eleanor, I shall only be too happy to do my best," responded Miss Braddon; while Agnes looked exceedingly crest-fallen, and took the opportunity of her mother's head being turned away, to make the most lugubrious face at Lord Athelston, but that gentleman was by no means in a frame of mind to respond to that young lady's playfulness. Sybil, then, was really going away the next day, and he by no means bargained for rural bliss without her; besides which, she was avoiding him, he could not make out why: but it was becoming too apparent to be any longer a matter of doubt, so he was determined to checkmate the young lady, at all events, in that particular, before the day was over, he would. Fate was more propitious to Lord Athelston, in favouring his determination to see Sybil, than he had anticipated. The girl, utterly worn out with her mental struggle, which rendered her usual avocations a strain on her nerves almost more than she could bear, stole for perfect seclusion into her father's study, he having gone to visit a sick

parishioner. Lord Athelston had set out with him from the door, saying that he would like the walk, but I am afraid really with the deep design of putting the ladies off their guard, which he thoroughly succeeded in doing.

Lady Eleanor retired, with a mind, comparatively speaking, at ease, to her afternoon class with her maid servants, and Miss Braddon and the children to their Sunday avocations, and the house was hushed in the stillness of a Sabbath afternoon, when Lord Athelston discovered that he had forgotten his cigar-case, and that to proceed farther in his walk under such circumstances, was a thing out of the region of possibility; that most innocent-minded individual, the Rev. Mr. Charnleigh, at once saw the hardship of the case, and only hoped that his guest would excuse his not returning with him, as he had a long way to walk, and would be obliged to be back for evening service.

Lord Athelston most politely begged of him not to think of such a thing, he would find plenty to amuse him about the rectory grounds; and so Mr. Charnleigh proceeded on his way, and Lord Athelston returned to the house, entering by the glass door of Mr. Charnleigh's study, to avoid alarming the females, and startling Miss Sybil into instant retirement. Lord Athelston was really taken by surprise when, in the dark of the room, he perceived a graceful heap of black silk curled up on the sofa; and Sybil herself, who was startled by the opening window, for once completely lost her presence of mind. As she saw Lord Athelston standing before her, she rose quickly, and muttered something incoherent, as she made towards the door, but Lord Athelston was too quick for her: "Sybil," he said, as he intercepted her passage, "why do

you avoid me, have I done anything to offend you?"

"No, Lord Athelston," she whispered, blushing deeply, "but—but——"

"Lord Athelston," he repeated after her; "Sybil, at Morte d'Athelston, we were cousins, what has made the change?"

The girl looked up quickly; too well her heart could tell what had made the change, but she could not tell him so, she must make him believe anything but the truth.

"Why, of course, there is a great change, you are Lord Athelston now, then you were only an ex-cavalry officer; besides it is different."

"Why?"

"Well, the weather, perhaps; one is frozen into etiquette here in the Black North, there it was all lovely—not lazy days—one could not be stiff if they tried."

"Then I wish it was always not lazy days, Sybil; I don't want you to be stiff with me." And he took the girl's soft white hand in his.

What could poor Sybil do? Her heart went out to this cousin, still he only spoke as a cousin; her case was becoming desperate; she tried to draw her hand away, and made a move towards the door; but Lord Athelston was not to be baffled now. He had known for some time that this girl was very dear to him, but he did not know how much he was to her, though he hoped some day to win her love; but now that he was beginning to guess the truth, he was determined to have a little mild revenge for the dance she had led him, and more especially for that first interview, wherein she had borne herself so well, while she had made him feel so small, so, as a cat plays with a mouse, only not to end so tragically, he held her tight and smiled, well pleased at her evident embarrassment.

"Let me go," she said, looking

up plaintively into his face, "I hear the children coming in."

"What do you want with the children?" he said. "You are no fit instructress of youth, when you cannot teach them how to treat a guest with good manners."

"I did not mean to be rude," she said demurely.

"Not mean to be rude! when you want to go off to-morrow and leave me here to the tender mercies of Miss Braddon, when I came all the way from London to see you, Sybil, darling, say you won't go." And the small white hand was dropped, only, however, to enable the gentleman to clasp her small waist instead. "Say you won't leave me now or ever?"

Poor dear Lady Eleanor, teaching her maids upstairs, scrupulously sat out to the very last second of the allotted sixty minutes, which it had ever been her custom to dedicate on Sunday to their instruction; but it is greatly to be feared that her mind wandered many a time from the overwhelming catastrophes of Job's career, and that she herself was a more practical example of the patience for which that patriarch was so celebrated, than her unappreciating Abigails gave her credit for. But the longest hour has an end in this life, and the class was over at last, and at once the anxious mother set out in quest of her stricken deer; down the passage her ponderous footsteps (gently, be it spoken) sounded heavily: but so far from yielding to the conventional notions on the subject current in society, which would have made Lord Athelston jump to one side of the room, and Sybil to the other, both looking hopelessly guilty and idiotic, that gentleman only tightened his grasp round the girl, and, as her mother entered the room, imprinted a most unmistakable kiss on her blushing face. Lady Eleanor stood appalled; it was twenty-five

years since she, a maiden fair, had been wooed by the handsome Oxford divine, not to speak of several minor flirtations indulged in with cousins and others, so that this estimable matron must be forgiven if, forgetting some of the accompanying ceremonies, she gazed with undisguised horror on the scene before her.

Lord Athelston, no way taken aback, explained matters after his own fashion. "Lady Eleanor," he said, "Sybil has treated me abominably ever since I came, but, as you see, we have been making friends, as she has promised to be a good girl, and not leave me to-morrow; and some day, as soon as she can get over her prejudices, to be my wife."

It is fair to state, on Sybil's behalf, that since Lord Athelston first made his declaration, she had never articulated a sentence; but now, as he relaxed his hold, she did not wait to contradict his statement, but darted by her mother out of the room and upstairs to the privacy of her own chamber; while he, no doubt, firmly believing that he was strictly adhering to the truth, or, perhaps, taking her silence to be as comprehensive as "Lord Burleigh's nod," satisfactorily explained to Lady Eleanor that everything had been arranged between them. The loving mother, with a load of doubt and anxiety suddenly raised from her heart, could only subside on a chair, where she had recourse to the aforementioned very small portion of cambric and tears.

But Lady Eleanor did not long give vent to her emotion. "Lord Athelston," she said, recovering herself with quiet dignity, "of course her father and I, much as we love Sybil, and worthy as we know her to be of any fate, cannot but feel that she is making what the world will call a wondrously good match, while it will also say

that you are not as prudent as are most of the young men of the present day; but," she continued, anxiously fixing her eyes upon the young man before her; "I will not insult you by supposing that you have not thought of all this, and that you are not quite prepared to be true to my child, whatever opinions your friends may express on the subject."

Poor lady! visions of the slighted Rowena rose before her, and she was not altogether easy in her mind about this hero of her daughter's affections; and, truth to say, she might well have trembled if she had known how little Lord Athelston had ever thought on the subject at all. However, he felt quite convinced of the constancy of his own affections now, as with eager warmth and earnestness he declared, "That he was not bound to consult any one; that he was thoroughly his own master, and that, even if he were not, he would be true to her at all hazards."

Sybil, lying on her bed, never felt the hours passing, nor heeded the shades of night darkening the room. She did not know the loving care of the mother, who had sent off all the children to church with their governess, and now startled the girl from her dreamy repose by her gentle kiss.

"Mamma! oh, mamma! what shall I do?" and Sybil, now fully roused to perfect consciousness of all that had happened, laid her head upon her mother's breast, and sobbed gently; while Lady Eleanor kissed and petted her, cooing soft words of love and joy, till the children were heard coming home from church, when she went downstairs to preside over the family tea, a substantial meal in this household, where eight young people, not to speak of their elders, had had nothing to eat since a two o'clock dinner.

Sybil rose, and, lighting a candle,

adorned herself with an unusual amount of care—she was not her own property now, and it behoved her to make the most of herself now for the sake of that other to whom she belonged.

The whole family were collected in conclave as she entered the dining-room, Lord Athelston looking resigned, with his back to the fire, while Mr. Charnleigh, with spectacles pushed back on his bald head, explained an intricate point of doctrine; but her appearance was a signal for a general uproar, and no sooner had her father kissed and congratulated her, than the whole junior members of the family commenced a kind of wardance round her, much to Miss Braddon's inward disgust, and which probably would have ended in the total annihilation of the dress so carefully put on, if the maid had not opportunely appeared with a very inviting-looking dish of jam. At this the young cormorants settled once more into their places, while Miss Braddon sighed; she was romantic, and would have liked to have seen the young people kneeling hand clasped in hand, with all their sisters and brothers, flanked on either side by herself and their mother, weeping in a circle round them, while the venerable head of the house pronounced a blessing on their future lives.—Poor Miss Braddon, faded now, and rapidly approaching that period of life when even the most sanguine of her sex could hardly hope to be the heroine of a romance, nevertheless dearly loved to act the only part wherein she could possibly be personally concerned, and could weep any amount at the smallest possible provocation.

"I say," exclaimed Master Tom, his mouth bursting with bread and jam, "what will old Quill say? I should not be surprised if he had to take to his bed, and then no

more Latin for some time. Crikey! would not that be jolly?"

Mr. Quill was the curate, who, for a consideration, had the very doubtful pleasure of instructing Master Tom four days in the week in the rudiments of Latin, preparatory to his being sent to a public school, an event becoming daily more desirable, and who was popularly supposed by the young people to be the victim of a hopeless passion for Sybil, though for some time Miss Braddon had indulged in the faint hope that she herself was the attraction, which made even Tom and Latin to be desired.

Sybil made a violent effort to silence the young gentleman, but he was not one to be at any time easily shut up; and now Lord Athelston professing great anxiety when he heard of a rival, and begging to hear all the particulars, it was quite sufficient to set Master Tom off; and in spite of his sister's blushes, and his mother's feeble remonstrances, he indulged in a very glowing account of the curate's devotion and agonies, and his utter incapability, under the circumstances, of his instructing any boy in Latin.

CHAPTER A.

AND now we must return to Morte d'Athelston, and see how the time was passing there; very slowly and wearily it seemed, as the Lady Rowena, almost imperceptibly, was regaining her lost strength. Listless, indifferent, heedless, apparently almost unconscious of the every day events passing around her, nevertheless she steadfastly refused to leave her home, and clung with a strange tenacity to her lonely, desolate life, in spite of the urgent appeals of the little village doctor, who prescribed change of air and scene as the only thing to restore tone to her ex-

hausted frame. Sir Gregory Powder had taken his final fee, and given his parting opinion that nothing was wanting to complete her recovery but cheerful society, and the companionship of young people of her own age. Wise Sir Gregory! anxious little village doctor! both of you in this instance were equally impotent to cure the girl's malady, or minister to a mind so bitterly diseased.

She sought no change of scene, nor yet society, while she was quietly, but decidedly, discouraging even the old housekeeper's visits, who at first used to bring her knitting, and sit with her darling to keep her company; but she soon perceived that her darling did not appreciate her kind intentions, and so subsided back to her own dominions, and wondered, as indeed did the whole household, "what it all meant, and what had become of Lord Athelston."

Lying on a sofa in a luxurious little room, which a father's love had fitted up with every elegance and comfort, Lady Rowena did not hear the sound of wheels approaching, nor the consequent bustle of an arrival, till old Mrs. Binny, with tears streaming from her eyes at the sight of one whom she had not seen for so long, entered the room to inform her that her aunt, Lady Eleanor, had arrived, and wished much to see her. A cloud came on her ladyship's brow, and she muttered something to herself, which was certainly not a welcome to her unknown relative. "What right had she to come and tease her in her misery, this woman whom she had never seen, and of whom she knew nothing, saying that she was the mother of the girl who had darkened her life with misery and crime."

She knew at once what she had come for, and she smiled bitterly to herself. She had never asked one

question, she had never shown one sign which could lead any one to guess that she knew the truth; and yet she never for one moment doubted that her cousin was indeed alive, nor thought that the pale figure she had seen standing by her dying father's side might have been the phantom of her distempered brain. She knew that sooner or later she would have to leave the home of her fathers, and lately even she had begun to wonder why Lord Athelston had left her undisturbed so long; but now that the edict had come, she hated with a bitter hate the woman who had come to turn her adrift.

Nevertheless, she was ever courteous in speech and manner, veiling, as had ever been her wont, her deepest feelings under a graceful, well-bred demeanour; and now she desired the housekeeper to show her aunt up to her, as she was too weak to receive her downstairs. Then, calmly lying back on the sofa, she awaited, without any of the inward emotion that was tearing her soul being visible, the advent of her foe.

It would not have needed her previous knowledge, nor yet the servant's formal announcement of her name, for Lady Rowena to recognize her aunt, a no doubt much-developed and matronly edition of Sybil, barring the degenerate brown eyes, albeit strangely like Sybil still, and it was more of hatred than weakness that caused the blue eyes to close languidly and shut out the unwelcome vision. But it was only a momentary impulse; then she made an effort to rise and politely welcome her aunt, but that gentle-hearted loving woman was by her side in one moment. The fragile, delicate figure in black, shorn of all its wealth of yellow hair, and looking strangely old and wan in the delicate lace cap, albeit that it was most tastefully constructed by the dainty French fingers of Mademoiselle Auralie, had

roused all her tenderest sympathies. "Don't stir, dear," she said gently, "I am, indeed, grieved to see you looking so ill."

"Oh! I am much better, thank you; I shall soon be quite strong and myself again."

Lady Eleanor smoothed her niece's pillow with loving hands; it seemed a terrible thing to her that this girl had been left to suffer so long alone, and she wondered at herself that she had never realized her desolate position before, or come to keep her company. She murmured out her contrition now in low soft tones, but Lady Rowena assured her aunt "that she was much better alone;" and very soon Lady Eleanor insensibly began to feel, though she could hardly tell why, that the girl spoke the truth. She sat down then, looking pitifully upon the weary, wasted form before her, pondering sadly how she should tell her unwelcome tale; and Lady Rowena, lying back on her couch with closed eyes and lips, inwardly determined to give her aunt no assistance whatever, by putting any questions or showing any curiosity as to the cause of her visit.

Soon the servant brought in candles, and a message from the housekeeper to know "What Lady Eleanor would wish about dinner?"

"Oh, Lady Eleanor," exclaimed Rowena, "how neglectful I have been, and you must be so tired and hungry. I take my invalid's dinner early; but what would you like?"

"I am not hungry, indeed, my dear. When I arrived I went into Mrs. Binny's room; you know we were old friends, though I have not seen her for five-and-twenty years, and she gave me some tea, and made me quite comfortable before I sent her to you;" and Lady Eleanor's eyes were full of tears, and her lips trembled as she thought of all those long years of banishment from her home.

"Oh! but you must have something more than that. Tell Mrs. Binny to send up some cutlets or something of that kind with tea, and as quickly as she can, and tell Auralie to come here and show Lady Eleanor her room."

The servant withdrew, while Lady Rowena, turning to her aunt, graciously "hoped that she would not mind taking her tea in that room, as it was the only one she had inhabited since her father's death."

"Certainly not, dear," Lady Eleanor replied, "you must not think of making any change for me."

Tea was over, and Lady Rowena had again sunk back on her sofa, while Lady Eleanor comfortably (as far as the body went) enconced herself in an easy chair; but her thoughts were sadly perturbed on the subject that had caused her journey, and the good lady sat staring into the fire, and seeking for some inspiration whereby she might introduce the painful topic. "You must find this place very lonely, dear," she said, having recourse to an obvious fact to open the conversation.

"I don't mind," said the girl, wearily.

"Well, but you will mind, dear, in a little time; you are very young, and it is not natural that your whole life should be blighted for ever by one sorrow, however great that one may have been."

Rowena's brow contracted as if in pain, but she answered coldly, "My sorrow has been such that I never expect my life for ever more to be anything but one long hopeless pain."

"My poor child, do not speak or think so despondingly; time is a great healer and curer." Lady Eleanor felt that, as a clergyman's wife, it was her duty now to say some word in season to this sorely afflicted girl, but the poor lady found

it very difficult to offer any consolation, spiritual or otherwise, to one who seemed so utterly cold, calm, and almost repellant in her manner; more especially as she herself felt somewhat like a traitor, for strangely enough it was the fact of Lord Athelston's delinquency to his cousin which kept running through her mind, and she feared more the shock of hearing that he was alive, but faithless to her, for Rowena, than even the great bereavement which she had sustained in his supposed death.

"What are your plans for the future, dear?" she asked, hesitatingly; "do not think that it is mere curiosity makes me ask you, but you have been ill and delirious so long that perhaps you do not know all that has occurred."

"Yes, Lady Eleanor, I do, or at least I know that my cousin is alive."

Lady Eleanor gave a little jump and a suppressed scream, Lady Rowena watching her keenly from her half-closed eyes, waiting to see how much of all that had occurred her aunt knew. That Lord Athelston had never betrayed that last fatal scene, that had raised a barrier of blood between them, she never doubted, but why had he sent Lady Eleanor to her? What story had he told Sybil's mother of what had parted him from his once engaged wife for ever?

"Lord Athelston did not know; he was afraid that you might hear he was alive in some sudden way that might startle you."

"Lord Athelston is very kind, but I thought he would have known from our last meeting that he was personally a subject of indifference to me, and that he never could expect to have any revival of acquaintance between us. I am rather tired, Lady Eleanor, I hope you will excuse my retiring to rest so early;" and the girl rose with a ma-

jestic air, and a scornful curl upon her haughty lip.

Lady Eleanor was petrified; here was the whole affair taken out of her hands in a way that proved clearly that she might have spared herself a long journey and a great deal of mental anxiety, in so far as her niece was concerned. Nevertheless, she could not help giving a great sigh of relief that the worst was over, and certainly much more satisfactorily so than she had dared to anticipate. All the next day Lady Rowena avoided all approach to the subject of her cousin. However, Lady Eleanor did manage to say a word before parting for the night.

Lady Rowena winced slightly when she heard that her father had made no will, albeit she said calmly, "It does not much signify, but I hope Lord Athelston will excuse my not having entered into business matters before this, but I really was not equal to the exertion. However, I shall see papa's lawyer as soon as possible, and get him to communicate with my cousin."

"Lord Athelston will do everything, dear, that is kind and generous by you; he desired me to say that he would make over two thousand a year to you."

Lady Rowena waved her hand haughtily. "I do not understand business matters, aunt," she said, coldly. "My lawyer shall write to Lord Athelston; it is his duty to look after my interests. I shall accept of nothing but what I have a legal right to."

Lady Eleanor was silenced, this young person was altogether too much for her; and so they parted with decidedly colder feelings on the aunt's part than she had been inclined to entertain for her desolate niece when they had first met.

It was Lady Eleanor's intention to return home the next day, and as she would have to start by an early train, when parting for the night she

wished Lady Rowena good-bye. "And remember, dear," she said, "we shall always be glad to welcome you at Pockley, and you can make it your home for any length of time that may suit your convenience."

Lady Rowena thanked her, and almost warmly, for her offer, and for a moment the poor isolated heart yearned for the love and peace of the quiet country home; but the weakness was only momentary, and the parting kiss she gave her aunt was cold and uncordial as ever.

Lady Eleanor went downstairs to talk a little over old times to the housekeeper. That good woman mourned, and puzzled her kindly old heart a good deal at the change that had taken place in Lady Rowena, and what had become of Lord Athelston, but not even to her old friend did Lady Eleanor tell of his engagement to her own daughter, Sybil; she felt as if it would have been almost cruel to refer to such an event under the same roof with Rowena. And Lady Rowena, the proud, cold woman, in the privacy of her chamber, when Mademoiselle Auralie had been dismissed for the night, lay like some stricken animal writhing in its death throes, clenching her hands in her agony till the nails cut the tender skin. Surely, if deadly hate could kill, there would have been wild woe and wailing that night in the Rectory of Pockley-in-the-Marsh.

Lady Rowena, through her lawyer, firmly refused to accept the two thousand a year urged upon her by her cousin. "She would have nothing," she said, "that she had not a legal right to. Whatever ready money her father left, and all his personal property, she felt justified in taking." The valuator, who was no less a person than Lord Athelston himself, took a very liberal view of the late lord's personalities, and the Lady Rowena,

none the wiser, found herself the possessor of fifty thousand pounds.

One fine morning, early in spring, with little fuss, and without one outward token of the wild grief raging within, the girl left the stately home of her ancestors, never to set her foot within its walls again.

Late in the summer Lord Athelston and Sybil were married, and after a pleasant tour through foreign lands, settled down at Morte d'Athelston. Once again gay voices were heard in the old park, and the merry laugh of young children sounded through hall and corridor. Some few years afterwards, Lord and Lady Athelston, travelling abroad, and seeing everything that was to be seen, made their way into one of the many gaming-houses of Baden. The crowd was great, the heat intense, and the eager, unholy faces of the players a sight so sickening to Sybil that she turned away her head, and begged of her husband to bring her out, which he did quickly, for in that motley throng he had seen one face, that of a woman, wild and distorted in its lust for gold, and their eyes had met.

"I saw you playing like a good one to-day, Fred," said Lord Athelston to a friend that evening. "Who was the lady on your right?"

"On my right? Let me see. Oh! the little woman who is always so beautifully dressed, only a trifle over-rouged and bella-donnaed; not unlike yourself either, old fellow, if some female Mephistopheles had taken possession of you, and turned you into a woman."

Lord Athelston winced. "What is her name, do you know?"

"Well, it is doubtful," replied Captain Frederick Ward, with a short laugh. "Just at present she passes as the Baroness Bloomburgh, and is the property of that wretched-looking cripple that you meet everywhere wheeled about in a chair. He

is very rich, and they say once had the use of his legs, but used them once too often running away with the said lady, when they were neatly picked from under him by the outraged bullet of a Russian prince, or the bullet of an outraged Russian, whichever way you like to put it. I am inclined to think if the Baron does not look sharp that he will lose his money as well as his legs. She had an awful run of bad luck after you left to-day."

The Athelstons left Baden rather hurriedly, but Lord Athelston never told his wife what he had seen or heard. That secret was laid beside the one he still carried, hid even from the wife of his love, of what had passed between Rowena and himself on that fatal day in the ruined tower of Morte d'Athelston.

Long years afterwards, when one day Lord Athelston was looking over *The Times* in his usual lazy fashion, he was startled into an amount of life and activity that was perfectly new and unaccountable to his wife, who would have seen nothing in the paper, even if he had shown it to her, to account for such unwonted energy on his part. But he did not do so, and Lady Athelston watched him pacing up and down the terrace outside the window of their little morning room, without even the usual solace of men's troubles, a cigar, and with a very unusual look of trouble and perplexity upon his brow.

Of course Lady Athelston took up the paper, scanning it from beginning to end. She read many curious announcements and pathetic appeals—lost wives and husbands, sons and daughters, called upon to return to their disconsolate friends; and she read, "Mysterious Occurrence in Paris," a young woman's body recovered from the Seine, and now lying for identification in that hideous receptacle of those who die

in sin and misery, "The Morgue." The paragraph went on to say that the wretched woman, judging by her appearance, was evidently a lady, and that it could hardly have been poverty that had reduced her to commit the rash act, as her dress was of the richest materials, and her fingers covered with rings, and that round her neck she wore a blue ribbon with a diamond ring attached to it. Somehow Lady Athelston read this paragraph twice, but still she never connected it with her husband's mysterious conduct, until that gentleman came in and announced to her that he started that evening for Paris.

Lady Athelston asked no questions, only a pained anxious look came into the great dark eyes, which Lord Athelston saw, and turning from the door which he was just opening, he came back and took his wife in his arms.

"Sybil," he said, "trust me; I cannot tell you now, but some day I shall tell you all." And Lady Athelston did trust him, wholly and entirely, until the day came at last when her husband did tell her everything, from the day when he and Rowena stood alone on the ruined tower, to the day when she was buried out of his sight. And Lord Athelston was glad in his heart that he had waited until then, when the fair friend who had wrought such wicked wrong had passed away from the earth, and Sybil knew she could forgive the evil that had brought her so much of good.

In the meantime, Lord Athelston journeyed to Paris, and there found what he had expected to see—the proud Rowena, proud and beautiful no more, a loathsome object to look on, in a vile and loathsome place. He could find out nothing about her, and, truth to say, he did not take much trouble to do so. By money and interest he accomplished all he wanted, and the poor remains were

spared the ignominy of a suicide's grave.

In a remote corner, all alone, away from stately mausoleums that testify to the virtues of the rich, and baby graves covered with stiff wreaths of hideous immortelles that tell of the French mother's love for the baby form that lies mouldering there, stands one grave. No hand comes

on fête days to lay a flower on it, nor an everlasting wreath; but in process of time there was put a small white cross, with the single letter R., and the lady who in life had been proud as an empress lies unbonoured and unknown in a lonely grave, in a lonely corner of the great French Garden of Death, Père-la-Chaise.

STONE WORSHIP : IRELAND.

It is not my intention in the present essay to treat of that Cyclopean age of stone architecture which preceded the last-detected footprints of history and the last vestiges of credible tradition. That age of Irish civilization, which in all probability preceded the arrival of the Celt, and which has left monuments which cannot be paralleled by any memorials of antiquity in any other country occupied by Aryan nations, forms a chapter in the history of the world, upon which palæontology has thrown hardly any light, and which, though teeming with internal light and beauty, is closed and dark to the eye of the most ardent and laborious antiquarian. I purpose dealing with that less wonderful, but still highly interesting epoch, in which the stone memorials of Ireland do not differ greatly from the monuments of similar character preserved in other countries.

Of the Cyclopean period I will but say this, that civilized as it must have been, the sacred character of stone, by which the imagination of nearly every people has been at some time impressed, was, according to the opinion of the best antiquarians, even then recognized. Stone was held even by the people of that

age in too great reverence to be employed for such purposes as the construction of buildings, in which men cooked, and ate, and slept.

In the grave-stone of to-day, we have what might be termed the degenerate descendant of that tall pillar by which our ancestors used to honour the spot where their chief or their priest was inhumed. Among the Welsh to this day they are called *Theini-Gwyr*, men's pillars, herein indicating one of the modes in which these frequent memorials of early times originated. Many of these stones are inscribed with *Ogham* characters. *Ogham* was a secret mode of writing used by the Druids. It was also employed, as here, for sacred purposes, the inscription of consecrated stones, &c. It was of a simple description. The letter was determined by the number of straight or slanting strokes drawn, and by their relative position to a long horizontal line, above, below, or across which the strokes were drawn.

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It is a point in dispute amongst antiquaries whether this was an

* "Ware's Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 20.

ancient mode of writing which preceded the introduction of the Scytho-Greek characters, which Cæsar found in use in Gaul, and which among Scandinavian nations went by the name of "*Literæ Irlandorum*," or whether it was formed from the Scytho-Greek, and was of late invention. The fact of its being used for sacred purposes, or in connection with sepulture, would favour the conclusion that it was an ancient mode of writing. Nothing is better established than that the arts which have fallen into desuetude are generally retained for sacred uses, as the employment by the Hebrews of the ancient flint-knife for the rite of circumcision, while it would seem to be more consonant with what we know of human nature that the relatives of the dead man should wish to publish his name and doings in letters commonly understood, unless they were prevented by some ancient and hallowed custom. On the other hand, it is contended that the nature of this alphabet, in which the vowels and consonants are separated, furnishes internal evidence of its having been contrived by persons possessing some grammatical knowledge, and acquainted with alphabets of the ordinary kind.

In the Royal Irish Academy there are several of these funeral pillar-stones marked with *Ogham* characters. I cannot but think it a desecration to remove these monuments from the hill-side or moor in which our ancestors set them up thousands of years ago, that they might be labelled and preserved in a house in Dublin. One, perhaps, might be so treated, that it might be preserved from the action of the weather. But those who are interested in antiquities might fairly be expected to undergo the trouble and expense of going themselves to see these stones, where originally they have been set up. I hope the Royal Irish Academy will not sanc-

tion any further proceedings of this kind, and that any persons who own the land in which such sacred relics still remain will have sufficient reverence for antiquity not to permit any such Vandalism to occur again.

The Bishop of Limerick, the Rev. Charles Graves, who has studied this form of writing, has deciphered the inscriptions upon many of these stones. One of them yields this inscription: "*Nocati Maqui Maqui Rettí* (the stone) of Mocat, the son of MacReithi." Another yields the following: "*Maqui Muevi Uddami*, the stone of Uddam, the son of Mogh." He adds, "The names of MacRettí and MacMucoi appear on several *Ogham* monuments in the county of Kerry; the former is supposed to be the same as MacReithi, which occurs in an ancient southern pedigree in the Book of Leccan. It is to be observed that *Ogham* inscriptions, like the most ancient monumental inscriptions in Wales and Cornwall, very generally present proper names in the genitive case. The crosses on this monument appear to have been executed by a hammer or a punch, and not by a cutting tool—a style of workmanship characteristic of the earliest inscribed stones in this country."

Sir William Wilde says that most of these *Ogham* inscriptions appear to have been cut in by punching or rubbing with a *metal* tool. Though one must defer to an antiquary so celebrated, it is hard to understand why they could not have been done by one of flint. The Bishop of Limerick thinks that stones thus inscribed were sometimes mere boundary stones, either set up erect or buried in crypts, in order that they might be referred to as occasion arose. If this were the case, a position, however, for which he does not advance any defence, it would seem to indicate that not only did *Ogham* p

the Scytho-Greek alphabet, but that these inscriptions were made before that mode of writing was ever introduced into the country, and when *Ogham* was a profane language, and used for common purposes.

But these stones were employed more especially for religious purposes. Jacob set up a stone, and poured oil upon it. The Hebrews were forbidden to make an altar of hewn stone. They found a stone suited for the purpose, set it up, and made their offerings upon it. These stones gradually became more than altars; they became emblems of the gods. *Budda* is now, and has been from time immemorial, worshipped under the form of a black stone. In Greece, Mercury was frequently represented under the form of a stone pillar.

Vast numbers of pillar-stones still remain in Ireland; they are more frequently observed in the neighbourhood of cairns and cromlechs. At Temple Brian, in the county of Cork, there is a cone-shaped white stone, surrounded by a stone circle, while outside the circle stands one still taller. There is a ruin of an ancient small church in the neighbourhood.

It is well known that the early Christian missionaries affected to sympathize with the pagan religion of the people. They did not come as iconoclasts, but to preach the unknown God. This was the secret of their rapid and marvellous success. At every spot which was sacred to some pagan deity, they set up also the worship of Christ, and gradually weaned the inhabitants from their ancient creed. But two instances of iconoclasm are recorded. St. Patrick destroyed a pillar-god, and consumed the books of the Druid. This, however, must

have been in old age, when his power and the influence of his creed had extended over the whole country. These being particularly mentioned, shows what was the general character of his religious policy.

Most of these stones appear to have been erected in honour of the sun, who was the principal god of pagan Ireland. In *Innis-Murray*, a small island off the coast of Sligo,* is a conical pillar called by the natives *Clogh-griana*, i.e., the sun-stone. Its environment is unusual. It starts from a square pedestal of masonry, surrounded at a few feet distance by a low thick wall, apparently to preserve it from profanation. Close to this wall is an artificial mound of earth, irregular in shape, and containing small cells, vaulted with rude stones. Some of these are perfect, having a hole in the top, and a small one in the side, apparently for the admission of air.

Many, however, have fallen in. Fronting the tumulus and the sun-stone, there is an area where it is likely the worshippers assembled, the whole of which, with the pillar and tumulus, is enclosed by a wall ten feet high, and from five to ten feet thick, built of huge stones without mortar, but extremely well put together. The enclosure forms a sort of irregular ellipse, having two entrances, but so narrow that a man can hardly pass through. Near one of them is a circular cell, not in the wall, but in a kind of enlargement of it, which projects into the oval space.

Many of these pillar-stones are of such height and weight, that we can hardly imagine their being executed by a people destitute of mechanical arts. Indeed, there is nothing in the worship of stones that would of itself lead us to sup-

* "Grove's Antiquities."

pose that the worshippers were a rude people. If the Greeks worshipped a rude stone as Mercury, and the Hebrews could hardly be restrained from the same sort of adoration, the inhabitants of the north of Europe might have advanced considerably in the arts of civilized life while they retained their ancient religious rites. It has been suggested that these large stones have been erected by the means of earthen mounds, up which the stones were rolled and fitted into their place, and that afterwards the earth was cleared away. In Kerry, near Ardfert, on the summit of a large cairn, there stands a tall pillar-stone, twenty feet in height, and measuring thirteen feet around the base, and another near Kildare of somewhat similar dimensions. The unassisted labour of men's hands could scarcely have rolled these stones up any mound, no matter how gradual.

There are three tall stones near Macroom, in the county of Cork, said to have been put up in recent times, to commemorate a battle fought at that spot by Brian Boru. They are called *Gowlan* stones, which means "stones of lamentation." Though stones of lamentation, however, to the people of that country, they must have been set up by the victors, and called by some name, indicating stones of triumph. Stones of this description are also called *Crom-Cruach* and *Crom-dulh*, either in allusion to their being commemorative of defeat and slaughter, or because they were devoted to some sanguinary god. *Crom* signifies "fate," as well as "god." *Dulh* is black, and *Cruach* bloody.

In some places they are called *Bothel*, a strongly suggestive name to those who accept Dr. O'Brien's derivation of the word, "*Both*," a house, and "*El*," god. In some parts

of Ireland, and in the western districts of Scotland, the expression for going to chapel signifies, "to the stone." For Scotland, this is evidenced by Pennant; and for Ireland, by Rylab, in his *History of Waterford*.

Some maintain that those beautiful crosses, of which Mr. O'Neil has given us such exquisite illustrations, were carved in Christian times out of the old pillar-stone gods, as a gradual transformation of paganism into Christianity. On the island of Cape Clear stands one of these pillar-stones, on the top of which a cross has been carved. This, however, is a theory with which I cannot coincide.*

Pillar-stones do not always stand alone. Sometimes they are erected in circles, sometimes in an irregular group.

The most remarkable of the Irish pillar-stones was the *Crom-Cruach*, of Breffny, in the county of Leitrim. It stood in the midst of a circle of ten small pillars, and was said to have been covered with gold and silver offerings. It was believed in ancient times that the smaller stones were doing homage to the central pillar. There is abundant reason to suppose that there were no idols in use among the ancient Irish—no carved representations of the gods. St. Patrick speaks of a god whom they used to worship, but it is believed that this was no more than one of those uncarved sacred stones. No clear allusion to the possession or the worship of carved idols is contained in any of the ancient writings.

In the travels of Sir William Ousely, he relates how he saw in Persia a stone of a fire-temple enclosed by other stones, which brought strongly to his mind similar erections which he had witnessed in Wales and Ireland. He also mentions that on the trees

* Vide "Goodwin's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland."

surrounding them were numbers of rags fastened there by devotees. It is singular that this custom is still retained by the poor people in Ireland in remote places. I myself have seen trees and bushes near holy wells covered with rags.

The Scriptural allusions to these pillar-stones are very frequent, so that an unbiassed observer must conclude that they were among the Hebrews the remains of an earlier and ruder form of religion. Joshua erected pillars at Gilgal, and we read that both this place and Bethel, where Jacob erected another, were places of the utmost sacredness down to a late period in Jewish history. Moreover, such phrases as "the rock of defence," "the stone of Israel," are undoubtedly references to the religious and hallowed associations which surrounded many monuments of the kind still retained and honoured in the country.

Many of these stones are cut flat upon the top, evidently with a view to sacrificial purposes, and sometimes, where there is a circle of such stones, one of them is low, broad, and flat, slightly aloped, doubtless for a similar use.

Pillar-stones abound in India. The god of the tribe Baydarou is a lofty mass of granite, placed on the apex of a low hill. Underneath it there is a natural cave, in which is also placed a rude stone, emblematic of the god above. Here, once a year, all the tribes resort to make their offerings and eat their hallowed food.

It is well known that the fires kindled in Ireland are the remains of the adoration of Baal, the sun-god. The local name for these fires are *Baal-thynne*. Hallow Eve is the remnant of another ancient festival, dedicated to *Sahm*, or *Sah-man*, one of the names of the sun. The cakes, of which the cakes, were made

Stone circles are sometimes made of pillars, and sometimes of irregular-shaped stones. The circle was a mystic device of pagan Ireland, which was prolonged into Christian times. The early Irish Christian cross was surrounded by a circle.

These stone circles were used for profane as well as religious solemnities. Saul was brought to Gilgal in order that he might be crowned. Gilgal is a duplication of the Hebrew word, which signifies circle. These circles are found in many countries besides Ireland: on Mount Ida, in Phrygia, on Libanus, in Persia, Norway, Sweden, &c.

These circles generally stand on an elevated ground, such as the side of a moderate eminence, or encompassing an artificial hill. They frequently surround a cairn, sometimes a cromlegh, and sometimes an erect pillar-stone. Sometimes a pillar-stone is surrounded by two concentric circles of stones. At Moore Ledge, in the county of Antrim, where is a twofold circle of this description, it is said that the ground near the centre yields a long resounding noise to a stamp of the foot. These circles are of different dimensions, some twenty feet diameter, some of much greater size. In 1810 the dimensions of an enormous circle in Rostrevor, county of Down, were taken and preserved. It was an ellipse, 120 feet in breadth, by 210 in length. It has since, I believe, been in a great measure destroyed. The age of barbarism and stupidity has not died out with the worship of stones.

At Killballyowen, in the county of Limerick, are three circles close by each other. It is remarkable that the arrangement of some of the stones in these circles correspond exactly to that of the stones at Temple Brian, in the county of Cork. Evidently the arrangement

and number of stones in the various circles and pillar combinations were not due to chance, any more than the general selection of the circular form. The same arrangement has been also remarked at Stonehenge, at Rollrich in Oxfordshire, and by Ousely in Darab, in Persia. Sometimes the circles are surrounded by a mound of four or five feet in height.

The number of stones in the circles varies, but it is thought that they expressed periods of time or astronomical epochs.

The stone circles were the temple of judicial assembly, as well as temples of worship. This custom in Ireland is mentioned by Spenser as being retained up to his time. Upsal, in Sweden, was remarkable for the worship of the gods. The name implies "the open court." In the Highlands these circles are called *Caer*, which signifies "a throne," "oracle," "place of address."

These circles are usually close either to the sea, a lake, or a stream—water being necessary in the rites which the priests and people went through in connection with the worship of their gods.

There is nearly always, if not universally, one or more underground caverns connected with these circles. Some of these are closed at the mouth by a large stone. "Rolled a large stone to the mouth of the cave." In the Cromleghs, which we have yet to consider, caverns or cells are sometimes constructed by means of the stones, by which the huge topping-stone is sustained. It is well known that it was from caverns that oracular responses were delivered in former times at Delphos, at Eleusis, at the Grotto of Trophonius, at the cell of the Cumæan Sybil, in Italy, when she was visited by Æneas. In the Old Testament there are many allusions, usually of a condemnatory nature, to this sub-

terranean utterance of oracular responses. "Wizards that peep and mutter" is probably one of this nature, the wizard being only partially seen and his voice ill heard, where the plain and outspoken methods of communication adopted by the priests of Jehovah are the subject of contrast. "Seeking to wizards that speak out of the earth, Thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." Again, "Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, I have not spoken in secret in a dark place in the earth."

There can be little doubt that the caverns of this nature connected with cromleghs and circles were sometimes, if not generally, used in this way. There are also smaller cells, in which urns containing charred bones have been discovered. It was the custom of our early ancestors to burn their dead, but this was not exclusively the case. Many skeletons have been discovered regularly interred, which cannot be referred to the Christian era. With Christianity inhumation came in, and cremation went out.

The cromlegh is the most remarkable of the different forms of stone-worship: it is the simplest, and yet the most imposing. The huge superincumbent mass with its supports must have strongly affected the minds of our ancestors, as it does the minds of all educated persons, even at the present day. The cromlegh is emphatically the altar. If the pillar-stone was ever used for burnt offerings, it must have been either as a substitute for the cromlegh, or merely for the burning of grain or cakes, or some such less awful ceremony. When Jacob set up his pillar he merely poured oil upon it. In the East, the cromlegh is called "the altar of blood."

The word signifies "the stone

God." They are also called *Oromadh*, "the god of bowing," because the superincumbent stone had always a steep inclination either from north to south, or from east to west. It has been also derived so as to render its signification the stone of sacrifice. They are found in all sorts of situations, and in connection with other ancient stone relics, or apart by themselves. As has already been remarked, there are chambers under many of them, either in the ground or super-terrene, and formed by the stones which support the huge mass aloft. They are all constructed so as to admit a passage beneath. When the sacrificial fire was kindled upon the cromlegh, the children and animals were obliged to pass underneath through these passages. John Dunn, who wrote in 1820, saw in remote villages cattle driven through the fires upon John's Eve. That he saw the children rush through it, too, is not so remarkable, as it is just what a child would do, though, at the same time, it is probably a relic of the ancient sacred usage.

Mr. Godkin, author of the *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, saw a sacred stone upon the strand at Dungarvan. It was scooped out underneath so as to afford a passage through which a man might drag himself along upon his belly. He saw numbers of people, both sound, and afflicted with some disorder, crawling under this sacred stone. The priests of the neighbourhood did not at all approve of this heathenish rite. At times they would come, whip in hand, and drive the people away, but as soon as the dread of his Reverence's whip was over the people flocked back again.

They generally consist of three upright supports. Two at the end which is nearest to the ground, and one at the other, which is more elevated. There are, however, a few

which are supported by only two stones. At Drumgoolan, county of Down, there is an altar of this description, shaped like a coffin, and another at Castle Mary, county of Cork, which has the remarkable appendage of a stone table, believed by Dr. Smith to have been used for cutting up victims. It is called *Carrig-na-Crioth*, "the Rock of the Sun." At Finvoy, county of Antrim, stands a cromlegh with four upright supports. These form between them a sort of chamber, which descends into another which is subterranean.

At Fiddown, county of Kilkenny, stands an altar five feet high, and in this case raised upon the top of a cairn. On Sugar-loaf Hill, county of Waterford, is an enormous cromlegh, which stands twenty feet from the ground. Under the centre of the covering-stone stands a pillar-stone. At Killala, county of Mayo, there is a remarkable cromlegh. Four upright stones form a sort of approach to the altar, which is placed over a deep pit dug in the ground, at each end of which there is a large stone fixed, of the kind already alluded to, as probably intended for receiving the blood, &c. of the slaughtered victims.

A sort of cromlegh temple stands on the hill of Garry-Duff, county of Kilkenny, composed of sixteen rows of upright stones. There were here in former times several covering-stones, but they have been thrown down. Hard by on the hill-side is a tall, slight pillar-stone.

Near Glanworth, in the county of Cork, is a remarkable cromlegh, called by the country people *Grannie's Bed*. It is composed of several covering-stones of great size, one of them seventeen feet long and nine broad. Underneath the whole is one of those oracular caverns to which we have alluded. This cromlegh, or rather combination of cromleghs, is surrounded at the distance

of fourteen feet by a circle of upright stones.

As to the name, it is apparently a corruption of *Grian*, the Irish and Phœnician name of the sun. The epithet of Gryneus, applied to Apollo, is found twice in Virgil. At the beginning of this century a stone was dug up between the Frith of Forth and Clyde, bearing an inscription to *Grannius*. It is generally known that the west coast of Scotland was colonized from Ireland. Macpherson denies it; but it is generally believed by antiquarians, and the testimony of Bede would require a great deal of evidence before it could be discredited.

The cromlegh, as well as the cairn, seems to have been used for the double purpose of sepulture and religion. But I would suppose that the primary character of the first was religious, and of the second sepulchral. That it was only an accidental circumstance that sacred fires were lighted on the second, or heroes buried beneath the first.

The cairn of New Grange, in the county of Meath, may be described particularly. It has been estimated to be seventy feet high, and to contain one hundred and eighty thousand tons of stones. It is surrounded on the outside by earth, but the whole interior is composed of smooth stones brought from the sea. There was formerly around its base a circle of pillar-stones. The door which closed the entrance into the interior of this pyramid was of stone, and carved in spiral lines. The entrance is at the side of the mound, at some distance above the base, and is so low that the visitor must crawl on all fours for the first few yards. The passage after that becomes high enough to allow a man to stand erect. This gallery is sixty-two feet in length, and conducts to a dome-shaped chamber in the centre, which is twenty feet in height at the highest point. In it

there are four recesses, which causes the interior of the cairn to resemble the shape of a cross. In each of these stands a large stone basin about three feet in depth. When Lhwyd, the antiquarian, visited New Grange, there was a spring of clear water which flowed into the most remarkable of these basins. The supporting stones near these basins appear to have been rudely sculptured. In the centre recess, opposite the entrance, is a large black stone.

Dr. Charles O'Connor says that the Dorians worshipped Apollo under the epithet of Carneios, and connects the word with the Scandinavian term, cairn. The raising of stone heaps, in honour of the dead, seems to have been customary amongst all nations. The mound Homer mentioned as raised to Patroclus, and that sacred to Achilles, mentioned by Euripides, are cases in point. But it is from our intercourse with the East, and through travellers, we learn that these tumuli were also temples. O'Connor's theory is substantiated, or at all events strengthened, by the numerous hollow mounds of the Carnatic, which are still used as temples. The primitive abodes of mankind were apparently subterranean. Thus the use of an earthen habitation of some kind for their gods would be retained after the introduction of tents or booths, on the same principle that a flint was used for circumcision by the Hebrews and Ogham, for sacred and funereal purposes by the early Irish.

Perhaps it would be better to distinguish more accurately the different kinds of Cairns. There were those which were mere mounds, whether of stones or of earth, and those which were perforated in galleries, and hollowed out as temples. To throw up a mound of commemoration, whether on a battle-field, or over a hero, has been a custom at all

times, and is probably retained to this day in the insignificant barrows which cover our graveyards, and to which our modern *savants* might attach the epithet of "rudimentary." Herodotus mentions them as being thrown up by the Scythians, Strabo as customary amongst the Phrygians; and in fact they are frequent throughout the whole of the north of Europe. Those which, like the tumulus of New Grange, were perforated, are less numerous.

With these tumuli must not be confounded the raths which are strewn about the country, and to which the epithet Danish has been so unjustly ascribed. The fact is, that they were used long before the arrival of the Danes, and long after the Danes were overthrown and driven from the country. These raths were merely the earthen and elevated supports of wooden palaces or villages. At a time when every house in the country was constructed of timber, it was of course an advantage to build their dwellings upon some elevated site; and in parts of the land where these could not be found already thrown up by the hand of Nature, they were constructed by the hand of man.

The most remarkable eminence of this nature in the country is that which once supported the palace of Tara, and which is surrounded by a double foss. Very often these earthen erections were perforated, and into the secret chambers the women and children probably retired when the village or castle was being attacked, but it is a mistake to suppose that they were used as dwelling places. Probably, too, as a last resort, when their wood houses were taken, all the inhabitants would crowd into these subterranean chambers as a last resort. Here, it is contrived to bury the dead in chambers cut into the living rock. We know

tacking party were not ready to undergo the trouble of a blockade in a small way, these earth defences might be easily defended against a large number.

It is the belief of Fergusson,* that the tumulus of New Grange is a Cyclopean construction, and the work of the early Turanian inhabitants of the country. It may not be generally known that it is the opinion of a school of ethnographers, amongst whom I think I may place Professor Huxley, that previously to the arrival of the Celts, the whole of Western Europe was covered by a dark-skinned eastern race, of whom the inhabitants of the Basque provinces, in Spain, show like the sole remaining peak of a submerged world. Fergusson maintains that the resemblance between the tumulus of New Grange, and that which was known in historical Greece as the treasury of King Atreus, is so great as to lead to the conclusion that they were erected in different branches of the same stock. The hive-shaped character of the open space in the centre of the mound, and the recesses that run inward from it, are the same in both. He also dwells particularly upon their being both surrounded by earth, a defence by which such erections might be made all but everlasting. I cannot find that there are any traces of marks in the walls of the interior of the tumulus at New Grange that would favour the idea that it was coated over with bronze or metal plates in ancient times, like the interior of the Peloponnesian mound. The decoration of the flags in both are the same, consisting of serpentine involutions of carved lines.

There is no trace, as far as I have been able to discover, in Ireland, of the custom preserved so late into the historical period in the East, of burying the dead in chambers cut into the living rock. We know

* *Fade "Hist. Architecture."*

that this was a time-honoured mode of sepulture with the Hebrew nation, and employed down to the time of their subjugation by the Romans. Fergusson gives some beautiful engravings of the entrances to some of these sepulchral chambers in Lycia and Phrygia. Some of them are executed with the utmost grace and beauty, and when made as they are, high in the face of some precipice, must be objects of great interest.

The Irish observed the rite of cremation, but not strictly. It is probable that their chief persons were consumed by fire, while others were buried. In their cremation they did not use a sarcophagus of any metal in which the body could be consumed, and the ashes of the dead preserved. An immense number of funeral urns have been discovered, which are invariably filled with charred bones. These were collected out of the ashes and embers when the pyre was burned down. The urns are nearly always found in stone cists, buried in the ground. Six flags go to form a cist, four for the sides, and two for the top and bottom. Thus the sacred relic is preserved from the rude pressure of the earth.

A common form of stone-worship, frequent in all Aryan countries, under which I do not include the south of Europe, in spite of their Indo-European languages, is the sacred rocking-stone. One of these was overturned in Cornwall, some time at the beginning of the century. Some foolish people of the neighbourhood fancied that they would become men and heroes if they could succeed in overthrowing this sacred memorial of the far past. They laboured and strained with levers and ropes, and at last reached the height of felicity, as they succeeded in tumbling it over the precipice. They were neither fined nor imprisoned, and as far as the

laws of the land afford no protection whatever to these helpless memorials of the grey centuries long ago, these awful and venerable relics of our far-distant ancestors, which, in their dumb eloquence, would excite compassion and reverence even in dead things. They seem to say to us, "We were gods once, surrounded by praying lips and lifted hands; we mark the spot where brave men, or wise and reverend Druids, were laid to rest; we upheld the sacrificial fire of your fathers; even the priest did not approach us without rites of purification, without bared head and sacred garments. The child who passed beneath us was blessed; the brave man did honour to us before girding for battle; our name was sacred in the making of oaths. Brave men, and wise men, kings, and bards, and priests did honour to us once; but now the meanest and the lowest insult us, our glory is gone for evermore."

The thoughtful and refined will honour all antiquity. The vile and the mean have no reverence for anything. If the Philistinism of the present day is seen in anything, it is seen in the way in which these venerable relics are treated by individuals, and by the nation at large. Gentlemen (?) will remove pillars and sacred stones from the place in which our ancestors set them up, in order that they may be able to show this nice interesting monument to visitors on their lawn, or in their flower garden. The Royal Irish Academy collects them in sheaves, labels and numbers them, and lets them lie in dusty corners, or tenderly encloses them under glass covers. The intelligent farmer who knows "a thing or two" about the management of cattle, removes and sets one up in his field that his cattle may scratch themselves against the *Ogham* inscriptions. Circles are broken up: 1 the stones smashed to pi

adamise roads, or to build houses, or to make posts for field-gates; and frolicsome and ambitious young men thrust from its balance the swinging rock, whose motions kings once watched with awe, to whom it was the very tongue of God, while the priest in his sacred garments stood by, divining the immortal accents. Though it may be a joke to us, it was earnest to them. This was their religion; these rude stones were what hallowed and beautified life to our ancestors, and the divine instincts of reverence and sacred awe are ours by inheritance from them.

Spiritual emotions, as well as intellectual and physical capacities, are weak or strong in a nation, or in a generation, according as their fathers through the preceding centuries cherished or starved those precious feelings. If there is reverence among us to-day; if we speak with bated breath in our churches and cathedrals; if we worship and pray to-day, it is as much because our fathers cherished these emotions, as because we do so ourselves. Through long centuries, through thousands and tens of thousands of years—for so far back has science traced the movements of man upon this planet—our fathers knelt and prayed, and did reverence before these rude rocks to the unseen and eternal Power. The brain of man was not made in a day, nor did piety spring into life because Greek and Italian missionaries preached Christ among the Scandinavians. Religious love and reverence are the slow-growing plant that it has taken hundreds of thousands of years to bring to its present meagre stature, but that it is here at all is because our ancestors cherished it; because they appointed those who should water and tend it generation after generation; because they did not let the harsh winds of war slay it, nor selfishness and sensuality wear down to the rock the earth in

which it was planted. Christianity did not call piety into existence. The current was there already, the divine stream that had its source in the far, far distant past, was a strong and pure current, when the worship of Christ cut for it a new channel, led it into new regions where its waters grew purer and more abundant. Christianity diverted to Christ and God, diverted into the monastery and the church, to the crucifix and the sacrament, the reverence and lowliness, whose current was tending to the sun and the moon, and the hosts of heaven, to a spiritual world of which these and the grey cromleghs and circles were the visible signs, and material cherishers and supports. These were their crucifixes and sacraments. The love and reverence were there already; it was not Patrick or Columba who created them.

Scarcely was Ireland converted from paganism, when her piety became remarkable in the eyes of the world. Irish missionaries went across the Continent, and through England and Scotland, founding schools, and monasteries, and churches, or rather sowing the tiny seeds, which afterwards grew up into noble abbeys and great cathedrals. But it was not Patrick and his successors who kindled that divine flame. It was kindled in the remote East, and the grey unnoted past. It was kindled in Iran, in Central Asia, when first the rude Aryan looked with awe upon aught which was awful, and taught his fellow to feel with him the same awe, and fixed a recurring time on which they should surrender their spirit to this emotion, and fixed upon an outward form by which that emotion might be reverently manifested, and a set of words by which it might be reverently expressed. And since then, onward and upward, with helpless hands and wandering feet,

groping blindly in the darkness, staggering hither and thither up from his low, dark den, where he herded with the animals, as this gleam of light or that allured him, he has struggled out of the darkness into the light of Heaven. But we, his descendants, should never forget that stone-worship and Druidism were to him gleams of divine light, only delusive in that he believed there was no larger light than this. Are we sure that our light is the purest and the largest that life can yield, when all the sects are ready to declare that the light of their neighbours is itself delusive—a light more from Hell than from Heaven?

The worship of stone, any more than the worship of fire, was not the base and degrading superstition we, in this unspiritual age, are so apt to imagine. Our Irish ancestors of Aryan race, worshipped the air, stone, and fire—air and fire emblems of freedom and life; stone, the symbol of solidity and eternity. Not that these abstract ideas passed through the minds of this simple, primitive people, but that they possessed the feelings in connection with these palpable objects of worship which, in a more logical and less religious age, would be translated into these conceptions.

The Parsee and his children poured libations and scattered flowers, as the great red sun rose over the eastern horizon, and the world was being filled with light, and awaking to the life of the coming day. Are we to decry and pity him—we, who, perhaps, never bowed down *in spirit* before anything created or uncreated, because our religion teaches us to look to the Maker, and not to the thing made? Our creed and ritual may be higher, but it is to be doubted whether, upon the whole, they have so subdued and humbled men's souls as the ruder worship of the past.

Perhaps I enlarge too much, but

surely a reverence for perished creeds is worth more space than I have devoted to its inculcation. The stone-worship of our fathers may have been in itself rude and barbarous, or it may not, but surely, as one of the steps by which our ancestors struggled upwards to the light, it should possess in our eyes sufficient sacredness to ensure the jealous preservation by us of the altars and other relics of that creed.

To call our ancestors idolators, merely because they worshipped in the presence of stone, is absurd. Every—even the purest and most spiritual—religion has its sacred types and hallowed visible or audible symbols, in which the mysterious and impalpable is expressed so as to affect the soul through the senses. There is a beauty and mysterious significance about rock and stone which affects us strongly still. The Greeks fabled that it was from stone the human race was formed; the North Americans believe that our first parents sprang forth out of the living rock. Even now, what sight is more significant, or which arrests the attention with a more subtle and inexplicable emotion than, as we wander through the country, the sight of some lichen-covered rock, springing, we might say growing, out of the earth, its sombre weight of dignity relieved by the tender and polished green of the holly, or the tender flush of London pride. Is it not as much as the charm of lake, or sea, or mountain, that renders Killarney or Glen Gariff so delightful? How is it landscape gardeners so delight in rockeries and other arrangements of stone? Even in its unrelieved horror and bare uncouthness, there is that in stone that even to-day, to him who loves Nature, has a subduing influence. It always seems as if it were only silent by choice or by compulsion—that it has in it the

faculty of speech, and in some way is conscious of our doings.

I am not aware that this feeling concerning stone—whether the picturesque and ivy-clad rock, or the huge boulder, or rugged cliff—has been expressed by any of our English poets or more profound prose writers. The feeling is strong in the mind of Victor Hugo, and appears again and again in his writings. But that it exists latent in us all is a fact of which I am certain, and of which I think any one who reflects upon his own emotions cannot entertain a doubt. Therefore, that stone should have been selected by our Norse and Celtic ancestors as the visible symbol of the invisible Power that sustains and permeates the world, is not a whit more surprising than that they should have worshipped fire or the sun, or employed any of the other symbols upon which we are inclined to look with more respect; and again, we must remember that stone in those times was not employed for such base uses as we have since put it to. It was a sacred material, and used principally for sacred purposes.

In the bronze age, in which the worship of stone flourished, the houses of all classes were made of timber. The palace and the hovel were alike composed of this material. Therefore that this religion, or, indeed, still, and mere accide or religion, should be looked on the light of a vile and superstition, can only be of very vulgar-minded ed| sons. Antiquity which few of even w it is only anti y of c non and thu the relics n, v . . to our rude store n d vene- m (re on, to us which to ion, comforted b them in com-

mon brotherhood, and hallowed for them their lives, should be regarded with interest, and preserved with the most scrupulous care.

It is much to the discredit of the Royal Irish Academy, which has been supported by the favour and by the purses of the public, and which has received grants of money from the Government, and has been in all ways secured in its high seat of authority over all Irish antiquarian matters, that it has never directed its attention to the preservation of these relics, which, once destroyed, can never be restored, and once removed from the places in which they have been set up lose half their beauty and mysterious fascination. Yet paper after paper has been read before that Society, in which incidental allusion has been made to the Vandalism of farmers and house-builders, and the base uses to which the sacred relics of our ancestors have returned in this age of scientific light, but—shall we say—spiritual darkness.

From papers read before the Royal Irish Academy, I have learned how the divining-stones, of which I believe there is but one in Ireland at the present day, have been overthrown and driven from the balance upon which they had rocked for thousands of years; how great circles of Druid stones had been carted away to be hacked by the stone carver, or set up in fields that some model farmer's cattle may scratch themselves; how the earth of funeral mounds has been drawn away to top-dress fields; how the plough has been driven through raths and the passed sites of ancient villages; how enterprising youths have blown up cromlechs with gunpowder, and shattered into ruin the crypts in which the ashes of heroes had been preserved, or out of which the prophetess had delivered her oracles; how the receptacle for the blood of the sacrifices had been

filled in with refuse and stones picked off the fields; how the piles of the *Crannogs* or lake castles had been torn away, and every relic of their existence destroyed, the plough or the spade obliterating their very site. All this I have read with anger, both at the occurrence of such enormities, and the existence of such stupid insensibility; but also to think that a body like the Irish Academy, having so much social influence, and whose power in connection with the Government is such that they could pass through Parliament any Bill that they chose, which would have the effect of preserving our antiquities. There are acts by which a careless youth, who cuts a young oak-tree for a stick, as he passes by a plantation, can be transported, although it may have been planted only last year, and which can be replaced by another as good, or better, but there is no punishment for one who destroys a sacred relic which was set up in reverence and religious awe thousands of years ago, and which, once destroyed, can never be replaced any more. Such is the remarkable consistency and wisdom of the thing which is called law in these times, such the penetration and regard for the best interests of the country displayed by that great Assembly to which the intellect of the country annually repairs on the banks of the Thames. And yet, apart from the consideration of the comparative loss to the country of a young oak-tree, and of an *Ogham* stone or Druid circle, whether does it indicate more moral depravity and spiritual darkness for a youth to cut down a young tree belonging to another person, and which only cost a shilling or two, or to be so dead to all that is beautiful and romantic—not to put it on higher ground—for the same youth to lay a bag of gunpowder under a cromlegh and blow “the ugly concern” into pieces?

The protection of our antiquities would not require a great outlay of time, trouble, wisdom, or money. The Royal Irish Academy, without asking the Government to undergo any expense, and without the fuss and delay of a Royal Commission, could easily form a list of every relic of antiquity in the island. The course likely to be adopted, if they came to a resolution to form such a list, would probably be to write to every priest or Protestant clergyman in each parish, requesting that he would return a list of whatever monuments of this nature existed therein. The list thus made out might be published, in order that any which had escaped notice might be discovered, and intelligence received concerning them. This done the Academy could draw up a list of such offences with regard to each class of these antiquities as might be deemed serious enough to merit punishment, and then apply to the Government to help them in passing through Parliament a Bill which would render it a misdemeanour, summarily punishable before a bench of magistrates, to injure or remove any of the antiquities mentioned in the Schedule of the Bill. A provision would also be necessary that each year there should be published a police notice calling the attention of the people to the Act, and mentioning the various antiquities in the neighbourhood. Special notice also should be given both to the landlord and tenant of the ground on which the antiquities were situated.

All I wish to indicate by this very rude sketch of a legislative measure, is to let my readers see that to legislate upon this most important subject is not by any means such a difficult matter as they might suppose.

It is disgraceful that in an age like the present, when the history of mankind is lied with such infinite ardour and

men who are very far from fools devote years of their lives to the elucidation of old inscriptions, the study of defunct languages, the collection and examination of ancient implements, all for the purpose of reconstructing for us the history of the prehistoric races of man, it is most disgraceful, I say, that we, having full power to prevent such senseless destruction, should permit the more ill-conditioned and boorish members of the community to annihilate year by year some vestige of the spiritual and religious life of our early forefathers, which men of talent and learning are laboriously endeavouring to elucidate. We have the members of the Royal Irish Academy, and other learned men in this and other countries, industriously employed in putting together materials for reconstructing that life, the relics—invaluable relics—

of which farmers and ignorant boys are busily engaged in destroying.

In each district of the country, there is, probably, no natural scenery which possesses the same amount—certainly does not possess the same kind—of interest as the monuments of its old pagan life. The visitor is generally led there first; they are a possession in which every educated person in the neighbourhood feels a little natural pride; no one visits that spot without leaving with a feeling that he is some way wiser and more tender of heart than he was before. But words only weaken and conceal the real nature of the influence which these old monuments exercise on the minds of men. Therefore I feel confident that any legislation tending to their protection will be hailed with joy by the educated and influential in this country.

ARTHUR CLIVE.

AËRIAL SKETCHES OFF WELSH ROCKS.

BY HORACE PEARCE, F.G.S.

It came to pass one evening that the writer and his wife found themselves arriving late at the comfortable hotel of the Castle at Brecon, somewhat tired from a journey of more than eighty miles, and prepared to appreciate the culinary capabilities of the house. We were amused by a grey gentleman telling us how, upon his son saying the night before, at their home in Town, that he thought of going to Brecon, he himself on some business excuse had posted off first thing in the morning, and so was ready to welcome his son when he walked into the hotel, to his no small astonishment! But we retired as early as possible, to prepare for what might turn up on the morrow.

I was out early, in the sparkling morning air, and had a brisk walk up the side of the rapid Honddu, where it comes tumbling along in a narrow ravine from its source in the Mynydd Epynt. Presently emerging from the leafy, sonorous glen, a lofty field gave me a good prospect of the Usk Valley and surrounding hilly land; while away at a distance of a few miles, the grey old Beacons soared into the sunlight that had scarcely risen upon all else, their bleached and stony crests wearing the radiance like a grey old gentleman suffused with a happy expression. It was in the spring of the year, and a little snow yet lingered in a few hollows of the mountains, imparting greater dignity to the scene. The view was fair: yet I hastened back, and after breakfast proceeded to show my wife the fine old Priory Church, then partly un-

dergoing restoration at the able hands of Sir Gilbert Scott. Here I will only stay to remark how worthy this church, and especially the nearly ruinous nave, seemed of a complete and speedy restoration, being so ancient, and containing so many rich marble monuments, while the choir is of a style of architecture very pure and very beautiful, the lancet Early English windows of various heights, and deeply recessed, imparting an effect most rare and chaste.

Shortly afterwards we ordered a conveyance and started for the Brecon Beacons. In a country like Wales the freshness and brightness of the morning air is something to wonder at; the face of the fields, surface of rivers, outline of mountains seem absolutely new, as things of that very moment, not the aged existences they are, and this chiefly from the extreme purity and clearness of the air. That morning it was pleasure sufficient to refresh the eyes with intensely green larches that fringe the river Tarell in its lower course, so vivid were they in the bright light. As we rolled along the splendid coach road the country became slowly barer and more treeless, although afterwards we passed through a fine grove of firs and larches, and the hills loftier and more imposing, with a glimpse of the summit of the Beacons at one or two points, though like most great mountains they are chary of showing themselves when you are under their feet. The road became fenceless, with a long green curve to the winding river, beyond which the slopes of the mountains were

dotted over with sheep, kine, and ponies, looking small by distance: black cattle thought once to be rooks! Presently we pulled up at the cottage near the turnpike gate, at the source, very nearly, of the river Taff, and an elevation of more than 1,300 feet; 1,426 feet above the sea being the summit level of this capital coach road, an elevation not inferior to many a notable hill. After some talk with the people of the place as to our best route, time required, and so on, we two set off for the Beacons, the highest mountains in South Wales, and ranking at their loftiest point *tenth* on the list of all the mountains of the Principality.

We could see before us, from one or two positions near our small hostelry, the truncated cone of the nearest of those great Beacons, called in the old tongue *Y Fan Corn Du*, soaring high in the air beyond the long grassy slope, up which we wended our way after crossing the bed of a stream strewn with fallen rocks. After getting well above the valley a fine scene opened to view, comprising parts of the two glens of the Taff and Tarell, with a huge cluster of mountains in front of us, folded together in pleasing outlines, here and there broken into rugged *Cwms* and ravines, and softened in the distance to a purple tone. My companion worked away bravely, with a few rests, and after an hour and a half climbing we reached the ridge of the range, eager for a peep down to the country on the other side, hidden all the way up. But we agreed to conquer the Fan before resting long, and a tough bit of climbing the last ledges proved; for the dark red rock stands out of the mountain in flat pieces, one above another irregularly, like rude gigantic stairs, so requiring slow and long steps up them. Once overcome, the triangular surface of this Fan is nearly level—a veritable

table platform for the vast scenery that surrounds it. You are there upon the very apex of a column of mountain that plunges down on three sides so abruptly the slopes cannot be seen from the middle of the platform: *you look off into space*. We had a grand sense of elevation, scarcely inferior to that on Snowdon, as we gazed through the air down to the vast valleys sunk at our feet so profoundly, to a depth of probably 2,000 feet. There was a knowledge of aërial altitude very satisfying, as on that pyramid of rock we gazed upon the host of mountains thrown up around us, and especially upon the enormous walls and promontories of the great Beacons themselves, going away sublimely east and south, and enclosing abysmal ravines dark with masses of peat and seamed by bright threads of streams that originate considerable rivers. Immediately beneath our feet lay a small *dark green* tarn, sunk profoundly below the seamed and worn precipices, called *Llyn Cwm Llwh*: a deep, solemn spot of water, fed directly by the clouds. Away to the south-east we descried a large lake, on the verge of the iron districts of Merthyr-Tydvil. Very beautiful was the scene off towards the Vale of Brecon, rich and cultivated, full of abodes of prosperous men—contrasting strongly with the wild desolation of all the foreground. Now our little resting-place in the valley of the Taff was lost; so low and behind the feet of the Beacons, over which was a great sweep of mountain ground broken into many forms, and extending far away west. We found the air cold but refreshing; snow lay in the hollows, and icicles depended from one or two stones.

Leaving my brave companion alone upon the Fan Corn Du, I rapidly descended on its eastern side, to ascend again shortly to the loftiest point of the range, though

only a few feet higher than the last named, and which soars to an elevation of 2,910 feet above the sea. Connected with Fan Corn Du by a narrow depressed isthmus, and with the other Beacons by very steep edges of rock, this also stands like a monument commanding the great cauldrons below; left like a true Beacon to indicate the extent of these great mountains, before marine denudation and glacier action so extensively reduced their mass, and left those tremendous hollows eaten back to the final ridges that remain like enormous walls culminating in the Beacons. As I stood upon that lofty area, scarcely venturing near the verge of the great north-eastern precipice, a curious phenomenon presented itself. The day was lovely, scarcely a cloud in the sky, and bright sunshine all about me. Yet upon the breeze that rose out of the great north-eastern ravine came flakes of snow that *formed* as I stood watching them, resolved out of the warmer vapour of the valley upon coming into contact with the cold air of the summit. The effect was very curious; flake after flake formed and settled on me, coming, as it were, from nothing, congealed only just on the top, suddenly seen where before was sunshine only, and that close to where I stood.

After a few moments' survey of the great prospect below, I turned to see my companion; seen through the air from Beacon to Beacon, she appeared to be upon the verge of a most awful precipice, although really a few yards from the edge and quite safe upon the triangular platform of the mountain. She had gone to look at that profound pool and its amazing ravine. From my standing-point I looked back at the face of the precipice, seamed by frost and rain into long furrows that impart so worn an aspect to many mountains, and wear a savage, stern front,

as though upbraiding the sky. I soon placed myself beside my patient companion once more, to gaze about us, and enjoy together the wonderful scene.

These Brecon Beacons impress the mind strongly with the powers at work in olden times, reducing, softening, and modifying the first ruggedness of great mountain ranges: no less than eating out by far the greater part of their substance in some instances, as there, leaving but a small portion of their once great area. This would seem to require *long periods of action*, whatever the causes of denudation so great. Long and powerful sea action seems necessary to have produced abstraction so great as that: notwithstanding, I have no doubt that in later geological times the action of glaciers served greatly to deepen and modify the valleys, to wear down the ridges, from the elevation which the Beacons still command.

After thoroughly making the scene our own, we started down, making way much faster than before, and soon reached our carriage: greatly enjoying the drive down in the bright afternoon, with streams, brown moorland, green pasturage, and fresh foliage, to delight the eye and unloose the tongue; with that sense of rest after fatigue, while the mind is active, so agreeable to all of us, when the senses are quick to discern aught of beauty or rarity that meets them. So our Jehu now and again smiled quietly at some sally or joke, as we drove down to Brecon that afternoon.

After dining we took train that evening to Rhaidr Gwy, arriving at the old Red Lion Inn in the twilight, and soon warming ourselves over a brisk wood fire, after the fatigues of the day. Later on a stranger might have been seen leaning over the Wye bridge, listening to the tongue of the cataract sounding musically in the still

night, as of old, and gazing down at the reflection of the moon off the calm water above the fall. How marked the contrast from the noisy train to the pleasant tone of the beautiful river, sending out its voice into the peaceful night! How grateful the repose of the landscape lying in the soft moonlight, deepening the rest of the spirit pleased by the scenes of beauty and grandeur beheld during the sunlight, but glad now for the quietude of moonlight.

Early next morning I walked, by way of the entrance to the Elan Valley, as far as Gwyn Lynn, a lake some half mile long, lying beneath steep and lofty rocks, on the Llangurig road, having a torrent pouring into it from cliffs above, well worth a visit. On my return, I overtook a farmer,—

"Yes: mild morning, sir; don't think it means any harm."

"Have you sown your barley yet?"

"Grow more oats than barley, sir, in Wales."

"What do you call this place?" pointing to the town.

"We call it Rahder, sir; but in Welsh we say Rhaid."

"Then you drop the last r?"

"Yes, sir, sure; we say Rhaid Gwy."

"Do they speak good Welsh about here?"

"No, sir, not very; in further parts in Cardiganshire they do speak it deeper; here they do cut it short."

So, after more conversation with him, I gave him the sale of the morning, and sped away to breakfast.

It was amusing the evening before, when we had our landlord in to consult him about the district. Questioning him, with the help of the Ordnance map, and speaking of hills and rivers round about, he said at last, "You do know this better than myself!" After a stiff breakfast, we ordered a

trap round, and set off for Cwm Elan, a noble ravine, of seven or more miles, altogether wilder and greater than we expected, quite like some of the best rocky valleys of North Wales. As we entered the Cwm, grey slate rocks rose on each hand to a great height, now advancing, now receding, from the rapid river Elan, and nearly staying its course here and there, at points where great blocks cumber its bed, over which it chafes and foams picturesquely. Great masses lie about the slopes below the cliffs, giving much boldness to the foreground, where groups or single trees break the bareness of the scenery; one or two growing in the cracks of fallen blocks, and looking oddly placed. A fisherman was whipping the noisy river at this place, coming in the picture just where an artist would place him; while the rural postboy was overtaken, and did not object to riding with us up the glen. The cliffs were higher and much bolder than we looked for, the vistas of prospect here and there up the river for four miles most beautiful, and changing at every turn. One tree had grown on a great boss of fallen slate, and cleft it by its roots, just near a grand piece of rock, towering majestically on the right. We were both charmed by the scenery of the glen, so close upon us, so changeful, so rich in contrasting colours, so sonorous, with its rapid river worn into great hollows, and strewn with rocks.

Leaving our trap near Capel Nant Gwilt, we walked on, as directed by our driver, past Cwm Elan House, well placed, where the glen widens out a little, and prettily set off with larch and fir woods; but finding no bridge or good stepping-stones, resolved on wading through the river to regain the road, finding none, as told to expect; and this we did without inconvenience;

presently speeding away upwards beneath a grand piece of crag, roughly broken down on our right, until we arrived at Dôl Faenog, placed at a bend of the turbulent stream, a meadow with a cottage or two only. Being then in the upper and wilder part of the glen, we stayed to look about us at the cliffs and tortuous river.

After a while, we retraced our steps to our ford, but from that point continued on the side of the Elan opposite to that by which we ascended, and so on to Capel Nant Gwilt, where, as we waited a few minutes for our driver, we could but admire the small church, so overtopped by tall trees, and looking so diminutive as compared with the lofty side of the valley, yet withal so white and venerable. Soon we were rolling along down to Rhaidr Gwy, much enjoying the pure air and scenery. That same evening we went down below the bridge, and on to the rocks, my companion bravely venturing in the bed of the Wye, as near as we could get to the cataract, which, though considerably reduced in building the present bridge in 1780, is still pleasing by its rush and roar among slate rocks that are rounded and worn into great and curious hollows by the conflict of many centuries with the torrent. As we stood looking at the fast rushing water of the classic stream, a gardening Welshman called out, "That pool you are looking at is the deepest pool on the Wye." It certainly looked dark and profound. We thought of the commotion at that spot after a sharp thunderstorm, or when snow is melting off the mountains of Mid Wales.

Never, I should think, was any castle so entirely demolished and obliterated as that of Rhaidr Gwy, not a trace of which remains above ground beyond its raised area and part of the fosse cut out of the

rock. Strange how completely almost every vestige of it has gone from the face of the earth, and yet the town, or rather village, to which it gave rise still stands beside the ancient river. Built in 1178, or about that time, it survived only to 1231, when Llewelyn the Great destroyed it by fire, either from civil Welsh contentions, only too frequent in olden time, or because its lord took part with the English at that time subduing the country. We may stand where the castle was and is not, meditating upon the evanescence of human greatness.

Afterwards in the evening alone I mounted the hill Gwastaden, rising on the left bank of the Wye a little below the village, saving that a little Welsh lassie who daily crossed to school was returning part of my way, who generally replied to my queries—"Yes, I expects," and who pronounced the hill "*steepy*." Steep it certainly was, and after I bade farewell to my little friend, somewhat lonely, I reached the cairn of stones highest of the two. Great lumpy mountains stood away beyond the Wye, folded together in the quiet evening, softly shaded, lost in the grey distance. Stony was the summit, and wild: silent, moreover, beyond the murmur of the river below, and an occasional cry of plovers, making the solitude more profound. I was just near enough the night to feel what it would be to be *lost* on such wild heights when dark night has settled down. I rather fancy the idea lent wings to my feet, rendering me a kind of Mercury, for I drew the distance nearer as I ran down the less steep slopes of Gwastaden, and was not long before enjoying the cheery lights of the Red Lion and pleasant welcome of my waiting wife, who seemed rather surprised when I related my ascent sometime after in a quiet way, as though

I had only strolled outside. Thus, at length, closed a pleasant memorable day, with something like a home feeling as we chatted about our exploits in the warmth of our wood fire.

One morning after this I set off alone from Tal y Idlyn station, on the Hereford, Hay and Brecon Railway, for a ramble across country to Abergavenny, purposely to explore certain fine bits of Brecon scenery in a route of my own. As I left the station, the Black Forest stood out grandly in the morning sun, its long line dappled here and there with cloud shadows, and touched into white thin lines with snow. In walking from the station to the village of Llangorse, I fell in with a red Welshman, and among other things, asked the name of the lake shining before us. "We call him 'Llyn Safaddu,' sir (pronounced "Safâtbeh"). I asked the meaning of the word in the old tongue, which he was not slow to give. "It does mean like standing pool: Safaddu is 'like to stay.'" A very good meaning, thought I, for the old enduring lake. It is strange how little interest is often taken in the one feature of a place by the natives, who wonder any one should come miles to see what they deem commonplace. I met a bright-faced child at a spring, shortly after leaving the red Welshman; she had never seen the lake, never seen the big shining pool, although across two or three fields lay the great lake, second in size of all Welsh llynas: so I told her to ask her mother to take her there some day: smiling, "she would," as I dropped a small coin into her water-can.

The village of Llangorse is old, small and scattered: its church somewhat ancient, undergoing restoration, and, like most Welsh churches, has a massive square

. Rising the road past the

village, I paused to admire the view, presently to be mentioned. Very lovely was the morning: sky dappled with delicate clouds; one of those pure spring mornings that of themselves go far to make one glad. As far as the hamlet of Cathedine I left the road, then struck straight up the steep side of Mynydd Llangorse, an offshoot of the great range of the Black Forest. Reaching the top I rested on a great flat stone, and looked about me. Far below lay the gleaming Llyn Safaddu, two miles long by three-quarters of a mile across at the widest, set in a frame of brilliant green meadows dotted over with trees, a breeze bringing waves to the near shore, whose tone reached me where I sat. South of the water and near rose the Allt Hill, dark with wood and steep; away in front of me spread a rich tract of billy ground, well tilled and pastured, dotted with dwellings. Beyond, at a few miles' distance, rose the great Brecon Beacons, with their banded precipices, seamed here and there with white lines of snow, down which we had gazed with something like dread not long before. It was charming to watch the cloud shadows moving over the land, or passing to darken the lake, mostly shining with a colour blue as the sky. Seated up there with so grand a prospect, and trying to distinguish the valley of the Wye among the far hills, I found the breeze like a pure bath, vastly healthy and refreshing; and could not but wonder the spot has not been made more available, and a colony of villas begun to be built near the station, on the shores of so great a sheet of water. Probably it is best as it is for the true lover of nature, for there are no excursion trains there at present, and fishermen have the lake very much to themselves for pike and perch fishing. Formerly

it proved very useful to the monks of Brecon Priory, during Lent. Now and then a breath of warmer air came up, as I sat and mused upon the legend which says that a great city once stood where the lake now is, and was swallowed up by an earthquake far down the ages. The same is said of Bala and several other large lakes.

Leaving that goodly view, I consulted my map, and directed my steps across the mountain towards the south-east, by a route long and wild, devoid of all traces of humanity for some distance—nothing visible beyond the huge mountains, for the valleys were hidden at first by the height whose broad back I was traversing. So that, after half an hour of this kind, past one or two black peaty pools, it was a relief again to look down upon human dwellings; and what a view was presented where the mountain at last broke away suddenly, down to the narrow valley of the Rhiangoll! Immediately across this soared a majestic mountain, Pen Allt Mawr (the Head of the great Eminence), taking the sky in a bold sweeping outline, and plunging down at first in precipitous crags, then curving away grandly down to the stream, with a total length of more than three miles, forming a bold object as looked upon from my lofty position. Other heights and fine glens were visible, but Pen Allt Mawr alone was worth all the labour of the way. So I sat me on the verge and feasted the eyes. But then came the question how to get down. Tried the slope, but found it much too steep to be pleasant, so pushed on down to the point above Llanfihangel Cwm Du, at which picturesque village I arrived after a gradual and steep descent, and after crossing the rapid, sonorous Rhiangoll.

Shortly afterwards I found out the lame old sexton, and repaired to

the ancient church, finding out little from my guide, who spoke but one or two words of English, and those blended with Welsh, as "Thank you *mawr*." Like several very old Welsh churches I have seen, the tower of this was very massive, no less than nine paces square, or about twenty-seven feet, and built much like a castle tower, with immensely thick walls, and scarcely any windows. A very old stone carved cross was let into the outer wall, with traces of shields on each side. Stones of the seventeenth century were frequent. Inside the church I found little of interest, save some rather good oak carving at the east end. With mutual farewells in the two languages, I set off for Tretower, properly Tretwr, which ancient castle I reached in about two miles. Shrouded in obscurity as to its origin, little seems to be known concerning this hill fortress, beyond the fact that at one time it was the residence of one Mynarth, Lord of Brecon, and was placed in this valley to guard the pass through the mountains. It is a most picturesque object from all sides, with its lofty and massive round tower clothed with ivy, placed in the vale surrounded with mountains. Like all ancient strongholds, it is of immense thickness of walls, some eleven feet, I supposed, with a winding stair within them, and about sixty feet high. Traces of carved chimney-pieces remain in two stories. Remains of the needful moat on this flat meadow still exist, with water partly therein: and an outer dwelling surrounded the keep, or partly did so, in one of the old arches of which I noticed zigzag Norman work. How interesting the true history of that ancient fortress of feudal times, could it only be written!

From Tretower to Crickhowel is a delightful drive or walk. The entire valley of the Usk here,

and for some miles above and below, is like one continued park. Most beautiful for situation are some of the residences and parks placed there beside the charming stream, with good mountain views and remarkably pure atmosphere. The climate of that part of the Usk valley appears to be particularly mild, and favourable to the growth of some rare plants, as, for instance, the rare fern *Ceterach officinarum*, of which it appears to be the headquarters in these islands. I met several Welsh lasses returning from Crickhowel, and a man with a wooden leg riding a pony. To some lads talking Welsh, and running after me for coppers, I turned round and ran off a few Latin sentences in a loud voice, then walked away, enjoying their surprise, for they had enough English to know it was not *that* language. Presently I was enjoying the best quarters the place afforded me, and turned in early to rest me for the morrow.

Early the following morning I was out and across the valley, passing the very pretty church and position of Llangattoe, until the opposite mountains of Pen Allt Mawr and the Sugar Loaf rose to view sharp and clear, far above the slight mist marking greyly the course of the Usk. It is worth rising early in such a district to observe "the morning spread upon the mountains," and suffusing their summits with a rosy glow. A long Cwm or dell runs up the mountains on the side I had reached, down which a brawling stream threads its way under dense foliage. The opening of day was delightful, dew sparkling on every leaf, the incense of the valley going up on all sides. I thought how that dew and vapour would soon be high in the heavens, probably as some fair cloud, and wondered where would be its home by sunset; for of all moveable things on this globe, next to the air, water

is the most volatile: here to-day, gone before to-morrow.

After an early breakfast, I set off for the summit of the mountain that rose so grandly before me on the previous day, named Pen Allt Mawr, and directed my steps first to a high platform of rock forming part of the same, from which this is sometimes termed the Table Mountain, but, strictly speaking, is called Crug Hywel in the tongue of the Cymry, meaning Howel's rock, or seat, from which the town derives its name. Reaching the level top of this elevated British camp, I found a large area, defended by a strong *agger* of stones, the high mound being nearly precipitous towards the valley; a strong mountain fastness, attributed by some to Howel ap Rhys, Prince of Gwent, who made war with the Lord of Brecon for lands thereabout. Hence I wended my way slowly up and up, staying presently to note the grand view you get of the Sugar Loaf Mountain from that position, looking like a veritable cone or pyramid; much like a volcanic form, although in no wise a volcano. On I trudged upwards, over stones in considerable plenty, through patches of heather, across bits of peat bog that seem so out of place, though frequently found upon the tablelands of lofty mountains. For about three miles this continued, the latter part of my way lying on the edge of a fine descent, sweeping away largely to the profound valley between that and the Black Forest. This mountain is narrowed to a point, the loftiest cairn towards the north. You stand there as upon some aërial cape, to look out across the country. And very pleasing the scene, for away to the north-west I descried our friends the Beacous, soaring well above near ranges close to, set in the great area of the Black Forest, grandly tumbled like the waves of some greater world,

and wearing an aspect of brown and broad solemnity. Long slopes of most wild moorland stretched away far, folded and curved as shadows of clouds revealed them, enclosing long, narrow and lonely glens, each with its thread of condensed cloud course, and all severe and remote. Opposite and towards the west a very contrasted prospect lay—the rich and homely valley of the Bhiangoll, dotted with farmsteads and shepherd dwellings, well pastured and wearing a look of peace and abundance, as the eye gladly surveyed its green and purple fields. From my elevation of 2,361 feet above the sea, I had a clear view of Pen y Cader Fawr, summit of the Black Forest, standing sharp and clear with its cairn of stones across the brown mountain swells. As I rested in the supreme silence of the spot, broken only by sound of streams and occasional sheep-cry, the lines of Wordsworth came to mind—

“The silence that is in the starry
sky:
The sleep that is among the lonely
hills.”

It is well occasionally to let that profound silence and its teaching sink into the soul—to leave the spirit to slumber, as far as this world is concerned, and maintain for a few moments its high meditation apart. We shall be none the less fitted for contact with our fellows afterwards; rather shall we have a larger sympathy and kindlier feeling.

On returning I could cool my mouth and hands with snow. The bold form of the Sugar Loaf drew me up for a few seconds—so telling is it from that point—so aspiring. Down below, along the ways of men, I passed an old Welsh crone strangely attired. She wore a grey shawl, with a rich purple band

across her hair, and a scarlet kerchief passed all over her head and tied in a large bow: with a bold-striped petticoat, and carrying a stick, she had a curious appearance. I gave the ancient dame a kindly greeting, which she returned as I passed, and was soon down in the highways of Crickhowel.

There is one feature I would allude to respecting the mountain whose ascent I have just described, and it is a striking one. In nearly every direction the sides are very steep, at an angle so sharp ascent would be stiff work except on the south; and yet the top consists of a broad table-land, mostly even, taken with regard to the whole area, although sloping up gradually and gently towards the north. It strikes one as evident that the steep sides did not originally terminate suddenly in that even, comparatively flat area. This brings us to one of the most powerful facts in geology, the *planing away* of large areas of original land by long continued action of sea, rivers, and atmospheric agents. In this particular case, there is clear evidence how largely this has taken place, from the existence of a detached patch of carboniferous limestone still remaining like an island upon the great body of Old Red Sandstone, of which the mass of the mountain consists: evidently an outlier of a once extended covering of the same formation. For such a circumstance to have taken place, the whole denudation of original land there must have been *very great*. Hear what Professor Ramsay says of this particular part of South Wales: “Atmospheric degradation, aided by sea waves on the cliffs by the shore, is the only power I know that can denude a country, *so as to shave it across*, and make a plain either horizontal or slightly inclined.” Again he says: “At some period, now unknown, the beds of

the Old Red Sandstone, now well seen in the escarpment of the Beacons of Brecon and the Caermarthen Fans, once spread much farther westward, forming a great plain. . . . The river then ran over ground perhaps higher than the tops of the hills of the present escarpment, and by degrees cut itself a channel approximately in its present course . . . One reason of this is, that escarpments often partly consist of hard beds lying on softer strata. . . . In this way we can explain how the Wye and the Usk break through the Old Red Sandstone, and find their way into the estuary of the Severn."

Not long after the exploration last described, I resolved upon making the ascent of the Skirrid Fawr, that sharp, steep little mountain, forming so bold an object from so many points, near the ancient town of Abergavenny, rising to an altitude of 1,601 feet above the sea, from a small, narrow base. For this purpose I alighted at the station for the village that rejoices in the small name of Llanfihangel Crugconey; that, however, is little as compared with *some* Welsh names. I found the natives better recognize the mountain by the name of the Holy Mountain, probably from its being used in some Druidical ceremonies of olden time, when the valley was densely covered with wood, out of which it would rise like a gigantic altar. As I got well away from the station, across the fields, the object of my attack rose grandly before me, like a dome.

Staying to have a word with some field workmen, about the best road, they informed me *I could not go straight up* the northern end rising before us. It proved true, from the very steep inclination and slippery condition of the short grass. So I "tacked about," passing beneath a bold bit of broken dark-red rock, stepping carefully, from

stone to stone of blocks detached by weather from the craggy face of the Skirrid on that side, and at length got on the ridge of grass, *narrow very*, and so walked back to the highest point, 1,601 feet over sea level.

Standing well away from the bulky masses of the Sugar Loaf and Black Forest, the Skirrid Fawr afforded me a great view of these tumbled together brownly, yet in spots touched into bright red and yellow, going away up in many folds that here and there revealed a portion of great valleys thus enclosed. North, east and south, lay spread below a wide, rich plain, well cultivated, and clothed with trees; of greater part of Monmouthshire, really undulated and hilly, but looking comparatively level; of part of Herefordshire, rich in orchards and hopyards, a county most prosperous in agriculture; with a far sight over to where lay the two noble rivers, Wye and Severn. I could single out many cosy homesteads and romantic old villages round about below, where one could almost long to pass days of quiet secluded life; still ancient houses, many of them dating back to the times of good Queen Bess, or earlier, like the Court at Llanfihangel, with its splendid avenue of old contorted pines, easily traced from the Skirrid, and which formerly belonged to the Arnold family. The view was most pleasing, by the contrast afforded from mountains, all on the west, to wide open country north, east and south, and over which the narrow ridge predominates very boldly.

Passing along this ridge for about a mile, in some points only a short pace across, I passed to the edge of a deep chasm cleft across the mountain diagonally, well worth seeing, but by no means so vast or formidable as old writers would lead us to suppose. Thence through a dense

wood, grateful after intense sunshine, my way led down to the high road into Abergavenny.

I must now ask my reader to transfer his thoughts to the northern part of the Principality, as I have something to say concerning two ascents made in company with a gentleman during our headquarters at the comfortable Hotel of the White Lion at Bala. We had had our eye upon "that fellow at the top of the lake," for a day or two, from time to time, as we leisurely enjoyed walking along the pebbly shore of that fine expanse of water, and so one morning resolved to try what he was like—that bold Aran Mowddwy, soaring so admirably with his twin peak Aran Benllyn, only slightly lower, both reflected in Llyn Tegid in calm weather, when clear of cloud. So we took train to Drws y Nant, a Door of the Valley truly, if narrowness of passage between long mountains may be said to constitute a door; a romantic spot; the station is built over a rapid rivulet, and lofty heights encompass the place. The iron horse had brought us too far by a mile; we paced back to the old inn, glorying in a richly-coloured picture of Howel Dda, or "the Good," with this inscription over the sign, "A Fyne Duw Bydded," "God's will be done." There we paused a moment to ask our right direction to the summit of Aran Mowddwy, and converse with the kindly veteran of the glen about a grand spruce fir tree, probably eighty feet high, straight as a dart, feathered with foliage to the ground. "My father planted that tree in 1789:" so said our landlord of Howel Dda. You may see its lofty pyramid near the railway at this point, as you shoot by on your way to Dôlgelly and Barinouth.

Shortly after starting, we had to make the best of our way across a torrent, and so reach a

winding overgrown carriage way, which some visionary benefactor of his species began to cut to the top of Aran. I need not say it did not reach the top, having been made for scarcely a mile at the foot; well made, but a misguided effort. This past, we took what shepherd's track we could find up the side of a long shoulder, past a certain rock our friend had pointed out; but how vastly different the place seemed when at it, to what it did from below! However, we held on our way, consulting together as to route, chatting or silent, hurling down great stones into the long valley that lay below on our left hand, as we paused a few seconds here and there, until we reached what we termed the pinnacle, not of Aran, but of a bold mass of rock that lay in our way. Seated on this, the greatness of the scenery began to reveal itself to us, and Aran to grow mightier as we looked up to his lofty crags and long lines of grassy steepness. Below, how profound the valley running up into the heart of the mountain, over which we watched two ravens wheeling slowly and adding to the wildness of the spot! Leaving the rock, we had to pick our way over a peat-bog, black where it had been cut for fuel, one of those troublesome bits of morass often found even upon rocky heights, lying in the hollows. This past, it was a long pull upwards, now over moss and fine grass, now rock to rock; and as we drew nearer the crest of Aran the rocks became bolder and in greater masses, making us pause to thread our way among them: track there was none all up the last half of the ascent. The scenery of Aran became gigantic at the ridge: vast chaotic masses thrust boldly out, steep broken cliffs like Cyclopean walls, rendering it difficult to distinguish the true summit, especially as a cloud swirled and wreathed itself about the final crags.

"This *must* be the top;" so to the right I climbed, when behold, on my left a towering mass soared still higher, with the friendly cairn of stones. With a shout I made for this, calling out to my friend to beware of the precipice: and so at last we stood on the top of Aran Mowddwy, 2,972 feet above sea level.

We sat and rested. Presently the magnitude of the scenery began to dawn upon us, as a whiff of wind opened the cloud and revealed the magnificent precipice, on the verge of which we sat, which drew an expression of admiration from my cautious friend. We sat and waited; by-and-by it suddenly became lighter. "Look out!" "Was that a river down yonder?" The cloud again received us in one universal sheet of white mist. We sat and waited; suddenly a quick gleam came, and *there*, deep down below the crags, profoundly under our feet, at an amazing depth, lay the dark green lake, set in rugged margin of sharply indented rock, its near side hidden by the tremendous angular rocks that stood out of the mountain like splinters of wondrous size. How we mutually admired the scene as we watched and waited, safe on the cairn of stones beneficially set up by the Ordnance Surveyors! Presently the sun shone on us: how quickly it became light, as the cloud thinned away! and then the true greatness of the place stood revealed in profound precipice of fearful depth, and reaching far along that eastern side of Aran, below and beyond which long spurs and buttresses of green, brown, and purple went away grandly into far valleys, with silver threads of water between, feeders of important rivers. Wild and fenceless, remote, voiceful only with wind and sound of streams, the bleating of white sheep, and plovers' strange cry. Now and again we got a more distant view of great lumpy moun-

tains, many-coloured, and far tracks of country towards the east; but the foreground was the charm for unusual grandeur, so *suddenly* does the mountain break away towards the east, in a series of precipices scarcely inferior to the grandest upon Snowdon. Seen in the way we had it, the effect was even more sublime than if no cloud had touched the summit, the sudden revelations being so startling, and contrasts of light and shade so vivid. We stayed up on the top an hour and a half, amusing ourselves between the lights with hurling great stones down the rocks, listening for them rebounding below or shivered into atoms by some great fall. The echoes were good and had a strange effect, as round about the rocks our voices travelled, deepening the profound stillness as they died away. The greatness and charm of such a lofty mountain summit are not so much the distance beheld as the wild foreground of earth thrown into ridges, giving so much variety of form and colour. Hence, when you cannot see far, you are generally amply repaid upon any eminence placed in a land of hills. We came down at length, jocularly and gleefully, gathering rare plants by the way, drinking the freedom of the wilds whereof the pleasant memory will not soon depart.

The following morning we were up early and out in the ways of Bala, admiring the brightness of the morning and a sight, from glorious Llyn Tegid, of our friends the great Arans, already almost clear of cloud, promising a fine day. Breakfasted early; truly, as my friend remarked, trout don't count as food in that land of appetites, so we did ample justice to Mrs. Owen's capital breakfast, laid with everything so scrupulously clean. At a little past nine we were at the picturesque but squalid village of Llanfor, passing over a foot bridge eight paces

long, formed of *two* slabs of stone. Passing up some high fields and steep wooded lanes, we at length reached open turf, and finally the top of smooth Moel Emoel, a hill of about 1,700 feet above the sea, but commanding one of the most delightful views I have ever seen, and that with so little fatigue of ascent. It was one of those heavenly mornings, clear, fresh, bright, and cool, with the air sharp and thin for giving splendid distance prospects. We sat at the cairn of turf, by the three-fingered index of wood, and looked about us. The lake lay like a mirror, surrounded by hills and mountains, appearing to closely surround it: while very luxuriant lay the Dee Valley reaching towards Corwen. What a circuit of mountains! The whole length of Berwyn, the two mighty Arans with twin peaks, great Cader Idris, Rhobell Fawr, and his craggy brethren, huge Arenig with Mynydd Nodol below, and the vast ranges of Snowdonia, with wide moors and fells, lake-varied here and there, until the eye again swept round to the Berwyn, all clear of cloud except part of the Snowdon range, vested in rich colours of purple, brown, and green. Plovers were about us (my friend went seeking nests), and a heron, making the spot appear still more remote from the dwellings of men. Of lakes glorious Llyn Tegid bore the palm, great enough for cloud shadows to float across her breast; Llyn Arenig was as a thin blue line, beneath the crags of Arenig; Llyn Tryweryn as a flash of light fallen on the moors; while a distant pool, lying up on the backs of fells, was discovered to be Llyn Crwgni, north of the Corwen road. To us both it was a charming scene, and set loose our playful sallies of words, till I fear we startled the plovers off many a resting-place.

Seeing it so grandly clear, we made a resolve to try and reach

that sharp cairn of stones on distant Arenig that afternoon. No sooner resolved than acted upon. Down we passed quickly to the White Lion: refreshed, ordered out a trap for Rhyd y Fen, and were off.

Our landlord thoughtfully put two alpenstocks into the conveyance, saying that if *he* found them useful, other people need not despise them. You would say not if you saw his understandings. We were not behind him in our plans, for we put in our mountain boots and wore thin ones going and returning. I should like to know what our driver related to his friends in the back settlements of the hotel that night, for he heard some laughter.

At the bridge over the brawling Tryweryn, three miles up, there are a few small stones in the river; things six yards square, if square you can term them, being of all shapes; some smaller, but most of enormous dimensions, puzzling anyone to imagine how they came there, because there are no mountains close, whence they could have rolled down. It is a show of mossy stones over the parapet of that bridge. My friend suggested they were *boards* which our landlord had had painted to attract travellers! Very agreeable was our drive up the valley of the brawling Tryweryn, beneath old Nodol and on to Rhyd y Fen. In a wild part we found our American friend staying at the hotel, as we called him, five miles from Bala, seated on a stone wall, reading a book (where the wind was blowing great guns), as comfortable as you please.

"Halloa; you up here?" we said.

"Yas; been for a stroll; my friend yonder thinks he's fishing!"

"Fine up here."

"Yas; going to the small hostelry yonder? You may find some

whisky or brandy, but it's all one colour!"

We stayed at the small hostelry, finding the master a kindly, obliging fellow, with whom it was a treat to have a chat concerning the country, a man of a serious but bright eye, and slightly grave demeanour, born of long companionship with the solemn mountains around. Yes, he would come with us down the road, and show us the way, our *best* way, up Arenig Fawr. So we started.

Rhyd y Fen being itself high, it did not seem very far up Arenig, one of the greatest of Welsh mountains, placed in the first list. Slowly we wound our way up, having one immense stone wall to climb, that went away along the slopes for miles, and had a pleasant disposition to lean and fall over towards the side we approached it from; a wall innocent of mortar, and somewhat rough. As we gained the upper parts, the sight was grand, of summits about us, touched with cloud, towards which we seemed fast going. How the clouds swirled, and eddied, and brushed along! It is always a curious sensation on lofty mountains when the first whiff of cloud goes by you; white, hurrying, or lingering vapour, which you *feel* before seeming in it. Very fine, indeed, was the intense light below on Lake Tryweryn and its broad brown moors; most deeply defined the tones of clear purple spread over Arenig Bach, and other more distant heights, to whose dark ruggedness no contrast could have been more effective than the white clouds so softly yet so definitely cutting them across. Beneath the edge of the clouds, and just before we walked on into them, it was a wonderful sight; the sharp, clear landscape roofed with white, and now and then closed over for a moment. Only in such a land can such a marvellous effect be *witnessed*.

It became a question of risking the cloud, for there it was drifting with the wind, now and again hiding all above us, now suddenly revealing a vast pile of rocks reared on our right hand, like a great broken tower; so we resolved to see what it would prove, and trudged along up the steep grassy slope, grown steeper as we approached what had every appearance of proving a narrow edge connecting one lofty piece of Arenig with another. I confess to not liking the look of that edge, as seen from below; it seemed ugly, promising only precipices, which are not so satisfactory in a cloud. On we moved, to find a good broad ledge or shoulder, plenty wide enough, leading among white spar and abundance of loose rocks to the summit of Arenig Fawr.

Fortunately the wind cleared away the clouds for a short time, just as we stood by the cairn of stones, giving us a splendid sight down to Llyn Tegid, resting in its valley, lit up in colours of green and gold. Such they actually were, most intense. How near the great lake seemed, just below us! And how prosperous and rich that side the country, with its many farmsteads, as compared with the broad bareness of moorland stretching away towards Ffestiniog. Although no such precipices as at Aran, still the falls of rock surface were very respectable, quite great enough to scare one from the edges, and in some quarters going down profoundly at a sweep. There was a grand descent, I remember, between Arenig and a bold green mountain near, in the direction of the south-west, a very marked object in the scenery, and joining up to a good array of mountains cast about far and wide in that direction. Standing well apart, the prospects off Arenig Fawr are most commanding, and, in a perfectly clear atmosphere, must yield a noble

sight of Snowdon and all his brethren: well worthy of more frequent visits from all travellers in that region. Arenig is not often ascended, being far from any good hotel and railway.

It came on to blow, "a few," as our American friend might say; so much so that, after attempting it, we both declared it quite impossible to stand on the top of the cairn; so we contented ourselves most of the time under its shelter after the wind sprang up. And how cold! I thought of George Borrow and the Welshman:—

"Any foxes on Arenig?"

"No; too cold for foxes."

"Any crows up there?"

"Too cold for crows."

Nevertheless we lingered, drawn by the greatness of that aërial point, and, though cooled, were greatly refreshed after our climb. My pocket thermometer down in Bala stood at 62 degrees in the shade; on Arenig registered only 48. Coming to the conclusion the summit would not be clear again that night, we started down briskly, finding just sufficient difficulty in starting down the slope *at the right angle* to make us appreciate the landmarks of our route farther down, and value the compass we carried. It became both suddenly warmer and remarkably brighter as we drew near the edge of the cloud. Then, behold! what a grand sight it was as the vapour broke and fled here and there about us, revealing instant glimpses into a

region of light and beauty *far below us*, as suddenly closed up again, then reopened more and wider, startling the eye by sudden greens and flashes of sunlight resting on the earth below, about which the clouds curled and wreathed. We could but pause and admire silently. This was one of the special characteristics of mountains, worth much labour and expense to witness, so entirely distinct from anything we perceive in the plains.

Laughter fell from us as we passed down, and much merriment, as though the presiding spirit of Arenig had inspired us with something of her native freedom. That evening we enjoyed immensely, not only our easy boots, but the leisurely views of the country as we drove along. On seeing our small hostelry waning in the distance, my incorrigible companion waved adieu to Rhyd y Fen, hoping they would get rid of the Fens before we patronized them again. And seeing a fir pole slung across a stream, ventured to task my strength by declaring, "that bridge is abridged." It was well the pure air of Arenig had refreshed my drooping energies, for he went on to premise: "We have done well to-day, ascended a mountain and a mole hill" (to wit, Arenig and Moel Emoel). Verily, I thought we *had* done well, as we sat down to a cozy bit of dinner in the White Lion of the old town of Bala.

HISTORY OF THE CONNAUGHT CIRCUIT.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Penal Laws passed in the early years of the reign of Queen Anne (rivaling in cruelty those passed at the same time against the Protestants of other countries) practically excluded all sincere Catholics from the bar. The universities and halls of learning were closed against them; the Inns of Court, indeed, they could enter, but an oath they could not conscientiously take precluded their being called to the bar. There were Catholics who took the oaths, which in secret they laughed to scorn; but then such of those men as joined the profession of the law were not likely to do honour to their circuit. Vastly greater numbers emigrated to the Continent, where they found what they could not find at home—the gates of promotion open. Amongst the converts to the Protestant faith who practised on the Connaught circuit there are few now remembered, except by those who, like the writer, must examine the ancient pleadings to which their names are attached.

But these converts were greatly dreaded by Primate Boulter, to whom the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, had confided the entire government of the country. The primate, doubting their sincerity, felt an intense anxiety to exclude from the bar, not only Catholics, but even, except under certain

restrictions, converts from Catholicity. "We must be all undone here," he writes, "if the bar as a profession gets into the hands of the converts, where it is already got, and where it every day gets more and more."* A convert, the most reverend prelate thought, should test his sincerity by five years' perseverance in Protestantism before he could be admitted a barrister.

On the circuit there were many lawyers in extensive practice. There were the Caufields of Donamon, in the county of Roscommon, both father and son, the former renowned as an equity pleader, and remarkable for his Whig principles; he was raised to the bench in 1718, and resigned in 1730 with a pension of £400 a year, on obtaining for his son, St. George Caufield, afterwards, in 1751, Chief Justice of Ireland, then Member of Parliament for Tulsk, in the county of Roscommon, the appointment of counsel to the Commissioners of His Majesty's Revenue.

The family of the Stauntons† also gave several members to the Connaught bar in the last century. George Staunton, who, in the reign of Charles I., had acquired extensive estates on the eastern shores of Lough Corrib, was the ancestor of a race of lawyers attached to the circuit. He had two sons, Thomas Staunton of Waterdale, and George Staunton of Cargins. The elder of

* "Boulter's Letters," vol. ii.

† *Vide* the pedigree of Sir George Staunton in "Playfair's Baronetage."

those, Thomas, of Waterdale, had two sons, John Staunton, one of the most eloquent men at the bar, M.P., and Recorder of Galway, A.D. 1706 (whose son John, A.B., T.C.D., 1727, was also a barrister, and held a good position on the circuit), and Thomas, the younger, M.P., Second Sergeant, 1712, and Master in Chancery from 1732 until his death in 1731. George Staunton, of Cargins, had two sons, viz., James, barrister-at-law, long a leader on the circuit; and George, grandfather of Sir George L. Staunton, Attorney-General of the Island of Grenada (and afterwards, in 1792, secretary of Lord Macartney's embassy to China), whose grand-nephew, George Lynch Staunton, of Clydagh, J.P., D.L., is now in possession of the Cargins estates.

There were other barristers on the circuit in the first half of the last century known to fame. There was Thomas St. Leger, afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer; Arthur Ormsby, and Robert Shaw. There were Henry Lynch and Oliver Burke, both arbitrators in the celebrated case of Henry Blake and Richard Martin, when the former claimed and exercised an exclusive right of fishing in the lower waters of the Dowris river, in the county of Galway, and in the tidal waters of the estuary at its mouth.* There were also Edward Eyre and Dominick Burke, M.P., and there was John Bodkin, of Carrowbeg, the great dock lawyer of the circuit.

We also meet with the name of Thomas Marlay on the circuit, who in 1727 became Attorney-General for Ireland, in 1730 Chief Baron, and in 1746 Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The address of this distinguished judge to the grand jury of the city of Dublin, after the suppression of the Scottish in-

urrection, is a tribute to the unacknowledged loyalty of the Catholics of Ireland. "When posterity reads," he said, "that Ireland—where much the greatest part of the inhabitants profess a religion which has sometimes authorized, or at least justified, rebellion—not only preserved peace at home, but contributed to restore it amongst his Majesty's subjects of Great Britain, will they believe that the people of Ireland were actuated by something more than their mere duty and allegiance?"

The reports that have come down to our time of the trials at this period on the Connaught circuit are very few. The greater part of the newspapers of that day were almost valueless; and neither the *Dublin Intelligencer*, started in 1705, nor the *County Intelligencer*, started in 1690, make a passing allusion to the assizes. But *Pue's Occurrences*, as well as the *Dublin Gazette*, and *Falkener's Journal*, do not unfrequently give some sensational cases, according as such might have occurred on any of the circuits, which were then five in number. The barbarous punishments at that time of frequent occurrence are occasionally detailed in these papers.

Thus a man was indicted at the Leitrim assizes for highway robbery, and, not pleading, a jury was sworn to try whether he was wilfully mute or not, and they found that he was wilfully mute, whereupon the presiding judge immediately condemned him as follows: "That he shall be confined in some low dark room, where he shall be laid on his back, and shall have as much weight as he can bear laid upon him, and no more, that he shall have nothing to live on but the worst bread and water, and the day that he eats he shall not drink,

* *Vide* the case of Acheson's Estates, 3, Irish Law Reports (Equity), p. 107.

and the day that he drinks he shall not eat, and so shall continue till he dies." Whether cruelty could devise anything more cruel than this we have been unable to discover.

The difficulty of transmitting reports from the assize towns may have been one of the chief causes of the great scantiness of such intelligence. The postboys on horseback, one from Sligo and the other from Galway, conveyed the entire correspondence of the province of Connaught to Dublin. Arriving there on Saturday night, they took their departure westward every Monday morning. Nor were their journeys entirely free from danger, as appears by the following announcement in the *Dublin Mercury* of the 19th March, 1706 :—

"On Thursday last, about half-past eleven o'clock at night, three rogues set upon the Connaught postboy as he was coming near Maynooth. One of them, being on horseback, rid a small way with him, but on a sudden took the boy's horse by the reins, and then knocked him off his horse, and the two others, who were both on foot, came over the hedge and opened the mail, and several letters were thrown about. We hear they used the poor boy very badly, leaving him for dead, having taken about eighteen shillings in money from him, that he was bringing to town, and then made off."

A.D. 1715.—Agreeable to the provisions of the Act lately passed to prevent the further growth of Popery, the Lords Justices instructed the judges on the Connaught circuit to labour to their utmost for the extirpation of the Popish faith. Accordingly, the grand jury of the county of Galway, at the assizes held on the 29th of March, 1715, informed the judges, in answer to questions put to them

at the summer assizes of 1713, summer assizes, 1714, and the Lent assizes, 1715, that the friars were returning to the neighbourhood of their old abbeys in great numbers. That unregistered priests were actually discovered reading mass. That great numbers of the Catholic gentry had sent their sons abroad to receive foreign education. "That Ulick Burke, son to the Earl of Clanricarde, was missing, he having been sent to France; that James Burke, of Ower, was also a-missing, that he went out of this kingdom a year ago, and, we are informed, is in France; so also is Hyacinth Nugent, son to Thomas Nugent, commonly called Lord Riverston," and many others.*

A.D. 1719.—In this year a case occurred in the Court of Exchequer which brings before the world Mr. Baron St. Leger, of whom we have already spoken, who had for several years practised on the Connaught circuit, but who had not, as a barrister, risen to any great eminence. He was, however, in 1714, made Third Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1719 was, with Chief Baron Gilbert and John Paklington, the second baron, committed into custody by the Irish House of Lords for his conduct in the memorable case of *Sherlock v. Annesly*. The facts of the case, so far as they interest us, are shortly these :—

In 1719 Hester Sherlock brought in the Court of Exchequer an action of ejectment on the title against John Annesly for certain lands situate in the county of Kildare. A verdict was had, and judgment was entered for the defendant. The plaintiff appealed to the Irish House of Lords, which reversed the decision of the court below, and judgment was then entered for the plaintiff. The defendant's counsel ad-

* Record Tower, Dublin Castle, Presentments, &c. Carton 62. No. 558.

vised an appeal to the House of Lords in England. The defendant did appeal, and the Court of Appeal reversed the decision of the Irish House of Lords, and established the judgment of the Court of Exchequer. The Irish House of Lords, disregarding the judgment in England, at once issued a writ of *habere* to the High Sheriff of the county of Kildare to put the plaintiff, Mrs. Sherlock, in possession of the lands, and the sheriff obeyed the writ. The defendant, by his counsel, now applied to the Court of Exchequer, and they, supporting their own judgment, caused a counter writ to issue, commanding the sheriff to make restitution of the premises to the defendant, and, further, they imposed an enormous fine upon him for presuming to obey a writ of the Irish House of Lords, while a court of higher jurisdiction, the peers of England, had confirmed the adverse decision of the Court of Exchequer. Of the bewildered sheriff we know nothing further than that he absconded, and was heard of no more in the transaction; while the barons of the Court of Exchequer were taken into custody by the Usher of the Black Rod.* This case caused the greatest excitement in both countries at the time, but the excitement was soon allayed by the passing of an Act of Parliament in England, entirely abolishing the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish House of Lords.

How long Baron St. Leger remained in custody we know not, but the next time we hear of him is when he went the Connaught circuit as judge of assize in the summer of 1730. A Catholic, named Lynch, was indicted on this occasion for carrying arms in the streets of Galway. He admitted

that he was a Catholic, and had carried arms, and he claimed the right to do so again. His counsel, Thomas Staunton, relied upon the Disarming Act, passed immediately after the revolution, and maintained that it only applied to persons who were alive at the time when that Act was passed. Undoubtedly Mr. Lynch had not then been born. The case was one of great importance, inasmuch as all the Catholics in the kingdom could, should the Crown be unsuccessful, carry swords in the streets, as it was customary for Protestants to do; and further, it would place arms in the hands of the Catholic peasantry. The learned baron, taking Mr. Staunton's view of the case, directed an acquittal. The Catholics of Dublin, when the verdict became known, appeared in the streets with their swords.

A.D. 1731.—Baron St. Leger again went the Connaught circuit in the spring of this year, when the duty devolved upon him of trying at Sligo the great case of the King *v.* Ormsby for the murder of a young girl named Catherine Couaghan. This case was one in which every feeling of the heart was awakened by the circumstances with which it was surrounded. William Ormsby was a young man, the son of a gentleman of position and fortune in the county of Sligo. He had hardly reached his twenty-first year when he was captivated by the beauty of this young girl, who moved as happily in the lower walks of life as he did in the higher. Their paths were different, and well would it have been for her if they had not met. He saw and loved her, and the old, old story—he would make her his own. She loved him more truly than he did the gulf that lay between them. He saw that that gulf could never

* Irish Lords' Journal, vol. ii., p. 660, *et seq.*

passed, without plunging him into ruin; she rejected his suit accordingly; but he persevered, and at last he, a Protestant, was privately married according to the rites of the Church of Rome. A child was born in 1726. He still loved her, but scorned to acknowledge the daughter of a Popish peasant as his wife. Leaving the county for a short time he soon found himself in a whirl of gaiety at Dublin Castle, sought after by many who would gladly bestow wealth and power upon him; but there were rumours afloat, and it was whispered amongst his own circle that he had a wife, and that while she lived no woman could imperil her position by marrying a man whose marriage would one day form the subject of judicial investigation. Ormsby soon resolved to break the marriage, but before he took any steps in that direction she was found brutally murdered in the Abbey of Sligo. It was said that, in the agonies of despair, she had flung herself from the summit of the tower, and ended her love and her life together. But the mangled corpse presented all the appearance of a dreadful struggle, and a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against William Ormsby. He absconded, and for three years evaded the vigilance of the law. At last he was arrested, and on the 27th of March, 1731, true bills were found against him by the grand jury of his county, and he was put upon his trial before Baron Sir John St. Leger. Sir Robert Jocelyn, the Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. Staunton. "The trial commenced at ten o'clock, and lasted until four in the afternoon, when the jury received their charge and went in, where they continued till nine o'clock the next morning,

and then brought in a verdict of not guilty." *

Thus ended this case, in which so many of the features of romance are found. There are other trials, too, recorded on the circuit in those years, which contain a dash of daring and also of romance. In the county of Leitrim, and on the borders of the county of Cavan, there lived a young man named Edmund Kernan, ardently attached to the faith of his fathers, but more ardently, it was profanely said, attached to a young girl of fortune, who lived close to the castle of Drumahaire, in the county of Leitrim, who was educated in the doctrines of the Reformed Church; and her father, who bore the not very euphonious name of Walter Tubman, scorned the idea of his only child giving her hand in marriage to one who knelt before the shrine of Baal. Reasoning with the old man was in vain. Between Christ and Belial, he used to say, there could be no union. The young man thought, for aught we know, otherwise, and on an afternoon—Friday the 12th November, 1731—mounted on a fiery charger, he rode across the country to Mr. Tubman's house. The young girl, Anna Tubman, asked him would he stop with them that day, "and partake of their dinner, which was of flesh meat?" Kernan's only reply was to throw his arms around her waist, carry her from her father's house and before her father's face, fling her across the saddle before him "as if she were a sack of corn," plunge his spurs into his horse's side, and in a moment was off with his prize, followed by a number of horsemen who were armed to the teeth with guns and swords, and who lay in ambush about the woods,† awaiting the young Lochinvar, who dashed by them at a gallop. A Popish priest

* *Pue's Occurrences.*

† *Information—Dublin Castle MSS. Pue's Occurrences.*

was easily found, and they were married on the same day, and for this offence the young man was indicted at the following assizes. The Crown expatiated on the enormity of the offence, but it was unable to obtain a verdict; the jury disagreed, the prisoner was again tried, and again with like results, and we may presume that after the third trial the prosecution fell to the ground.

The numbers convicted of the crime of murder in those years were much greater than in latter times. Not an assizes passed without some criminal being found guilty and executed. In the *Dublin Gazette* of the 24th of March, 1740, it is announced that a Mr. Ulrick Kelly was to have been executed at Galway on the 25th for the murder of a Mr. Anthony Kirwan, and that the two who murdered Mr. Trench's steward were to be hanged at the same time. This startling intelligence might lead us to suppose that life and property were then in Ireland less secure than in England, but it appears from the same paper that fourteen were found guilty, and nine were to be hanged at the Essex spring assizes in the same year.

We have now arrived at the year 1741, a year remarkable in the annals of the circuit for the trial of the Bodkins, in Tuam, for the wholesale murder of all that were within the gates of Oliver Bodkin of Carrabawn, on the night of the 19th of September, 1741. Assassination is the crime of the savage, it is the crime that "all the waters of great Neptune's ocean cannot wash clean" from the hands, and never, in any age or in any clime, was there a more barbarous murder than that which we are about to lay before our readers.

At the close of Trinity term, 1741,* two lawyers of great eminence were named to preside on the Connaught

circuit — Mr. Justice Rose, who, since 1734, had occupied a seat in the Court of the King's Bench, and Eaton Stannard, Esq., one of his Majesty's counsel, and afterwards Prime Serjeant and Recorder of Dublin. On the 8th of August the assizes commenced at the town of Roscommon, and ran their usual course until, on the 24th of that month, when the judges arrived at the town of Galway. Nothing had occurred on the circuit beyond the ordinary routine of business to attract attention, but when the judges reached Galway they found that a fever pervaded that town, which it had decimated. This fever followed the famine which raged all over Ireland, in that memorable year when (*ολιχουτε δι λαου*) the people perished from hunger in thousands by the waysides. Mr. Justice Rose opened the commission, and at once adjourned the assizes to the more healthy town of Tuam, there to be held on the 5th of the following month of October.

The Galway races were also postponed; and as their postponement had somewhat to do with the murder, we give the following advertisement, taken from *Pae's Occurrences* for the 5th of September, 1741:—

"Take notice, that the town of Galway having the fever, the gentlemen of the county think proper to remove the races that were to be run for at the Park course, near the said town of Galway, to the Turlough at Gurrawnes, near Tuam, on Monday, the 14th of September next."

To the races came a Mr. Marcus Lynch, a merchant residing in Galway, and he, unhappily for himself, was invited to spend the race-week at a place called Carrabawn, the country seat of Mr. Oliver Bodkin, a member of an old and respectable family in the county of Galway.

* *Pae's Occurrences*, June 23rd, 1741.

For few families in that county can trace back through so many centuries as the Bodkins. They spring from a common ancestor of the Earls of Desmond and Kildare; their name was Fitzgerald until the fourteenth century, when, having overcome their foe in battle with a weapon called in Irish a *Baudekin*, in English, a "dagger," they began to be distinguished by that name which they bear to this day, though they still preserve as their motto "*Crom-a-boo*," the war-cry of the Fitzgeralds. Long ago the main stem threw out its branches, some of which still retain their ancestral properties. But the branch of which we speak was blasted by the crimes of its members, and the properties they possessed have passed into families bearing other names. Close to Carrabawn was another mansion, Carrowbeg, the property of Counsellor John Bodkin, relative of the Oliver of whom we have spoken. The estate of each of these gentlemen produced a rental of £900 per annum, equivalent to about £2,000 at the present day. John Bodkin, of Carrowbeg, had, in 1739, a family consisting of his wife, Mary, whose maiden name was Skerrett, and three sons, Dominick, Patrick, and John, better known as John Fitz-Counsellor. His relative, Oliver Bodkin, of Carrabawn, had been twice married, and by his first wife had a son, John, called John Fitz-Oliver; while by his second wife, then living, whose name was Margery Lovelock, he had another son, still a mere child, who bore his own name. This boy, Oliver Fitz-Oliver, was born about 1733,* and soon after his birth was sent out, according to the old custom, to be nursed in the cottage of one of the neighbouring peasants. This man's name was John Hogan. His wife fed

the infant as she fed her own child, and the little fellow was beloved by his foster father, whom, after the custom of the country, he used to call "Daddy." In due course he was brought back to his father's house at Carrabawn, and was the idol of his parents; but their idolatry raised the spirit of hatred and jealousy in the breast of the elder son. He saw that his father loved the child of a second marriage as he had once been loved, and he heard it whispered abroad that he was about to be disinherited in favour of the younger child. The young man was reckless, he was given to horse-racing and idleness; leaving his father's house, he went to reside in the house of his kinsman at Carrowbeg, with the expectation of being appointed managing agent of that estate.

Disappointed in this hope he became desperate, and resolved at all hazards to make himself owner of Carrabawn. Unfortunately he had an uncle, a desperate character, whose name was Dominick, his father's brother, who entered readily into his horrid design. The ferocious aspect of this man betrayed the cruelty of his nature, and being pock-marked, and blind of one eye, acquired the sobriquet of "Blind Dominick." Between them they agreed to murder Oliver of Carrabawn, his wife and child.

John Hogan—he was called Shawn Roo-a, or Red John—of whom we have spoken, had lately been employed as a shepherd by Oliver Bodkin, and he also, strange to say—for he loved, or was supposed to love, his foster child—entered into the conspiracy. A certain Roger Kelly, and one Edmund Bourke, soon after joined in the plot, so that they were then five in all. They dined together on Friday the 18th of September, at Carrowbeg,

* MSS. Depositions, Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle.

where they discussed their plans, and finally came to the conclusion that steel was to be preferred to firearms. No member of the family of Counsellor Bodkin, however, appears to have been aware of the intended murder.

On the following night—Saturday the 19th—the assassins, with the exception of Roger Kelly, met near midnight, close to the yard of Carrabawn. Blind Dominick led a large mastiff to worry the house dog should it attempt to fly at them. But the dog knew, and fawned upon them, and while it was thus fawning, a knife was drawn across its throat. Entering the out-office, John Fitz-Oliver asked the farm-servants, two men and two boys, whether Counsellor Bodkin of Carrowbeg was stopping at his father's house that night. The servants, half awakened, answered that he was not, and having sunk to sleep again, were noiselessly despatched, their throats being cut from ear to ear. The murderers then silently entered the house, and quietly stabbed the man-servant and his wife who slept in the hall. Marcus Lynch had his throat cut by John Fitz-Oliver, and was found the next day lying in a pool of blood, ripped like a sheep in a slaughter-house. Mrs. Bodkin also was ripped open. Mr. Bodkin's throat was cut. Hogan alone for a moment relented when his foster-child cries to him, "Ah—daddy—daddy—sure you won't kill your own little child." So, sneaking the child with blood, he placed him on his father's bosom, and warned him at his peril not to stir. But Blind Dominick entered at the moment, and swore that he would despatch Hogan if the child were not slain; whereupon the latter, immediately cutting off the boy's head, left the

headless trunk on his father's bosom. The assassins then quitted Carrabawn, leaving no living witness to convict them of their crime. The following day, when the dreadful story spread, the ghastly spectacle was visited by hundreds of the peasantry, who rose as one man to discover and to cast out from amongst them the monsters, whoever they might be, who had imbrued their hands in this wholesale massacre. Lord Athenry, a neighbouring magistrate, remembered that he had received a letter a few days previously from Oliver Bodkin, complaining that his son John Fitz-Oliver had threatened to murder him. Spots of blood were found on the coat of this young man at the moment when he was feigning agonizing grief as he looked on the mangled corpse of his father; he was instantly arrested by his lordship, and sent under a military escort to Galway gaol. There he confessed the crime, and gave the names of his accomplices, who had by this time fled from the abodes of men to the neighbouring caves of Strouin, where they were at length captured by the country people, who brought them before Lord Athenry. They were committed for trial at the approaching assizes, and with them was also committed, on suspicion, John Bodkin Fitz-John, generally called, as we have seen, Fitz-Counsellor.*

On Monday, the 5th of October, Mr. Justice Rose, accompanied by Eaton Stanner, arrived in Tuam to hold the assizes, pursuant to the adjournment from Galway on the 24th of August, and on the next morning a strong military force, by directions of Thomas Shaw, Esq., the High Sheriff, was sent from Galway with the prisoners. The Solicitor-General, Mr. St. George

* *Poe's Occurrences and Dublin Gazette* for 13th of Oct., 1741.—Library, Trinity College, Dublin.

Caufield, one of the Caufields of Donamon, in the county of Roscommon, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, attended in Tuam to conduct the prosecutions for the Crown. He had gone the Connaught circuit, and the public had great confidence in his high integrity.

On Wednesday, the 7th of October, the grand jury was called to the box, and thirty bills were found against John Fitz Oliver Bodkin, Blind Dominick Bodkin, and John Hogan, but they threw out the bills against John Fitz-Counsellor. The indictments were then read, and, in reply to the Clerk of the Crown, they pleaded guilty, all three. Hogan then said that he had killed three, that when he came to where his foster-child lay, he could not kill him, but smeared him over with blood and laid him on his father's breast, telling him at the same time not to stir, or that others would surely take his life. The jury, of course, brought in a verdict of Guilty, and Mr. Justice Rose pronounced the sentence of the law. It was then too late at night to erect a gallows. The writer in *Pue's Occurrences* states that all those malefactors were very penitent both in gaol, in the dock, and on the gallows, and confessed that their punishment was too mild for their offences. The shepherd was hung early on the next morning, and, before life was yet extinct, the cruel punishment of the law, too cruel and too disgusting to be repeated in these pages, though well deserved by the criminals, was fully inflicted. His head was then cut off and spiked on the weather vane of the old Court-house, or, according to the account given in the

Dublin Gazette, of the Market-house. John Fitz-Oliver and Blind Dominick were next led forth, and were carted to Clare Tuam, where, close to the spot where they had deprived so many of their own relations of life, their gibbets were erected. Blind Dominick confessed on the scaffold that he had murdered six, and was immediately launched into eternity. John Fitz-Oliver's turn next came, and, with the rope round his neck, he told the following story:—

“Two years before the murder of my father another murder was committed by my cousin John Fitz-Counsellor, of Carrowbeg, and it was that undiscovered murder that led me to commit this murder, for which I am now about to die. He murdered his eldest brother, Dominick Fitz-Counsellor. His second elder brother was Patrick, who was married, and had one son. Now these three brothers slept at Carrabawn on the night of the 3rd of May, 1739, and with them was Blind Dominick. Dominick Fitz-Counsellor slept in an inner room, and his two brothers, as well as Blind Dominick and myself, slept on two beds, or pallets, in an outer room. We all retired at an early hour, and I, not being in the secret, slept until morning. While I was asleep my bedfellow Patrick, Blind Dominick, and John Fitz-Counsellor, rose from their beds, went into the inner room, and put a pillow across their eldest brother's mouth, John Fitz-Counsellor sitting on his mouth and breast to prevent his breathing. He was soon suffocated, and it passed for a sudden death,* and no more was heard of the affair. Patrick Bodkin did not long survive his brother. He died in the same year, leaving one son, Patrick; and that

* The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, 1741, page 551, states, that Counsellor Bodkin, the father of those young men, was cognizant of this murder. And the peasantry of the neighbourhood, even now, state that his wife was the instigator of this dreadful murder.

son, and his uncle, John Fitz-Counsellor, I was lately about to murder." For what reason he did not state. This was the dying declaration of John Fitz-Oliver; and he further stated that he had laid poison for his step-mother and brother, but it had not the desired effect. Having concluded this dreadful narrative he was launched into eternity.

John Bodkin, the Counsellor, was present at the disclosure, and immediately succeeded in effecting his escape, but he was taken on the 22nd, in a bog near Tuam, in the disguise of a shepherd, "having changed his laced hat and fine engrained clothes for the peasant's dress." He was immediately handcuffed and taken into Tuam. True bills were found by the grand jury, and he was about being put on his trial when the Solicitor-General applied to the Judge for a postponement until next assizes, an application which was accordingly granted.

Forty other criminals had yet to be tried, and amongst them was one for putting out the eyes of a Mr. Lynch, of Loughrea. This barbarous criminal was executed in a few hours after the sentence; the judges having concluded their ghastly work, then left for Dublin.

In the following month of March the circuit commenced at Ennis, as it was customary in those times that the last town at one assizes should be the first at the next. Mr. Justice Ward and Mr. Justice Rose were the judges, and on the 23rd of March the trial of John Fitz-Counsellor Bodkin took place in the County Court-house, Galway, before

Mr. Justice Rose. The Solicitor-General prosecuted for the Crown, and Mr. Staunton defended, but neither the names of the jurors who tried the prisoner, nor of the witnesses against him, are given in any of the contemporary journals. He was found guilty and instantly brought to the scaffold, but he neither confessed nor denied the murder of his brother. The priest who attended him having conjured him to tell the world whether he was guilty or not, the wretched man, raising the cap that was drawn over his eyes, begged that he might be allowed to die in peace, said that he forgave the world, but would make no further confession. He was then hanged and disemboweled, and his head was ignominiously severed from his body.*

Thus ended those trials, and the memory of them, after one hundred and thirty-four years, is still fresh in the minds of the neighbouring peasantry. Every circumstance connected with those deeds of blood is handed down from father to son. It is told at their firesides on the winter's evenings, and it is firmly believed amongst them, that the moanings of the murdered men annually in September are heard on the wind that passes over the accursed spot of Carrabawn; and they say, too, that the unpitied cries of the murderers, amid the rattle of their fiery chains, have been heard by those who have incautiously ventured too close to the deep caverns which stretch, we are told, far under the Hill of Knockma.

(To be continued.)

* *Pue's Occurrences and Dublin Gazette*, March 27th, 1741-42.

BELINDA MASON'S ROMANCE.

HOW IT BEGAN, HOW IT WENT ON, AND HOW IT ENDED.

BY RETLAW SPRING.

PART I.

HOW IT BEGAN.

BELINDA MASON lived in the suburbs of a great city. Surrounded by the coils of this vast stone-serpent, which was continually expanding into new villas and roads, her life was yet as quiet as though, instead of houses, the trees of a dense forest were around her, and as though the voices of her fellow-creatures were the songs of birds, falling unheeded on her ears. Belinda's mother was a staid little woman, with a face which reminded one of a piece of washed-out blue muslin, or of a white cat in extremely low spirits. Mrs. Mason belonged to the Methodist persuasion, and filled the double office of post-mistress to the district, and cap and bonnet-maker to any ladies who stood in need of such articles. Mrs. Mason was not a fashionable milliner—far from it—the very word “fashion” stank in her nostrils, and would have awakened a deep groan from her stricken spirit. Was not fashion the great Juggernaut of the age, before whose car thousands of her frivolous sex were prostrating themselves, and being dashed to atoms under those relentless wheels? No! Mrs. Mason manufactured grave, sombre structures for elderly ladies; she loved the feel of a thick, solid ribbon of some sad colour, ribbon which would wear and dye and wear again; and her customers were *principally* widows, or the spinster

sisters of Methodist dignitaries, who patronized Mrs. Mason, partly because she belonged to the Zion Chapel congregation, and partly because she was a first-rate worker, who stitched faultlessly with her own thin worn fingers, and despised the flimsy velocity of machines.

Of late Mrs. Mason had had a great many searchings of heart with regard to her daughter Belinda. The feared, with much sighing, that something of the old Adam was cropping out in the little seventeen-year-old maiden. Why had the child's father, now dead and gone, given her that outlandish name of Belinda? Unconsciously, Mrs. Mason was following Mr. Shandy's theory of Christian names; and though she knew nothing of Pope, or of the Rape of the Lock, and its associations with her daughter's classic appellation, still she felt that there was a worldliness in the sound, and that if the little maid had been called Sarah, or Hannah, or Rebecca, something Scriptural in fact, she would not have had so many apprehensions about her.

Belinda had been brought up after the strictest code of old-world Methodism, no piano playing, no lace-work, no frippery—a prayer meeting every Wednesday, and a Bible class every Friday—and yet Mrs. Mason had observed that last Sunday morning, when the Rev. Mr. Pinfold was engaged in the exercise of prayer, Belinda had not only yawned, but actually slept; her head had fallen on her shoulder,

while something between a sigh and a snore had escaped from her rosy lips. This was bad, but this was not all, Belinda had become desperately fond of looking out of the window. This window was an upper one, and belonged to Mrs. Mason's sitting-room, which was over the post-office and shop. Here Belinda had two pots of rather scraggy geraniums, and a box of dusty mignonette, and here she would take her seat on a straw stool, with her bit of muslin or ribbon in her hand, and glance up and down the narrow suburban street, and glance more especially over the way, where Mrs. Shepherd had two small houses, which she let out to desirable lodgers. After such glances, Belinda's hands would fall listlessly on her lap, and her wistful blue eyes would seem to retire into their dark depths, as if to ponder over some secret, known only to herself.

The comings and doings of Mrs. Shepherd's lodgers always created some excitement in Meryon (the suburb to which Mrs. Mason's shop belonged), and one evening just before our story begins, as Belinda had drawn near the window to thread her needle by the fast-fading twilight, she had seen a cab driving furiously up to the green door, which bore the name of "Mrs. Shepherd" printed on a brass-plate, just under the knocker. Down fell the needle from Belinda's hands; she watched a portmanteau, an oddly-shaped case, and a hat-box, as they were lifted down, and placed on the steps. And now, as she looked stealthily across, she saw some one standing at the door, some one with his face turned towards the street, his hands thrust in his pockets, and who was lazily whistling a tune as he surveyed his surroundings. To tell the plain truth, he was no great things to look at; but those eager eyes of seventeen see sometimes so much more than there is to see,

they are anointed with a magic salve which glorifies everything they gaze upon; so Belinda saw, not a tall pasty-faced young fellow, with tolerable features, sunken dark eyes, long, greasy black hair and a moustache and clothes that smelt detestably of tobacco smoke, but a prince charming, a wondrous hero, the like of which neither Meryon nor she had ever beheld.

Before the stranger went in, he glanced up at Belinda's window—and did he, or did he not smile recognizingly, and nod his head, as much as to say, "There you are, are you?" Surely he did; and was there not also a faintly whispered "Good night?" Belinda thought there was, and a sudden flood of surprise and delight, that was almost terror, swept over her. Overhead, in the clear grey arch of the sky, little sparkles of stars twinkled out and then went in; but she saw them not, she saw and heard nothing but this stranger, new "lighted from some heaven-kissing hill."

That night Belinda slept not; the night following, except for a few disturbed dozes, in which snatches of sleep alternated with snatches of sharply keen wakefulness, her eyes still kept their vigils, and her slender white arms tossed among her tangled brown hair, and flung themselves, now here, now there, never at rest for a single moment. Mrs. Shepherd's new lodger occupied all her thoughts. What was he doing? where had he come from? had he really noticed her? and if so, what did he think of poor little Belinda? did he actually vouchsafe to throw her a crumb of approbation? Ah! then, indeed, happy, thrice happy she.

The morning after his arrival, she had watched him hurry down the street, and straining her eyes, she had seen him mounting the knife-board of an omnibus, and being whirled into that vast city of

which she heard so much and knew so little. As if touched by an enchanter's wand, whole acres of castles in the air rose before her.

I wish I could say that Belinda did not take in an illustrated young ladies' paper in penny numbers; I am forced to admit she did, and though her own fancies were teeming enough in all conscience, still if a whip or spur were needed to goad them on, the tales in these marvellous pages amply supplied it. Belinda settled in her own mind that Mrs. Shepherd's lodger was a young doctor, practising at the hospitals; the interesting pallor of his face, the intensity of his eyes, added force to this idea. To the ordinary observer a doctor is rather an unromantic individual than otherwise, but not so to Belinda; to her the medical profession seemed clothed with a thousand charms, and instinct with mystery, awe, and grandeur. Was not Dr. Pillule, the apothecary in the next street, one of the class-leaders at the chapel? was he not an acquaintance of which her mother was justly proud? and did not Belinda herself feel an agony of bashfulness and gratification after a shake from his long, thin, grasping fingers? Belinda, too, had spent many an hour of horrified joy over the "Reminiscences of a Retired Physician," and, doubtless, Mrs. Shepherd's lodger was daily and hourly meeting adventures similar to those depicted in that most thrilling of all thrilling volumes.

Belinda now lived a double life, though she might be nimbly stitching away at caps and bonnets; though she might be selling stamps and post-cards, and envelopes; though the shop bell and the word "shop!" might be sounding in her ears, still in imagination she was driving into town, engaged in consultations, superintending operations, bustling here, and bustling

there. She was, in fact, no longer herself, the shadow of the new comer was not with him more perpetually than she was.

To look at her—a slight, fragile creature, something like a wood-sorrel blossom, with its delicate pink veins—to see her gliding about, silent almost to taciturnity, who could guess all that was seething and boiling, and bubbling up underneath, after the manner of a hot-water spring?

Belinda felt it necessary to give the object of her thoughts a name—a local habitation he had, but name, as yet, he had none. In order to find this out two courses were open to her, either to inquire from Mrs. Shepherd or her maid Susan, or to utilize the post-office. She resolved upon the latter course; always shy, she was shyer than ever about the new comer; she carefully locked and doubly locked all thoughts of him back in the farthest iron box of her heart. Early one morning when the mails came in, she espied a long, thin blue envelope, lying in a corner; her very finger-tips seemed to know who it was for; and the rapturous blood rushed hither and thither, as if it must bring out its rosy tumult to the light. She turned the envelope up, and read "Augustus Vansittart, Esq., care of Mrs. Shepherd, Bridge Street, Meryon." The direction was written in pale ink with a fine steel pen. "Augustus Vansittart!" why, this was better and better. I don't deny that Belinda would have received a shock if she had read John Jones or Thomas Smith; it was a shock that she might have recovered, but she would have experienced it, nevertheless. Augustus Vansittart, however, left nothing to be desired: it was at once euphonious, uncommon, and generally satisfactory in every way.

Mrs. Shepherd's lodger had acquired an additional charm, and he reigned more victoriously than ever

in poor Belinda's heart; in fact, no rivalry was possible.

Late one Sunday evening, just as May was "gliding into June," Belinda returned from chapel with her mother. She stood alone at the street door, reluctant to go into the close house, reluctant to leave the hazy blue of the sky that was so very blue, and all "the mighty ravishments of spring," the little buds and grasses that were brooding, and growing, and bursting into the silent rapture of their life, even in the dusty suburb of Meryon.

It was Mrs. Mason's sombre taste which had dictated the grey hue of Belinda's dress, and the plain white of the Sunday bonnet, which, with its wide strings, was tied in a bulky bow-knot under the child's dimpled chin; but Belinda herself had fastened a large pink cabbage rose in the front of her dress, and this rose seemed to make her a part of itself, and to shed a glowing atmosphere of colour and fragrance about her.

As Belinda stood at the door, she watched the passers-by with some curiosity. There was Dr. Pillule, with his head proudly erect, and his grey beard spreading, magnificent and pompous, over his broad chest. He was, no doubt, pondering over Mr. Pinfold's sermon, and marking out in his own mind the points which that reverend divine ought to have made, and hadn't.

Then, there was Miss Danby, the telegraph-girl, who worked at the post-office all the week, and was now gorgeous in pink and lilac, and rejoicing in the double luxury of a Sunday walk and a favoured follower. As Belinda looked after her, a whiff of tobacco-smoke came on the air: it was!—no, it wasn't—yes! it was, Mrs. Shepherd's lodger, who was strolling up the street with his hands in his pocket, and his cigar in his mouth. Catching sight of

Belinda, he now crossed the street, and stopped before her. "We have a fine evening," said he, lifting his hat, and throwing away his cigar.

"Ye-es," whispered silly, timid Belinda, half beside herself with fright and joy.

"You have been to church?" glancing at her hymn-book.

"Not to church, to chapel."

"Ah! to chapel. I have never been to chapel in my life."

"Never!" and Belinda raised her grave, questioning eyes—"Never?"

"No; but perhaps I may go some day."

"Mr. Pinfold is an excellent preacher," remarked Belinda, demurely.

"I shouldn't go to hear Mr. Pinfold."

"Shouldn't you? Then Mr. Dewhurst."

"No; nor Mr. Dewhurst: I should only go" . . . here comes a pause, and a bending downwards into Belinda's half averted faltering face. "I should only go, if you would take the trouble to bring me."

"Belinda!" Belinda!" called Mrs. Mason's voice from the top story. "What are you about, child? why don't you come in directly, and shut the front door; you don't know what tramps may be about so late on a Sunday night!"

"I suppose I must go," said Belinda, shyly putting out her slender hand in its Sunday grey silk glove: "Good night."

"Good night, Miss Belinda." And then . . . then there was no more. But as Belinda tripped up the stairs, she discovered that she had lost her pink cabbage rose, and looking down from the bedroom window, she saw—she actually saw Mr. Vansittart picking up some of the loose crumpled leaves. Then a great joy, as pink and fresh as the rose had been, cropped out and burst over little Belinda's spirit,

which till now had been grave and dull enough. Did not King Cophetua once love a beggar-maid, and why might not this wonderful new comer condescend even to her?

"Belinda," said Mrs. Mason, as she tied her night-cap strings—(a formidable object that night-cap was, with its stern, prickly border)—"do you remember the heads of Mr. Pinfold's discourse this evening?"

"I think I do, mother."

"I hope so. I hope you remember what he said about broken cisterns—it was under the last head—and how necessary is it that we should lay it to heart. We are all too fond of hewing out for ourselves broken cisterns that can hold no water. This is a wilderness world, Belinda, as Mr. Pinfold often said, and truly I have found it so; it is an hospital world, too, full of sick and impotent people, who don't know how sick they are. Small comfort shall we find here."

And Mrs. Mason sighed.

"Yes, yes, mother, I know, I know; but let me alone, I want to go to sleep."

Mrs. Mason shook her head, as she extinguished the candle. This impatience, this evident restlessness on Belinda's part was another sign of the old Adam, and Mrs. Mason groaned deeply to see it. It was absurd for Belinda to talk of sleep; whenever she closed her eyes, she only saw Mr. Vansittart picking up her scattered rose leaves; and those low, languid accents of his, so different from the harsh twang of the butchers and bakers about Bridge Street—how they sounded in her ears. Poor Belinda! if any one does not live in a glass house of his own, and wishes to throw stones at her, let him do it, and welcome. I confess I cannot. . . . I myself. . . . But no matter.

PART II.

HOW IT WENT ON.

BELINDA'S utter ignorance as to everything about Mr. Vansittart certainly did open out to her a vast field for conjecture; she had hardly settled him in the medical profession when she began to doubt and question whether or not she was right. Strange-looking square bales, like pictures, were sometimes brought to Mrs. Shepherd's lodgings, and appeared and disappeared by the hands of sundry errand-boys. What were these bales? I can hardly tell by what process it came about, but the doctor theory vanished from Belinda's mind like a whiff of smoke. Presto! and bottles, phials, dissecting-rooms, operating knives, all were gone; and Belinda's new notion was that Mr. Vansittart must be a scene-painter at a theatre. She once had a friend, who had a friend who had a brother, who was acquainted with a person who filled such a post. This was how the seedling (as it might be called) of this idea first caught hold of Belinda's mind, and finally sprang up in full luxuriance. Far from taking away from Mr. Vansittart's charms, this new conjecture rather added to them than otherwise. About a theatre, or anybody connected with it, there was something fearfully fascinating, and at the same time diametrically opposed to all Belinda's associations. It was like being brought in contact with an inhabitant of the planet Jupiter. She had constantly heard Mr. Pinfold, and other lights of Methodism, exclaiming against theatres and the awful position of theatre-goers, and she had listened with trembling and sympathetic fright at the warnings that were thundered forth. It seemed that the pit of the theatre was the antechamber to the pit of hell, if, indeed, it was not a miniature of hell

itself. Such warnings were rather wasted on Zion Chapel congregations, whose utmost dissipation consisted of a mild concert; but Belinda had often privately wondered who and what the people were that did attend these vast lighted halls of iniquity? and greater and more thrilling question, Who and what were the people who were engaged in the actual business of the stage? Had they indeed a taste of brimstone about them, a touch of Mephistophiles, a hidden tail peeping out slyly now and then? The question was at once mysterious and alluring.

In a day or two the notion that Mr. Vansittart was a scene-painter reigned triumphantly in Belinda's mind; but after a time it, in its turn, began to totter, and finally to fall. She resembled a child looking over a gate which it cannot climb, and turning its head now on this side, now on that, to catch a glimpse of what is beyond, and what it cannot see. At last, like Orlando, Belinda could live by thinking no longer, she must have something real to go upon. All of a sudden a clue comes. Late one June evening, when the windows were all wide open, the sound of some unfamiliar instrument came winging along from Mrs. Shepherd's upper rooms, and seeming to sob and wail to itself, as it rose and fell. Belinda listened, an answering thrill darted through her, her spirit lifted up its arms, and sighed eager throbs of rapture. Bassoons and banjos were all alike to her, but whatever this unknown instrument was, she knew that Mr. Vansittart was the player; and did he not seem to be speaking in a lovely language of his own, and speaking to her? Why, the chapel organ was nothing to it! It was plain now that Mr. Vansittart was a musician; it was no 'prentice hand that could bring out such ups and downs, such trills

and turns, such little cascades of melody; these mysterious bales were bales of music, and those daily visits to town were to rehearsals or wonderful musical tournaments. To be a doctor—to be a scene-painter—what were they to this? Straightway Mr. Vansittart was exalted to a still higher sphere, and a newer halo was spread around him.

Belinda's conjectures had now a backbone to them; she did not yet know whether Mr. Vansittart performed at oratorios, concerts, music halls, or theatres. On the whole, she inclined to the latter; for it was odd how the idea of theatres—so foreign to all her associations—would appear again and again in some form or other before her shy, Quakerish mind. Before the evening was over she had hidden herself behind her geraniums. She felt as though her secret was getting so strong, and taking such possession of her, that it must be writing itself all over her tell-tale body, so that every passer-by would be able to read it.

With even more interest than before, she now watched Mr. Vansittart as he went to town, it was usually either at half-past nine or ten; and so she sheltered herself behind the window curtains, and peeped coyly out for her daily banquet. Sometimes her hero would look up, smile, and take off his hat; that was good. Sometimes he would stop, and say, "Good morning, Miss Belinda, your geraniums are coming on famously,"—that was still better; and sometimes he would hurry down the street, without looking to the right hand or the left; that was bad indeed. After such mornings as these, Belinda would grow very still, take a needleful of black thread, and set to work on one of old Miss Pinfold's half-mourning caps.

It was on a gusty afternoon in

June that Mrs. Mason took her umbrella, faded to a dusty brown, and set off to a class meeting, leaving Belinda by herself to mind the shop. It was an uninteresting part of the day to Belinda, Mr. Vansittart was out, and there was no probability of his being back for some time yet. Beyond selling a stamp or two, she had an idle half-hour as she sat behind the little counter. There was a telegraph message coming through the wires, however, and Miss Danby, with her brow well knit, was at the farther corner of the shop, jotting down the letters as they jerked themselves on her ear. Belinda lazily listened to the steady click, click; not wire messages alone, so it seemed to her, were in the air, but every little breeze was vocal, and the whole world one great song which spoke to every one, like Mr. Vansittart's violin, according as they had ears to hear it. What with the hot sun, and what with the east wind, and what with the telegraphic message, and what with one thing and the other, Belinda got drowsier and drowsier, and at last her arms dropped on the counter, her head fell heavily upon them, and she sank off into a doze—just a shadow of sleep—a dream of a dream, when the faintest consciousness of life and feeling ripples over the surface of sleep, like sunlight over a tree-surrounded lake. All of a sudden the shop bell tinkled sharply, the door opened, and who should walk in, with a brisk step, but Mr. Vansittart! To say that Belinda started “like a guilty thing surprised,” would give but a faint idea of the horrified eagerness with which she rose to her feet; to say that she blushed, would be to say nothing; red flames darted over her, here, there, everywhere; there was not an unblushed spot to be seen.

“I disturbed you, Miss Belinda,”

said Mr. Vansittart, smiling friendly; “I am sorry for it.”

“No, sir, not at all . . . that is . . . I was . . .” Belinda stopped, her words had got into hopeless confusion, and would not be disentangled.

“Oh! no matter, no matter,” interrupted Mr. Vansittart, “I often take a nap myself in hot weather, and frightfully cross I am, too, when I am disturbed. I came over, Miss Belinda, to ask your assistance, and I hope you will be good enough to give it to me. There is a terrible wind out to-day, as you may perceive, and it has blown off my luckless hat no less than three times; just now it was nearly in the river, and I was thinking I should have to come home bare-headed, to the derision of all the small boys in the neighbourhood.—You sell elastic, I believe.”

“Yes, sir.”

“By the way, Belinda, why do you call me ‘sir?’ it sounds so cold, so chilling that sir; my name happens to be Augustus—Augustus Vansittart.”

“Yes, sir.”

“There you are again with your ‘sir;’ I don’t like the sound of it at all. But about this elastic; give me a yard of it, please, and oblige me by sewing it on. I have no neat little fingers over the way to do anything for me.”

So Belinda measured off the elastic, got out her needle and thimble, and sat down as demurely as you please, to commence her operations on Mr. Vansittart’s hat. For my part, I think a pin would have done that young man fully as well; but he did not seem to be of this opinion; lolling over the counter, with his hair tossed over his brow, and the perfume of his cigar smoke diffusing itself round Mrs. Mason’s neat shop, he superintended Belinda’s handiwork. I say Belinda sat down demurely; but, my patience,

what an army of beats and throbs and thrills were underneath that quiet, grey-clad figure, and behind those down-bent eyelids, with their long brown fringe.

"You sew uncommonly well, Miss Belinda," observed Mr. Vansittart; "I watch your fingers sometimes flying along like lightning, and I see the gleam of your thimble flashing up and down like a little fire-fly."

"Mother says I don't sew neatly at all," answered Belinda, taking courage; and her shy eyelids quivered upwards just the twentieth part of an inch.

"Then she says wrong; I know better. By the way, Belinda, when are you going to take me to Mr. Pinfold's?"

"We go twice every Sunday," replied Belinda evasively, "and to the prayer meeting, on Wednesday, besides."

"You do, do you? you must be terribly good, Belinda."

"Good! oh, no, I am not, I am *very*, very bad," and Belinda, off her guard, looked up an eager denial at his inquiries: he smiled in return, and a smile improved him amazingly, it had the effect of an illumination; not only were his teeth white and even, but a sudden flash seemed to come over his otherwise dark face, and to light it up with a peculiar lustre.

"Ah! you just say that," he answered. "By the way, Belinda, why on earth do you stick so many pins in the front of your dress?" said he, after a pause, "you will certainly be impaled on one of them some day, if you don't look out."

"I must have them by me, to settle my work; I am always wanting pins."

"But you needn't make a pin-cushion of yourself in this way. I really can't allow it, it is quite dangerous to have such a prickly breast-plate. Now, let me take out these pins; don't be afraid, I am

positively doing you a service. One, two, three, four, five, six!—six pins, I declare," laying them on the counter. "They are all out now; you will give me one, Belinda, won't you? this surly, big-headed fellow; and then when I look at it, I will remember my charming little Methodist."

"Oh! sir."

"There you are with your 'sir' again. I declare I will punish you if you say it any more."

"How will you punish me?" asked Belinda, astonished at her own boldness.

"How will I punish you? I will make such an astonishing row on that violin of mine, that you will have to cut and run down the street—a cat's concert will be nothing to it."

"Ah! you could not do that, you could never make anything but music;" and Belinda coloured to the tips of her ears, after she had spoken.

"Upon my word, Belinda, you said that very prettily. A very neat compliment you have paid me; I wish all my critics would think the same; I will give you a tune for that this evening, better than anything you have heard before. Surely you have not finished yet, have you?"

"I am just fastening off."

"Don't be in a hurry, there is no need for haste."

But Belinda, in the press of so many emotions which came crowding upon her, was trembling like an apple-blossom, and the unruly needle slipped from her grasp, and pricked her finger sharply.

"There!" cried Mr. Vansittart, "in your hurry to get rid of me, you have hurt yourself."

Such an accusation, so contrary to what was passing in Belinda's thoughts, made her lift her grave, soft blue eyes, and some tide of what was serging underneath would well up, and mirror itself in their clear depths.

"Let me look at this poor injured

member," said Mr. Vansittart, taking her unresisting hand, "why it is positively bleeding—poor little finger! this is quite too bad. Come, no one can say that a young lady has not shed her blood in my service. What can we do for you, Belinda? Do you know the cure that children have for a scratched finger? it is said to be a sovereign one, have you ever heard of it?"

"No, sir."

"It is this." As Mr. Vansittart spoke, he lifted Belinda's wounded finger, and touched it softly with his lips, half smiling to himself as he did so. Just then there was a sudden noise; the telegraph-boy was going out with his brown envelope, and Mr. Vansittart, taking up his hat, nodded to Belinda, and went off abruptly, shutting the shop door behind him.

I don't know whether a history of kisses has ever been written; if not, it affords a subject for much curious analysis. The ardent kiss, the burning kiss, the polite kiss, the chilling kiss, the indifferent kiss, the contemptuous kiss, are not all these the same in kind, and yet with such a prodigious difference in degree, and do they not supply ample food for a volume? A kiss may mean so much and yet so little, it lasts but a second, and yet how many hours are spent pondering over it, and extracting its honey or its sting! So with Belinda! After Mr. Vansittart left the shop she remained, her idle scissors and thimble by her side, lost in reverie. If—and if—and if—and why not? What sudden gushes of joy—what throbs of half-defined ecstasy came swelling over her almost submerged spirit! Her little body seemed all too small to hold the great things that were pouring into it; as for the scratched finger, she thought it would be well to wrap it in wadding the rest of the evening; after happened to it, was it not and precious to meet the

garish light of day and the harsh touch of common things? (Mind, I never said that Belinda was not a fool.)

When Mrs. Mason came in, Belinda at once perceived that the class meeting had been unusually improving; she perceived it by an extra pinch about Mrs. Mason's nose, and a drag about her left eyelid. What with meditation and millinery, Mrs. Mason was too much occupied all the evening to take much notice of her daughter, and Belinda, sitting in the window, greedily drank in those clear violin-notes which floated across the street, and, as she listened, she interpreted them by a dictionary of her own, nursing her hand tenderly all the time. But when they were shutting up for the night, some thing strangely rosy and rapturous in Belinda's face struck Mrs. Mason, and she turned about and said, "Belinda, have you read your evening portion?"

"Yes, mother."

"Have you studied your 'Night Watches?'"

"Yes, mother."

"Beware, Belinda, of turning back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Mr. Pinfold was impressing that upon the young people to-day. I am sorry you did not hear him. After all, what are we but worms? Why should we take pleasure in clods of clay? 'This world is but a fleeting show,' as the hymn truly says. When we think—poor weak creatures that we are!—that we have found something which satisfies us, it turns to dust and ashes in our mouths. Broken cisterns! everything here below is but broken cisterns. I have told you this before, Belinda, but you can't hear it too often."

"No, mother."

"I hope you lay it to heart. But youth is a deceitful and a deceiving time;" and Mrs. Mason sighed a heavy sigh. Belinda only clasped her new joy closer and closer to her

heart—how warm and soft it was!—and the house was soon as still as night and sleep could make it.

PART III.

HOW IT ENDED.

A DAY or two after Mr. Vansittart's visit to Mrs. Mason's shop, he went away. A cab drove to the door and whirled him off, portmanteau, violin-case, hat-box and all. Mrs. Shepherd was quite confident as to his speedy return; he had only gone, she said, to spend a fortnight's holiday, and would certainly be back again. But poor Belinda! how dreary and eventless the slow days now dragged on, nothing to look for, nothing to awaken hope, or kindle the ashes of expectation into a flame. The only thing to be done was to suck her little sugar-cane of joy; and sometimes it seemed as if she had drained all its sweetness dry, and sometimes it pricked her with a sharp fear that what was past might never be again. Her imagination was perpetually wearying itself in attempts to follow Mr. Vansittart, in trying to conjure up what he was doing and saying, what sort of people he was amongst, and as soon as a finished picture, clear and full, would rise before her, it would be thrown aside, only to be succeeded by another, which would in its turn be crumpled up and torn to atoms.

The fortnight passed, however, and Mr. Vansittart did return, but he seemed moody and pre-occupied; he never glanced up at Belinda's window, never looked for her with a smile, or asked how her geraniums were getting on. The poor little maiden's heart sank within her. Though her body was small and fragile, yet the vigour and vitality

of her spirit was amazing, and her fears, her perplexities, and her hopes made so strong a prison-house about her, that some escape out of it must be found. The post-office was her stand-by now, as it had been before; through it she might possibly glean something as to Mr. Vansittart and his movements; she had forgotten to look at the post-marks of his letters, and this, at any rate, she might do.

It happened, just then, that Mrs. Mason had received a large mourning order for a family that required no less than thirteen caps, to say nothing of bonnets, so when the evening mails were about to come in, Belinda drew nearer to her mother, and said, timidly,—

"Mother, mightn't I sort the letters for you this evening, as you are so busy?"

Mrs. Mason looked thoughtfully at her daughter, bit the top of her thread off, knotted it at the end, and at last with some hesitation, answered, "Yes, I suppose you may just for this once."

She had hardly spoken, before Belinda had flown eagerly down the stairs. The mails had just come in, and two or three large canvas bags were waiting on the counter. Belinda undid them hastily:—how much did they contain for others; but ah! did they contain anything which would give her even a twinkling of the light she wanted?—She had set aside several large piles of letters and newspapers, when suddenly she caught sight of one of those large, thin blue envelopes, such as she had seen before, and which seemed to have a peculiar complexion of their own. She turned it up,—good heavens! it was open, it must have become unfastened in the mail bag, which was unusually full. She turned it back again: yes! it was as she thought, it was addressed to Mr. Vansittart. She

put it aside by itself, in duty bound she must seal it up in red wax, with the great post-office seal. Meanwhile, the postmen were kicking their heels outside, and she must stamp the letters, and deliver them out in leather bags. What a time it took! it seemed as if she would never be done. Then, like a child who keeps a stolen sugar-plum for its private delectation, she turned to the blue envelope, and putting it under her apron, she carried it up to an unfurnished garret at the back of the house, dimly lighted by a sky-light. And now came the question whether the letter should be read or not. Discretion, duty, honour, all said not; but inclination, curiosity, passion, cried vehemently, "yes!" a thousand times "yes!"

Belinda had carefully shut the door, but still she glanced stealthily around, almost afraid to draw her breath. The room was quiet, except for the voices of the neighbours' children, who were playing in the garden behind the house, and who gave a merry shout now and then as they jumped over the flower-pots. At the first sound of these shouts Belinda had started, but after a while she became accustomed to them, and now they sounded as if they were very far away. The light was fast fading; just one long streak of pale amber stretched across the western horizon. The blue envelope crackled in Belinda's shaking hand. The flap gaped temptingly open: it must be now or never. She drew the closely-written sheet slowly out—should she, or should she not? She would! she would! she would! she *must*. So accordingly she did, and this is what met her eyes:—

"ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY,
"June 30th.

"Augustus! dearest Augustus!—
You are gone! you are quite gone! is it so? and yet sometimes I can scarcely believe it. I look around;

I almost think I can see you standing in the corner of the balcony. I hear the plaintive notes of your violin. I am about to say, 'Augustus, is not the day lovely? and are not the songs of the birds delicious? and do not the syringa trees look exquisite as they wave their snowy heads in the fresh morning breeze?' And then suddenly I stop. I recall how it is that you are no longer here. Absence! cruel absence! it is almost like death; it is nearly as cold and still, except that our letters, which resemble veins running from one to the other, give us now and then a warm thrill of life.

"It is only yesterday that you went; only yesterday when I saw that great black steamer moving slowly out into the spreading world-sea. Again I see the handkerchiefs waving. Again I hear the shouts. Now the dark mass becomes smaller, the bubbling of the waves as they splash against the sides can be no longer heard; still I can just discern your figure on the deck. How well it is that you are tall, and that you have a red flag of a handkerchief to wave as a signal. Now this, too, fades out of sight, and we look at one another sadly and say the word 'gone.'

"It is not a pleasant word, that 'gone.' Ah, no! When we reached home our great tortoiseshell cat, Minsk, came out to meet us, rubbing her smooth furry back and long tail against the skirts of my dress, and purring like a mill-wheel. I lifted her up in my arms, and I think she could tell you that her soft coat was wet with a tear or two. Minsk has known many of my troubles, and she knows this.

"But God is good; is it not so? and there are letters and perhaps a meeting soon. Do you not say that in a month or so I may go to the Gibsons, at Meryon, and that we may then begin to think of housekeeping, and that that little violin of yours

will turn out to be the true wand of a magician, turning all to gold?

"Imagine *un petit appartement garni à troisième étage* all for ourselves. The idea is quite new and charming. Already I begin to make myself useful. This morning I spent an entire hour in the kitchen trying to make tartines; but ah! they were burnt, sadly burnt, these tartines. Too bad, is it not? but, as you say, 'better luck next time.' I believe, after all, that I have *un génie pour la cuisine*, more so, at all events, than I have for the needle. I detest that needle.

"My letters, I fear, will be often dull. Sometimes I shall have nothing to say but that the wind is cold, that the woods are green, that we are going to tea next door; but *n'importe*, I recall how you once said that you even liked to hear when I had a pair of new gloves, so I take courage and write on bravely. You know our little *ménage* here, *le bon père* engrossed in his calculations, spending nearly his whole day in the new observatory which he has built for himself, and Rachel—Rachel, always impetuous, always eager, flying in and out like the wind, her long black hair flowing behind her, and talking perpetually of fame and of authorship. As for me, my desires are more moderate. What is it that I desire for my future? Let me see. I desire, first of all, a roof over my head, not a large or lofty one; in great rooms I feel oppressed and lost. I desire green carpets, which remind me of the mossy woods where we first met. I desire Minsk, or, at any rate, a descendent of hers; and, yes! I suppose, also, that I desire you. Ah! Augustus, how is it that I love you so well? You have told me your heart with such freedom, that I am not ashamed to tell you mine. Now, I feel I must stop. What do you think of my letter? To say the truth, I am a little proud of it. I

flatter myself that it is *tout-à-fait Anglais*. Make me some compliments about it, and write soon to your own about it. "PAULETTE."

When Belinda came to the end, she laid down the letter, and looked vacantly around. She could see to read no more; the amber streaks had fled from the sky, and the world was dull and dim; but this change was as nothing to the change in Belinda's face since she had opened that blue envelope. Her cheeks were now as white, and her eyes as spiritless, as if they had never glowed or shone at the birth of a rosy joy. She replaced the letter in the envelope, and went down the stairs with a slow, heavy step. At the sitting-room door she met her mother; Mrs. Mason was about to speak, but Belinda stopped her by beginning herself.

"I found this letter open in the mail bag," said she.

"Have you sealed it up?" inquired Mrs. Mason sharply.

"No; I am looking for the sealing-wax."

"It is in the top drawer at the left-hand side of the counter. Take care and don't burn your fingers, Belinda."

"No, mother."

"Are you ill, child? you don't seem like yourself. Does anything ail you?"

"No, mother, nothing, nothing."

Mrs. Mason followed her daughter with a scrutinizing look, and Belinda walked down the stairs, opened the door into the shop, sealed up the letter, and wrote across it—"Found Open," in her largest and most business-like hand. She did not sit in the window any more, and her geraniums drooped, and her mignonette turned brown. When soon the clear notes of the violin came floating across the street, she would stop her work, and shivering, would put her hand

up to her ears, as if to shut those tones out for ever. They were not for her, they were for that cruel, happy Paulette, and she did not wish to hear them. She often caught herself wondering about this Paulette, wondering if she had come to Meryon, and whether there might be a chance of seeing her. She sometimes stopped in the street, and gazed earnestly at some strange face, and said to herself, "Perhaps that is her!" (Belinda, like the good folks of Rheims, was not over-particular about grammar), but she never felt that she was right, she always had to pass on with the consciousness that she had been mistaken.

The summer was drawing to a close; Mr. Vansittart had left Bridge Street, most of Mrs. Mason's customers were out of town, and her business consequently had become slack. In order to attract the passers-by, Belinda manufactured a peculiarly alluring cap, which she hung conspicuously in the window. For some time the bait was unsuccessful, but at last two ladies dropped in. Unlike the majority of Mrs. Mason's patronesses, they were not elderly cap-ladies, these were both young, and one of them had a clear brown skin, and a pair of black, arched eyebrows, that rose and fell, and almost spoke without the help of words.

"You make *des chapeaux*—bonnets, that is to say—do you not?" she asked, addressing Belinda. Belinda replied that she did.

"Do come away," whispered the other lady, pulling her more vivacious companion by the shoulder, "you will never get anything fashionable here; it is quite absurd to come to such a mean little place. Come, Pauline, come, I will take you somewhere else."

But Pauline, with a hundred animated gestures, answered, "No, no, I perceive that this little one has

taste—has *les doigts de fée*. Eh! bien, I desire *un chapeau des nocces*, quite plain and simple; I give my orders, she obeys me. I get something with a *cachet* of its own; that is well, that is all I want."

Then turning to Belinda, she began to describe her *chapeau des nocces*; it was to have "*des fleurs d'orange, des nœuds, des bouillons*," and a hundred things besides. At last she stopped. "You understand me, is it not so?" she asked; "and you will have everything ready on Wednesday."

Belinda was about to gasp, "No! no! no!" when Mrs. Mason appeared, and with a mild curtsy, answered, "Yes, miss, certainly."

After the shop-door had closed, Mrs. Mason turned to Belinda, and said, "Belinda, you had better get out your needle, and set to work without delay."

But Belinda's answer was only a stern set look on her pale face.

"Belinda," said Mrs. Mason, "do you know anything of that young lady that has just gone out? She has given me her name, Miss Pauline Durant. Do you know anything of her?"

"No, mother."

"Have you ever seen her before?"

"No, mother."

"Then why don't you do what she has told you to do?"

Belinda saw she would have to submit, and that evening Pauline's *chapeau des nocces* was completed—a master-piece of millinery. After it had gone home, Belinda took a feverish wish to see it on, so the next morning she stood at the top of the street, and watched the different vehicles as they passed by. Yes! there was Mr. Vansittart, smiling, as Belinda had once seen him smile at her; there, too, was the bonnet, and the bright face underneath it, with its rippling flow of change. Rich, happy Pauline! Another minute,

and they were gone. Belinda, too, turned away, and went home. Old Mrs. Pinfold's mourning cap was lying on the table, and Belinda set to work at its black ribbons, but all her thoughts were with these young people. To her it seemed that they were going forth into an enchanted valley, and she, she was shut out. But, Belinda, you do not hasten things, you are a little goose, you

do not know life, you cannot look into the future, and in the chaos of perambulators, of bills, of feeding bottles, of corn-flour, of jars, not alone those of crockery ware, which are before that rash pair, now driving on their reckless way. Let us give our friend a kindly chuck under the chin before we leave her. Adieu ! Belinda, Adieu !

SOME MORE ULSTER STORIES, AFTER THE MANNER OF DEAN RAMSAY.

A PRESBYTERIAN writer of the seventeenth century, having occasion to refer to Archbishop Ussher, says of that bright ornament of the Irish Church, that he was "a very godly and pious man, *although* a bishop." We fear the same could not be said with truth of the famous Bishop of Derry, who occupied that see towards the close of the last century, and who was also Earl of Bristol. Of the Bristol family, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once said that "in the beginning God made men, women, and Harveys;" and certainly the reputation of the race for singularity was not lessened by that eccentric member of the family who, by a singular freak of fortune, was made Bishop of Derry.

This noble dignitary of the Irish Church drew a splendid revenue out of his diocese. In his time the bishopric of Derry was stated, even in ecclesiastical returns, to be worth £7,200 a year. It was well known, however, that this was little more than a tithe of its actual value. In particular the Church lands connected with it were most extensive, and out of these lands the Bishop to whom we now refer, by running

his life against the leases, realized a very considerable estate. In return for all this wealth the Bishop did very little episcopal duty. On one occasion he absented himself altogether from his diocese for several years consecutively, spending his time in Italy, collecting works of art for two splendid palaces which he was building in county of Derry, and leaving his clergy during all that period to take care of themselves. Those were days of great religious laxity in all churches; but even then the scandal of this conduct on the part of the Bishop became so great that his Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Armagh, felt himself constrained to write to him on the subject, remonstrating with him on account of his long absence from his episcopal duty, and imploring him to return to his neglected charge. To this appeal the only reply vouchsafed by the Bishop of Derry was the following piece of doggerel, written on a large sheet of paper, and duly addressed to the Primate of all Ireland:

"Three blue beans in a bladder—
Rattle, bladder, rattle!!!"

Rather a singular style of language for one successor of the Apostles to use to another.

This Bishop of Derry, of whom we are now speaking, took a prominent and not a very peace-making part in the stirring events of 1782 in Ireland. He was one of the armed Irish patriots of those days, and, "although a Bishop," he was also colonel of the Londonderry Regiment of Volunteers. In this military capacity he rode, on one occasion, in full scarlet, from his seat at Downhill, in county of Derry, to the Dublin Convention, attended by a bevy of curates, who acted as his aides-de-camp, who also were in military uniform, and who were splendidly mounted on horses from their Bishop's stud, which was the finest in Ireland. The Bishop, indeed, was always very kind to his curates. At his palace of Downhill was a large suite of bedrooms called "the Curates' Corridor," and the occupants of these rooms were always honoured guests at the Bishop's table. In those days it was the custom to drink toasts after dinner, and one of these curates had a favourite toast which he was in the habit of giving, to the great amusement of the Bishop and the rest of the company. It was—"A rot among the Rectors." This toast, coming from the lips of a curate, was generally supposed to indicate on the part of the person who gave it an impatient and not quite a disinterested desire for a vacancy in the rectorial ranks. The idea pleased the Bishop, and, taking the hint, he made the curate a rector. The *quondam* curate, but now the full-blown rector, was dining one day, shortly after his promotion, at the Bishop's table. After dinner the toasts went round as usual; and the Bishop said to him, "Now, Mr. S., I think we will trouble you for your toast.

I believe there is one which you have always been in the habit of giving us on these occasions."

"Oh, my lord," said Mr. S. in reply, "since last I had the pleasure of dining with you here your lordship has given me leisure to change my sentiments with respect to that toast. I no longer give you, 'A rot amongst the Rectors;' I give you, '*Patience to the poor Curates.*'"

This custom of toast-drinking was apt, sometimes, to become wearisome. The Bishop of Derry introduced, in connection with it, a novelty which took away from it the monotony of the observance. He required each lady at table to give as a toast the name of some gentleman who was present, and to couple with it the name of some appropriate song or tune.

A certain lady, when thus called upon, gave on one occasion as her toast the name of a Presbyterian minister who was present, and along with it the song called "The Wild Irishman." The minister thus characterized showed some symptoms of annoyance.

The Bishop at once interfered, and, with nice tact, turned the apparent offence into an actual compliment. It so happened that the minister in question was really not an Irishman, although placed in Ireland, but a Scotchman. The right reverend host therefore politely said: "Oh, Mrs. M., you have made a slight mistake. Mr. B. is not an Irishman: he is a Scotchman. With your permission, therefore, I will make a little change in your toast, and, instead of drinking to 'Mr. B. and the Wild Irishman,' we will drink to 'Mr. B. and the Flowers of Edinburgh.'"

We have alluded to the Bishop's stud of horses, and also to his hos-

pitality, which was not limited to the clergy of his own Church. In connection with these two circumstances, the following anecdote may be told. On a beautiful summer evening there was a large party seated at his lordship's table, consisting of Episcopalian clergy and Presbyterian ministers in almost equal proportions.

After dinner, as the weather was delightful, the Bishop proposed that they should adjourn from the dinner-table for a stroll on the strand, which was immediately below his palace at Downhill. The idea was cordially adopted, and the entire party, headed by their host, went out for a walk along the beach. As they passed the stables, the Bishop ordered his grooms to saddle all his horses and bring them down after them to the strand.

When the guests saw the horses, they could not imagine what was meant; but the Bishop at once proposed that his clergy and the Presbyterian ministers should forthwith ride, two and two, a series of races on the beach, and that he himself would start the several batches of competitors.

The clergy of the two Churches, thus pitted against each other, engaged with politeness, if not "with patience, in the race that was set before them." In every instance the Presbyterian ministers were victorious. The clergy of the Establishment being large, portly men, more accustomed to drive in carriages than to ride on horseback, generally tumbled off before they went very far; whilst the Presbyterian ministers, being better equestrians, rode their horses manfully, and won every race. The discomfiture of his Church amused the Bishop not a little. He said he saw he must establish a riding-school in his diocese for the benefit of his clergy.

In the days we speak of, horse races were largely frequented by the clergy of all churches. On one occasion a certain Presbytery had met on clerical duty in a town where sports of this kind were going on. The reverend Fathers were just about to proceed to business, when the waiter of the hotel where they met—for they *did* meet then in an hotel—rushed into the room, saying, "Gentlemen, make haste. The bell has just rung, and the horses are going to start. Make haste, or you will miss the race." With one exception, all the ministers present started to their feet, and ran to the race-course, leaving the business of the Presbytery to be despatched on their return. When the race was over, they came back, and resumed their presbyterial duties.

The minister above referred to, who sat the waiter's summons to the racecourse, and who did not prefer pleasure to duty, had but a poor time of it amongst his co-Presbyters. His lot was not cast amongst congenial spirits, and he scarcely got fair play. On one occasion, he incurred the censure of his brethren for being, as they thought, "righteous over much;" and being found guilty of some trivial impropriety in the discharge of a piece of clerical duty, he was condemned to be rebuked for his excessive zeal by the Moderator from the chair. To make the waggery greater still, his own cousin-german, who also happened to be a member of this Presbytery, was ordered into the chair, and compelled to administer the rebuke to his kinsman, which he did, doubtless to the great amazement of this very comical Presbytery.

A Presbytery of this kind was not likely itself to escape censure. It was rebuked by Synod for some breach of presbyterial duty. Indeed, these rebukes were so frequent that they came to be considered a "standing dish," and a regular part of the Synodical programme. One year, a minister, riding home from Synod, met another minister who had not been at the meeting. The absentee asked if there was any news from the Synod. "Oh, no," said the other, in reply, who affected rather a fine style of speaking—*"No noos, Presbytery of L—— rebooked as oosooal."*

The ordination of Presbyterian ministers is generally conducted in the Meeting-house of the congregation to which the person about to be ordained has been appointed. On these occasions, all the ministers present sit together on a platform erected for the purpose, and, during the ordination prayer, lay their hands, at a certain part of the ceremony, simultaneously, on the young man's head, which is called "the imposition of hands." On one occasion of this kind, when there were a great many ministers present, an old minister had some difficulty in getting forward, so as to be able to lay his hand along with the rest, on the head of the young man who was kneeling in the centre of the circle. Some of his younger brethren were about to make way for him, but he told them not to incommode themselves, and, reaching over their heads with his staff, which, instead of his hand, he laid on the young man's head, he said, *"This will do just as well—timmer to timmer."*

When a placed minister gets "a call" from his own congregation to

another, it is usual for the question of his removal or "transplantation" (as it was formerly called) to be laid before the Presbytery to which the minister belongs, for its decision, and all parties concerned are there heard. In the first place, the congregation that wants to *get* the minister, states the case in favour of his removal. In the next place, the congregation that wants to *keep* the minister, states the case against his removal. The minister himself is then asked to give his own views on the subject, and, in general, after complimenting both parties, he dutifully leaves the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, by whose decision—whatever it may be—he promises to abide. In most cases all the members of Presbytery know perfectly well what their co-Presbyter really wishes, and decide accordingly. But sometimes they decline the responsibility of making the final decision, and require the minister to do so for himself.

A case of this latter kind once occurred with the following result:—The minister of a poor country congregation, which paid him a very small stipend, got a call to a wealthy congregation in Dublin, which offered him a very handsome stipend. Every one knew that the minister was most anxious to accept the call, but he had not the manliness to say so, for fear of offending his old congregation. He therefore, as usual, left the matter, with assumed indifference, to the decision of the Presbytery, thinking that his brethren would, as usual, decide the matter according to what they knew to be his wishes. But the Presbytery declined the invidious office, and peremptorily required their brother to decide the matter for himself.

Thus constrained, the minister rose from his seat, and solemnly declared that *"since he had come*

into that house he had seen the finger of God pointing towards Dublin."

His own inclinations had long been notoriously turned in that direction; and some people were so wicked as to say that the finger of God might long have pointed in vain towards Dublin, if Dublin had not had the largest stipend to offer to its minister. Providence, indeed, has been often said to be always on the side of the large battalions.

In former times, ordination services were invariably followed by ordination dinners. These entertainments, which, if sometimes homely, were always abundant, were provided by the congregation whose ministers had been just ordained, and the officiating ministers and other friends were invited as guests.

On one occasion of this kind, an elder of a congregation which was thus dispensing its hospitality was seated beside a minister, whose wants at table he endeavoured by every means in his power to gratify, and, in fact, did everything he could think of to make him comfortable. But the minister referred to was rather aristocratic in his ideas and manners, and did not by any means cordially reciprocate the country elder's attentions. For a time the poor elder bore silently the rebuffs of his clerical guest, thinking that a good dinner would have the usual effect of inducing him to relax a little of his stiffness. But neither dinner nor whisky-punch softened him in the slightest degree; he was as cold and repulsive as ever.

At length the elder could stand it no longer, and, turning to a neighbour, he said, "Well, that minister is the surliest creature I ever met with. Even a pig when it has got a good dinner will give a pleasant grumph, but that man

gives nothing but an angry growl, although I have got him the best of everything that is on the table." The elder did not know that the minister looked upon him as one of "the swinish multitude."

A minister being once asked by a hearer, whom he had been urging to the discharge of the duty of family worship, "how he was to pray?" told him that he was just to ask God for anything he wanted, in the same way as he would ask a neighbour for the loan of a wheelbarrow if he required one.

Under some such instruction as this must have been trained another man, whose standing family prayer was somewhat to the following effect:—"Oh, Lord, send us nice wee dropping showers about the doors, but a ringing druth in the turf-bog, until we get the peats hame." (To which the entire household heartily responded, "Oh! that He may. Oh! that He may.") "And oh, Lord, may the bullocks tallow inches deep in the home-park; and may the potatoes in the big field roll out every one the size of a pine clew, when we come to dig them." ("Oh, that they may!! Oh! that they may!!") The sincerity of this style of praying cannot be disputed, whatever may be thought of its taste or propriety.

A tradesman, who professed to be a very religious person, got into pecuniary difficulties, and bailiffs were sent to take possession of his house and of everything in it.

In the evening the master of the house asked his visitors to join them in family worship, which was to be held in a room at some little distance from the apartment in which the bailiffs, for the convenience of

watching it more effectually, had collected all the furniture they had seized. With some hesitation the bailiffs complied, but they thought their charge was safe in the house of so religious a man.

The service, however, soon struck them as being unusually long; and when, after a little, they heard a great crash in that part of the house where they had left the furniture, they began to think that there was something wrong. They therefore started immediately to their feet, without waiting for the end of the prayer, and, rushing to the room where they had stowed their seizure, they found their worst suspicions realized. The furniture was all gone, except a large chest of drawers, which was too large to be got through the window; and it was the noise caused by the attempt to remove these drawers which had alarmed the bailiffs, who were sadly discomfited when they saw how they had been tricked. "*Never again*" (they said) "*would they pray when on duty.*"

A late dignitary of the Irish Established Church, who also cultivated a small farm, was in the habit, in the haymaking season, when the six o'clock evening bell rang for the labourers to stop work, of passing it off upon his haymakers, who were generally strangers, as a funeral bell tolling for the death of some deceased person; and in this way he got, for a few evenings, a little extra work out of his men.

The device was ingenious, but the workers soon found it out. When, therefore, on the next evening the six o'clock bell rang, and when the parson went about as usual among his haymakers, saying, in solemn tones, and with uplifted eyes, "*Another immortal soul gone to its last account,*" the men at once replied, "*We'll have no more of*

your immortal souls. That's the six o'clock bell, and we'll work no longer." So off they set.

A country girl, who was to meet her sweetheart at a fair, arranged with him the night before how they were to behave towards each other on the following day. "You know, John," said she, "when you meet me you'll be asking me into a tent to treat me. I'll have to pretend that I don't want to go; and maybe I'll try to run away. But never you mind. Catch me, and make me go. And then, when you've got me into the tent, you'll be asking me what I'll drink, and I'll have to say that I never drink any. But, John, dear, never mind me. Just ask for the best whisky they have; and when you're making my punch be sure and make it strong and sweet, and then *gar me tak' it.*"

A countryman returning from a fair, where he had evidently not required any one to "*gar him tak'*" his glass freely, was making his way home as best he could. His progress, however, was very slow, for he tacked about from one side of the road to the other, like a loaded horse going slantways up a hill. Whilst he was thus traversing a great deal more ground than he need have done, but at the same time was not getting much nearer home, he was met by a neighbour, who told him that he was afraid he had a long road before him. "I don't care so much about the *length* of it," said the poor fellow in reply, "but it is terribly *broad.*"

Another countryman, in a similar condition to the foregoing, was passing a church-yard, when he met

something which he took for a ghost. Presuming that it was the disembodied spirit of some one who had been interred in the adjoining burying-ground, and emboldened by John Barleycorn, he said to the supposed ghost, "Will you tell me, my friend, is it a general rising to-night amongst you all over yonder? or are you just out for a wee daunder by yourself?"

A gentleman was once taken to task by his medical adviser for his convivial habits, which were somewhat of the old school. He was told that he was doing a serious injury to his health, and that, if he did not give up his wine, he would shorten his days. "You may well say that," replied the incorrigible toper; "there were two or three days, some time ago, that I could take no wine, and they were the longest days I ever spent in my life."

A candidate for a parochial office was energetically supported by the proprietor of the parish, who was also a nobleman. He was as stoutly opposed by many of his neighbours, who were not very fond of his lordship's nominee. At this opposition on the part of the commonalty the candidate professed great surprise; but he said it would all be ineffectual, for it would appear on the day of election that he was "*the Lord's anointed*."

An Archbishop of the late Establishment was brought on one occasion to examine the pupils of a ladies' school in sacred history. Amongst the children who were presented to his Grace for this purpose was a little girl of very tender years. The examiner, kindly wishing to suit

his question to the age of this pupil, asked her to tell him in what way the children of Israel had crossed the desert. The youthful theologian at once replied—"In a steamboat!"—pronouncing the words very deliberately. At that time steamboats were just coming into general use, and the child, having heard a good deal about them as improved means of locomotion, thought that the people of God would of course be furnished with such superior conveyances.

Conversation at a dinner-table once turning upon some form of heterodoxy which had just come out, a young lady asked an old lady who was sitting beside her, and who, she presumed, could give her the required information, what were the peculiarities of the form of religion which was being discussed. "Indeed, my dear," said the old lady, "I cannot tell you; but I know it's some kind of a religion that has 'a fla' (flaw) in it."

A succession of strange ministers had been occupying the pulpit of an old minister in the north of Ireland, and some of his hearers were one day discussing the merits of the several preachers whom they had lately heard. Some praised one, and some another, but not a word was said about the merits of the pastor *loci*. Whereupon one of the party, resenting the apparent oversight, said, "You may talk as you like about Mr. So-and-So, and Mr. So-and-so; but I'll tell you what it is—there's not one of them *can put a tweel* on it like our own man." It is on the soundness of the "tweel" that the excellency of cloth mainly depends.

Several years ago the proprietor of a newspaper, which had then just been established in the north of Ireland, was greatly pleased at hearing a farmer, on a public occasion, loudly praising his new journal as "the best paper in the north of Ireland," in fact, "the very best paper that had ever been printed."

The proprietor expressed his thanks for the commendations of so competent a judge. He then ventured to ask what it was that the farmer so much admired in his publication. "I presume, sir," said he, "you approve of the politics of my paper?"

"I do no such thing," said the man, in reply, "I hate your politics. I think they're about the very worst politics I ever read."

"Oh, then," rejoined the proprietor, remembering that the man was a farmer, and therefore, of course, interested in agricultural affairs, "I suppose it's my market reports that please you so much. I do try to make them as complete and accurate as possible."

"No," said the farmer, "I never read your market reports. I think I know a great deal more about the markets than you do."

"Then, sir," said the puzzled proprietor, "may I ask what it is that you *do* like in my paper?"

"It's just," replied the other, "*that it tears so easily in twa; for when I'm reading the yin half, the guid wife can be reading the ither.*"

The newspaper referred to was then printed on a double sheet. The joy of the proprietor at the popularity of his paper was much abated when he heard the trifling circumstance on which that popularity was founded.

A simple-minded gentleman meeting a friend asked his congratulations on account of the recent birth to him of another child. "What is

it?" said his friend, meaning, what is the sex of the child? "Guess," said the gentleman in reply. "It's a boy," said his friend. "No, it isn't," said the gentleman, "guess again." "Then it's a girl," said his friend. "*Somebody told you,*" replied the gentleman, apparently surprised that his friend had hit upon the right answer so soon.

An old minister in the north of Ireland had a favourite hymn, which he was in the habit of giving out almost every Sunday to be sung by his congregation. It was the beautiful hymn beginning with the words—

"With penitential grief to Thee, my God, I cry."

One Sunday, a lady of his congregation, who had not been at meeting on that day, was questioning her children after dinner about the service, from which she had been absent. Amongst other things, she asked one of her little ones what hymns had been sung. The boy gave the names of two hymns, but as there were three hymns in the service, his mother asked him what was the third. The child insisted that he had told her them all. "No, my dear," said his mother, "you know there are always three hymns, and you have told me only two." "Oh," said the little fellow, "we had 'old Penitential Grief,' of course, but as we have that hymn every Sunday, I thought there was no use in telling you about it."

This same minister was once present when a sermon which he had just preached was being discussed. The conversation took place in his own house, and was carried on by members of his own family. The criticisms were therefore favourable, but they were various—one person

praising one part of the discourse, and another, another. The youngest member of the family, a little boy, had as yet said nothing. "Well, F.," said his father, "and what part of the sermon did *you* like the best?" "The part begin-

ning with "*to conclude*," was the candid reply.

We dare say our readers are also glad that we have now got to this, the most agreeable part of most discourses.

SONG OF THE CID.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

"A valour fatal to the enemy."—DRYDEN.

I'm the Cid Rodrigo Diaz,
All the world applauds my name,
From each pole to each equator
Sounds the thunder of my fame.

You may search thro' History's pages,
Wondrous actions they reveal,
But you'll find no hero greater
Than Rodrigo of Castille.

Summon up a thousand champions,
Let the might of all combine,
You will find that their achievements
Sink to nought compared with mine.

But I scorn to sound the praises
Others to my prowess owe;
'Tis for lesser men than I am
On their private trumps to blow.

Yet be truth for ever spoken,
Who will dare my words deny?
Death to all such unbelievers!
I will make them eat the lie.

Ev'ry knight that joins my banner
Shines in valour like a star,
But there is a sun much brighter,
I—Ruy Diaz de Bivar.

And my good steed, Babiéca,
Is so strong and fleet of limb,
Words will not describe his beauty;
Lightning is but slow to him.

And my sword, the bright Tizona,
Blessings on its matchless blade,
With the lives of Moors and traitors
What a havoc it has made!

And my wife, Ximena Gomez,
I, at point of sword maintain,
Doth surpass all other ladies,
Either in or out of Spain.

And my faithful 'squire, Gil Diaz,
Also shall be famed in song;
For he shares the great perfections
That to me and mine belong.

Oft our noble king, Alphonso,
Says (and it is just and true),
"Cid Campeador, my hero,
What am I compared to you?"

I was born a league from Burgos,
In the year Ten-twenty-five,
All my lineage were Hidalgos;
Higher are there none alive.

From my very earliest moments
I was worshipped and adored,
As a child I lisped of battle;
And my plaything was a sword.

Once the craven Count of Gormaz
Seeing me a stripling young,
Thought he could insult my kindred,
Maledictions on his tongue!

"Ah!" he said "I can exhibit
Longer pedigree than you;
Your papa's blood's merely crimson;
Mine's a splendid Prussian blue.

Gran diablo! could I stand it?
No!—I drew my trusty brand,
Chopped the caitiff's ugly head off,
Took it homeward in my hand.

And I gave it to my father,
Saying, in a jesting vein,
"There! now Count Lozano Gomez
Garlic ne'er will eat again!"

King Ramiro's doughty champion
Challenged me to meet his lance;
But, of course, this Don Gonzalez
Did not stand the slightest chance.

Thro' his shield, and through his breast-plate,
Thro' his charger's arm'd neck,
Went, with mighty force, my weapon,
Bringing all his hopes to wreck.

Never knight such thrust had given,
Never knight will do it more,
'Twas a wondrous feat, peculiar
To the Cid. Campéador.

When I married my Ximena,
Kings and Queens were there to see,
People came from ev'ry province
Just to catch a glimpse of me.

Once, entrench'd in Salamanca,
With an insufficient force,
Came the Moorish King of Cadiz
With a million foot and horse.

To our fair ones breathed I courage—
"Ladies, do not be alarm'd
At this countless host of Moslems,
Is not RODERIGO arm'd?"

Swift the Cid to saddle mounted,
Followed by a hundred men,
Issued forth to meet the vermin
In Zamora's woody glen.

Plunged I in the battle's centre,
Scarce could I contain my glee,
Shouting loud my famous war-cry—
"For Santiago, Spain, and Me!"

At the words each foeman trembled,
Many fainted at the sight
Of the pink of Spanish valour,
Charging them with all his might.

Some, by princely chiefs commanded,
Dared to pit their strength 'gainst mine,
As each Moorish dog approach'd, I
Cleft the miscreant to the chine.

"Villains! hounds! accursed Moslems!"
Thunder'd I with all my breath,
"Be ye to the Faith converted
Instantly, on pain of death!"

But the harden'd wretches would not—
All persuasions they withstood,
So I was compell'd to slay them,
For our Church and Country's good.

Hours and hours I slash'd and slaughter'd,
Ere my vengeance I could slake,
Till they all were slain or captured,
And my arms began to ache.

Homeward then I rode triumphant,
Bringing pris'ners by the score,
But a few who paid me, kindly
I to freedom did restore.

Thirty thousand marks of ransom
Brought they to the gallant Cid,
Till his treasure-chest was cramm'd so
He could scarcely close the lid.

In the way I served my captives
Scarce was I behind the age;
But I let the dew of mercy
Temper my heroic rage.

Fifty baked I in a furnace,
Forty drown'd in boiling oil,
The remainder by impalement
Shuffled off this mortal coil.

Cruel might have seem'd such treatment
Had they held our blessed creed;
But, as they were hounds of Paynims,
'Twas a most religious deed.*

* In this poem, the opinions and modes of thought prevalent at the period referred to, have been carefully preserved.

Then the Cid—as all things human
 Need a sanction more divine—
 Twenty pounds of Roman candles
 Voted to Santiago's shrine.

Minstrels came to chant my praises,
 And Posterity shall sing
 How the Cid Rodrigo Diaz
 Served his Country, Church, and King.

Reader, hearer, little care I
 Who, or what, or whence you are,
 You can know no greater hero
 Than Rodrigo of Bivar !

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, from the founding of the colony to the present day. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M., 2 vols. London, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1875. This is the fourth edition of a work the value of which could not well be over-estimated. The first edition was published as long ago as 1834; but, as the author observes, owing to the wonderful development of the colony "during the last twenty-five years, and the manifold and important changes that have taken place in its general condition and prospects, only a small portion comparatively of the original work has been embodied in the present edition; while the history of the colony, which it gives for the last quarter of a century, is entirely new."

The historical portion of the work is, indeed, exceedingly interesting. It commences with the almost simultaneous discovery of Australia by the Dutch and Spaniards, in 1606, then describes the planting of the first British colony

at Port Jackson, in 1788, when the foundations were laid of what is destined to be one of the mightiest empires of the future.

There is a peculiar fascination in reading about the early struggles and difficulties of new colonies, their gradual growth and development, until, no longer dependent on the nursing of the mother-country, having grown strong in self-reliance, they aspire to govern themselves. The history, however, of New South Wales presents features of singular interest, as regards its social, moral, and political progress, on account of the exceptional condition of its origin as a penal settlement.

In Dr. Lang's volumes we have many romantic episodes of early colonial life, and a good deal that throws very instructive light on the extraordinary state of society that almost necessarily marks the transition from a convict to a free colony. No man in the colony is better, or, perhaps, so well qualified as Dr. Lang to speak authoritatively on

this subject. His sketches are clear and to the point, giving us all desirable information without any proximity of detail. His facts are drawn from reliable sources, principally from official records, and his own personal knowledge—a residence of some fifty years in the colony enabling him to supply thoroughly trustworthy information concerning its past history, its present position, and future prospects.

It is natural that Dr. Lang should be enthusiastic as to the future greatness of his adopted country; yet he writes with great sobriety of judgment, and is not insensible to many circumstances that may seriously tend to retard the realization of the brilliant dream of empire he so ardently contemplates. He laments, and with good reason, the profligate waste of the Crown lands as one great drawback to the steady progress of colonial prosperity, and he severely reprehends the ignorant and short-sighted policy of British ministers in giving the sanction of the Crown to the policy that corruptly disposed of those lands. We need only add that Dr. Lang has written a most interesting and instructive work, which may be consulted with advantage by all who desire authoritative information concerning one of the most important of our colonial settlements.

Songs of Singularity; or, Lays for the Eccentric. By the London Hermit. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court. Gorgeous in its glittering costume of green and gold, is the tempting little volume before us—tempting, that is to say, as an attractive specimen of the printer's and binder's arts, but in a greater degree from the genuineness and thoroughness of the humour which pervades

its sparkling contents, and effervesces and overflows from almost every page. We say "almost" every page, because the whimsicalities, which form the bulk of the book, are interspersed with poems of a more serious complexion, and the contrast is an artistic and a pleasing one. Among the comic effusions, the opening one, entitled "The Civilization of Tongataboo," is remarkable in one respect at least, as an example of skill and patience in the matter of rhymes, containing, as it does, more than a hundred lines, all rhyming with the same word. This composition evidently contains a moral which, will be obvious to the members of the Aborigines' Protection Society. Some of the pieces, reversing the method of the first, are entirely alliterative; a "Phonetic Protest" is elaborately misspelt throughout, and creates a most curious and ludicrous impression on the reader. In a long lyric, named "Botanical Researches," all the most recondite terms of the vegetable science are crowded together, for page after page, in the most mirth-provoking manner. The main object of the author seems to be to quaintly and whimsically exaggerate our generally-accepted notions of conventional poetry; every idea, droll in itself, being rendered irresistibly grotesque by a process akin to the distorting and magnifying action of a phantasmagoria. The effect of this cannot easily be imagined without practical demonstration, and that can only be obtained by reading the work. The "Wild Warrior," the "Young Gazelle," "A Modern Crichton," "Furor Pœticus," "Amandaline: a Rabid Love-song," are instances of this style of humour; and, as we have already remarked, beneath these whimsicalities there is generally to be found a strong under-current of genuine satire. Undoubtedly the

London Hermit is a humorist of singular talent and ingenuity. In his more sedate moods he betrays, often enough, a graceful poetical fancy, tending to counteract the influence of the wilder flights of his imagination to the realms of absurdity; though he is occasionally imbued with a Byronic tone of gloom and misanthropy, as in a short poem, called "Solitude," and in a longer one, termed "A Blighted Life." However, it is certainly not always easy to decide whether the author be in jest or earnest. One of the principal "Lays," entitled "Corydemon and Emmelinda," is the finest burlesque we have seen of the maudlin pastoral style of poetry, so popular in the last century. "The Prima Donna's Dream"—which brings us to the inevitable *finis*—is somewhat after the style of Hood's "Lady's Dream," and is a sharp and powerful satire levelled against a decided evil of the period. The book is profusely illustrated with drawings by "the author and others." These artistic embellishments are not all equal in point of merit, but they are generally pretty, fanciful, and otherwise in keeping with the character of the book. Altogether we may confidently pronounce "Songs of Singularity" to be a most welcome addition to the lighter literature of the season, and certainly a very appropriate one for the time of year.

Autobiography, and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert, with Portraits and Illustrations. Edited by Josiah Gilbert, author of "Cadore," &c. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. Few ladies have enjoyed a higher, purer, or more deserved literary reputation than the two sisters, Ann and Jane Taylor. They came from a prime stock. The family was remarkable for great breadth and

solidity of character, superior mental endowments, and rare artistic tastes.

It was in 1782, that Ann Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert) was born, and she lived a useful and honoured life till her eighty-fifth year, when she departed peaceably in the bosom of her family. Her first essay in literature was when seventeen years of age, and she thus relates the circumstances in her autobiography:—

"Belonging jointly to 1798 and 1799 was a small event, important as unexpected in its consequences to Jane and me. I had made the purchase of a 'Minor's Pocket Book,' and on reading the solutions of enigmas, and other poetic contributions to which prizes were adjudged, it struck me that, without great presumption, I might aim at as much literary distinction as these prizes conferred. With lively interest, therefore, I possessed myself of the prescribed conditions, unravelled enigma, charade, and rebus, and forwarded the results under the signature of 'Juvenilia,' as directed, to 55, Gracechurch Street. I little thought that it was bread I thus cast on the waters, or rather that it would return as bread after many days. I had, indeed, to wait long, and as the interesting season approached for the new pocket books to make their appearance in the window of old Mr. Gibbs the bookseller, frequent and anxious were my glances in passing by. At last they arrived, and on turning them over on his counter with as much indifference as could be assumed, I ascertained that the first prize—six pocket books—had been awarded to 'Juvenilia.' Besides the general poetical solution, I find six charades with the same signature, some of which might not be worse for a little correction, but I must regard them gratefully, as productive of long continued advantages. From this time I was a regular contributor for twelve or fourteen years, and latterly became the editor, resigning only on my marriage."

In 1803 the first volume of "Original Poems for Infant Minds" appeared. It was the commencement of a series of charming works

that are unequalled in the English language. Their appreciation is world-wide. They are not only highly prized wherever the English language prevails, but have been translated into the principal European languages. The beautiful simplicity of these poems, and their fidelity to nature, give them a niche in our literature entirely their own. The "Hymns" also obtained great popularity, and undoubtedly possess great merit, but in some respects are not so well adapted to be generally popular.

The Autobiography is one of the best compositions of the kind we ever met with—so artless, sincere, natural, and genial. Written for her children, there is an earnestness and depth of feeling about it that bespeaks the accomplished intellect and the devoted maternal heart. It closes in 1812, and is opened again in 1866, when these few words were added:—"From the period of my marriage, dear children, in 1813, you are almost as well acquainted with the important steps in my history as I am myself; and as to minuter details, it might be scarcely so well to speak of them as of the bygone tints of a finished century."

Her son has ably performed the duties of editorship, and we could not recommend for wholesome

family reading more delightful volumes than these. A pure and healthy tone pervades them. They contain memorials of a most distinguished family. Her brother Isaac was one of the most profound thinkers and philosophic writers of his day, as his great works testify, and we regret we do not learn more about him in these volumes.

Idols of Society; or, Gentility and Femininity. By Mrs. Wm. Grey. London: Wm. Ridgway. This is a reprint of a very able and caustic article from *Frazer's Magazine*. The idols of society, in Mrs. Grey's opinion, are two—the one *gentility*, for the other she coins the name *femininity*. She declares both to be "degraded symbols of a once noble worship, the travesty of noble deeds; for gentility is the counterfeit of true gentlehood, and femininity of true womanliness." The purpose of the author is "to expose those counterfeits by contrasting them with the worth and nobleness of the things they profess to be and are not," and in working out this design, she has been eminently successful. She has a fluent, graceful, yet caustic pen, and writes with the grand recommendation of earnestness.

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A PAPAL RETROSPECT.

ANY one who compares the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in these countries during the agitation for the repeal of the Penal Code with its present bearing and pretensions, as manifested by the discussion which the publication of Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation* has provoked, cannot fail to be startled at the remarkable contrast. Then we had unbounded professions of liberality. Generous and charitable sentiments fell with honeyed accents from priestly lips. Civil and religious liberty was proclaimed to be the true bond of Christian brotherhood. Religion was a matter between man and his Creator, with which it was sacrilege for human authority to interfere. The rights of conscience were a sacred inheritance, beyond the jurisdiction of earthly power, and all the old doctrines of persecution were eschewed.

The Penal Laws, it was admitted, might have been expedient and necessary to guard the Protestant throne of these realms against the machinations of the Stuart dynasty and its Papal supporters. But now,

in the nineteenth century, they were wholly without excuse or meaning. The Papacy was no longer what it once was. It aspired to no jurisdiction or power incompatible with Protestant liberty. It heartily embraced the principles of our free institutions, and sought only to live under them, in the simple enjoyment of their blessings. The persecuting spirit of the Papacy had died out—was gone for ever, with all its execrable principles and immoral maxims. Toleration and equality were alone desired, and any thoughts of ascendancy were indignantly disclaimed.

Well—Liberal Protestants lent a credulous ear to all these ardent professions. They thought the leopard might have changed his spots, and they made the cause of Roman Catholic Emancipation their own. The Relief Act of 1829 was passed. The gates of the Constitution were flung wide open, and Roman Catholics were admitted, on a footing of perfect equality, to all rights and privileges. A new legislative and administrative policy was inaugurated, and has been

steadily pursued—a policy of concession and conciliation—a policy that strove, by removing every just cause of discontent, to obliterate the memory of sectarian animosities, and place Roman Catholics and Protestants upon a perfect equality as subjects and citizens.

How has this policy been rewarded? Has it been successful? Have multiplied concessions produced conciliation and contentment, and is the attitude now assumed by the Papacy such as Protestants anticipated—such as they are prepared to tolerate, much less encourage? Assuredly not. The attitude is offensive and aggressive in the extreme. In England, Ultramontane insolence, mainly directed by Protestant perverts, is aspiring enough, but in Ireland the claims to ascendancy put forward are perfectly intolerable. Concession has reached the utmost limits of forbearance; to carry it farther—to comply with Ultramontane demands—would be to hand the whole government of the country over to the dictation of Cardinal Cullen and his faction, sooner than submit to which the old spirit of Derry and the Boyne would challenge the issue, and with no faintheartedness as to the result.

We are well aware that as the Ultramontane factionists have been receding in liberality, and using the opportunities they enjoy under our free institutions to undermine and destroy those very institutions, the great body of the Roman Catholic gentry, professional and intelligent middle classes, have been becoming more liberal and enlightened—in fact, more Protestant in spirit, and animated by a hearty desire to live as good citizens and loyal subjects, the Encyclical and Syllabus to the contrary notwithstanding.

But this is not the spirit that *now animates the Papacy*. We *have insolent and offensive aggres-*

sion on every hand from its Ultramontane delegates in these countries. The policy now favoured by them is to build up walls of exclusion between Protestant and Roman Catholic. Social intercourse is to be discouraged. Mixed marriages, save in extreme exceptional cases, or where everything is conceded to the Papacy, must be rigorously discouraged. Freemasonry, with its ties of charity and brotherhood, where all parties can meet on a neutral platform, is anathematized as a “wicked secret society,” reprobated by the Pope. In short, what the Ultramontane policy of our day aims at, is a thorough breach between Protestant and Roman Catholic. They are not to be educated together, or associated together. The amenities of social life are to be unknown between them; and with this detestable spirit, Dr. Cullen has already succeeded in largely impregnating society in Ireland.

Take, for instance, the Roman Catholic priests and curates of Dublin thirty years ago, and compare them with the present. What a contrast! Where is the cordial aspect, the friendly demeanour, the charitable sentiments and good fellowship that then warmed and enlivened and dignified social intercourse, without any reference to religious differences, save what suggested Christian forbearance and gentlemanly respect? Now such amiable intercourse is prohibited, and instead thereof we have an insolent and rampant Ultramontanism, with its scowling looks, defiant gesticulations, and the reverberation of its mumbled anathemas.

Mr. Gladstone committed a very great mistake in supposing that the Ultramontane pretensions of the Papacy, so ostentatiously paraded of late years, involve anything absolutely new. The Vatican Decrees

about which he affects such childish and ridiculous alarm, are really nothing more than old pretensions, never abandoned, revived and re-asserted — pretensions necessarily involved in the very title by which the Popes pretend to rule, and the only thing startling about them was their audacious proclamation in an age far more inclined to treat them with derision than respect.

The Immaculate Conception and the Personal Infallibility are gew-gaw absurdities, about which we need not now trouble ourselves; it is in his Encyclical and Syllabus that the Pope placed himself in voluntary hostility to the intelligence and common sense of the age. But even in doing so, he did not, as Mr. Gladstone supposes, break any new ground, or claim any new authority—he only concentrated in one document the anathemas his predecessors had hurled at the so-called errors of their age, and he exercised his own undoubted prerogative to add a few on his own account.

It is quite true that by such decrees the Pope has placed us face to face with the Papacy as it existed in ages of darkness and depravity. A note has been sounded that jars painfully on the ear of our civilization. It is the clang of the old trumpet before which affrighted Europe once quailed, and it is now once more sounded to summon “the faithful” to a new crusade against all that is liberal, enlightened, and progressive, wherever Papal authority can be made to prevail. Such is the present avowed policy of the Papacy, and this makes it advisable that we should read the Present by the light of the Past, and examine what the Papacy was when the principles and pretensions now revived were in full and triumphant operation. This will lead us to deal with history.

Now, in the discussions to which Mr. Gladstone’s pamphlet has given

rise, it is most remarkable to observe the great divergence of opinion expressed by Roman Catholics who have participated therein respecting the history of the Papacy, the origin and development of its peculiar dogmas, and the pretensions of mediæval and modern Popes. At first sight, such a marked difference of opinion might appear strange, as occurring among men professing the same faith, but really not so when we remember that these differences relate mainly to matters of history. Now, for the facts of history it is necessary that an Ultramontane controversialist should have a supreme disregard, because they present one uniform, unbroken, and decisive testimony against the dogmas and pretensions which he desires to champion. Hence, in directing the education of youth, Ultramontane policy, as a rule, ignores ecclesiastical history altogether, but where political events cannot well be separated from ecclesiastical, then its great purpose is to distort and misrepresent—to fabricate, in fact, a history for itself. Thus very few, even among Roman Catholics, who claim to be well educated, are found to possess that familiarity with history, especially of their own church, which should always form part of an accomplished education.

It is simply impossible to understand aright the bearing of political and constitutional history, without giving a thorough consideration to the religious motives which so largely entered into, influenced, and moulded that history. From the age of Constantine to our own time, religious considerations have largely formed the mainspring of European politics. The ambition of princes, no doubt, contributed some motive power, but the great source of action, whence mighty events sprung, lay in religious interests and impulses. In the conflicts that for centuries distracted

Europe, and desolated some of its fairest provinces, the Papacy was always prominent—always foremost in evil-doing; and, anomalous as it may appear, the very same spirit that inspired Papal policy in those days is now avowedly and boastfully cherished as a principle of action by the Ultramontanism of the present day.

"Always the same," we are told to believe, is the great distinguishing characteristic of the Papacy, but there could not well be a greater fallacy. Neither in doctrine, in policy, in pretensions, nor in the definition of dogma, is there the faintest glimmer of resemblance between the Papacy of the Apostolic and primitive ages, and the Papacy of to-day. Light and darkness are not more dissimilar and antagonistic. "Always the same," indeed—always changing would be much nearer the truth. "Always the same" is true only in one sense—true only of the policy of usurpation followed by the Popes after the spirit of worldly ambition and aggrandizement had superseded in them the spirit of Christianity as a motive of action.*

In this sense, Papal policy is "always the same," and Ultramontaniam has a pride in maintaining a wicked consistency. Circumstances may occasionally render it impolitic to push Papal pretensions to extreme lengths, or may make conformity with liberal and charitable professions desirable, but however this may be, the Papacy, its organs assure us, never really changes.

True as the needle to adheres to its grand designs. It never addition, nor renounces—it may temporize recedes.

We now propose to into Papal history, a few instructive notes th is not our purpose to l and controversial, so be historical and desc shall endeavour to tr possible brevity, and v bersome details, the vi of Pontifical power fr ginnings to gigantic and, in connection t notice how pestiferous crept into the churc grossest and most degi stitutions totally perversured the primitive simplicity of Christian worship. Such a ret not prove unprofitable trary, it may furnish v valuable instruction n the machinations of U policy, so rampant am present day.

The story that the A was ever at Rome is a is not a particle of evidence to sustain contrary, all the prob directly against it. foundation stone on whi gorgeous superstructu pretensions rests, yet dence that has been co the Christian era to

* The ablest Roman Catholic divines are ashamed of this false boast of "Always the same," and unable to deny the startling differences between Papal Rome in the mediæval ages, they have started a new theory of development to account for they explain all the remarkable changes that have taken place in Papal doctrine from primitive times to our own day. But in attempting to av founder on Charybdis, for their theory is ridiculous, and invites the *reductio*. It just amounts to this—that Christianity was not taught in its purity by Apostles, but was only partially and imperfectly taught, and so left to be de ages by the Popes, many of whom that were most earnest about developme the most immoral lives, and committed the most abominable crimes! Such development.

to warrant a belief in the assumed tradition that Peter ever was at Rome—the whole, evidence, we say, is of so hypothetical a character, so loose and inconsequential, that it would not suffice to convict a pick-pocket in one of our police-courts. Yet on such evidence is made to hinge the belief of one-half the Christian world! Such is the rationality of mankind!

We have not a particle of evidence of any pre-eminence having been accorded to Peter by the Apostles—quite the contrary. Paul withstood him. He was married, and his wife travelled about with him, and he does not appear to have been very amicably disposed, for Paul and he were not on the best of terms, and Paul undoubtedly appears to have been the greatest of the Apostles. There was, however, no acknowledged supremacy whatever among the Apostles—this all authentic history testifies.

The pastors of the Apostolic Church were called presbyters or bishops, and were freely elected by the early Christians. Until about the end of the second century, a bishop had only charge of one Christian assembly or congregation, which framed rules for its own government. In course of time, a number of these congregations or churches associated together to deliberate concerning their common interests, and these assemblies became known in the East as "Synods" and in the West as "Councils." The frequent meeting of these assemblies greatly tended to augment the power and authority of the bishops who presided over them, and gradually dioceses were formed, and what is known as Episcopal government became established; while as the Church degenerated from Apostolic simplicity, its rulers sought to apply to themselves the rights and privileges that had appertained to the Jewish priesthood.

The so-called conversion of Constantine, A.D. 312, by bringing the Church into subservient alliance with the State, increased the wealth and power of the bishops, and made serious encroachments on the rights of the people. The Episcopal order became distinguished by pride and luxury. A general corruption of doctrine and morals overspread the Church. "The bishops of the primitive times," says Mosheim, "were, for the most part, plain and illiterate men, remarkable rather for their purity and zeal than for their learning and eloquence." They were, however, of blameless lives.

Under Constantine, the Bishops of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople enjoyed a certain degree of pre-eminence over other prelates. On the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, A.D. 330, the Bishop of Rome had his authority, quite naturally, very greatly increased, for he was not overshadowed by the imperial authority, but Rome possessed no pre-eminence whatever in power or jurisdiction over other churches. The foundation of the church in Rome having been mythically ascribed to Peter, with whom Paul was occasionally associated, and with far better reason, as the true founder, such association was regarded as imparting to the Roman Church a certain dignity—a pre-eminence of order and association of which its bishops readily availed themselves to obtain an increase of worldly consideration, and further the extension of their ambitious views. But all the while other bishops maintained a complete and entire independence of Rome, and of all spiritual jurisdictions outside their own.

Leo, surnamed the Great, was elected Bishop of Rome, A.D. 440, and laboured assiduously to increase the spiritual and temporal power of

his see. The ignorance and corruption of the age favoured his designs. There had already taken place a copious transfusion of heathen rites and ceremonies into the Christian worship. The outward form and aspect of religion had been paganized to a deplorable extent. The barbarous nations of the North, that invaded Italy and conquered Rome, adopted Christianity with marvellous facility. But they were guided in the observance of their new faith by the elementary principles that animate all pagan idolatry—a superstitious reverence for the priesthood, a credulity that invited imposture, and a conviction that the most heinous offences could be fully expiated by offerings freely bestowed on the altar.

“If before this time,” observes Mosheim, “the lustre of religion was clouded with superstition, and its divine precepts adulterated with a mixture of human inventions, this evil, instead of diminishing, increased daily. The happy souls of departed Christians were invoked by numbers, and their aid implored by assiduous and fervent prayers, while none stood up to censure or oppose this preposterous worship.

“The images of those who, during their lives, had acquired the reputation of uncommon sanctity, were now honoured with a particular worship in several places, and many imagined that this worship drew down into the images the propitious presence of the saints or celestial beings they represented; deluded, perhaps, into this idle fancy by the crafty fictions of the heathen priests, who published the same thing concerning the statues of Jupiter and Mercury.

“A singular and irresistible efficacy was also attributed to the bones of martyrs, and to the figure

of the cross, in defeating the attempts of Satan, removing all sorts of calamities, and in healing not only the diseases of the body, but also those of the mind.” Mosheim then goes on to notice the “holy pilgrimages, the superstitious services paid to departed souls, the multiplication of temples, altars, penitential garments, and a multitude of other circumstances that showed the decline of genuine piety, and the corrupt darkness that was eclipsing the lustre of primitive Christianity.”

The degenerate teachers of the Church promoted corruptions which extorted rich offerings from the ignorance and credulity of the superstitious. About this time the Church became much enriched by craftily profiting by the unenlightened devotion of the barbarian invaders who swarmed into Italy, conquered Rome, and many of whom professed themselves converts to the paganized Christianity that then flourished on the ruins of the Apostolical. Vast donations of land were obtained by the bishops, and Leo artfully took advantage of the blind superstition of the age to establish a double tyranny over conscience and property. He introduced the practice of *Auricular Confession*. The previous custom was for offenders to make confession of sin publicly before the congregation, but Leo substituted confession in private, and to the priest alone. “Thus,” observes Waddington,* “when he delivered over the conscience of the people into the hands of the priests, when he consigned the most secret acts and thoughts of individual imperfection to the torture of private inquisition and scrutiny, Leo had, indeed, *the glory of laying the first and corner-stone of the Papal edifice*, that on which it

* “History of the Church,” vol. i. page 126.

rose and rested, and without which the industry of his successors would have been vainly exercised ;" and we may add that without such aid as the Confessional afforded, the boldest projects of subsequent Popes, if formed, would never have been realized.

Leo laboured most earnestly, incessantly, and unscrupulously to augment the influence and authority of the Roman See, in which he was largely assisted by the distractions of the times, as well as by the jealousies and violent contentions that raged between the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch respecting their assumed rights and jurisdictions. In those ambitious and unseemly rivalries the inferior order of bishops necessarily became involved, and as circumstances favoured one party with a momentary triumph, the other naturally looked about for support ; thus Rome was frequently appealed to by the defeated for assistance, and as such appeals flattered the pride of the Roman bishops, they were always favourably received and encouraged. In this way *precedents* came to be established on which to base further claims, and by which to justify future aggressions and usurpations.

We have, however, the strongest possible evidence that, even in this corrupt and degenerate age, Rome had no jurisdiction whatever over the Eastern or Western Churches, but, on the contrary, was entirely subordinate to the supreme jurisdiction of a General Council of the Universal Church, duly convened by the sovereign authority of the Emperors.

This is demonstrated, beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt, by the whole course of events up to Leo's time ; but during his occupancy of the Roman See, an event took place that is utterly fatal to Papal pretensions—an event that has been a

sad stumbling-block in the way of all subsequent advocates of Papal usurpations, because *an admitted General Council of the Church utterly repudiated them*. No point in the history of the Papacy is more worthy of consideration than this, because it testifies with irresistible conclusiveness against the whole fabric of Papal pretensions that was gradually raised in after ages, based on the monstrous idea that Christ had established an infallible Vicariate on earth in the person of the Roman pontiffs.

The event we refer to occurred in this way. Between the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch a violent dispute arose concerning their respective jurisdictions. The weaker party, as was then becoming customary, sought to strengthen their position by enlisting the Bishop of Rome in their favour, and therefore appealed to him for aid. Nothing loth to interfere, he readily entertained the appeal, and sided against Constantinople, because that See, as the seat of empire, always claimed to be equal, if not superior, in precedence and authority to Rome, and was always foremost in repelling the usurping pretensions of its bishops.

At this time, however, the fourth General Council of the Church was assembled at Chalcedon, by the *sole authority* of the Emperor, as all the early Councils were, which is another indisputable fact totally inconsistent with Papal claims. This Council, assembled A.D. 451, was composed of some 630 bishops, the *élite* of the Eastern and Western Churches, and it authoritatively interposed to determine the rival pretensions of Constantinople and Rome.

The great fact is—the Council decreed that *Rome had no predominant authority whatever in the constitution or councils of the Church*. There was not then a

word whispered about "Peter," and the "Rock," and the "infallible Vicariate"—that grand fiction had not even a molecular existence in those days, and it took centuries, as we shall see, for it to attain maturity.

By its 28th canon the Council of Chalcedon undertook authoritatively to determine the respective pretensions of the Sees of Rome and Constantinople. It decreed that *eldership* was justly assigned by the Fathers to the seat of ancient or elder Rome, on account—not that it was founded by Peter, or any myth of that kind—but *on account of the kingly or imperial authority* that was resident there. And it was also decreed that the Church of Constantinople, which is called *new Rome*, should have the same privileges with that of old Rome, in consequence of its being the *second* city in the world. Constantinople was then the residence of the senate and of the imperial power; and *precedence* in rank was accorded to Rome solely because it was the *elder* sister.

Thus it will be observed that in adjudicating on the rival claims of Rome and Constantinople to pre-eminence, the Council of Chalcedon proceeded *solely on political grounds*, without any reference whatever to the assumed primacy conferred on Rome by the mythical supposition

that Peter was the first bishop. If it had then been the established belief of Christendom that Peter had founded the Church in Rome—that he was "the Rock," and that from him an uninterrupted stream of infallibility was to flow to the end of time through a Vicariate of which he was the first link—were this so, would the Council of Chalcedon have overlooked such triumphant claims to primacy, and dealt only with mere political considerations? The supposition is absurd.*

For 129 years, from the death of Leo to the election of Gregory, also called "the Great," A.D. 590, the power and influence of the Roman See, owing to the circumstances of the times, made gradual but assured progress. "Gregory," says Mosheim, "united the most inconsistent and contradictory qualities; as in some cases he discovered a sound and penetrating judgment, and in others the most shameful and superstitious weakness; and in general manifested an extreme aversion to all kinds of learning, as his Epistles and Dialogues sufficiently testify."†

Superstition and ambition, according to Waddington, were the two prominent vices in Gregory's character, which overshadowed and counteracted his numerous excellencies. So unlike many of the

* Fleury, liv. xxviii. sect 30; Baron. ann. 451, sect. 148. For an excellent epitome of this Council and its famous twenty-eighth canon, see Grier's "General Councils," p. 93.

† "The doctrines now taught concerning the worship of images and saints, the fire of purgatory, the efficacy of good works, i.e., the observance of human rites and institutions, towards the attainment of salvation, the power of relics to heal diseases of body and mind, and such-like sordid and miserable fancies, were inculcated in many of the superstitious productions of this century, and particularly in his Epistles and other writings of Gregory the Great.

"Nothing more ridiculous, on the one hand, than the solemnity and liberality with which this good but silly pontiff distributed the wonder-working relics; and nothing more lamentable, on the other, than the stupid eagerness and devotion with which the stupid multitude received them, and suffered themselves to be persuaded that a portion of stinking oil, taken from the lamps which burned at the tombs of the martyrs, had a supernatural efficacy to sanctify its possessors, and defend them from all dangers, both of a temporal and spiritual nature."—MOSHEIM'S "Ecclesiastical History," cent. vi. chap. iii.

Popes, he was averse to effecting conversions by persecution, and in this respect he deserves the commendations of posterity.*

Jortin takes a more severe view of Gregory's character. He was remarkable for many things, he says; "for exalting his own authority, for running down human learning and polite literature, for burning classical authors, for patronizing ignorance and stupidity, for persecuting heretics, for flattering the most execrable princes, and for relating a multitude of absurd, monstrous, and ridiculous lies, called miracles. He was an ambitious, insolent prelate, under the mask of humility."†

No doubt all this is perfectly true, still Gregory had some compensating qualities. He was not all evil, far from it. There was a moral purity about him which very few, indeed, of his successors could boast, and if steeped in superstition he was charitably disposed. He was the first to employ that phrase of ostentatious humility, *servus servorum Dei*, in affected contrast to the pride of the Bishops of Constantinople, who aspired to the title of Œcumenical, or Universal Bishops.

Gregory, by assiduously manuring the roots of superstition his predecessors had planted, did a vast deal to strengthen their growth, and produce a prolific crop in after ages. He vastly advanced the superstitions that then constituted the staple of religion, and thereby increased the power and influence of the Roman See; but even he, with all his boundless ambition and pagan superstitions, never attained such a sublimity

of infatuation as to imagine that he was "the Rock," that he was "Christ's Vicar on Earth"—that he was an "Infallible Oracle of Divine truth."

No! This degrading belief—degrading to the Almighty, and alike so to the human mind that entertains it—was too gross even for the barbarous ignorance of the sixth century. But what the grossness of that age had not capacity to swallow, the glorious nineteenth century, with all its boasted progress and enlightenment, has accomplished, and outwardly, with some rare exceptions, the Roman Catholic world has accepted wholesale the entire fabric of *personal Infallibility* based on "Peter," "the Rock," and the assumed "Vicariate!" Happy and rational nineteenth century!

From the Pontificate of Gregory I. to that of Gregory II., A.D. 715, more than a hundred years elapsed, during which no less than twenty-five vacancies occurred in the See of Rome, and the most noteworthy of the elected bishops, as far as superstition is concerned, was undoubtedly Leo II., as he, like many of his predecessors, filching from pagan rites the use of *Holy Water*, which from his day became a custom of the Roman Church.

Under the Pontificate of the second Gregory, the controversy respecting *Images*, and the worship due to them, which had been waged with variable intensity for centuries before, now reached the culminating point. The Eastern Church, under the Emperor Leo, surnamed the "Iconoclast," or image-breaker, issued an edict for the destruction

* "In Gaul the Jews were compelled by Childebert to receive the ordinance of baptism; and the same despotic method of converting was practised in Spain. This method, however, was entirely disapproved of by Gregory the Great, who, though extremely severe upon the heretics, would suffer no violence to be offered to the Jews."—MOSHEIM'S "Ecclesiastical History," cent. v. chap. i.

† "Remarks," vol. iv. p. 403.

of images that had become objects of Christian idolatry. The Latin, or Western, Churches refused to obey, and the Roman Bishop, Gregory II., relying on the deep-rooted superstition of the so-called Christians of the West, and anxious to resist the pretensions of Constantinople to an equality of privileges, resolved to place himself at the head of the revolt, and bid defiance to the Emperor.

This Gregory did, and, to a large extent, successfully. His success, however, was accomplished by making an irreparable breach between the Eastern and Western Churches, while the Eastern Church, existing to the present day in unbroken continuity, presents demonstrative evidence against Papal pretensions, as now advanced, which it is beyond the arts of sophistry to withstand.

Gregory acted with a high hand. He boldly absolved the people from their allegiance to the Emperor, and established an independent republic in Rome A.D. 726. Thus terminated what had long been the mere nominal authority of the Eastern Emperors over Rome and Italy. Such a revolutionary change was naturally followed by a vast increase of consideration and power acquired by the Bishop, or as he was then called the "Pope" of Rome.*

The fall of the Lombard dynasty in Italy, which had existed for more than two hundred years, and the elevation of Charlemagne to the Empire of the West, brought a great accession of wealth, dignity, and power to the Papal See. Charlemagne is one of the idols of fabulous history. He is embalmed as "great," but that is a word which has been too frequently scandalously misapplied. It is true he was canonized

by Rome, and duly enrolled among the saints, but that is not sufficient to wash a blackamoor white. Considering all he and his father did for the Popes and the clergy, canonization was but a paltry return, and one he would not have been likely to value much. Charlemagne had a vast ambition, and was successful in gratifying it, reckless alike as regards means and consequences. It was because the Popes aided him with an unscrupulous fidelity that he rewarded them.

Pepin was the worthy father of such a son. His character was despicable in the extreme. He filled the office of Mayor of the Palace to Childeric III., King of France, a position then deemed one of great honour and high trust. The unfortunate monarch reposed the most perfect confidence in his loyalty and devotion, and heaped favours on him, but his heart was untouched by gratitude, and insensible to principle and honour. He intrigued to have Childeric deposed, in order that he might usurp the throne. In accomplishing his design he was powerfully assisted by Pope Zachary, A.D. 752, and on Zachary's death his successor, Stephen, imbued with a similar spirit, not only confirmed all Zachary had done, but went to France in order to seal the usurpation with the sanction of religion, by anointing and crowning Pepin.

In return for such good offices, what could Pepin do but reward the Pope? He invaded Italy, defeated the Lombard princes, and, in his treaties of peace with them, bargained for large donations of territory being conceded to the Roman pontiffs and their successors for ever. Thus the Bishop of Rome became elevated to the rank

* The title "Pope," *Papa, father*, was once given to all bishops. Hyginus, Bishop of Rome, first appropriated it A.D. 139.

of a territorial prince!—and in such iniquitous transactions we have the true origin of the temporal power of the Popedom, which was such a fruitful source of misery to Italy and to Europe, but is now happily a thing of the past.

Such was Pepin, the worthy father of Charlemagne—an equally worthy son. The ambition of Charlemagne was unbounded, and he had sufficient ability to work out his designs successfully. Following his father's example, he engaged the Popes to aid his purposes, and when, having waded through seas of blood, he attained the grand object of his ambition, Leo III. was foremost in offering his pious congratulations; not only so, but even went so far as to stamp his deeds with approval by solemnly crowning him Emperor of the West.

Charlemagne was not backward in rewarding such Papal pliancy and subserviency. He not only confirmed all his father's grants to the Roman See, but in addition conferred on the Popes a sort of vice-regal jurisdiction. As Emperor he always jealously maintained his own supreme authority in regulating the affairs of the Western Church; and the very fact of his conferring a delegated jurisdiction on the Popes, demonstrates the subordinate position they then occupied. Whatever they may aspire to be in modern times, unquestionably the Popes of those ages were subject to the imperial supremacy, and to all intents and purposes were nothing more than mere creations of the imperial will.

Not only did Charlemagne ag-

grandize the temporal power of the Popedom, but he enlarged its ecclesiastical jurisdiction, while he largely increased the immunities of the clergy. The arbitrativ authority exercised by the primitive Bishops of Rome in settling differences voluntarily submitted to them, which had been sanctioned by Constantine, was acknowledged as an independent jurisdiction by Charlemagne, and extended to *all causes without appeal*, thus placing a formidable power in the hands of the Popes, which in after ages was productive of much evil. We here have the origin of the irreconcilable antagonism between Papal pretensions to supremacy and the authority of the civil magistrate—an antagonism that has been a scourge to Europe, and which is raging now even in our own day. What power is to rule supreme—the Church or the State?—the civil or the ecclesiastical? This is the question that now agitates Europe, and we see how it had its origin a thousand years ago.*

Charlemagne also bestowed privileges on the clergy that became an inheritance of revolting crime to subsequent ages. He conferred on the clergy generally an entire exemption from secular or civil jurisdiction. No matter what crime a clerical committed, he could not be tried before a civil tribunal, but was only accountable to the spiritual court of the bishop. Thus the clergy were placed above and beyond the law of the realm—the law to which laymen were amenable—and the consequence was that in after times this exemption gave rise to enormous crimes; in fact, over-

* "The arbitrativ authority of the primitive bishops was tolerated or overlooked by the pagan emperors; if it received no direct discouragement from the civil power, it was never aided or even recognized by it. It reached, of course, only those who voluntarily sought it, and was binding upon none who chose to appeal from it to the secular courts."—WADDINGTON'S "History of the Church," vol. i. p. 221.

whelmed Europe in a perfect deluge of clerical profligacy and corruption.

No doubt the ruling motive of Charlemagne in so largely favouring the Papacy and clergy was one of shrewd policy, not perhaps untinctured with gratitude for the support given by Zachary to his father's usurpations, and by Leo to his own ambitious and bloody career. It is supposed, however, that, being himself very illiterate, he was influenced in conferring such rich gifts and privileges on Rome by the celebrated forgeries known as the *False Decretals* and *Donation of Constantine*, which then appeared for the first time, and were ignorantly received as genuine.*

These two most memorable monuments of human imposture and credulity, as they have been aptly termed, were purposely fabricated to serve the ambitious designs of the Papacy. The *Decretals* purported to be a compilation of Epistles and Decrees of primitive Popes and early Christian Emperors, which attributed to the Roman See an undoubted spiritual supremacy in the first ages of the Church. This is just what the Papacy wanted to substantiate its pretensions, but this is just the very evidence that

all authentic history refuses to supply—hence recourse was had to forgery.

The so-called *Donation of Constantine* was even a more clumsy and palpable forgery than that of the *Decretals*. It purported to be a solemn deed, executed by Constantine on removing the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, A.D. 321, by which he consigned the temporal as well as the spiritual government of the Western Empire to the Bishop of Rome; and this was ostensibly done on the ground that he was entitled to such supremacy over churches and nations as the undoubted successor of Peter and Vicar of Christ!

These may appear to us now very stupid forgeries, and no doubt they are transparently so; but we must remember that in those ignorant, superstitious, and barbaric times there was no schoolmaster abroad, no printing-press in operation, nothing to whet intellect and sharpen its critical perceptions. Europe was then a vast intellectual waste—a barren desert, with here and there, at rare intervals, an exceptional oasis of individual mental life. Charlemagne, the great and mighty conqueror, even he did not succeed in learning how to write

* These forgeries supply us with an excellent test touching the infallibility of the Popes. Assuming that the Popes did not in the first instance participate in the fraud—that they did not instigate it—that it was not committed at their suggestion, or with their knowledge or connivance, still, when the forgeries were made public, their infallibility must have at once detected the cheat. There could have been no infallibility otherwise. Why then did they not proclaim it, denounce and punish it? Why did they, during many dark and illiterate ages constantly appeal, in support of their pretended rights and privileges, to these very forged documents? The fact is undeniable that, during the mediæval ages, when the Popes sought to rule supreme over the Christian world, in things temporal as well as spiritual, it was to these forgeries they confidently appealed, as furnishing the title-deeds of their authority. If they did not know them to be forgeries, then they could not have been infallible.

Thus, it just comes to this—the Popes were infallible or not. If infallible, then their infallibility could not have failed to detect the false character of these documents, yet they not only failed to expose the forgeries, but absolutely made use of them for hundreds of years to further their own ambitious purposes! What, then, becomes of Papal rectitude? What can be more revolting to the rational mind than to suppose that inspired and infallible "Vicars of Christ" could be capable of such deliberate and continuous rascality? Turn the matter over and over any way you please, and there is a dilemma that cannot be escaped.

his name till he had passed the meridian. Ignorance, dense and credulous, ruled alike in the baronial castle and the serf's hovel.

It is impossible to doubt the complicity of the Popes in palming these astounding forgeries on the Christian world. At first some of the French bishops questioned their authenticity, while others rejected them totally as spurious; but their opposition was soon overcome and silenced, and then, for a disastrous period of some 600 years, these forgeries were received without suspicion as the irrefragable title-deeds of the Papacy—establishing beyond all question its claims to spiritual and temporal supremacy over the whole Christian world!

While Charlemagne lavishly bestowed power on the Papacy, he also added vastly to the independence and dignity of the Episcopal order. In fact, during the eighth and ninth centuries, the ambition of the Popes was checked and restricted by the ambition of the bishops, who ruled supreme in their respective dioceses, while collectively in Councils they admitted no superior but the Emperor.

Thus at a Council held at Arles, A.D. 813, we find edicts, which were confirmed by Charlemagne, asserting the authority of bishops "*over all judges and people in power.*" It was also ordained that "*all the people shall obey the bishop, even counts and judges.*" The effect of this Episcopal authority was to limit the exercise of the prerogatives claimed by the Popes, and it was only by the gradual absorption of the rights and privileges exercised by the bishops during the ensuing 200 years, that the Papacy succeeded in triumphing over the independence of the Church, and in imposing on benighted Europe that stupendous structure of fraud, superstition, and despotism which,

with all its absurdities and vices, was not without the fascination of an impious magnificence, and the gorgeous attractions of a barbarous grandeur.

For the two centuries following Charlemagne, the history of the Papacy discloses little else than a revolting series of scandalous vices and enormous crimes. Rome became the theatre of frightful disorders, amid which no less than six Infallibilities, *i.e.*, Popes, were deposed, two murdered, and one mutilated. The infamous Theodora, and her equally disreputable daughter, Marozia, Countess of Tuscany, ruled "the Church of Christ" in those glorious days, and governed Rome by the influence of their lovers.

These immaculate devotees of the Papacy elected Popes and intrigued with them. Where was infallibility then? John X., who is described as a scandalous example of iniquity and lewdness, was placed in the Papal chair by the influence of Theodora, that she might the more conveniently continue her licentious intercourse with him. But her daughter, Marozia, had also a Pope for a lover, by whom she had a son, and desiring to have her son elected Pope, thought it advisable to put her mother's lover, Pope John, quietly out of the way. Accordingly she had Pope John adroitly put to death, and by so doing made a clear stage for her own son, who became Pope as John XI., A.D. 931.—"Thus," says Mosheim, "the adulterous commerce of that infamous woman with one of the pretended successors of St. Peter gave an infallible guide to the Romish Church!"

In fact, the history of the Popes of this age, as all historians testify, is, says Mosheim, "the history of monsters, not of men, and exhibits

a horrible series of the most flagitious and complicated crimes."

The Papal chair was filled during these deplorable years by a succession of pontiffs who, with rare exceptions, were only distinguished for their unbounded licentiousness and enormous depravity.

During the early part of the eleventh century, although the power of the Roman pontiffs made no ostensible progress, their pretensions were quietly and silently gaining root. Benedict IX. was elected Pope A.D. 1033—"a most abandoned profligate," says Mosheim, "a wretch capable of the most horrid crimes, whose flagitious conduct drew upon him the just resentment of the Romans." After a disgraceful rule of five years, he was expelled from Rome for his iniquities; but he proceeded to the Imperial Court, and throwing himself at the feet of the Emperor Conrad, obtained his favour, and was restored by his powerful interposition. But thus restored he became even more vicious and scandalous in his conduct. He was again deposed by the outraged Romans, who elected another Pope in his place under the name of Sylvester III. An insurrection, fomented by Benedict's partisans, drove Sylvester from Rome; but Benedict, finding that he could not maintain his position, sold the Pontificate to an arch-presbyter of Rome, who took the name of Gregory VI. Thus the Church had two, if not three, infallible heads whose contentions caused frightful disorders.

Compelled to interpose at last, the Emperor Henry III. assembled a Council A.D. 1046, which decreed that Benedict, Sylvester, and Gregory—*three Infallibilities*—were alike unworthy of the Papal chair, and caused a German bishop to be elected, who became Clement II.

In return for such good service, Clement conceded to the Emperor an explicit right of nominating, in future, to the vacant chair of Peter, as the only means that then appeared feasible by which to stem the frightful depravity that threatened to engulf the Church.

We have now arrived at a memorable period in the history of the Papacy. In 1049, Leo IX., a native of Germany, ascended the Pontifical throne by appointment of the Emperor Henry III. On his way to Italy, he met, at the monastery of Clugni, in France, a monk named Hildebrand, with whom he was so well pleased that he gave him an appointment in his household, and took him to Rome. Thus the most restless spirit of the age had opened to him the vast theatre of ecclesiastical ambition, in which he was destined to acquire imperishable distinction and renown.

Hildebrand soon gained a complete ascendancy in Papal councils, which he principally influenced or entirely directed during the rule of six pontiffs, extending over a period of four-and-twenty years, until, when all his measures were matured, he assumed the tiara himself, in 1073. He was a man of towering ambition, possessed of indomitable energies, and animated by a dauntless courage. His monkish habits and discipline had estranged him from all natural affections, and well fitted him to discard every feeling of humanity, and devote his whole soul to the accomplishment of his grand designs. His desire was to elevate the Papacy above all human authority—to establish the absolute supremacy of the Popes over all earthly potentates—to make their dominion extend not only over the spiritual but temporal interests of mankind—to render, in fact, the whole world subject to the Roman See.

The state of the Christian world at this time was such as to offer great facilities for the realization of Hildebrand's grand ambitious schemes. Europe, in the eleventh century, was sunk in the grossness of ignorance, superstition, and barbarism. The people were oppressed by powerful barons, continually at feud with one another, or in arms against their sovereigns. The Church, devoid of spiritual life, had lost the religious and moral influence inspired by a pure Christianity, and, in lieu thereof, held mankind in awe by the rites, ceremonies, and sensuous devices of Pagan superstition. The chief dignitaries of the Church were rich and powerful by the acquisition of vast territorial possessions. Lordly bishops and portly abbots vied with kings and barons in pomp, luxury, and voluptuousness. Through all the ramifications of the sacerdotal order, the monstrous vices for which Popes had been distinguished were but too faithfully reflected. The celibacy of the clergy, which, for their own purposes, while they spurned its injunctions themselves, the Popes sought to impose on the whole Western Church, was totally unobserved, and priests of all grades, following the example of their pontiffs, revelled in ostentatious profligacy. "In every country," says Hallam, "the secular or parochial clergy kept women in their houses, upon more or less acknowledged terms of intercourse, by a connivance of their ecclesiastical superiors, which almost amounted to a positive toleration. The sons of priests were capable of inheriting by the law of France."

Hildebrand well knew that a reformation of the clergy was essential to the realization of his meditated projects. Their scandalous vices were a reproach to religion. He knew that the respect of a su-

perstitious age would be best secured to the priesthood by a reputation of austere sanctity, and thus he proposed, by separating the ecclesiastical body from the affections of domestic life, to acquire for its members the veneration of the ignorant laity, and at the same time to gradually render them independent of all other feelings than devotion to the common interests of the Papacy. He, therefore, caused clerical celibacy to be rigorously enforced; but human nature was too strong to be easily subdued, and it was not until after a violent and continuous struggle of 500 years, that a practice and discipline, derived from heathen antiquity, ultimately obtained an ostensible triumph in the Christian Church over reason and Scripture.

Simony, or the corrupt trafficking in Church livings, was another evil of vast magnitude that existed in this age. In primitive times the clergy were elected by the congregations; and bishops, when they became a separate order, by the clergy and laity, subject to the approval of the Metropolitan and his suffragans. But in process of time the Church, to acquire riches and power, surrendered a portion of its independence. In return for endowments of land, the right of nomination was secured to lay patrons, and such lands were generally held as dependent fiefs, which required investiture by the lord, and an oath of fealty by the tenant. Bishops, on consecration, received a ring and crozier, which thus formed the investiture. Hildebrand determined that the clergy should acknowledge no lay patrons, but look only to the Papal See for advancement, and the universal corruption that then prevailed gave some show of justice to his proposed measures.

Up to this period the Popes were elected by the nobles, clergy, and people of Rome, but were not con-

secrated until their election had been confirmed by the Emperor. Clement II., as already observed, conferred the right of direct nomination on the Emperor Henry III.; but this was held to be only a temporary arrangement, and on the death of the Emperor, in 1056, the long minority of his son Henry IV., and the distracted state of the empire, afforded Hildebrand a favourable opportunity to commence his work—to spring the mine he had laboured so long and skilfully to prepare.

Accordingly, in 1059, Hildebrand induced Pope Nicholas II. to issue a decree declaring that in future the Popes should be elected by the cardinals alone; but, to save appearances, he added two clauses—that the election should be submitted to the clergy and people for their consent, and to the Emperor for confirmation—both of which were subsequently annulled. In this spirit he laboured as the animating genius of Papal policy, until, on the death of Pope Alexander II., in 1073, he procured his own election to the Pontificate, but, with an affected humility, would not consent to be consecrated until the Emperor's confirmation was received.

Hildebrand assumed the name of Gregory VII., in order to testify that the deposition of Gregory V. by the late Emperor was invalid. As he had long been maturing his plans for putting the relative strength of the empire and of the Papacy to the test, he had formed an intimate alliance with Princess Matilda of Tuscany, who had inherited vast possessions. To the excessive weakness and emotional credulity of female superstition, this remarkable woman joined a masculine energy of character in other respects that well fitted her to become an associate in the great enterprises of the Pope, or to be

used as an instrument. He induced her to settle all her possessions in Italy and elsewhere upon the Church of Rome, "and thus," says Mosheim, "to appoint St. Peter and his pretended vicar the heirs of her immense treasures."

Having secured large military resources by this alliance with Matilda, the Pope determined to throw off the mask. He summoned a council at Rome, and had two important decrees passed—one enforcing the celibacy of the clergy, the other forbidding bishops to receive lay investiture, or to be consecrated without the confirmation of the Pope, to whom alone they were to swear the oath of obedience. Thus, by one bold stroke, the Pope assumed the position of sovereign lord of one-third of all the land in Christendom, for to such an extent had the Church then acquired property.

In communicating these decrees to the Emperor, the Pope wrote in the most insolent style. "The world," he said, "is guided by two lights—by the sun, the larger, and the moon, the lesser light. Thus the Apostolic power represents the sun, and the Royal power the moon, for as the latter has its light from the former, so only do emperors, kings, and princes receive their authority through the Pope, because he receives his authority from God. Therefore, *the power of the Roman chair is greater than the power of the Throne, and the king is subject to the Pope, and bound in obedience to him.*"

Such was the audacious doctrine of Papal supremacy as first promulgated by the great Gregory—a doctrine not hesitatingly insinuated, but clearly and distinctly enunciated, without circumlocution or any fencing verbiage. That doctrine has never since been renounced by the Popes. It is the very essence of Ultramontanism, and it is

cherished and taught even in the present day.

Resolved to pursue no faint-hearted half measures, Gregory summoned the Emperor to appear at Rome "to answer for his crimes." Henry IV. had generous qualities, though his rule was despotic and dissolute. He was too spirited, however, not to take up indignantly the gauntlet thus flung down to him. He assembled the German bishops at Worms, A.D. 1076, and fulminated a sentence of deposition against the Pope, to whom he wrote a bitter letter, commencing, "Henry not by force, but by the sacred ordination of God to Hildebrand—not the Pope, but the false monk."

The Pope immediately assembled another council, and excommunicated the Emperor, "in the name of the Almighty God," and *absolved all Christians from the oath they had made to him*. The Emperor had many enemies, and they took advantage of this excommunication to foment revolts against him, and after various vicissitudes of fortune he was utterly deserted, and compelled to humble himself before the Pope and sue for pardon.

In the depth of winter he crossed the Alps, and reached the castle of Canossa, where the Pope was staying with the Princess Matilda. Alone, barefooted, and bare-headed, with a shirt of hair, and covered only with a woollen penitential garment, for three days the Emperor remained in the court-yard of the castle, exposed to the inclemency of the weather in January, 1077, before the haughty pontiff would relent and condescend to receive him. At last, on the fourth day, the Emperor was admitted to the imperious presence, and absolved from the ban of excommunication, but was suspended from exercising the functions of royalty pending the pleasure of the Pope.

With shame and indignation the humiliated Henry withdrew. The illusory awe he had felt for the proud pontiff, and the ban of the Church, had been dissipated by a deep sense of the indignities heaped upon him. His spirit revolted against the disgraceful yoke to which he had submitted in the vain hope of conciliating his enemies, and a burning resentment took possession of his mind. The cities of Lombardy were animated by a latent Protestant spirit, and the base humiliation of the Emperor only rendered him contemptible in the eyes of men, who, knowing the corruptions of the Church, despised its pretensions though they feared its power. Roused by the disgrace and dangers of his position, Henry did not yield to despair, but resolved to fall, if to fall was inevitable, as the defender, not the betrayer, of the imperial rights. He resumed his title and functions, rallied his adherents around him, and boldly entrusted to the fortune of war the re-establishment of his imperial authority.

The Pope hurled a second sentence of deposition and excommunication against him, and went so far as to bestow the imperial crown on a creature of his own. Henry, in return, assembled a council of German bishops, deposed the Pope, and elected another to the Pontifical chair. He met with successes in the field that augmented his adherents. Finally, after many vicissitudes, he entered Rome in triumph, A.D. 1084, and drove the haughty Hildebrand into exile, where he died the following year, after having, by his boundless arrogance and ambition, kindled the flames of what is known as the *War of Investures*, which, for thirty years, spread death and desolation throughout Italy and Germany.

Gregory was by far the most audacious and imperious pontiff

who had, as yet, occupied the Roman See. He carried his pretensions to spiritual and temporal supremacy, as Pope, to a height of arrogance hitherto unknown. He died repeating with his latest breath the curses he had hurled against the Emperor Henry, also the anti-Pope, and all their adherents. But he left behind him his spirit, his principles, and his example, which, through successive generations, guided the policy of the Papacy, influenced the destinies of the Christian world, and which, to this hour, are fondly cherished in the ambitious councils of the Vatican.

Gregory was the first to claim for the Papacy the right to depose sovereigns and absolve their subjects from oaths of allegiance, to depose of thrones, and hold the entire world in subjection to the supreme judicature of the pretended successors of Peter as Vicars of Christ. By his policy he changed the whole constitution of the Western Church, and subverted its government. The most important and valuable of its rights and privileges, that had been formerly vested in councils, bishops, and sacred colleges, were outrageously usurped by him. In a word, his grand design was to centre in the Roman See the whole and exclusive government of the Western Church.

Nor was this all. A mere supremacy in spiritual things could not satisfy his unbounded aims and insatiable ambition. He desired to establish a civil monarchy equally

extensive and despotic—an absolute and universal monarchy, which should also centre in the Papacy as its sole political and all-powerful head. With this view, he boldly declared that the European sovereigns were his feudatories. He claimed the kingdom of France as directly tributary to Rome, and addressing the King, Philip I., reminded him “*that both his kingdom and his soul were under the dominion of St. Peter*, who had power both to bind and loose, both in heaven and on earth.” Philip, however, was then in a position that enabled him to treat Gregory’s claim with contempt. But this did not daunt the aspiring pontiff, and similar claims were advanced against the independence of nearly every sovereign state in Europe.*

To sustain his unbounded pretensions, and work out his mighty scheme of universal supremacy, Gregory brought forward the *False Decretals*, that for two centuries and a half had ignominiously slumbered in the archives of the Vatican. He does not appear to have openly relied on the supposed *Donation of Constantine*. In that age of darkness forgeries, no matter how transparent and monstrous, so far from being disputed, appealed by their very “thoroughness” to illiterate and superstitious minds, and were quite sufficient to justify any aggressions on the rights of mankind.

In the Roman Church, Gregory is venerated as a saint, but he has never been assigned a niche in the

* Gregory claimed William I. of England as his feudatory, and wrote to him requiring payment of the arrears of *Peter’s Pence*. The Conqueror replied that he held his kingdom of God only and his own sword, and spurned the insolent pretension.

With respect to *Peter’s Pence*—so called, not because payable to the pretended successors of St. Peter, as is commonly supposed, but because it was collected on the festival of St. Peter in Vinculus—it was an old tax of one penny on each house, granted by Ina, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 725, for the purpose of establishing and supporting an English college at Rome. The tax was subsequently extended over all England. It was for a long time applied to the support of the English college, according to its original design, but the avarice of the Popes found means to divert it from its original purpose, and appropriated it to their own uses. It was finally abolished in the reign of Henry VIII.

Calendar by regular canonization. The assumed reason for this is, that notwithstanding all he did to advance the power and glory of the Papacy, *he was not exactly sound in the faith!* He is represented by Roman Catholic writers as regarding with indifference mere theological questions, and as not having an orthodox belief in the doctrine of *Transubstantiation*. Berenger openly denied the doctrine of the Real Presence, in the gross sense that was then becoming general in the Church, and if not exactly agreeing in opinion with him, Gregory undoubtedly protected him. He should have roasted Berenger as an arch-heretic, and then, indeed, he would have established an indubitable claim to the honours of canonization. As it was, with all his faults, he did not persecute mere opinion, and because he was not a bigot and fanatic, he is represented as little better than a hypocrite and heathen.

Jortin says that Gregory "had all the marks of Antichrist upon him, and that his religion was nothing more than a grimace." In our opinion his religious toleration, and undoubted desire to reform the vices of the clergy, were the best features in his character. He wrote to a Mahometan prince, saying, "You and we adore one and the same God, though in a different manner. I wish you everlasting happiness in Abraham's bosom." Gregory's mind was cast in far too ambitious a mould, he had altogether too high a spirit and too exalted aims, to concern himself about the metaphysical subtleties of speculative theology, or feel any interest in the fantastic sophistries and conflicting absurdities of monkish controversy.

From the death of Gregory until the Pontificate of Adrian IV.—the only Englishman who ever

the office—a period of seventy years, the foundations of Papal greatness laid by Gregory grew in solidity and strength, though Rome was frequently rent by tumults, and the election of Popes disgraced by scandalous intrigues, corruptions, and discords. As Hallam observes, whatever domestic troubles the Popes had to contend with, they "availed themselves of every opportunity which the temporizing policy, the negligence, or bigotry of sovereigns threw into their hands," to advance their pretensions and consolidate their supremacy.

Adrian was imbued with the ambitious spirit of Gregory, without his generous impulses and lofty purposes. He signalized his Pontificate by wreaking his vengeance on the famous Arnold of Brescia, a disciple of the celebrated Abelard. Arnold publicly preached against the corruptions that overwhelmed the Church, and it is admitted by Roman Catholic writers that the baronial pomp of the prelates, and the licentious lives of the regular clergy as well as of the monastic orders, fully justified the severest denunciations. Adrian, however, would brook no opposition. There was rank heresy in proclaiming the necessity for reforms. Arnold was tried before an ecclesiastical court at Rome, which of course condemned him, and he was publicly burned to death. His ashes were swept up and thrown into the Tiber!

The arrogance of Adrian was never more daringly displayed than in his conduct towards the proudest monarch of his age, the Emperor Frederick II. who had openly expressed his termination of the

The homage of holding the stirrup "was paid," says Gibbon, "by kings to archbishops, and by vassals to their lords; and it was the nicest policy of Rome to confound the marks of filial and feudal subjection." This homage Adrian haughtily demanded that Barbarossa should pay to him. At first he fiercely refused; but it shows what the power of superstition must have been over illiterate minds in those days, that on a precedent for this indignity having been pointed out to him, he, the haughtiest prince in Europe, at the head of a powerful and obedient army, demeaned himself by submitting to such an act of servitude, which, as Waddington observes, it is just possible he "may have mistaken for Christian humiliation."

In a similar spirit, at a congress of German Princes, Adrian's legate, Cardinal Roland, afterwards Alexander III., when objection was taken to an insolent letter sent by Adrian, exclaimed—"*From whom, then, has the Emperor the Empire if not from the Pope?*" This so irritated the Count Palatine, who bore the naked sword of State, that he raised the weapon to cleave the insolent cardinal's head, when the Emperor interposed, and commanded the cardinal to return immediately to Rome.

Adrian also distinguished himself by inviting Henry II. to invade and conquer Ireland, and by a Bull, issued A.D. 1156, authorized him to do so, in order to reduce the country to submission to the See of Rome—the Irish up to that period having maintained the independence of their Church against all the pretensions and machinations of the Papacy. In return for Papal license to carry the calamities of war into Ireland, the Pope bargained that Henry should *make the natives pay a household*

tax of one penny yearly to Rome. It was not, however, until sixteen years after this Bull was issued that Henry was able to invade Ireland, and along with English domination to fasten on the country the shackles of Rome and the malediction of Popery, with all the consequential calamities which may be traced by broad blood-marks throughout our turbulent and chequered history.

Adrian died A.D. 1159, and as the electors were divided into two nearly equal parties, they could not agree, and so elected two Popes. Rowland, Bishop of Sienna, who assumed the name of Alexander III., was the choice of one party, while the Cardinal St. Cecilia, known as Victor IV., was elected by the other; and as his election was confirmed by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and acknowledged valid by the Council of Pavia, his authority became supreme throughout Italy and Germany.

On the other hand, Alexander found a friend in France, and he fled from Rome for refuge and protection to that country, where he was acknowledged as the true Pope. Matters remained in this perplexing state till 1164, when Pope Victor died, but the Emperor, instead of attempting to make peace with Pope Alexander, immediately caused Guy, Cardinal St. Callixtus, to be elected as Victor's successor. He took the title of Pascal III., and the validity of his Pontificate was acknowledged by the Diet assembled at Wurtzberg, A.D. 1167.

While these events were taking place, a powerful party, mainly arising from political causes, were gradually growing up in Italy in favour of Pope Alexander, and the revulsion of feeling became so great in his favour that he returned to Rome A.D. 1167. He forthwith assembled a council, deposed the

Emperor, on whom he vented his fiercest anathemas and execrations, absolved all his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, abjured them to renounce all obedience to him, as he was no longer their lawful sovereign, but to rebel against and shake off the odious yoke of his authority.

The Emperor, however, was not exactly the superstitious craven that would tamely submit to have his beard plucked in such a fashion. He forthwith marched on Rome, and carried the city by assault, Alexander making his escape in the disguise of a pilgrim, as his present "Holiness" did in that of a footman. The Emperor and his consort were then crowned by Pope Pascal; but the month, August, being exceedingly sultry, an epidemic, the result of malaria, broke out among the Germans, and spread with such deadly effect as to decimate their ranks. The Emperor had to retire on Pavia, and a further reverse of fortune overtaking him, he abandoned Northern Italy in the following spring. He attempted to re-establish his authority in 1174, but suffered an overwhelming defeat at Legnano, in May, 1176, and the result was, he concluded a treaty of peace with Alexander at Venice, in 1177, and thus terminated the wars between them.*

The so-called anti-Pope, Pascal, died in 1168, when the Imperialists elected another, who took the name of Callixtus III., but in 1178 he abdicated, when Innocent III. was elected. Alexander died in 1181, and was succeeded by Lucius III. Thus during the Pontificate of Alexander there were no less than "five Richmonds in the field"—five *Infallibilities* striving for mastery, each claiming to be the legitimate successor of St. Peter, and the true "Vicar of Christ." This is only one of many similar evidences of an "unbroken succession" that the history of the Papacy presents, and which will not bear critical examination; for, undoubtedly, as regards the first election, in 1159, to provide a successor to Adrian, the great weight of evidence is in favour of Victor, and against the validity of Alexander's elevation.†

The election of Lucius III. to succeed Alexander was followed by great tumults and seditious disturbances in Rome, which continued at intervals during the four years of his inglorious Pontificate. These embroilments were mainly caused by the new mode adopted in electing the Pope, which was considered, and rightly too, an infringement on, and a departure from, the ancient custom. Lucius

* Notwithstanding his embroilment with the Emperor, the imperious and ambitious spirit of Alexander led him to encourage and sustain Thomas A'Becket in his daring attempts to destroy the liberties of England. The arrogance, rebellious obstinacy, and duplicity of this so-called "martyr and saint," led to the enactment of the famous *Constitutions of Clarendon*. Thus out of evil resulted good, and a great landmark was established in the history of English liberty.

† Alexander was animated by an insatiable desire to increase the power of the Papacy, and he largely succeeded in doing so.

In the matter of canonization, for instance, it was the privilege of provincial councils and of bishops to advance to the rank of *Saints* such as they deemed worthy of the worship and veneration of Christians. But Alexander boldly abrogated this privilege of bishops and councils, and placed canonization among the *Cause Majores*, which the Sovereign Pontiff was alone, by his peculiar prerogative, entitled to deal with.

Alexander was also the first Pope who undertook to confer royal dignity. This he did by conferring the title of "King," with the ensigns of royalty, upon Alphonso, Duke of Portugal, who had previously rendered his State tributary to the Roman See. It was a case of "caw-me, caw-thee," but it shows the height Papal usurpation had attained.

had twice to fly the city in order to save his life, and with all the superstition of the age, he appears to have had no influence over the brutal impulses of the Roman population. Strange, is it not, that the very City of the Popes—the sanctified residence of Infallibility—the chosen city, blessed with an inspired Vicariate—strange, passing strange, is it not, that such a theoretic Eden should have been remarkable beyond all other cities in Italy—ay, in the world—for its corrupt, degraded, turbulent, and grossly ignorant population?

Now under the pagan Cæsars it was far otherwise; then to be a Roman citizen was a venerated title, received with respect and honour throughout the known world; but under the Christian Popes, the name Roman became a by-word and a shame. It was a name the most opprobrious that could be applied to any one. Luitprand, who was in the service of the Emperor Otho I., has transmitted to us a picture of the Roman people of the tenth century in these words:—"We Lombards despise them so deeply, that for our very enemies, when most moved against them, we can find no designation more contumelious than *Roman*! In this single term, *I mean Roman*, we intend to comprehend all that is base, all that is cowardly, all that is avaricious, all that is luxurious, all that is false and lying—ay, every vice that has a name."

In corroboration of Luitprand, we have the unimpeachable evidence of "the Great St. Bernard"—a Romanist authority of the very highest eminence. Writing to Pope Eugenius III., who had been his pupil, and member of his monastery of Clairvaux, he thus describes the Romans:—"A race *unaccustomed to peace*, habituated to tumult—a race merciless and

intractable, and to this instant scorning all subjection when it has the means of resistance. . . .

"They are men too proud to obey, too ignorant to rule, faithless to superiors, insupportable to inferiors; shameless in asking, insolent in refusing; importunate to obtain favours, restless while obtaining them; ungrateful when they have obtained them; grandiloquent and inefficient; most profuse in promise, most niggardly in performance; the smoothest flatterers, the most venomous detractors." In this strain St. Bernard—the "mellifluous," as Dr. Milner eulogized him—goes on to reprobate, at far greater length than we can quote, the deplorable degradation and viciousness of the Roman people.

But how did it happen that the Romans became so sunk as to merit such a character? Had they not been peculiarly blessed with the enlightenment and purity of Papal rule for some 800 years, since the disestablishment and disendowment of paganism?—and is St. Bernard's description of the people to be taken as the result of that rule? Can this be possible? Here was a population sitting at the very footstool of the "Vicar of Christ—a population, in that point of view, the most favoured on the face of the globe—a population absolutely under the direct guidance of infallibility—and yet a population that, after centuries passed under this incomparable *régime*, turned out to be the most vicious, turbulent, and abandoned in Europe. If, as the Evangelist records, "the tree is known by its fruits," in what respect had the Christian Rome of the Popes a claim to superiority over the Pagan Rome of the Cæsars?

We have now brought our *Retrospect* down to the close of the twelfth century, and we must pause here for the present. We have

seen how, in ignorant and superstitious ages, the doctrines and worship of the Apostolic Church became gradually perverted and corrupted, until a system of paganized Christianity overspread Western Europe.

We have also seen how the spiritual and temporal power of the Popedom grew from small usurpations, till the power of "the Keys" was boldly assumed, and authority to "bind and to loose" in heaven and on earth, was audaciously asserted as a sacred prerogative of the Popes over the whole Christian world!

As yet the revolting idea of the *personal infallibility* of the Pope had obtained no acceptance in the Western Church, though its faith was obscured by the most degrading superstitions, and its worship sensualized by the adoption of heathen rites and carnal ceremonies. But St. Bernard supplies conclusive evidence to show that monstrous notions began to prevail in the twelfth century, respecting the office and authority of the Popes, the natural development of which, as Dr. Newman would say, was only to be found in an Infallible Vicariate. Writing to his former pupil, Eugenius III., St. Bernard asks, "Who are you?" and then bursts forth with an answer in this rhapsodical manner:—

"Who are you? A mighty priest, the highest pontiff. You are the first among bishops, the heir of the Apostles; in primacy, Abel; in government, Noah; in patriarchate, Abraham; in order, Melchisedech; in dignity, Aaron; in authority, Moses; in judgment, Samuel; in power, Peter; *in unction*,

Christ! You are he to whom the keys have been delivered, to whom the flock has been entrusted. Others, indeed, there are, who are door-keepers of Heaven, and pastors of sheep, but you are pre-eminently so, as you are more singularly distinguished by the inheritance of both characters. . . . Are you not able, if cause arise, to exclude a bishop from Heaven, to depose him from his dignity, and even to consign him over to Satan?"

Such were the degrading notions that began to spread in this barbarous age respecting the attributes and functions of the Popes; and thus, observes Waddington, "the authority of St. Bernard, which was extremely great, both in his own age and those which immediately followed, was exerted to subject the minds of religious men to that spiritual despotism which was already swollen far beyond its just limits, and was threatening a still wider and more fatal inundation."* It is worthy of remark, however, that while St. Bernard thus sought fancifully to exalt the office of the Popes, he persistently repudiated, and was the most able opponent of, that scandalous absurdity, which was then broached—the Immaculate Conception.

But we are only now on the threshold of the great iniquities of the Papacy. We have only been repeating, as it were, the prologue to the greatest drama the world ever witnessed, when the Papacy had free and unbounded scope, and flourished in wild, prolific, and tragic luxuriance from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. This period we shall deal with in a future *Retrospect*.

* "Hist. of Church," vol. i. p. 329.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 13.

ALEXANDER EDWARD MILLER, ESQ., Q.C.

MR. MILLER is an Irishman, and, undoubtedly, a very distinguished *alumnus* of our University. His past brilliant career gives ample promise of equally conspicuous distinction in the future. He is, therefore, an appropriate figure to have a place in "Our Gallery" with those who have reflected a lustre on their age and country. His name is just now invested with an additional, if not a special, interest and prominence, from the fact that he is a candidate for the representation of the University at the approaching election, to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of Dr. Ball. The appointment of that pre-eminently able man to the Lord Chancellorship, which has occasioned his retirement, has been accepted with an universal approbation seldom accorded, and which has been openly testified by the spontaneous burst of applause which greeted him on taking his seat for the first time.

The coming election is expected to be hotly contested, and the polling day has been fixed while we write, so that the decisive battle will be over before this page shall meet the reader's eye. It is not our purpose to indulge in any prediction or speculation as to what may be the issue, whether of victory or defeat, on the one side or the other. Dame Fortune mocks alike the complacency or the chagrin of those who either crow or croak over her anticipated favours. We, therefore, dismiss all party-feeling, and discard even the slightest tinge of the rancour that too often infects the partisans of rival candidates, and thus shall relegate the liberty of free discussion as to the relative merits of the competitors to its proper place and time. Our present notice contemplates Mr. Miller only as an eminent lawyer and an accomplished scholar; and if, unlike the Roman Atticus—another distinguished scholar—he shows no repugnance to party conflict, we simply view the circumstance of his candidature for the University as an item, however important, in the details which we propose to give of his personal history.

Mr. Miller is a native of the county of Antrim, having been born at Ballycastle, in that county, on the 29th of August, 1828. His father, Mr. Alexander Miller, was for many years treasurer of the county, and his mother was a daughter of Mr. Alexander McNeile, of Colhers Hall, and sister of the Very Rev. Hugh McNeile, Dean of Ripon. A brief notice of his pedigree will suffice to show that he has come of a race of stanch and zealous champions of Protestantism, who have, in their time, done good service to both Church and State. When the *Mountjoy* sailed, under Browning, to the relief of the siege of Derry, she had on board,

amongst others, one Thomas Miller as petty officer; he was a younger son of another Thomas Miller (shortly afterwards Mayor of Chichester, in Sussex), and was one of a large number who had volunteered from that part of the country for the assistance of the Protestant cause in Ireland. After the relief of Derry, he settled in the town, and obtained a grant of a residence there, which—or rather the new house built upon the same site—still remains in possession of the family. Thomas Miller's grandson, Edward Miller, of Coagh, in the county of Tyrone, married Mary, only child of Charles O'Neill, Esq., of Coleraine, and Mr. Miller's father was the only son of this marriage.

When about ten years of age, Mr. Miller was placed under the care and instruction of the Rev. William Eames, of Cloafadforan Glebe, Tyrrell's Pass, in the county of Westmeath, with whom he remained upwards of six years. Whilst here, he formed an intimate friendship—which has never been interrupted—with Mr. Pilkington of Tore, (the father of H. M. Pilkington, Esq., Q.C., lately also a candidate for the representation of the University), and his family. In 1844, at the age of sixteen, he passed from Mr. Eames's school to Rugby, the present Archbishop of Canterbury being then Head Master, and he remained here until the summer of 1847, a period of three years.

We have no further record of Mr. Miller's school-days, and so can only surmise as to their having given any indications of his later character, or any earnest of his subsequent career. That they must have been above the common level would seem to be a foregone conclusion, if there be any truth in the aphorism that "the child is father to the man." Some little light as to his studious habits and preparation at Rugby is supplied in the fact that, whilst there, he attracted the notice of Dr. Tait, who pressed him, when leaving, to remain until the next examination for exhibitions, on the ground that he would certainly obtain one (£70 a year for seven years); but as this would have necessitated his going to Oxford or Cambridge, Mr. Miller declined, preferring to enter the University of Dublin.

It has been said by a quiet and thoughtful observer—Cowper—that the colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are own masters make it, and that it is *then* we may be said to shape our destiny, and treasure up for ourselves a series of successes or disappointments. Mr. Miller's school-days over, the next three or four years constitute the most interesting portion of his history, placing in his hands, as they did, the power "to shape his destiny" for good or for evil, and certainly he seems to have used it wisely and well.

At the entrance examination of July, 1847, he entered the University, under Mr. (now Archdeacon) Lee as tutor, obtaining second place amongst about 130 candidates. In July, 1849, he was elected to a University scholarship, as a senior freshman, thus anticipating by a year the usual time for obtaining this academic distinction. Between January, 1848, and November, 1850, he obtained eight honours in science, and four in classics, all of the first rank, in Michaelmas Term in each of the three years, the honours being double, and, on the last occasion, Mr. Miller being first of the first in classics, and second of the first in science. At the degree examination in 1851, he obtained the first senior moderatorship in mathematics, and the second senior moderatorship in classics. At the examination in 1852, he obtained the second Berkeley medal for proficiency in Greek.

Mr. Miller's college career was undoubtedly marked by exceptional brilliancy and success—it has practically never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, in the history of the University. Many distinguished students have obtained two senior moderatorships, but they have been, in every instance, in cognate subjects, either in mathematics and in experimental and natural science, or in classics and ethics; but there is no other example of any student combining the first senior moderatorship in mathematics with a medal in classics at the same examination.

We have derived our information as to the various honours we have enumerated from a printed circular which has been issued by a committee of Mr. Miller's supporters, in view of his candidature, and which, doubtless, may be taken as thoroughly reliable. There is no royal road to such distinctions as these. They can only be attained after many laborious exercises, much self-denial, and by patient and persevering industry, assisted by a quick and clear intelligence. The natural gift of a retentive memory is also an important aid; though it is said of Cowley that he was so deficient in memory as to have been unable to retain the common rules of grammar, and yet that he became—it would seem by some occult process or faculty—an elegant and correct classical scholar.

Mr. Miller's devotion to the study of classics and science, which had secured him such collegiate pre-eminence, did not, however, absorb his whole attention, to the neglect of oratory, the *belles-lettres*, and other studies which have hitherto taken too small a place in academical education. In the year 1850 he became a member of the College Historical Society, that famous nursery of Irish eloquence, which, in days gone by, reared to maturity a noble band of brilliant orators, and, as might have been expected, he soon took his place as a leader, and one of the most active officers of the society, carrying off the gold medal for oratory, and medals for history and prose composition. He was also proposed for auditor in 1852, but declined to contest the position with Mr. F. G. Evelyn, who was, therefore, elected unopposed.

On taking his degree, Mr. Miller proposed to himself to read for a fellowship, and, with that view, attended the classes of the present Bishop of Limerick and Professor Jellett for the greater part of a year. Owing to family circumstances, he was induced to abandon this idea, and to adopt the English Bar as his profession.

In Michaelmas Term, 1852, Mr. Miller accordingly entered his name at the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and, with his wonted untiring industry, at once applied himself to master the complex machinery of the law. He first studied in the chambers of Mr. John Laurence Tatham, the eminent conveyancer, and now a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and, afterwards, in those of Mr. (now Lord) Cairns, then M.P. for Belfast, and then an equity draftsman in large practice.

Whilst thus studying for the Bar, Mr. Miller again evinced the quick and ready grasp he can take of any subject on which his mind is brought to bear, by carrying off the prize of a studentship at the general examination of Michaelmas Term, 1854. He was, thereupon, excused two terms which he would, otherwise, have had to serve, and was at once called to the Bar, on the 17th of November, 1854.

Irishman, or, indeed, a man of any nationality, starting at the English Bar without a professional connection, has, indeed, an up-hill before him. But if, conscious of his own strength, he quietly

abides his time, sedulously acquiring full and accurate knowledge, he must, like everything in life that possesses merit, ultimately force his way, and this, too, at the English Bar, perhaps, more surely than at any other. Such has been the case with Mr. Miller. For some years, little or nothing was heard of him outside his immediate circle. His advance was also delayed by the fact that he did not, as so many young barristers do, remain in London through the Long vacations. From the first, he regularly spent the whole of every Long vacation in Ireland, principally in the county of Antrim, and some of his friends have often heard him say, that he only *lived* during that time, and that his life in London was mere vegetation or slavery. He first got into anything like notice as one of the reporters in the Court of Lord Hatherley (then Vice-Chancellor Page Wood). He continued to be one of the recognized reporters until the introduction of the new system in 1866, when he retired. The reports taken by him were afterwards published in conjunction with those of Mr. Hemming, in two volumes, and are recognized for their fulness and accuracy. It may also be mentioned that on the occasion of abandoning his reportership he received a most kind and flattering letter from the Vice-Chancellor, acknowledging his merits as a reporter, and regretting his resignation. Mr. Miller also for some time filled the position of editor of *The Solicitor's Journal and Weekly Reporter*, and during his connection with it, fully sustained the well-deserved reputation which that journal has long enjoyed with both branches of the profession. From this time, Mr. Miller's practice at the Bar steadily increased, and his position became so well assured and successful that, on the 8th of February, 1872, he was appointed Q.C., on Lord Hatherley's nomination, and he is now in full business as a senior counsel.

Mr. Miller has thus been able, by patience and indefatigable industry, to add professional to collegiate distinction. Many men who have been the great academical gladiators of their time, and, *facile principes*, have carried off every prize of the literary arena, have afterwards become lost in the labyrinth of professional practice. Not so Mr. Miller. By the very aid of those qualities he has found himself at home in his profession, and possesses intimate familiarity with its details. His style, as an advocate, is quiet, dignified, and self-possessed, and well adapted to the temper and atmosphere of an Equity Court; he reasons closely and acutely, expresses himself in plain, clear, and sufficiently forcible language, and displays, by the apparent exercise of a sound judgment, acting upon a strong, retentive memory, an accurate appreciation of both the facts and points of his case.

Descended from one of the trusty band of Protestant volunteers, the relievers of Derry, and intimately connected with the families of O'Neill and McNeale, it would have been nothing short of a miracle if Mr. Miller had been anything but a loyal and consistent Conservative. His political creed, therefore, by a kind of "natural selection," is a pure, unmixed conservatism. With a mind such as his, however, we fancy it can never be the rigid, unbending iron of old Toryism, but rather the finely-tempered steel, adapted to, and in harmony with, the exigencies of modern thought and institutions. His zeal for the Conservative cause has, however, been evinced on many occasions, and he has not shrunk from making exertions or expressing opinions which he deemed useful for its support or protection. The first opportunity he had of showing his colours, after he had come to man's estate, was at the general election of

1852, when, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Kingsmill (now in practice at the Bar in Hong Kong), he was one of the most zealous of the many volunteers to whose agency the return of Grogan and Vance for the city of Dublin, and the defeat of Alderman Reynolds, were mainly due. He also took an active part in the return of Messrs. Pakenham and Macartney for the county of Antrim in the same year. In 1865, when the representation of the University was threatened, he came over from London, in the middle of the sittings of the court, at considerable expense of time and money, to record his vote for Hamilton and Napier. At the subsequent contests for the University, he was one of the most active canvassers, in London, for Lefroy in 1865 (when he voted for Lefroy and Whiteside), and for Lefroy and Grogan in 1868.

In that year also there was, for the first time for many years, a serious contest in Middlesex, and Mr. Miller, on that occasion, accepted the post of chairman of one of the local committees for Lord George Hamilton, and presided at the first Conservative meeting which had ever been held in the parish. In 1869, he was again found at his post when the county of Antrim was contested between Captain Seymour (now Earl of Yarmouth) and Sir Shafto Adair (now Lord Waveney). At the general election of 1874, he again acted on the Harrow committee of Hamilton and Coope for the county of Middlesex, and was chairman of Colonel Randolph's committee, in his gallant attempt to win Finsbury from the Radicals.

Thus it appears that Mr. Miller is no novice in politics or political warfare, and, as already stated, he is now himself a candidate for the honours of statesmanship. Such a man could not be long out of Parliament. Few men of any mark at the Bar at the present day, possessing his indomitable energy and intellect, would or could confine themselves within the narrow range of professional usefulness. Their inherent force of character would, sooner or later, instinctively impel them to seek the wider arena of public life. In that arena there can be little doubt, from what we have indicated of his career and character, that Mr. Miller has the capacity, as well as the ambition, to excel, and unless he disappoints all the promise of his life, he is competent to measure lances with the strongest as a sound politician and an able and ready debater.

The University has, in her time, sent to Parliament a host of able and zealous champions of the faith and traditions of her ancient constitution, and none more conspicuous, for powerful advocacy and statesmanlike address, than her latest representative, whose retirement, whilst it is a gain to the judicial, is a decided loss to the legislative, administration of the country. And now when the University is, as it were, upon her trial, and the party-cry for educational reform points, with iconoclastic hand, to some of the most precious of those privileges, in aid of which she was founded, it is, obviously, of the highest moment that she should be represented in Parliament by a man possessing warm and enlightened sympathies with her true welfare, and capable of blunting, if not repelling, any ignorant or insidious attack upon her, in any phase of her constitution, whether educational, legal, social, or ecclesiastical. Apart from mere party or political considerations, there never was a time, at which a man of vigorous and clear intellect, enlarged views of statesmanship, and a special aptitude for debate, was more needed to save the University from a policy which legislation of a recent type would inaugurate. Hence and permanent security as an University are at stake, and,

in the violent clash of parties, her true interests run a great chance of being extinguished or forgotten. Questions deeply affecting her status, are certain to engage the attention of Parliament in the next or succeeding Session, and her representative ought, clearly, to be a man who, with a skilful and independent hand, can eliminate from the mass of competing systems, those and only those changes which are called for by the educational necessities of the country. Her future destiny will, no doubt, be influenced in proportion as her educational functions shall be regulated and exercised with a frank and liberal allowance for the current of modern thought and progress in the path of education. Still it is but too apparent that the rivalry of University schemes, and the bitterness of party hatred, to which it has led, are precipitating a crisis in the history and status of the University, which, if not dominated by a broad and enlightened policy, may signally impair her future influence, usefulness, and permanence as an academical institution.

An election for our University cannot, therefore, fail to be a matter of serious interest to all who desire to see her ancient prestige vindicated, if need be, in Parliament. And whatever may be the issue of the pending election, and whether Mr. Miller shall or shall not be the chosen deputy of the electors, there can be but little question that he is peculiarly fitted to stand as a well-disciplined and vigilant sentinel in this the most critical and interesting epoch of her history. Though the tide of party feeling may just now set in with a full current, to float one and submerge the other of the rival candidates, there is at least one standpoint clear of all bitterness, and that is the personal qualifications which Mr. Miller possesses to worthily represent the University on the present or any future occasion.

Mr. Miller is still in the prime of life, being only in his forty-sixth year, and possesses his mental powers in full vigour. His career furnishes an example which, while it edifies, must also stimulate, many students now within the walls of the University to devote the like patient perseverance in earnest and honest work, and so to reap the like rewards, which may be—as in Mr. Miller's own case, we hope, they may be—only the first fruits of a golden harvest of honourable distinctions.

The contest has resulted in the non-success of Mr. Miller, who, amid the uproar usually characteristic of election nominations, by dint of perseverance, and *bonhomie*, which elicited the admiration of even his opponents, succeeded in delivering a speech, which is so characteristic of the man, so manly and independent, that we think it worthy of being quoted, if only on account of the one topic to which we limit the extract. He said:—

“Gentlemen, I stand here as the representative of two important principles—principles which are essential to the well-being of this University. I am here to give you an opportunity of deciding whether this University shall cast off her sons who shall leave the vicinity of her walls. I call upon you to decide that this is an integral part of the United Kingdom. I call upon the electors of this University to say that Irishmen who have obtained their education here are not to be thrown overboard once they seek a livelihood in England. I call upon you to say that you will not restrict the ambition of

who seek a different sphere from their own country in which to advance themselves. Therefore, in the interests of education—to prevent Irishmen from going to Oxford and Cambridge—I call upon you, by selecting me, to protest against the imputation that, because I have chosen to work for my bread in England, I am ineligible to represent this University. . . .

"I have never said that my claim to represent this University depended in any way on the fact that I am principally resident in England. I say this, and I say it commends itself to the reason of every one who considers it, that when you were sending a person to represent you, whose duty it was to be present night after night, attending to your interests, watching every movement of the House, sometimes unexpected, often subtle, directed against your best interests, it is important to have a man who will not be distracted by other concerns, who will not be obliged to spend—as I know your representatives have been more than once obliged to spend—something like three nights in the month on the railway, running backwards and forwards between Dublin and London, because they were unable to attend to their business here and at the same time there. . . .

"It has also been alleged against me, and, no doubt, I have said—and I think I will show you that I said rightly—that some knowledge of the English tone of thought is essential to the influence of your representative. Remember this, gentlemen, we are a very small body in the House of Commons. There are but seven-and-twenty Conservative Irish members altogether in the House at this moment, and if we are to have any weight at all in the conduct of public affairs, it must be by persuading to our side the strong phalanx of upwards of 300 English Conservatives who now sway the authority of the House of Commons. If, therefore, you place yourselves in direct opposition to the tendency of the English majority, you simply throw away your power. . . .

"I have often remarked that measures of the greatest importance to Ireland have been spoiled because the Irish members, whose duty it was to watch them, did not know the temper of the House of Commons. There have been three very remarkable exceptions to the contrary; but the ordinary case has been that the Irishman who does not know precisely the temper of the audience he is addressing is likely to fail, not on the merits, but merely because he has been aiming at one point while his audience has been thinking of another. Therefore, the great advantage in point of influence—not an advantage to me, but to you—is that your representative should know to what points it would be necessary to direct attention, if he means that his influence as your representative should have its full weight. These are the grounds which alone I have put forward as the basis of my claim. I have not put forward any personal advantage in the fact of English residence—I never based my claims upon English residence at all. I based my claim to be your representative on this, that it is the interest of this University to proclaim, in the loudest tones, that every one who has ever passed his time and received his education within her walls, is as much bound to her the rest of his life, be his lot in life cast where it may, as if he had spent the whole of his time within the college square. It is the interest of this University. If that were to be denied, the sole result would be, that you would necessarily drive away from you to other places of education, which have wider views on this point, all those whose ambition was not limited to the narrow circle of your immediate vicinity. Now, anything more thoroughly suicidal in the interests of this University itself I cannot

imagine. Already I regret it much. I perceive a tendency, which did not exist in my time, in the very cream of your students to rush over to other universities, instead of finishing their course where they are. In my time a man who distinguished himself here never thought of attaching himself to Oxford and Cambridge afterwards. He was proud of remaining, as I have been proud to remain all my life, a Dublin man. I suppose it is partly in consequence of the tendency in some of the students at present. I see that all those who have distinguished themselves year after year in our College, whose names appear in the first rank in the calendar, go over to Oxford and Cambridge, and the next thing we hear of them is that they are fellows. That is a dangerous thing for this University, and the course you are taking on this occasion is likely to aggravate the danger. I say by returning me as your representative to Parliament you will enter the strongest protest you can against the idea that it is necessary to separate your connection with this University in order to extend your influence beyond the limits of Ireland. . . .

"One other point and I have done. It has been pressed over and over against me, not only in the press, but I am sorry to say in private circles, that I am an Englishman and an alien; the sole ground for such a charge being this, that being Irish born, Irish bred, and Irish educated, I spend nine months every year in England earning my bread; while I come over for the other three to Ireland for my pleasure—to spend what I earn. If I was on this account an Englishman and an alien I would cheerfully resign any pretension to represent you in Parliament; but if, on the contrary, the representation be the grossest possible misrepresentation of the fact, I ask you to show your feeling of indignation against it by allowing the calumny to fall on the heads of its authors, and returning me as your representative at the head of the poll."

It cannot be denied that, in this speech, Mr. Miller temperately administered a just rebuke upon the narrow spirit that has animated much of the opposition against him, and which would introduce into Irish politics a new principle of "Home Rule," not contemplated even in the wildest theories of that wild, incoherent aspiration. "No man is a prophet in his own country" will, henceforth, receive a special illustration in the case of an Irishman—however gifted or distinguished—the moment he sets his foot upon the alien soil of England. If the University were, in any such spirit, to reject one of her most distinguished graduates, who reflects a lustre alike on *her* teaching and his own proficiency, she would incur the double guilt of ingratitude and self-destruction.

MRS. DAVIS'S TRIAL.

BY J. FORTREY BOUVERIE.

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME," ETC.

ABOUT three or four years ago, towards the close of a long summer's ramble in Switzerland, I found myself in the last days of August at the little hotel on the Riffelberg, near Zermatt. I had made an expedition to the top of the Riffelberg one day from the Hotel du Mont Rosa in the valley, and found myself so fascinated by the splendid views, and so refreshed by the glorious mountain air, that I determined to leave the oppressive valley, and take up my abode for a while at the little mountain hotel.

It was well for my comfort, I found after changing my quarters, that I was a good sleeper, for the partitions between my bedroom and the apartments on each side of it were of wood only, and as one room belonged to a set of rollicking German students, and the other to an English clergyman, whose slumbers were as noisy as profound, a light sleeper in my central position would have been anything but comfortable; the disturbance in the house at night, too, was a little too much for me even. The hotel, at the time I was there, was the headquarters of indefatigable parties of climbers—some were Alpine Club men, others aspirants thirsting for mountaineering renown, while some of the stoutest of the walkers were ladies. A little after midnight the "party going up the Lyskamm" used to begin moving about, making *much the sort of noise one hears*

overhead on the deck when one is lying prostrate in the cabin of a ship steaming slowly through a ground swell. Then "the party going up Monte Rosa" would follow suit (disturbed, no doubt, by their friends), stamping about, hurrying hither and thither in the thickest of boots, tumbling over each other in the dark, losing first their provisions and then their tempers, getting their legs entangled in their ropes, and (as it seemed to me) practising with their ice-hatchets on the floors and walls. The Lyskamm and Monte Rosa parties once well out of the house, it became time for the small climbing fry to bestir themselves, and accordingly parties to the Breithorn and Cima de Jazi kept up the disturbance, till finally the feeblest climbers of all turned out for their mild excursions to the Gorner Grat, Hochthäligrat, and other peaks within easy walking distance of the hotel. This drawback to comfort notwithstanding, I enjoyed myself immensely at the little hotel. The pleasant walks in paths gay with the brightest Alpine flowers, dazzling sunshine, glorious blue skies, and the mighty mountains on every side—all these I enjoyed so thoroughly that I cared very little for such a trifle as somewhat broken rest at night.

I do not think in all my many wanderings over the surface of the globe, I ever found myself in a hotel where the people grouped together afforded me as much amusement

as those I met at the Riffel. We had a comical old English baronet, who never moved farther than twenty-five yards from the hotel, but was almost always to be seen at the door, his red, clean-shaven face turned up to the sky, his huge-brimmed felt hat well on the back of his head, his little mouth wide open and as round as any O, and his eyes blinking weakly behind his tinted spectacles. His attitude and expression of countenance never varied, and as he was tall, and always walked about with his head in the air, he used to tumble over people in the funniest way, and one day succeeded in getting a "bit of her mind" from a fast young American lady, over whom he stumbled, as she sat on a camp-stool outside the hotel reading a letter from an individual whom she called "Alf," every particular as to whose appearance and life was well known to the other residents at the hotel from her conversation and his letters, which she read at meal times in a loud tone for the ostensible benefit of the other Americans of her party.

We had a great female pedestrian, too, who wore a big round mushroom hat, trimmed with a faded band of blue ribbon. Her face, from exposure and sun, had turned a deep red brown; it was a good honest face, with intelligent grey eyes, a grand big mouth, and a substantial round nose, on which rested a large pair of green spectacles. Her scanty hair was worked up into a little knob at the back of her head, and her dress was of some hard brown material. She wore a loose jacket, an upper skirt caught up in three funny bunches, one in front and two behind, and a petticoat that looked something like cocoanut matting—it was so brown, so hard, so fibrous. In her hand she always carried a stout walking stick—

none of your nonsensical alpen-stocks, but a good substantial black-thorn. If once, however, your glance wandered downwards and rested on her feet, you never cared to look at any other part of her again. Such boots I never beheld before or since. They seemed to be made of leather as solid as that used for traces or the best port-manteaus, and they were fastened up the front with brass hooks, and a strap at the top of the ankle. The soles were about as thick as a dictionary, and were raised a good half inch off the ground by the most wonderful boot nails I ever beheld. I can only compare them to the bolts one sees studded all over a mediæval door. When first I gazed on Miss Poker's feet-gear, I heard a muttered exclamation behind me, and then a long-drawn "Whew—w—w—w." Looking round, I saw a Yankee lost in astonishment—by no means a common sight, any more than Miss Poker's boots.

"I wonder where she gets them butes?" whispered the American. "Guess I'd like to see the store where they sell that sort o' bute."

We had young ladies who sketched, and gentlemen who sketched too and compared notes in the most friendly manner with the fair painters. And we had a real live artist, well known to fame, whom the amateurs secretly worshipped, even while he treated them and their efforts with the most trying indifference. He was a short, bearded little man, with piercing grey eyes, and boorish manners. His face was like that of the "Kobold" in a German fairy tale, his look was so fierce, his moustache and beard so red, long, and drooping, his nose so blunt and glowing, and his glance so spiteful. But, strange to say, his smallest sketch was an embodiment of beauty and poetic feeling. It was

amusing to see what confusion his approach brought among the campstools of the amateurs, and how many sketches of the Matterhorn used to be popped into portfolios as he passed by.

One fine evening just at sunset I was sitting outside the hotel door on the stone bench, feasting my eyes on the beauties of glacier, mountain and rock, when one of the American gentlemen staying in the hotel asked permission to seat himself at my side. Although a little sorry to be disturbed in my reflections, I made room for him at once. The baronet was close by me in the doorway as usual, and a gleam from the setting sun deepened the red of his face, and made his spectacles glow like coals.

"Are you a constant traveller, ma'am," asked the American, after we had sat silent for a few moments.

"Yea," I replied, smiling, "I have travelled nearly all over the world."

"Been in the States I guess then?"

"Yes; and in South America, Canada, and India."

"How was that, now?" asked my friend, facing me abruptly.

"My husband was in the army," I replied, so surprised by his sudden question that I answered it simply and truly, "and when I lost him in India, I found myself so accustomed to a roving life—I had been with him to Canada, China, and New Zealand—that I could not settle down, and I have been travelling about from place to place ever since."

"Lost him, did you!" cried the American, "perhaps he'll turn up again some day. It often happens so."

I could scarcely help smiling as I told my friend that I had no hope of ever seeing my poor husband again, for he had lost his life in a frontier skirmish.

"And you're not nervous going about alone? You're like an American woman."

I replied, that at my age, and after my experience of a wandering life, not much timidity remained to disturb me. "Grey hair and a plain face are as much protection as I need in any civilized country," I said, smiling.

He did not contradict me;—and yet once upon a time—but I will not rake up the past. What does it signify to any one what I looked like at eighteen? I am old now.

Just as our jerky conversation ended, two or three sketchers met outside the hotel, and began comparing notes before entering the house.

"Oh, dear," cried a young and pretty girl, "I *should* so like to have gone on drawing for another half-hour—but it gets so bitterly cold, once the sun goes down. My glacier isn't half done yet—and it's so hard to get in a glacier, and mamma wants us to go to-morrow. How do you do your glaciers, Miss Mackenzie?" she added, addressing a tall, dark young lady, also rather good-looking.

"I leave a white place all down where I want it to go, and then I put little dabs of grey for the crevasses and shadows," said Miss Mackenzie.

"Oh, but surely that can't be right," said the first speaker, looking disappointed. "McGillp says Alpine shadows and crevasses should always be blue."

"But grey means blue—blue grey, you know. Artists always call it grey," said Miss Mackenzie.

"Oh, Clara, I've got the right colour for the Matterhorn shadows at last," said a new comer, joining the other two. "I met Mr. Carruthers this morning as I was going out, and he told me he'd found out the right blue at last—and I've tried it, and he's

quite right—and you'd *never* guess what it was."

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Clara.

"*Prussian blue*," replied her friend emphatically, producing a most wonderful sketch, in which the Matterhorn ran down a whole page in splashes of startling marine blue.

"Absurd!" said Miss Mackenzie. "I'm sure that's not right. It looks like a wave, dear, when you turn the thing sideways. *Prussian blue* is only fit for water. I never knew anything so tiresome as this Matterhorn. The Oberland mountains were ever so much easier."

"Yes, but then there were more trees there, and I'm not sure that wasn't worse than this even."

"Show me your sketch, Clara?" asked the *Prussian blue* lady, who looked a little crestfallen. "Oh, dear, how much nicer it is than mine. Let me look at it beside Miss Mackenzie's; you're both doing the same thing."

The sketches were produced, and the young ladies were just about to begin a lively discussion as to their details, when Mr. Rowlandson, the artist, came quickly round the corner, whistling a tune from "*Orphée aux Enfers*." Quick as lightning three female figures flitted past me into the house, one of them nearly knocking over her papa the baronet in the haste of her flight.

It was getting very chilly, and I was just about to retire into the house, when I saw symptoms of a new arrival at the hotel. First came two very hot porters carrying luggage, then a mule with a lady, and last of all a gentleman, walking sturdily with the steady tramp of one used to hill exercise.

I waited to look at these new comers, and after one glance I felt sure I saw nothing less than a husband and wife on their honeymoon trip. The woman was

pretty; her mouth was rosy, her cheeks soft and pink, her eyes bright and speaking. Of her hair I could not see much, but it seemed fair. Altogether, she was what you would perhaps call a bright, soft little thing, and a complete contrast to her husband, who was rather a rough diamond—if, indeed, he were a diamond at all. He was of medium height, but very strongly built, and his features were certainly plain, to say the least of it. If he wished, too, to look well in his wife's eyes and keep alive any romantic feelings in her heart, he went very strangely about it, for he had seized the opportunity of their foreign trip to allow his beard to grow, consequently the lower part of his face was covered by an ugly, stubbly growth, some fortnight or so old. But he seemed fond of his pretty little wife. With rare tenderness, he lifted her down from her seat on the mule, and asked her if she were tired. Then, fearing the chill evening air for her, he made her enter the hotel.

I did not see her again till the table d'hôte, at which she appeared in a pretty white dress, trimmed with blue velvet and lace. It was not a very elaborate toilette, but suited her childlike face, and, without quite knowing why, I began to take an interest in her. I asked some of the hotel people what her name was, and they showed me a small box, on which was printed "Mrs. Albert Davis."

After dinner I was in the general sitting-room, not far from the stove (for, at the height at which we were, 8,430 feet above sea-level, the nights were bitterly cold), dozing over a Tauchnitz novel that I had taken from a row of boxes belonging to the hotel, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a woman, who, I felt, was of the afternoon type; she was suddenly, and to my benefit

he guessed some one was striking a match in the Oberland, to judge by a light in the sky. His information roused the general curiosity, and we accordingly moved to the door of the hotel *en masse*.

We were repaid for our faith. In the farcorner of the landscape, where the Oberland mountains lay like a punch-bowl, a storm was going on. Of course we heard no thunder, but every few moments the distant cluster of mountains became lighted up by purple and crimson flashes, and the sight was both strange and beautiful on a fine night with a serene star-spangled sky overhead. And how those stars did shine, and how different they looked from what we see in this hazy British night. It was too cold, however, to look long, but by running indoors every few minutes to get warm, and then emerging into the night air, I contrived to see a good deal of a very beautiful sight.

When at last I could bear the cold no longer, I returned to my place near the stove, and was just preparing to begin again at my novel, when I heard a sharp voice at my side say,—

"Do you play chess, madam?"

It happened that I was very fond of chess. I looked round to see who asked me the question, and I at once encountered Mr. Rowlandson's bead-like eyes fixed on me as if his very life depended on my answer. I wished to avoid playing with him, but felt afraid to thwart his humour.

"A little," I replied, hesitatingly.

"Will you play a game with me?" he asked again.

"Certainly," I said, but I cannot have looked pleased at the proposal, I am sure.

We played a few games, in which, though I made a good fight, the artist was too strong for me.

"Not bad," he said, when we had

finished, "but you don't give me much trouble."

"I have not played for a long time," I replied.

"There were some new arrivals here this afternoon," he remarked after a minute's silence. "Bride and bridegroom, I fancy."

"Yes," said I, "and I don't think they seem a well-mated couple. She is too soft and pretty for him; he looks rough."

"Yes, he's not of the hairdresser style of beauty, if that's what you mean," said the "Kobold," looking infinitely disagreeable.

"He's rough and tender by turns," said I, "rough with other people, tender with her, and she is afraid of him—fearing perhaps he may suddenly show himself rough to her." I thought this remark a wise one—which perhaps it was, and I wished Mr. Rowlandson to be struck by its merits; but he was not, and greeted it with a sort of laugh that was half a grunt.

"When he abused the servant so roundly for bringing her a cold plate, I think she would rather have been supplied with cold plates for a week than see him so angry," I continued, to which Mr. Rowlandson only remarked that I seemed to be watching them very closely. The young amateur artists appeared very envious of the honour I enjoyed in playing chess with Mr. Rowlandson, and in being able to address him, but for my own part—except for the honour of the thing—I was heartily glad when he snarled me a sort of good-night, and left the room.

Next morning Mrs. Albert Davis appeared at the general breakfast, looking prettier than the evening before, but no happier. It distressed me to see such a cloud on her childish face, so evidently meant for smiles and serenity, but there could be no mistake about it. She looked really afraid of her husband, who

seemed dimly conscious that something was wrong, and knowing his own singleness of heart, could only fancy she was uncomfortable in the hotel, making her twenty times more ill at ease by his onslaughts on the attendance, and his very broken German utterances intended for expostulations with the landlord. After breakfast, I heard a little discussion between them, which ended in her persuading him to set off with a guide on some mountain expedition, that presented no difficulties of any kind, but would occupy eight hours or so. Then she disappeared for a couple of hours, after which she came into the sitting-room where I was alone writing some letters. I felt sure from the appearance of her eyes, that she had been crying, but she was humming a song, and apparently determined to seem cheerful and happy.

After I had finished my letters, and was about to leave the room, she spoke to me.

"Are there any walks here that it is safe to take alone—without a guide, I mean?" she asked, timidly.

"Well," I replied, "I suppose you would run no great risk if you went a short distance down the track leading from this through the forest to Zermatt, or even if you went a little way in the direction of the Gorner Grat; but it is so easy to lose one's way and get into difficulties on these hills, that I would almost advise you not to go alone. You can easily saunter behind some of the people who only go a short distance up or down the mountain."

"Are you going out?" she asked, looking at me wistfully.

I have always made it a rule in travelling never to volunteer my company to any of the people I meet in my wanderings, but if I come across people I like, and they ask me to join them in any

expedition, I am glad enough to do so. I could not bear to become like the lady in Trollope's "*Tales of all Countries*." Mrs. Albert Davis's hint, however, I thought sufficiently plain to justify me in taking it.

"Yes, I was just going out, and shall be glad if you will join me."

The poor little thing seemed pleased beyond measure. I think my grey hairs and motherly aspect made her feel protected; at any rate, we had not been an hour in each other's company before she had told me a great deal about herself and her husband. She was the eldest daughter of a very poor Welsh clergyman, a widower with seven children. Her husband had an appointment in a bank at Bristol, and was very well off, but he had to work very hard the whole year round, and enjoyed his annual month's climbing in Switzerland so much that she could not bear him to stay with her on such fine days. She wished him to enjoy himself, she said, and it would make her miserable if she felt she were keeping him from the exercise and amusement that were so good for him. As for herself, she was not strong enough to join him in any of his mountain excursions. She could not walk far, and felt giddy and frightened riding a mule along paths bounded by a precipice on one side. She had never seen her husband till two months before her marriage, but he had been very good to her. All the time she was speaking of him, however, she never gave me to understand that she really loved him.

In the evening Mr. Albert Davis returned in rude health and spirits from his mountain walk. He brought with him some pretty flowers, plucked from a little oasis among the snow, and proceeded to deck her hair with them, whereupon she coloured, :

from the sofa where she was sitting, and left the room. Her husband looked surprised, whistled, and went to the window. When she appeared at the table d'hôte that evening, it seemed to me she had been crying again.

I took a painful interest in the young woman, and thought it a pitiful sight to see her shrinking from her husband's rough kindness. There was unmistakable fear in her eyes, and a quiet mutiny in her ways that frightened me, when I thought to what evils they might lead. Every day we walked out together, and several times I tried to get her to speak to me of her troubles, if she had any, but she never did so.

One morning at breakfast, when her letters were handed to her, I saw her colour unpleasantly, and quickly put one of them unopened into her pocket. Her husband, who was beside her, noticed nothing, for he was at that moment engaged in a hot controversy with Miss Poker as to which of two routes was the best by which to ascend some perilous mountain. Mr. Rowlandson, who sat next her on the other side, seemed to me to have noticed her movements, for he fixed his ferret eyes sharply on her, and they twinkled more furiously than usual even. Mrs. Davis grew uneasy, and, after a few minutes, left the table on some pretext or other.

That morning she did not walk with me, and I went nearly half way down to Zermatt by myself, admiring the grand red colour of the fir-trees where the sun's rays beat upon their bark, and enjoying the sweet smell of the pine leaves that gave the ground a russet covering. The day was hot, even among the trees, and I sat down often to rest. Once, when I was seated on a stone in a place where I could see the gable-like peak of the Matterhorn above the dark firs and

clear against the glorious blue sky, a traveller passed me on his way to the Riffel hotel. A man followed him, carrying a rather small port-manteau, but, even with his light burden, he seemed to have some difficulty in keeping up with the young man who hurried on before him. Swiss porters, even with a heavy load, are generally more than a match for tourists, and I wondered at the haste of the young man, for the heat must have been terrible, I knew, to any one going up-hill at such a rate. However, if fatigue was to be borne, his seemed a frame well fitted to endure it, for he looked tall and strong, and gentleman-like even in his very rough mountaineering clothes. He glanced at me as he passed, and I saw a handsome face; imperious and hot-tempered too, I thought it, but after all I only saw it for a moment.

When I reached the hotel, I found Mrs. Davis talking to the strange young man, whom she introduced to me as Mr. Darrel, a neighbour and friend of her family. I was surprised to find my little friend full of life and animation, and in every way, so far as her mood went, a decided contrast to what I had seen her in the morning. "Perhaps," I thought, "she is only homesick after all. She may be really fond of her husband at heart, and only finds married life a little strange at first. This young man has come here opportunely, and brought her news of home just when she needed it." So I sat and watched her and Mr. Darrel, and was quite pleased to see how talking of her Welsh home with him brightened her up.

By-and-by, Mr. Albert Davis came in, and in his turn made young Darrel's acquaintance, for they had not met before, it seemed. He too, was in unusually good spirits; he had had a pleasant expedition, and was cheered oncoming

home to find his wife in such good humour. On the strength of their general satisfaction he ordered a bottle of champagne at dinner, which he shared with the young man, who seemed a little ill at ease, and not quite so friendly to Mr. Davis as Mr. Davis was to him.

My evening game of chess with Mr. Rowlandson had now become a regular institution, and as he was going away the following morning, he made himself a little pleasanter than usual, to the despair of Miss Mackenzie, who had actually addressed him after dinner on the subject of art with very ill success. She had shown him the drawing of the Matterhorn which she had just completed, but he had only glanced at it, and remarked, with a grimace which she would have liked to consider a smile had it not been so evidently a sneer,—

"H'm, you're not afraid to lay on colour, I see."

To add to the poor girl's discomfiture the other amateurs laughed at her. I felt for her mortification so much that I ventured to upbraid the artist.

"Why did you snub that poor girl so?" I asked, boldly. "Great people should not try to extinguish beginners in an art."

"I hate amateurs," he growled. But all the same, something like shame seemed to strike him, for he left the room, and returned with a small sketch of the great mountain, as puzzling to sketchers almost as to climbers, and presented it to Miss Mackenzie, whereupon the tables were turned upon the other amateurs.

Before we separated for the night, Mr. Rowlandson again came and talked to me. This time it was about Mrs. Albert Davis. "I've been watching that woman," he said, looking in her direction as if he would like to order her

off for instant execution. "I was struck at first by her baby face, and that wavy golden hair, and the contrast between it and her bright blue dress when she comes down in the morning. I saw, too, that she had a brute of a husband."

"I don't know why you should call him a brute," I replied, indignantly. "He seems very fond of her."

"But he frightens and bullies her all the same. He's so careful of her he won't let her do as she pleases, and is always telling her what to eat and drink, and where she is to go, and how long she's to stay. Women don't like that. She's not happy. She'd have liked to marry some fellow like that youth over there, whom she hardly ever takes her eyes off. I think there'll be some trouble in that quarter, if Mr. A. D. doesn't look out."

I felt indignant at the way the red-faced little artist said this. I am sure he did not mean to be malicious, but he looked it, and if I had not been a steady, middle—well, we'll say *elderly* lady, I could have found it in my heart to box his large red ears. I contented myself with contradicting him flatly. He did not seem the least offended. I suppose he was so disagreeable that people were often rude to him, and he was used to it.

"You'll see I'm right," he said again, looking first at Mr. Alfred Davis and then at young Darrel, till the eyes seemed starting out of his head. Then as he bid me good-night he whispered, "If you get a chance—you're with the young woman a good deal—you'd better try and keep her out of mischief;" and with this remark he departed, leaving me very uneasy, and not quite sure whether he were deserving of praise or blame.

Next morning before he took his

departure from the hotel, Mr. Rowlandson presented me with his card containing his London address, and begged I would let him know if I could how Mrs. Albert Davis's affair ended. Then thanking me for having played chess with him, he presented me with a tiny little drawing, a gem in its way, and assuring me there was no artist in Great Britain could have done anything like it, he departed, whistling his interminable tune out of "Orphée," as he disappeared round the shoulder of the hill. I never saw a more conceited genius than that man's. He would sit calmly by me, and tell me there was not a painter in England could teach him anything. He was a water-colour artist, and certainly I could not deny the excellence of his work; but such a vain little specimen of mankind I had never before seen. "They'll never get my skies," he would say to me. "When the Exhibition opens, the other fellows come up to me, and say, 'How do you manage those skies and clouds, Rowlandson?' and I always tell them exactly how I do it—with bread and a knife—and then they fancy they'll do them too. *But they don't, madam*," he chuckled, with almost a fiendish grin; "I don't need to make any secret of my processes. It's the *hand* that makes the difference, ma'am." One day, to see what he would reply, I asked him if he really thought he was the best water-colour painter in the world, and he replied, in a sort of muttering way, that Jinkington had talent. I found out afterwards, that the artist his modesty had named was one of the worst painters of the day.

About an hour after the artist had disappeared from the Riffel hotel, I asked Mrs. Albert Davis if she would like to take a walk. Her husband had departed on an expedition to the Breithorn, and

during his absence she was enjoying Mr. Darrel's company—the young man had made some excuse for refusing to accompany Mr. Davis. She looked a little conscious when I asked her to go with me, and seemed about to yield a reluctant assent to my request, when a look from Mr. Darrel kept her in her place. Colouring and turning her head away she said she was tired and needed a day's rest.

So I set off by myself to the Gorner Grat, knowing the road now as well as the guides, and once there I sat down to enjoy a view which I believe has no equal in Europe. Beyond the Gorner glacier rose Monte Rosa's splendid heights and snow slopes, the rock and snow on its side making an outline curiously like the head of a rhinoceros. Then the Lyskamm and the pure twin snow-peaks, the glittering Breithorn, and the wide expanse of glacier and snowy plain, beyond which rose the mighty rock of the Matterhorn—all standing out against the blue sky, distinct, yet exquisitely soft. Groups of people from our hotel and from the valley were standing around me with glasses, watching the different ascents and descents of the snow giants, and from the conversation of those around me, I soon learned that Miss Poker was returning foiled from an expedition up Monte Rosa by a line of her own, which she had declared practicable, in spite of declarations to the contrary from two of her Alpine Club friends. A cockney at my side, who was looking at her through a telescope, declared he could see that "she was going through the snow attired à la Bloomer." There was a report current in the hotel that Miss Poker's petticoats were only worn in the plains; but this I believe to have been a purely malicious rumour.

When I returned to the hotel I

found Mrs. Albert Davis and the young man still side by side. They were alone in the sitting-room, and it seemed to me that there had been some quarrel between them, for her eyes were red, and he seemed sulky and put out. He was not at all the sort of young man, I thought, for whose sake a woman would be likely to forget her duty to her husband. He was good-looking, certainly, but as far as my own observation went, I did not think there was much to choose between his temper and Mr. Albert Davis's, except that he was less uncouth. At the same time, he was so plainly selfish, and his present conduct was so unjustifiable, that I had no patience with the pretty, silly little woman before me. At dinner time I noticed that there seemed to have been a sort of reconciliation between them, for the young man seemed in high good humour, and Mrs. Davis herself seemed tolerably at her ease, while her husband, in high glee, related his adventures during the day.

Next morning Mr. Davis, who had been training himself by smaller exertions for a more ambitious mountaineering exploit, was going to attempt the ascent of Monte Rosa. With some difficulty he persuaded young Darrel to accompany him, and the whole evening was spent in busy preparation for the morrow.

The usual nocturnal disturbance showed me that some one had gone on one of the great expeditions, but I fully expected to find that Mr. Darrel had shirked at the last moment. I had been calling myself foolish and meddlesome for the interest I was taking in the affairs of these strangers, and had almost determined to put an end to my own fears and conjectures by leaving the hotel, when I learned that my surmises as to Mr. Darrel were incorrect, and that he had gone

off with Mr. Davis as had been arranged.

After breakfast, when I had written a few letters, I found that Mrs. Albert Davis had gone out to walk, without leaving any message for me as she generally did. The old baronet was at the door as usual, so I asked him if he had seen a lady in a blue silk dress go out, and in what direction. His mouth was open and his eyes fixed on the skies as usual, so it was no wonder he could tell me nothing. I rambled on by myself, and at last obtained the information I wanted from two young ladies, whom I interrupted in the middle of an animated discussion as to whether it was better to use Payne's grey, or to mix your own neutral tints.

"I saw her," said one of the young ladies, the "Clara" of a former artistic conversation. "She went in that direction," and Miss Clara pointed to a little rocky slope, pathless, and not a very smooth place for walking. I set off, however, and scrambled along as well as my not very young legs would allow me. After about a quarter of an hour's painful struggle, during which I tore my skirt half off, and got my bonnet most shamefully awry, and lost my spectacles, I was just giving up my search after Mrs. Davis, when I came upon her suddenly on the far side of a boulder, beside which I had halted to recover my breath. To my astonishment she was half lying on the ground, and crying as if her heart would break.

"My dear Mrs. Davis," I cried, so surprised that I did not know what to say or think; "have you hurt yourself? you ought not to wander about in such places alone," and I hurried to her side, but she shook her head, and said she was quite well.

"But you're not well or you wouldn't be crying like this," I

said, taking her hand with matronly authority, and beginning to fancy I knew what was the matter. Then the cross little artist's recommendation recurred to my mind, and I determined to make an effort to help the poor young woman beside me. In a few moments her head was resting on my shoulder, while her tears flowed with undiminished rapidity. Still I did nothing to invite her confidence, beyond smoothing the waves of her crisp fair hair, and returning the pressure of her little hand, that had found out mine, and was clasping it with a nervous grip. At last, when the violence of her emotion seemed to have worn itself out a little, I thought it was time to say something.

"I don't know how it may be with you, my dear," I said, as gently as I could speak, and drawing her closer to me, "but I am afraid you are not acting quite wisely. Would it not be better for you to ask some one to leave you for the present?"

"I can't now, it is too late," she whispered, wringing her hands.

"Too late!" I cried, in deep distress, involuntarily loosening my grasp of her hand.

"I have been very foolish, but now it will be worse," she continued, speaking with such difficulty that I could scarcely catch her words, "and I cannot help it. They ought to have let me marry Willie—I liked him ever so much better than Albert—but he was poor, and so they were all against him, and they hurried me and gave me no time."

She looked such a child, with her round white face and rosy lips, that one must have been made of stone not to feel pity for her as she sobbed out her story of sorrow and wrong. At the same time, I thought it well not to let the feeling carry me too far.

"That may be all very true," I

said, gravely, "but the thing is done now. You have promised your faith to your husband, and there is nothing to be thought of now but how that promise is to be kept."

"I am going to break it," she murmured, beginning to cry afresh. "I cannot stay with him any longer—Willie is going to take me away—and then I shall be happy."

"You will be nothing of the kind, foolish child," I said; "and, what is more, Willie shall be treated as he deserves, if I can manage it. He is an unprincipled scoundrel."

"He's nothing of the kind," she cried, starting up, and looking more like a child than ever in her startled wrath; "he is the truest—bravest——"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Davis," said I, trying to recall her to a sense of her position; as I thought, the sound of her married name carried with it some power, and she relapsed again into her quiet sobbing.

"My child," I said, taking both her hands, and looking into her blue eyes, though she tried to avoid me, "I am growing an old woman, and have seen enough of the world to know that the temptation to which you are thinking of yielding is one that never can, and never will, bring happiness. This is heaven's justice. You have no right to blame your friends beyond a certain point; if they hurried you, it was only because you allowed yourself to be hurried. Just think whether the idea of being well off as Mr. Davis's wife had no weight with you, before you throw all the blame on your friends."

She made no answer, and I went on speaking to her. What I had to say was, I fear, neither very original, nor, of itself, very convincing, but, such as it was, it came straight from my heart, knocking at the door of hers, and, after a time, it began to prevail. With every fond entreaty, I implored her to let me save her

from her own weakness, and, thank God, after a long struggle I succeeded. But it was a long conflict, and I was as weary and worn when it was over as she appeared to be. I could never have given the childish little creature credit for half the firmness and courage she showed, when once she gave me her promise to abandon her contemplated folly.

I ascertained from her that young Darrel was to start with her husband and ascend the mountain for a short way, and then, feigning fatigue, to return with a guide to Zermatt, whence he would ride up to the Riffelberg, where she was to be in readiness to meet him. They were to meet at a spot where we had often sat, and as she was not to return to the hotel again before her flight, the foolish young people imagined it would be thought she had met with some accident among the rocks, and the discovery of the truth retarded. From the hour which she named as that fixed for their meeting, I thought there was no time to be lost, so I hurried her back to the hotel, and persuaded her to allow me to lock her into her room, and give me a note for young Darrel, which she accordingly did, and never in my life did I feel happier than when I slipped her door-key quietly into my pocket. I then left the house, and proceeded to the place appointed for Mr. Darrel's rendezvous with her.

I took my camp-stool with me, and had not to wait very long. When Mr. Darrel, approaching in haste, discovered, instead of the pretty figure he had expected, an elderly lady sitting on a camp-stool in her bonnet and wearing a black shawl, and with a stout "Mrs. Gamp" umbrella in her hand, he was naturally much discomposed and annoyed, and, if my ears did not deceive me, I think he made use of a profane exclamation. He was about to withdraw, after making some idiotic and awk-

ward remark, when I stopped him by saying,—

"It is no use your going to the hotel, Mr. Darrel. Mrs. Davis will not see you. I think the best thing you can do is to return to Zermatt, and thence to-night to Visp, and from Visp to the Engadine, perhaps, where you will be sure not to meet the Davises."

The young man turned round on me scarlet with anger, and seemed about to abuse me; I interrupted him, however, just after he had got out the words, "What business is this of yours, you meddlesome old fool?"

"It is as much my business to try and prevent folly and evil as it is yours to bring them to pass, Mr. Darrel," I replied, quietly; "and if, instead of calling me names, which I can quite forgive, considering your state of mind, you will stay here with me a few moments and talk things over together, it will be more to your advantage and that of Mrs. Albert Davis."

Scowling at me, and looking as if he would have given a great deal to put an end to me then and there, he sat down on a bit of rock and we began to talk. I told him that he could not see Mrs. Davis, that she had requested to be locked up in her room, and that the key was in safe keeping—not on my person, I could assure him, as I saw him cast a glance in the direction of my pocket, but where he could not find it by any possibility—and that she had, moreover, sent him a note informing him of her wishes. I then handed him the letter, which he read with the same sulky scowl that had overspread his face ever since he found out that he was thwarted. When he put the letter in his pocket, and I saw tears in his eyes, I thought he might be won over to do what was right, and I told him I was sure he loved Mrs. Davis too well to wish to ruin her life and dis-

honour her name. But it was all no use, and at last his selfish persistence made me feel no scruple in threatening him harshly. I told him that if he did not return at once to Zermatt, and betake himself away out of Switzerland, I would tell everything to Mr. Davis on his return from Monte Rosa. This seemed to stagger him a little, for I had found out that both he and Mrs. Davis were rather in awe of the absent man's violence of disposition. I did not believe him to be in the least of a violent nature, except, perhaps, in the face of great provocation, but he was gruff and fierce-looking. However, I said nothing of this belief to either of the young people at the time, for their fears were a good ally of mine. In a quarter of an hour I had the satisfaction of making Mr. Darrel retire in disorder down hill on his way back to Zermatt.

So far danger was over for the present; whether Mrs. Davis would adhere to her good resolutions was more than I could tell, but I hoped for the best. I was sure there was good in her rough husband, and if she could be brought to see it I felt the victory would be won for ever. I returned slowly to the hotel and let out my prisoner, whom I found better than I expected, and thoroughly thankful in her heart, I believe, that Mr. Darrel had been dismissed.

We were led to expect that Mr. Davis would reach the Riffelberg, on his return from his expedition, between five and six o'clock in the evening. Several people had been watching his ascent all day with glasses, and they announced that an accident had evidently happened during a part of the ascent when the climbers were not visible from the Gorner Grat. As soon as this rumour spread, I took every precaution to prevent its reaching Mrs. Davis's ears, and in this I was well

assisted by the people of the hotel. My own anxiety, however, was great. The accident had happened in the descent, I found, and had occasioned a great delay, so that it was doubtful whether they could reach the Riffelberg that night at all.

About half-past ten, however, they arrived at the hotel, weary, but elated at having attained the "Höchste Spitze," and successfully accomplished their return under circumstances of no common difficulty. One of the guides, who happened at the time to be walking last, had missed his footing, and unfortunately, just as he did so, the rope, which he had apparently fastened in some very careless fashion, slipped its knot, and the poor fellow, after sliding a few yards down a snow slope, disappeared in a crevasse. It was a perilous matter even to search for him, but Mr. Davis did his utmost, and insisted on being lowered down the crevasse. With much difficulty he found the unfortunate guide, who was hauled up half-dead, but in the process the rope, none too good when they set out, became so frayed that it seemed to the last degree dangerous to submit it to the test of another man's weight. By skilful management, however, the difficulty was overcome, and Mr. Davis was extricated from a position that had at one time seemed desperate enough. On the slow return journey he had helped to carry the poor guide, whose leg was broken, and his conduct through all the trying circumstances had been such as to make him the hero of the hour—more especially as he had chanced to injure his arm through his exertions. I was glad to see that, in her anxiety about her husband, Mrs. Davis seemed to forget all about the young man at that time in hot retreat upon Visp; and from the nature of their meeting, when at last the party returned,

I was led to hope that the danger I had helped to avert was really over.

Despite my dislike to Mr. Rowlandson's conceit, I could not but admit that he had had his eyes about him to some purpose. I did not, however, feel inclined to write and tell him all that had passed; I only sent him a few lines to say that Mr. and Mrs. Albert Davis had left the Riffel hotel on the very best of terms. I think having to nurse her husband, and hearing him praised on all sides, had a great deal to do with reconciling Mrs. Davis to her lot in life.

* * * *

I was in London the spring following when the Water Colour Exhibition opened; and going there on the first day, I found Mr. Rowlandson near one of his own pictures—a splendid painting of the Matterhorn—drinking in with eagerness the various delighted exclamations of the public. At first when I looked at him he did not know me, he was so busy watching a great lady who was admiring his “own skies;” but after a minute or two I thought the surest way to attract his attention would be to get in front of the picture and exhibit my delight by some movement or exclamation. I accordingly did this, and after standing for a minute or two in front of the painting, and putting on my spectacles with a little parade, I felt a touch on my arm, and, looking round, found the artist at my side.

“Well, wasn't I right?” he

squeaked (his voice had grown more disagreeable than ever), fixing his little beads of eyes on me in an indescribably searching manner. “You said it ended all right, but I'm sure there was a row of some kind first. You ought to have written more—it's no use trying to take *me* in—there are two or three men in this room could tell you that.”

What could I do with such a man? I sat down with him, and told him a long, rambling story, trying to give him many words and little information. But he did not like being put off with descriptions of scenery and accounts of the weather, and became so tiresome and impatient, that when I saw his eyes fixed angrily on two people who were daring to criticize his work I slipped off, and was out of the room before he had looked round.

I have never seen Mrs. Albert Davis since, but I occasionally see her name at the top of the first sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and I received a letter from her about six months after I left Switzerland—she had taken down my address when we parted—but as it contained little or nothing except unlimited praise of her husband and expressions of happiness, it was more gratifying to me than interesting to the public. She informed me, in a postscript, that Mr. Darrel was engaged to be married to a young lady at Brighton. So this was the end of my interference among strangers at a Swiss mountain inn.

MARRIAGE AND ABDUCTION.

IN a book *On Primitive Marriage*, written by Mr. McLennan, a Scotch advocate, the form of capture in marriage ceremonies is ingeniously, though somewhat fancifully, discussed. It is there said that "the symbol of capture occurs whenever, after a contract of marriage, it is necessary for the constitution of the relation of husband and wife that the bridegroom or his friends should go through the form of feigning to steal the bride, or carry her off from her friends by superior force. The marriage is agreed upon by bargain, and the theft or abduction follows as a concerted matter of form, to make valid the marriage. The test, then, of the presence of the symbol in any case is that the capture is concerted, and is preceded by a contract of marriage. If there is no preceding contract, the case is one of actual abduction."

This is said to have been the system among the Spartans and the Romans, at least in those plebeian Roman marriages which were not constituted by *conferreatio* or *coemptio*, the religious and the civil marriage. The bridegroom and his friends, the time agreed upon having arrived, invaded the house of the bride, and carried off the lady with feigned force from the lap of her mother, or of her nearest female relation if the mother were dead or absent. The story of the captive damsel in *Apuleius de Asino Aureo* narrates how the bride's mother, having dressed her becomingly in nuptial apparel, was loading her with kisses, and looking forward to a future line of descendants, when, on a sudden, a band of robbers,

armed like gladiators, rushed in with glittering swords, made straight for her chamber in a compact column, and without any struggle or resistance whatever on the part of the servants, tore her away, half dead with fear, from the bosom of her trembling mother.

This custom of carrying off a bride prevails among the Hindoos, the Kalmucks, and Circassians, and exists in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and in the primitive races of Australia, New Zealand, and America. In Vallancy's *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, vol. i. p. 122, an account is given by Sir Henry Piers, in his description of Westmeath, of Irish marriages (about 1682). "In their marriages, especially in those countries where cattle abound, the parents and friends on each side meet on the side of a hill, or, if the weather be cold, in some place of shelter, about midway between both dwellings. If agreement ensue, they drink the agreement bottle, as they call it, which is a bottle of good usquebaugh, and this goes merrily round. For payment of the portion, which generally is a determinate number of cows, little care is taken, only the father or next of kin to the bride sends to his neighbours and friends, *sub mutua vicissitudinis obtentu*, and every one gives his cow or heifer, and thus the portion is quickly paid. Nevertheless, caution is taken from the bridegroom on the day of delivery for restitution of the cattle, in case the bride die childless within a certain day limited by agreement; and in this case every man's own beast is restored. Thus care is

taken that no man shall grow rich by after marriages. On the day of bringing home, the bridegroom and his friends ride out and meet the bride and her friends at the place of treaty; being come near each other, the custom was of old to cast short darts at the company that attended the bride, but at such distance that seldom any hurt ensued. Yet it is not out of the memory of man that the Lord of Howth, on such an occasion, lost an eye." This idea of a sham assault in carrying off a bride is said to be the origin of throwing old shoes and slippers after a wedding party, a practice kept up to the present day.

Where marriage begins and abduction ends would be an amusing narrative, so varied are the peculiarities of nations and so characteristic their habits; but a study of this kind would lead far away, and thither we cannot follow.

Abduction indicates the ferocity of ancient manners, and is an offence traceable to early periods of history. The *Paston Letters* indicate its existence in the early reigns of the Tudor Princes in England, and the first statute on the subject was passed in the reign of Henry VII. This was followed by an Act of Elizabeth, which took away the benefit of clergy from the offender, but it was not till the reign of George IV. that the crime ceased to be a capital offence and punishable with death. It is singular how uniform is crime, and as in the time of the Henries the offence of abduction was done by fellowships of armed men committing all manner of lawless acts, so in later periods similar combinations of men have united to accomplish like purposes. A reason for the decrease of the crime may be in the increased facilities of pursuit; and as marriage was generally the

object of the parties, the formalities of notice and registration, and consent to validate marriage, may be suggested why abductions are now-a-days so rarely attempted. Formerly, to constitute the offence there must have been a taking and an actual marriage or defilement; now neither is necessary to constitute the offence, which is simply the taking away or detaining a woman against her will, from motives of lucre, with *intent*. The old principle was that if the original taking or marriage was against consent, the offence was complete, and this though the woman was taken by the offender in the first instance, and afterwards was forced to continue with him against her will; or if, being originally taken by force, and afterwards consenting to the marriage; in either case it was sufficient to make the offender culpable. The consent being induced by threats or fear brought the offenders within the statute. But both the ancient and modern law limit the offence to a forcible abduction for purposes of lucre.

Formerly also, it being necessary to prove an actual marriage or defilement, it followed that if a woman were taken forcibly in one county and married in another, the offence, not being complete in either, was not indictable in either county. Thus, in 1804, two brothers were acquitted on a charge of abducting a Mrs. Lee, whom they had forcibly taken away in a chaise from London; and at Oxford, by one of the brothers, the offence was completed.

Another remarkable case was that of Swensden, in the time of Queen Anne, a Dane, who was hanged for abduction, though there was evidence of consent both before and at the marriage, but whether under fear or not was doubtful, and so it was ruled by Chief Justice Holt that consent was immaterial.] 12-1-

had been arrested by contrivance of the prisoner on a false writ, and being taken to the Vine Tavern, in Holborn, was threatened with being sent to Newgate, unless she consented to be married. The chaplain of the Fleet and his clerk were sent for, and the parson having asked the lady if she consented, he said she replied "Yes," without any appearance of compulsion; but it is to be observed this trial took place when the witnesses were not sworn.

The prisoner had asserted that, before carrying her off, she had squeezed his hand and kissed him; whereupon the Chief Justice, who had a tendency to adopt the French mode of criminal procedure by interrogation of prisoners, asked, "If she was consenting, why then did you force her to the tavern, and marry her by a parson you had provided for that purpose?" The prisoner answered, "She married me with as much freedom as there could be in woman." Swensden was convicted and executed. A report of this case will be found in 14 *State Trials*, 559-638.

In 1691, Lord Mohun and Captain Hill attempted to abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle, the celebrated actress, as she left the theatre. They had engaged a coach and four horses, and hired soldiers for the purpose. Her mother, who held her by the wrist, clung round her, and thus saved her, for time was afforded for a rescue, and the neighbourhood aided in her freedom. Hill vowed vengeance, and having, as a sort of interlude, killed Mountford, an actor, who, it was thought, stood in the way of Hill's marriage with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and whom Lord Mohun and himself dogged home,

Mountford and Lord Mohun wrangling, Hill stabbed him; the actor could draw his sword. The grand jury of Middlesex returned a bill of murder against

Hill and Lord Mohun. The latter was taken and tried in the Court of the Lord High Steward, judged by the entire peerage. The unanimous opinion of the king (who was present during the trial) and of the public was that he was guilty of the crime of murder, but the peers, by sixty-nine to fourteen, acquitted the culprit. He was afterwards killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton. His life, as Lord Macaulay states, "was one long revel and brawl."

Mr. Froude, in *The English in Ireland*, gives the narrative of some abductions which took place in Ireland during the present century, and traces them to the revengeful feelings of the Roman Catholic inhabitants towards Protestants—feelings the result of the penal laws; that, in fact, the abductions were a retribution for the wrongs inflicted in earlier periods of the history of Ireland. As the references Mr. Froude relies on are certain papers or records in Dublin Castle, we have no means of vouching his theory, but that abductions existed in Ireland centuries previous to the time in question is as certain as that the character of the Irish Celt has experienced little or no modification.

The traditional history of nations furnishes instances of abductions, all of a selfish character, the offence resulting in a war of individuals or of peoples.

The daughter of the King of Argos was abducted by a Phœnician; the Greeks carried off Europa from Tyre, and Medea from Colchis; the more famous elopement of Helen from her husband, the King of Sparta, was the cause of the Trojan war, and led to the sarcasm of Herodotus, that "to carry off women was manifestly the deed of unjust men, but to make so serious a matter of their abduction was the part of simpletons, since they hardly could

have been carried off without their own consent." This opinion differed from the principle of the Roman law, which considered women would not of their own will be abducted, unless by the allurements of men. Most of the instances recorded in ancient times come rather within the *raptus mulierum* of that law than within the simple abduction, which is but the carrying off a woman against her will, but for either offence the punishment under the Roman law was death and confiscation of goods. *Sive volentibus sive nolentibus mulieribus tale facinus fuerit perpetratum.* The Rape of the Sabines was attended with a good effect, for when that nation and the Romans were about to engage in war because of the outrage, the women, who were allied to both nations, interposed with the feminine weapons of entreaties and tears, and stayed the mutual slaughter which would have necessarily ensued, and they, by these means, united the two nations in a firm and durable peace. We need not deal with traditional periods of history, but come to times comparatively modern; and surely it must appear strange that an offence such as abduction, which one would ordinarily suppose could exist only amid barbarous tribes, has occurred in the midst of refined and cultured civilization. It was an outrage congenial at all times to a certain class of spirits, who having no patrimony, nor desire to follow an honest calling, ascertained what available maiden was within reach; and if she could not be secured by the common appliances of courtship, means were adopted to carry her off, and there were ever found allies and adherents to aid in the execution of the unmanly enterprise.

In England the offence, even on the borders, was never practised on a large scale. Occasionally some remarkable case turned up, like the

Turner and Wakefield one, but there was never anything like a feeling of sympathy among the people for the perpetrator of the offence. Amid the Celtic nations it was very frequent, and its origin may be traced to the sept or clan feeling, which demanded the entire devotion of body and soul to a chief, who, ever in a whirl of faction and intrigue, would lead a wild and roving life, and thus necessitate in his followers a similarity of taste and inclination, which might end in almost any result. The behest of the chief agreeing with the inclination of the clansman, to will was to be obeyed, and on the mind of the followers the question of right or wrong never obtruded itself. With the followers the consideration was their protection, and as the price of that protection the utmost subserviency was exacted by the superiors. The personal feeling of dependence thus assumed a principle, and it was for the chief to utilize it for right or wrong. Besides, amid primitive tribes, the marriage tie was not considered as of a sacred character; and the entire disregard of legitimacy in the election of chiefs among Celtic nations shows that might ruled over right, and that there was a ready source at hand of contention and disturbance, that might be diverted into any channel. Indeed, in Ireland, the custom of tanistry, which gave the right of inheritance of land to the oldest and most worthy man of the blood and surname of him who died seized, was, by Sir John Davis, regarded the great cause of the barbarism and desolation which existed for so many centuries; and the cognate custom of gavelkind, which divided the lands amongst all the
 (1) n of the chief, whether
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custom of gavelkind, as prevalent in Ireland and North Wales, excluded wives of dower, and the daughters were not inheritable of lands, even though their fathers had died without male issue; and this exclusion constituted the difference between that custom in these countries and the custom in Kent, where wives were always dowable, and daughters might inherit. These differences, in Ireland at least, were removed by a special resolution of the Irish judges in the time of James I.

Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to *Rob Roy* speaks of abduction as being common on the whole line of the Highlands about a century ago, and narrates an occurrence happening at that period, when some of the MacGregor clan carried off a female from her home under circumstances of great violence. Sir Walter, having strongly censured the offence, was remonstrated with by a lady friend of his own for so doing, she naïvely informing him her mother had never seen her father till the bridal night, when he carried her off with ten head of black cattle; the prudence of the Scotch being thus characteristically illustrated in the abduction of the bride not forgetting her *tocher*.

So long ago as the fifth century, abduction seems to have existed in Ireland, for in the *Senchus Mor*, a collection of Irish laws, written probably A.D. 448-451, the offence is enumerated amid the rules of social connections thus:—"In the connection of abduction, they ought not to divide anything of live chattels or dead chattels at their separation except the offspring. If the woman who has been carried off from her tribe by abduction, has given aught to the husband who has abducted her, it is unlawful to withhold it from the tribe, and it shall be restored and paid for with half dire-fine, if it

belong to the woman who gave it." These ancient Irish laws depended on the decisions of the Brehons (judges), with the assent of the kings, and the *Senchus Mor*, which contains them, was written about the period of the Theodosian Code.

The passage from the *Senchus* would show the offence was by no means unknown at that early period, and that its occurrence required some check.

The most memorable case of abduction in Ireland was probably when a King of Leinster carried off by force the wife of a neighbouring petty sovereign, and so lost his territories, by reason of the dishonoured sovereign and the King of Connaught avenging the insult. This again led to the King of Leinster applying to Henry II. of England to aid him in the endeavour to recover the lost sovereignty, by offering to become his feudatory; and so, in obedience to the request, Henry obtained from Pope Adrian the famous Bull, by which the Pope granted to that king the right of entry into Ireland, and the execution therein of whatever pertained to the honour of God and the welfare of the land. As may be supposed, the accounts conflict whether the abducted lady was or was not a willing victim; but the example thus set continued for centuries afterwards to be followed, and throughout the kingdom the offence of abduction was widespread. But a picture of this King of Leinster has been supplied by Giraldus Cambrensis, who says of him: "He was tall and huge, warlike and daring, with a voice hoarse from shouting in battle, desiring to be feared rather than loved; an oppressor of the noble, a raiser-up of the low; tyrannical to his own people, and detested by strangers; one who had his hand against every man, and every man's

hand against him." There is no improbability, therefore, in the further record of his exploits, that when, after a victory, his followers threw a bundle of heads at his feet, the brute seized one of them by the hair, and discovering it was that of a hated enemy, he tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. The Irish princess must have had a pleasant time of it!

However, whatever was the origin of the crime, or what the cause of its frequency, it in Ireland attained serious magnitude. The people generally did not regard it with disapprobation. There was a daring recklessness, a barbarous gallantry, an audacious defiance of law in the perpetration of the offence, which somehow excited a sympathy, and the imaginative character of the people gave to it a chivalrous aspect. The results were never thought of till the pecuniary element intervened, and then some of the romance was dissipated, and the bare selfishness of the act exhibited itself.

It is not more than eighty years ago since there existed in the south of Ireland what were called abduction clubs, whose members were bound by oath to assist in carrying off such women having money as were fixed upon, whose location and fortune they discovered by the aid of emissaries; and if any difficulty arose as to the fortunate man who was to possess her so abducted, the members drew lots, and measures were at once taken to secure her. No girl was safe who had the reputation of a fortune, and the girl abducted was too often influenced by some romantic notion as to be captivated by this means of securing a husband.

The legislature, to check the crime, had (as we have said) interfered so early as the reign of Henry VII., for in that king's time an Act was passed, reciting that women having substances, for the

lucre of such substances, have been often taken by misdoers, contrary to their will, and afterwards married to such misdoers, and then enacted that any one so taking a woman away against her will, or procuring such to be done, shall be guilty of felony; and by a statute of Queen Elizabeth, the forcible abduction was made punishable with death. Again, by a statute of Philip and Mary, any one above fourteen years who carried off any female unmarried, within the age of sixteen years, from possession of and against the will of her father or guardian, was punishable by fine and imprisonment, and her property became forfeitable to the next of kin. In Ireland, in 1634, there was passed an enactment punishing those who carried off "maydens that be inheritors," and its language is peculiar: "Where maydens and women children of noblemen, gentlemen, and others (as well such as be heires apparent to their ancestors as others, having left unto them by their father or other ancestor, or friends, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, or other great substance in goods and chattels moveable, for and to the intent to advance them in marriage, somewhat like according to their degree, and as might be most for their surety and comfort, as well for themselves and of all their friends and their folkes), by flattery, trifling gifts and faire promises of many unthrifty and light personages, and thereto by the intreaty of persons of lewd demeanour, and others that for rewards buy and sell the said maydens and children, secretly allured and wonn, to contract matrimony with the said unthrifty and light personages; and thereupon, either with slight or force, oftentimes be taken and conveyed away from their said parents, friends, or kinsfolke, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, disparagement of the said children, and the extreme

continual heaviness of their friends, which ungodly dealing, for lack of wholesome laws to the redress thereof, remaineth a great familiar and common mischief in this our Commonwealth," etc. The statute then declares the punishment for the offences enumerated, and gives the property of the abducted girl to her next of kin.

Its provisions, however, were found ineffectual, and accordingly, in 1707, in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, the offence of forcible abduction was in Ireland made a capital felony, and those who carried off heiresses were deprived of all interest in the property.

But amid the odd matters that appear in the acts of legislation of the period, that sixth of Anne has this section: "And whereas John O'Bryan (who was bred a Papist, and) is a person of no fortune, hath forcibly taken away Margaret Macnamara, an infant of the age of thirteen years, out of the possession and custody of her mother, Margaret Macnamara, with intent to marry him, the said John O'Bryan, and to that end hath by force detained the said minor for some months past in his custody, be it enacted, that if the said Margaret Macnamara, junior, hath since the 18th day of April, 1707 (the day on which she was forced away, as aforesaid), intermarried with the said John O'Bryan in such manner as that the said marriage may not be dissolved, or declared void by the ecclesiastical laws of this kingdom, then the fortune to which the said Margaret Macnamara, junior, was entitled before such marriage shall be and is hereby vested in the said Margaret Macnamara, the mother, and Simon Purdon, Esquire, who were appointed guardians of the said minor by her said father's will upon the following trusts," etc. It proceeds to settle £50 of the money on the infant for her life for her sepa-

rate use; if she survived O'Bryan, she was to receive the full produce of the £2,000 during her life, and after her death it was to go to her children; but if she had no family, the entire was to become the property of her mother. An interpolation of this kind in a modern Act of Parliament would be a very unusual piece of legislation, but we have no doubt that its result was to interfere materially with the plans of John O'Bryan.

Somewhere about the year 1797, there resided within a mile or so of the city of Cork a man of some property, who had been sheriff of that city, and on the occasion of being on a deputation to the Viceroy of the time he was knighted. He was extravagant in his habits, and had gone through a respectable property; this may be believed when we mention that having given an entertainment at his residence, which was about a mile and a half from Cork, he procured the entire way to his house to be lighted with variegated lamps, whence we may assume the other incidents of the feast were of no mean description. He had been married, but at the time we are referring to he was a widower with children. Also living in the city of Cork was a family of respectability and wealth, the only daughter of whose house was known to have a fortune of £20,000. Her father was dead, but her mother still lived in delicate health, and the daughter was a frequent visitor at the residence of her uncle, who possessed a house and grounds of some beauty in the immediate neighbourhood. In the month of July of that year she was on a visit at her uncle's, and whilst the family were sitting in the drawing-rooms after luncheon, the appearance of a gentleman on the lawn looking about the grounds attracted attention. The host, with that courtesy which seems a rule in the

south of Ireland, went out, and though the visitor and himself were not on familiar or visiting terms, each knew the other. The visitor stated he was influenced by the beauty of the grounds to venture upon them, and the host courteously invited him to waive ceremony and stay for dinner. The request was acceded to, and besides the host's family, the visitor was introduced to the heiress of £20,000. Nothing remarkable occurred on the occasion of the introduction and dinner, but a few days after a note reached the host, purporting to come from the medical attendant of the lady's mother, to the effect that she was seriously ill, and as she had not many hours to live, it was desirable that her daughter should at once proceed and see her mother. The uncle, never dreaming of trick or fraud, ordered out his carriage, and the hapless daughter, accompanied [by two of her female cousins, proceeded on their way to Cork, to witness, as they believed, the dying scene of their mother and aunt. The night was unusually stormy and wet for the season, and about half way the carriage was suddenly stopped, and four or five men, having cut the traces, appeared at the door, and coerced the sought-for lady to get out. She did so; and was immediately placed in a chaise which stood near, and her cousins were left in the carriage with broken traces to find their way home as best they could.

The abducted lady was driven to the house of the man who had so abused the hospitality of his entertainer; but the avenue being a steep one which led to the door, the horses became restive, and she was carried out of the chaise by her abductor up the avenue to his own door. There she was received by his sister; an interval of an hour or so occurring, she was told she was

brought there to go through a ceremony of marriage with her abductor, and a person in the garb of a priest being present to perform the ceremony, they forced on her finger a ring, which she indignantly flung aside. Force and entreaties failed to alter her purpose, and for some days she was kept secluded in the house to which she had been brought. Notwithstanding his efforts at concealment, her hiding-place was discovered, and she was restored to her relatives. An atrocity of this kind happening so near a city, the parties to it being persons of position and respectability, necessarily induced immediate measures; informations were lodged against the culprit and his sister, and both forthwith absconded. The Government of the day, and the lady's family, offered a large reward for his apprehension; all efforts to secure him were unavailing, but an indictment was sent up against him before a grand jury, and process of outlawry was awarded. The lady left Ireland, and resided in England for two years. During this time, where had the aggressor been? He had never been out of the city of Cork, though sworn informations had been laid; though process of outlawry was awarded, he remained throughout these two years in the enjoyment of his ordinary amusements, and in sight of hundreds who had heard of his exploit.

No one gave information to the authorities, no arrest was made, but possibly the dread of one or other at last induced him to write to the lady, hoping she would not persevere in vindictiveness, but excuse the act, and offering to stand his trial for the abduction. His outlawry accordingly was reversed, his trial took place, the lady was examined, the defence made for him was of a purely technical description, resting on the difficulty of her identifying him as the party who carried her

out of the carriage, and, if he did, whether such act was a sufficient taking and carrying away as brought him within the statute. The indictment against him being for unlawfully and feloniously taking away the prosecutrix by force, with intent to marry her, his counsel contended that the evidence went to show it was by his procurement this was attempted, and not by direct act of the prisoner himself. The indictment failed, but a verdict of guilty was found against him, and the opinion of the judges was in the following Term given that the point was untenable, and that the conviction was good. He was sentenced to death, which was commuted to transportation for life, a punishment he underwent by being sent to New South Wales with other convicts; and in December, 1812, having sailed from Botany Bay with some others in a South-Sea whaler, the vessel was wrecked off Cape Horn, and the convict knight was no more heard of. The trial took place in 1801, before Mr. Justice Day, in the city of Cork. The abduction took place in July, 1797.

The lady ultimately went to England to avoid the annoyance she was subject to after the prosecution, and to escape the taunts which a sympathy with crime induces in restless natures. It is hard to believe that in a city like Cork, even at the period referred to, the feeling could be awakened; but the facts are beyond dispute, that for two years after the offence of the abduction the man lived in the neighbourhood, defying justice, depriving himself of no pleasures, known to hundreds, process out against him, and yet only by a self-surrender justice ultimately asserted itself. It is idle to talk of the bias, mean and odious as it is, which the dregs of a community may feel by natural sympathy with what is base; it is this

bias which has to be overcome by legislation, but it can afford no excuse for crime. The counsel for the prosecution on that trial, one of whom was the celebrated Curran, alluded in indignant terms to the sympathy thus exhibited, and referred to a case in a neighbouring county where a more tragic result followed a like outrage.

In the year 1770 two ladies, with their mother and some friends, went to a play in a small town in the county. They were reputed heiresses, and during the performance it was conveyed to them that they would be carried off that night by two selected admirers for that purpose. They left the theatre, and in great alarm sought refuge in an adjoining house, accompanied by their friends. The house was invaded, the friends were intimidated, the girls were dragged into the street, and there surrounded by numbers of armed men, forced to mount two horses, the one girl placed before the man selected for her by the confederates, the other on another horse also before the man to whom she was assigned. There was a point in this stratagem of placing the girls in front, which exhibits the acuteness of the Irish mind, because it was supposed that the offender was not punishable if the woman abducted him, and this by a logical process she did, if he was behind her on the horse, and obedient to her control. These unfortunate girls, however, surrounded by the ruffians who aided in their abduction, were solicited to marry the men with whom they were, pressed to this step by some woman who accompanied them, threatened with all species of foul treatment if they did not yield, a priest presented to them to perform the ceremony, and a promise given that if they consented they would be restored to their friends. Intimidated and helpless, they went through a ceremony of marriage, and having

insisted on the promise of restoration to their family, its fulfilment was evaded. Weary nights and days followed; the girls, still attended by the lawless band who set out with them, were carried from place to place, and for five weeks, with this ruffian attendance, they travelled through Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, Dublin, and Wicklow, in which last-mentioned county the girls were rescued by some relatives who had traced them. The principals in the transaction fled to Wales, but were pursued and lodged in gaol, and tried at the Kilkenny assizes of 1780. They were sentenced to be hung, and strong influences were brought to bear on the executive for remission of their fate. They were of the squireen class, and were connected with some of the leading people in their county. The fact of the marriage, the belief among the people that the offence was not very criminal, somewhat influenced public feeling in their favour. The Attorney-General of the day, however, declared if this offence passed with impunity, no family was safe from a like outrage, and so advised, the Government directed the law to take its course. But what of the girls? They had to be escorted to give their evidence at the trial by troops of soldiers; they never appeared in the neighbourhood but they were hissed and hooted; they were execrated in unmeasured terms; and when afterwards they married persons in their own rank of life, and the marriages turned out unfortunately, the people declared their fate merited, and that it was the judgment of Heaven for their prosecution of the men who had so gallantly borne them through "bank, bush, and scaur."

Cases of this kind might be enumerated by the dozen, more or less differing in their circumstances, but all pointing to that lawlessness which seems hereditary in the Celtic

temperament. Indeed, so numerous were the cases of this kind occurring in the county of Longford some years ago, that what was called a hanging judge was selected to try the prisoners, and for a time the severity of the punishment and the dread example of the execution were followed by a great diminution of offenders. The times must have been different from those of the good King Brian, when a young lady of beauty, and adorned with costly jewels, journeyed alone from one end of Ireland to the other, and no attempt was made on her person or her life.

"For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

It is about twenty years ago since an Irish gentleman of old family, possessing an income of some thousands a year, made an attempt to abduct a lady whose sister was married to a peer. Some ladies of the family were going to their parish church; a confidential servant of the abductor had learned from conversation with the lady's groom, who accompanied them, who were of the party, and on their return from church they were met by the gallant hero, on horseback, who was followed by a carriage and car containing servants and confederates. Nothing on that occasion happened, as it turned out the sought-for lady was not of the party, but on a following Sunday, she, her sister, and two other ladies, on leaving church, were intercepted by the man himself, who at once seized the desired prize; a carriage was at hand, all things ready for the accomplishment of the unmanly effort, but a companion of the lady resisted, time was gained, and at length a servant of the family appeared and the party were rescued.

To be sure this man of lineage

and wealth was of Tipperary, and therefore to the manner born, but this did not prevent his imprisonment for two years. Still the sympathy of the people was with him, especially the female population, who lamented the failure of the scheme, and were heard to say it was a pity such a fine man should be put out of the way for the like of her! Thus it is not so much the offence or crime which stains a country, but the mode and manner in which it is spoken of, the greater or less degree of moral turpitude imputed to the offender, the sympathy with or prejudice against him, that makes the crime more or less remarkable in one country than another. How is it that in Ireland abductions are heard of up to the present time, whereas in the Highlands, in Wales, or other Celtic countries, they are quite unknown?

There has not been in England any remarkable case of the kind since the trial of the Wakefields in 1826, but there was no popular feeling or sympathy in favour of any of the persons engaged in that transaction, and it is therefore exceptional. Oddly enough like means were resorted to in that case as in the Cork abduction; a letter was sent to the mistress of the school at which the young lady then was, apprising her that her mother was dying, and it was not till all danger of pursuit was over that the betrayed girl was told this was a pretext. She was forced to go through a ceremony of marriage at Gretna Green; and as this constituted part of the offence (for which the Wake-

fields were tried), and did not take place in England, so the offenders could not be tried in England for the substantive felony of abduction, but they were tried for a conspiracy at common law to carry off the lady with intent to marry.

The question in that case materially depended on the validity of the marriage in Scotland, for though irregular, it was declared by a Scotch advocate of great repute to be valid according to Scotch law, and that its validity could not be influenced by the fear of the lady or the fraud of the gentleman, and so it was contended that the lady, being the prisoner's wife, could not give evidence against him, but it was held she was a competent witness because the charge was one affecting her liberty and person. The prisoners were severely punished, and an Act of Parliament was obtained, rendering null and void the marriage so had.

Though the crime has almost disappeared from amongst us, the legislature still holds a tight hand over offenders; for though it be no longer punishable as a capital offence, the law declares that if any woman of any age, entitled to any present or future estate, be, from motives of lucre, taken and detained against her will with intent to marry, etc., or if a girl under twenty-one years of age be fraudulently allured or taken away against the will of her parent or guardian, the person so alluring or taking her away is liable to transportation or imprisonment with hard labour.

W. H. F.

AN EPISODE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

TRANSLATED FROM BALZAC.

TOWARDS eight in the evening of the 22nd of January, 1793, an old lady walked down the steep declivity that terminates at the church of Saint Laurence, in the Faubourg Saint Martin. Snow having fallen heavily through the day, rendered the sound of steps inaudible; the streets were as silent as a desert. The awe this profound silence inspired was intensified by the terror that France then groaned under. Not a creature had the lady met. Her sight, which had been growing weaker, did not permit her to see in the distance a few individuals moving here and there like shadows in the dim light of the lanterns along the broad thoroughfare of the faubourg; but she went on courageously alone through the solitude, as though her age were sufficient talisman to guard her from danger. As she passed the Rue des Morts, she thought she caught the sound of a heavy tread following her, and as she listened she felt sure this was not the first time she had heard it. Terrified at the thought of being followed, she hurried towards a lighted shop, hoping by the light to be able to solve the suspicion that was now overpowering her. When she got within the ray of level light that streamed from the shop window, she turned sharply round, and saw a figure dimly in the gloom. Faint as the vision was it sufficed; she staggered for a moment from terror, for now she knew that this unknown man had followed her from the moment she had left her house, and had been keeping pace with her. Her agony to escape the spy gave her new strength. Incapable of

reasoning, she quickened her steps as though she had a chance of being able to elude a man necessarily more active than herself. Running on for a few minutes, she reached a confectioner's shop, entered it, and fell, rather than sat down, upon a chair close to the counter. At the noise of the lifted door-latch, a young woman, who was embroidering in the shop, looked up, and recognizing the old-fashioned violet silk mantle in which the lady was enveloped, hurriedly opened a drawer, as if to take from it something she had to give her. Not only did the gesture and countenance of the young woman betray a wish to get rid as quickly as possible of the old lady, as of one whose presence is unwelcome, but she even allowed an expression of impatience to escape her when, putting her hand into the drawer, she found it empty. Then, without looking at the lady, she ran from the counter to the back shop, and called her husband, who came immediately. "Where did you put —?" she said, with a mysterious look, indicating by a glance the old lady, without finishing the sentence.

Although the man could have seen nothing but the huge black silk cap, trimmed with violet ribbon, that served as head-gear to the unknown lady, he disappeared, casting a look at his wife that plainly said, "Do you think I would leave *that* in your counter?" . . . Surprised at the silence and immobility of the old lady, the shopwoman approached her, and looking in her face was seized with a feeling of pity, or it may be of curiosity. Though the complexion of the lady may have

been naturally livid, as of one devoted to an ascetic life, yet it was evident that some recent emotion had produced her present extraordinary pallor. Her head-dress was so arranged as to hide her hair, which was white, no doubt from age, for the clean collar of her dress showed that she wore no powder. The absence of ornament gave a sort of religious severity to her face. Her features were grave and proud. In those days the manners and habits of people of rank were so different from those of other classes, that a noble person might be at once detected. Accordingly the young shopwoman saw at a glance that the unknown lady was a *ci-devant*, and had been connected with the court.

"Madame?" she said, involuntarily, and with respect, forgetting that this was a prohibited title.

The lady made no answer, but kept her eyes fixed upon the shop window, as though some frightful object were pictured there.

"What's the matter, *citoyenne*?" asked the master of the shop, who had returned.

The citizen pastrycook drew the lady out of her abstraction by handing her a small pasteboard box folded in blue paper.

"Nothing—it is nothing, my friends," she answered, in a gentle voice. She then raised her eyes to the pastrycook's face, as if wishing to look her thanks, but seeing a red cap upon his head, she uttered a cry.

"Ah! you have betrayed me!"

The young woman and her husband answered by a gesture of horror, which drew a blush to the face of the unknown lady, either for having suspected them, or perhaps from pleasure.

"Pardon me," she said, with childlike gentleness. Then drawing a louis-d'or from her purse, she offered it to the pastrycook. "This

is the price agreed upon," she added. There is a poverty the poor can guess. The pastrycook and his wife glanced at each other, then at the old lady, and the same thought passed through the minds of both. They saw it was her last louis-d'or. The lady's hands trembled as she gave the coin. There was an expression of pain, not of avarice, in her look, that told the full extent of the sacrifice. Fasting and suffering were written upon her face as plainly as were fear and ascetic habits. Her worn-out silk dress bore the traces of former magnificence, and over it was a scrupulously clean though old-fashioned mantle, with carefully mended lace, the rags of opulence. The two shopkeepers, placed between compassion and self-interest, endeavoured to relieve their consciences by words.

"You seem very weak, *citoyenne*."

"Would madame wish to take something?" said the woman, cutting short her husband.

"We have some good soup," said the man.

"It is so cold that perhaps madame has had a chill in walking, but she can rest herself here and get warm."

"We are not altogether as black as the devil," exclaimed the pastrycook.

Won by the tone of kindness in the words of the charitable shopkeepers, the lady confessed that, having been followed by a man, she was afraid to go back alone.

"Is that all?" answered the man with the red cap. "Wait for me, *citoyenne*." He handed the louis-d'or to his wife, then, impelled by that sort of gratitude that warms a shopkeeper's soul when he gets an exorbitant price for some ware of small value, he put on his National Guard's uniform, took up his hat, put on his sword, and was under

arms; but his wife had had time to reflect, and, as in many another heart, reflection closed the open hand of beneficence. Uneasy, and fearing lest her husband might get into trouble, the wife pulled him by the skirt of his coat to stop him, but, obeying his kindly feeling, the brave fellow at once offered to escort the old lady.

"It seems that the man who frightened the *citoyenne* is still hanging about the shop," said the young woman, eagerly.

"I am afraid so," said the lady, simply.

"It may be a spy, it may be a plot. Don't go, take back the box." These words, hurriedly whispered by his wife into the pastrycook's ear, froze up his sudden fit of courage.

"Eh! I'll go and say two words to him, and get rid of him for you very soon," exclaimed the man, opening the door, and hurrying out.

The old lady, passive as a child and utterly stupefied, reseated herself. The honest shopman soon returned; his face, which was naturally red, and had been made still more red by the fire of the oven, was now deadly pale; so great was the terror that agitated him that his legs staggered, and his eyes glared like those of a drunken man.

"Do you want to get our heads cut off, you wretched aristocrat?" exclaimed he, in a fury. "Away with you at once, and never show your face here, and don't think I mean to help you with the means of plotting!"

Saying these words, the pastrycook endeavoured to force her to give back the small box which the old lady had put into one of her pockets. But hardly had the man's rude hands touched her dress, than she, preferring the danger of the streets, with no other protector than God, rather than lose what she had just paid for, recovered the activity

of youth, rushed to the door, opened it hastily, and vanished from the eyes of the husband and wife, who stood trembling and stupefied. Once outside, she began walking quickly, but her strength again failed her when she heard the crackling of the snow beneath the heavy tread of the spy as he inexorably followed her. She stopped, he stopped; she did not dare either to speak to him, or look at him, whether from fear or want of knowing what to say. She went on slowly, and the man slackened his pace, keeping a distance that allowed him to keep his eye on her. He seemed her very shadow. Nine o'clock struck as the silent pair passed the Church of Saint Laurence. It is in the nature of minds, even the weakest, that a feeling of calm should succeed violent agitation, for though our feelings may be infinite, our organs are limited; and so the lady, experiencing no injury from her supposed persecutor, began to fancy he might be a secret friend anxious to defend her. She put together all the circumstances connected with the appearance of the strange man, as if to find plausible motives for this consoling thought, and she concluded good rather than evil intentions. Then, forgetting the terror with which the man had inspired the pastrycook, she walked on with a steady step to the upper part of the Faubourg Saint Martin. After a half hour's walk, she reached a house situated at the point where the principal street of the faubourg forms an angle with another leading to the Barrière de Pantin. To this day this is one of the most solitary spots in all Paris. The east wind, blowing over the heights of Craumont and Belleville, whistled through the houses, or rather the cabins, scattered over this almost uninhabited valley, the walls of which were made of earth and stones. This desolate spot seemed the

natural refuge of misery and despair. The man who so pertinaciously followed this poor creature, who was brave enough to traverse these silent streets by night, seemed struck by the sight that presented itself to his view. He stood pondering in an attitude of hesitation, feebly lit by an oil lamp, the dim light of which hardly pierced the fog. Fear sharpened the eyes of the lady, who fancied she caught a sinister look on the man's face; she felt her terror return, and taking advantage of the man's apparent hesitation, glided into the shadow towards the door of a solitary house, then lifting a latch disappeared like a phantom. The man, still motionless, gazed at the house, which in a certain sense was a type of the wretched dwellings of this faubourg. This dilapidated shed was built of rubble stone, covered with yellow plaster so cracked and fissured that it seemed as if the first gust of wind must lay it level with the ground. The roof of brown tiles covered with moss was giving way in several places, and seemed sinking under its weight of snow. Each story had three windows, the frames of which, rotted by the damp, and warped by the action of the sun, showed the way the cold found entrance into the rooms. This lonely house looked like an old tower time had forgotten to destroy. A feeble glimmer lit the garret windows at the top of this humble edifice, while the rest of the house was in complete obscurity. The old lady mounted with difficulty the steps of the rough, coarse stairs, along which a rope ran in balustrade fashion. She knocked mysteriously at the door of the garret, and sank down on a chair which an old man offered her.

"Hide yourself! hide yourself!" she said. "Though we go out so seldom, our actions are known, our steps watched."

"What is the matter?" asked another old lady, who was seated near the fire.

"The man who has been lurking about the house since yesterday followed me this evening."

At these words the three inmates of this wretched hovel looked at each other, their countenances betraying signs of profound terror. The old man was the least troubled of the three, perhaps because he was most in danger. A brave man, under the weight of a great misfortune, or under the pressure of persecution, begins by making a sacrifice of himself; he counts his days as so many victories gained over fate. The eyes of the two women fixed upon the old man plainly showed he was the sole object of their cruel anxiety.

"Why despair of God, my sisters?" said he, in a low, gentle voice. "We sang His praises amid the cries of the assassins and of the dying at the convent of the Carmelites. If it was His will I should be saved from that butchery, it is no doubt that He reserves me for a destiny I must accept without a murmur. God protects his own. He can dispose of them as He wills. It is of you, not of me, we must think."

"No," said one of the old ladies; "what is our life in comparison with that of a priest?"

"When I found myself outside the walls of the abbey of Chelles I looked on myself as a dead woman," said the nun who had not gone out.

"Here," replied the nun who had come in, handing the box to the priest, "here is the consecrated wafer. But," she cried, "I hear steps on the stairs!"

At these words the three paused to listen. The noise ceased.

"Don't be alarmed," said the priest, "it may be that some one is endeavouring to find us out. A

person upon whose fidelity I can count has had to take measures for crossing the frontier, and is to come for letters that I have written to the Duke of Langeais and the Marquis of Beauséant, in order that they may consider what means are to be taken to get you out of this frightful country, away from the death or poverty that awaits you in it."

"You, then, do not mean to follow us?" said the two nuns, with a sad voice, and in a kind of despair.

"My place is where victims are," said the priest, simply.

The two women remained silent, and looked with reverence and admiration at their host.

"Sister Martha," said he, addressing the nun who had gone for the consecrated wafer; "this messenger will answer '*Fiat voluntas*,' to the word '*Hosanna*.'"

"There is some one on the staircase!" cried the other nun, opening a secret door that had been made under the roof.

This time it was easy, through the deep silence, to hear the steps of a man treading on the lumps of hardened mud that covered the stairs. The priest slid with difficulty into a sort of press, and the nuns flung shawls and cloaks over him.

"You can shut the door, sister Agatha," said the priest, in a stifled voice.

The priest was hardly shut in, when three knocks at the door made the two women tremble; their eyes questioned each other, but they dared not utter a word. They both appeared about sixty. Separated from the world forty years, they were like plants reared in the air of a hot-house, which die if taken out of it. Habituated to convent life, they were unable to imagine any other. One morning, their convent walls being broken through, it was with fear and trembling they

found themselves free. We can easily fancy the kind of artificial imbecility the events of the Revolution produced in these innocent souls. Unable to adapt their claustral ideas to the difficulties of life, and even unable to understand their situation, they were like children who, hitherto cared for, but now abandoned by their maternal providence, pray instead of crying. Now, in the presence of the danger which they apprehended, they sat silent and passive, knowing but one defence—Christian resignation. The man seeking admission interpreted this silence in his own fashion; he opened the door and suddenly stood before them. The two nuns shuddered as they recognized the man who had been prowling about the house, and asking information about them. They sat motionless, gazing at him with uneasy curiosity, in the way shy children silently examine strangers. The man was tall and stout, but there was nothing in his demeanour, look, or physiognomy that denoted cruelty or wickedness. He followed the example of the nuns' immobility, and slowly cast his eyes round the room.

Two straw mats spread on planks served as beds for the nuns. A table stood in the middle of the room, on which were placed a brass candlestick, some plates, three knives, and a loaf. The fire in the grate was low. A few scanty pieces of wood piled in a corner all betrayed the poverty of the recluses. The walls, covered with a coating of old paint, showed the condition of the roof, stains of brown streamlets marking where the rain had infiltrated itself. A relic, which, no doubt, had been saved from the pillage of the abbey of Chelles, was the sole ornament on the chimney-piece. Three chairs, two boxes, and an old chest of drawers completed the furniture of the

room. A door opening near the fireplace suggested the existence of a second room.

The inventory of this cell was quickly made by the man who had introduced himself under such terrible auspices into this household. A feeling of pity was painted on his countenance, and he cast a kindly look at the two women, and seemed as much embarrassed as they were. The strange silence in which the three stood did not last long, for the man at last guessed the moral weakness and inexperience of the two poor creatures, and said to them, in a voice that he endeavoured to soften,—

"I do not come here as an enemy, *citoyennes*."

He paused. Then resumed,—

"My sisters, if any misfortune befall you, be assured I have had no hand in it. I have a favour to demand of you."

They continued silent.

"If I importune you—if I am in the way, speak frankly. I shall leave—but know that I am altogether at your service, that if there is anything I can do for you, you may employ me without fear, and that I—I alone—perhaps, am above the law, since there is no longer a king."

There was such an accent of truth in these words that Sister Agatha, the nun belonging to the house of Langeais, whose manner betrayed familiarity with court life and refinement, at once pointed to a chair, and begged their guest to be seated. The unknown man manifested a kind of mingled joy and sadness on seeing this gesture, and waited before sitting down himself till the two venerable ladies had taken their places.

"You have given an asylum," he replied, "to a venerable priest, *non assermenté*, who miraculously escaped from the massacre of the Carmelites."

"*Hosanna!*" said Sister Agatha, interrupting the stranger, and looking with anxious curiosity into his face.

"That is not his name, I think," he answered.

"But, Monsieur," said Sister Martha, eagerly, "we have no priest here."

He did not go on, for the extreme emotion depicted on the faces of the two nuns made him fear he had gone too far. They were trembling, and their eyes filled with tears.

"Have no fear," said he to them in a frank voice; "I know your host's name and yours. Three days ago I heard of your distress, and your devotion to the venerable Abbé of—"

"Hush!" said Sister Agatha, placing her finger on her lips.

"You see, my sisters, that if I had had the horrible intention of betraying you, I could already have done so more than once."

Hearing these words, the priest stepped out, and advanced to the middle of the room.

"I cannot believe, sir," said he to the strange man, "that you are one of our persecutors. I trust you. What do you want of me?"

The saint-like trust of the priest, the nobleness that shone out from his features, might have disarmed an assassin. The mysterious personage who thus animated this scene of misery and resignation gazed for a moment at this group of three individuals; then in a tone of confidence he addressed the priest in these words,—

"Father, I have come to ask you to celebrate a funeral mass for the repose of the soul—of a—of a sacred person, one whose body will never rest in holy ground."

The priest involuntarily shuddered. The two nuns, not knowing of whom the stranger spoke, sat with outstretched necks and faces turned towards the two in-

terlocutors in attitudes of curiosity. The priest examined closely the stranger's face. Unequivocal marks of anxiety were visible on it, and his eyes expressed all the fervour of a supplication.

"Well," answered the priest, "this evening at midnight return, and I shall be ready to celebrate the only funeral service we can offer in expiation of the crime you speak of."

The unknown man started, but a quiet, earnest satisfaction seemed to triumph over some suppressed sorrow. After respectfully saluting the priest and the two holy women he took leave, manifesting a kind of mute gratitude that was understood by these three generous souls. About two hours later the stranger returned, knocked discreetly at the garret door, and was admitted by Mademoiselle de Beausséant, who led him into the second room of this humble lodging, where he found all the arrangements necessary for the ceremony. Between two chimney flues the nuns had placed an old chest of drawers, now hidden beneath a magnificent altarcloth of green water-silk. A large ebony and ivory crucifix hung against the yellow wall, and, contrasting with its bareness, necessarily fixed attention. Four small wax candles, which the nuns had fastened with sealing wax upon this improvised altar, cast a pale, dimly-reflected light upon the wall. This faint light hardly broke the darkness of the room, but, being centred on the sacred things, it looked as though a ray had fallen from heaven upon this simple altar. The tile floor was damp. The roof, which sloped abruptly at both sides, as is usual in garrets, was cracked, and an icy wind blew in. Nothing could have been farther removed from pomp, yet nothing could have been more solemn than this lugubrious ceremony. A pro-

found silence, that permitted the least cry uttered in the street to be heard, gave a sort of sombre majesty to this nocturnal scene. In short, the grandeur of the action contrasted so forcibly with the poverty of the materials that it inspired a feeling of religious awe and fear. At each side of the altar the two aged nuns knelt on the tile floor, regardless of its deadly damp, praying in unison with the priest, who, in vestments, was preparing a gold chalice encrusted with precious stones, a sacred vessel saved, no doubt, from the wreck of the abbey of Chelles. By the side of this pyx, which was a monument of royal magnificence, were two wretched glasses containing the water and wine for the holy sacrifice. In default of missal the priest had placed his breviary upon one corner of the altar. A common plate had been prepared for the washing of hands innocent and pure from blood. All was infinite and small, poor and noble, profane and holy at the same time.

The strange man took his place, and knelt devoutly between the two nuns. But suddenly, perceiving crape on the chalice and on the crucifix, for, having no other means of announcing the intention of this funeral mass, the priest had put God Himself into mourning, the man was overcome by an impression so powerful that drops of sweat gathered upon his massive forehead. The four silent actors in this scene looked mysteriously at each other, then their souls, by reciprocal action, intercommunicated their feelings, and all blended in one religious act of commiseration; it seemed as though their thoughts had evoked the martyr whose remains had been consumed by quick-lime, and that his spirit stood before them in all its royal majesty. They celebrated an *obit*

without the body of the deceased. Beneath this roof of tiles and broken laths, four Christians were interceding with God for a King of France, and performing his funeral service without his coffin. It was the purest of all devotion, an amazing act of fidelity, accomplished without one thought of self. No doubt it was, in the eyes of God, as the cup of water that equals the greatest act of virtue. The monarchy was present in the prayers of a priest and of two poor women; but it may be that the Revolution was there too, represented by this man, whose face betrayed such agony that it was impossible to resist the impression that he was accomplishing a vow of profound repentance.

Instead of pronouncing the Latin words, *Introibo ad altare Dei*, etc., the priest, by some divine inspiration, turned to the three assistants who represented Christian France, and said, in a tone that effaced the poverty of the wretched hole,—

"We are entering the sanctuary of God."

At these words, spoken with penetrating fervour, a feeling of awe seized the man and the two nuns. Under the vaulted roof of Saint Peter's, God's presence could not have been manifested with more majesty than it was in this abode of indigence to the souls of these Christians; so true is it that between man and Him all intermediary seems useless, and that the feeling of His greatness proceeds from Himself alone. The fervour of the stranger was genuine. Thus the feeling that blended in one the prayers of these four servants of God and the King was unanimous. The sacred words thrilled like celestial music in the silence. At one moment tears flowed from the eyes of the stranger—
—: the Paternoster. The

priest added to it this Latin prayer, which evidently the man understood: *Et remitte oculus regicidis sicut Ludovicus eis remisit semelipso* (and pardon the regicides as Louis XVI. himself pardoned them).

The nuns saw two great tears trace their humid way down the stranger's cheeks, and fall upon the floor. The office for the dead was recited. The *Domine salvum fac regem*, sung in a low voice, moved these faithful Royalists, as they remembered that the child king, for whom they then supplicated the Most High, was captive in the hands of his enemies. The strange man shuddered to think that another crime yet might be committed in which he might be forced to participate. When the funeral service was over, the priest made a sign to the two nuns to withdraw. As soon as he found himself alone with the stranger, he advanced towards him with a mild, sad look, and said, in a fatherly voice, "My son, if you have steeped your hands in the blood of the martyr King, confide it to me. There is no sin which, in God's eyes, is not effaced by repentance so touching and sincere as yours appears to be."

At the first words pronounced by the priest, the stranger allowed a movement of involuntary terror to escape him; but he recovered his composure of countenance, and looked frankly in the face of the astonished priest. "Father," said he to him, in a voice much moved, "no one is more innocent than I am of the blood shed."

"I must believe you," said the priest.

There was a pause, during which he again explored the face of his penitent; then still taking him for one of those timid members of the *Convention*, who had given up an inviolable and sacred head to save his own, he resumed, in a grave

voice, "Remember, my son, it does not suffice, in order to be absolved from this great crime, that you did not co-operate in it. Those who could have defended the King, and yet kept their swords in their scabbards, will have a heavy reckoning to make to the King of Heaven. . . Oh, yes," added the old priest, shaking his head from right to left with an expressive motion; "yes, very heavy! . . . for, by remaining passive, they have made themselves the involuntary accomplices of this frightful crime."

"You think," said the stranger, stupefied, "that an indirect participation will be punished. Is, then, the soldier, who is commanded to form the line, guilty?" The priest stood undecided. Pleased at the dilemma in which he had placed this royalist Puritan, by putting him between the dogma of passive obedience, which should, according to the partisans of the monarchy, prevail in military codes, and the equally important dogma that consecrates respect due to the person of kings, the stranger eagerly saw in the priest's hesitation a solution of the doubts by which he seemed tormented. Then, not to allow the venerable jansenist longer time to reflect, he said to him, "I should be ashamed to offer you any fee whatever for the funeral service you have just celebrated for the repose of the King's soul and the ease of my conscience. Impossible to pay for a priceless thing but by an offering equally beyond price. Deign, then, sir, to accept the gift I make you of a holy relic. . . A day may, perhaps, come when you will understand its value."

Saying these words, the stranger presented the priest with a small and extremely light box; the priest took it almost involuntarily, for the solemnity of the man's words, the tone he uttered them in, the respect with which he held the box, plunged

him into profound amazement. They then re-entered the room where the nuns were waiting.

"You are," said the stranger to them, "in a house whose proprietor, Mucius Scævola, the plasterer who lives on the first floor, is known in the section for his patriotism, but he is secretly attached to the Bourbons. He was formerly groom in the service of the Prince de Conti, and owes his fortune to him. By not quitting his house, you are safer here than in any other part of France. Remain here. Devout persons will provide for your necessities, and you may look forward, without fear of danger, to less evil days. In a year hence, on the 21st of January" (saying these last words an involuntary movement escaped him), "if you adopt this wretched place for your asylum, I shall again come to celebrate the expiatory mass with you." . . .

He said no more. He bowed to the silent inmates of the garret, cast one last look at the evidences which so plainly attested their poverty, and then withdrew.

For these simple nuns, such an adventure had all the interest of a romance, and when the venerable Abbé told them of the mysterious present so solemnly given by this man, the box was placed on the table, and the three anxious faces, feebly lit by the candle, betrayed an indescribable curiosity. Made-moiselle de Langeais opened the box, and found in it an extremely fine cambric handkerchief, stained with marks of perspiration, and on unfolding it they found spots.

"It is blood!" said the priest.

"It is marked with the royal crown!" cried out the other sister.

The two sisters let the precious relic drop from their hands with horror. For these simple souls, the mystery with which this strange man had enveloped himself was inexplicable. As for the priest,

from that day he made no attempt to explain it to himself.

The three prisoners soon perceived that, notwithstanding the terror that reigned, a powerful hand was protecting them. First, they received wood and provisions. Then the two nuns saw plainly that a woman's hand was associated with their protector's, when linen and clothes came, that enabled them to go out without fear of attracting notice by the aristocratic fashion of their dress which hitherto they had been obliged to wear; finally, Mucius Scaevola gave them two civic cards. Frequently hints necessary to the safety of the priest reached him by indirect ways, and he found such opportuneness in these counsels that it was impossible they could be given except by a person initiated into State secrets. Notwithstanding the famine that afflicted Paris, the *proscrits* found at the door of their wretched abode rations of white bread regularly placed there by invisible hands; however, they believed they had discovered in Mucius Scaevola the mysterious agent of this beneficence, as ingenious as it was intelligent. The noble inmates of the garret felt certain that their protector was the same person who had come to celebrate the expiatory mass on the night of the 22nd of January, 1793; accordingly, he became the object of special worship to these three beings, who hoped but in him, and lived but in him. They had added special prayers for him to their habitual prayers. Evening and morning these pious souls prayed for his happiness, his prosperity, his salvation; they prayed God to remove from him all snares, to deliver him from his enemies, and to grant him a long and peaceful life. Their gratitude being thus, as it were, renewed from day to day, was necessarily accompanied by a feeling of keen curiosity. The circumstances

that attended the visit of the stranger were the theme of their conversation; they formed a thousand conjectures concerning him, and the very distraction that this gave was in itself a sort of boon. They determined that the stranger should not escape their friendship the evening he was to return, according to his engagement, to celebrate the anniversary of Louis XVI.'s death. This long-wished-for night came at last. At midnight the sound of the heavy footsteps of the unknown was heard upon the old stairs; the room was decorated for his reception, the altar prepared. This time the sisters opened the door in advance, and both hastened to light the staircase. Mademoiselle Langenis descended two steps to greet their benefactor.

"Come," she said to him, in an earnest affectionate voice; "we are waiting for you."

The man looked up, cast a sombre glance at the nun, and made no answer; she felt as though a sheet of ice had fallen upon her, and stood silent. At his aspect, gratitude and curiosity died out of their hearts. He was, perhaps, really less cold, less taciturn, less terrible than he appeared to these souls, prepared by the exaltation of their sentiments for the effusions of friendship. The three prisoners, perceiving that the man desired to remain unknown, resigned themselves. The priest fancied he caught a quickly suppressed smile upon the lips of the stranger when he saw the preparations that had been made to receive him. He heard mass and prayed and went away, after having answered, by a few words of polite refusal, the invitation of Mademoiselle de Langenis to partake of the slight repast that had been prepared for him.

After the ninth thermidor, the nuns and the Abbé de Marolles were free to go into Paris without

incurring any risk. The first visit of the old priest was to a perfumer's shop, "The Queen of Flowers," kept by citizen Ragon and his wife, formerly perfumers to the court, who had remained faithful to the royal family, and had been employed by the Vendéens in their correspondence with the princes and the Royalist Committee in Paris. The Abbé, dressed according to the fashion of the period, was standing on the doorstep of this shop, situated between Saint Roch and the Rue des Frondeurs, when a crowd, that filled the Rue Saint Honoré, prevented his further progress.

"What is it?" said he to Madame Ragon.

"It is nothing," she replied; "only the *charrette* and the executioner going to the Place Louis XV. Ah! we saw him often enough last year, but now, four days after the anniversary of the 21st of January, we can look at this frightful cortége without any horror."

"Why so?" said the Abbé; "it is not Christian what you are saying."

"Eh! it is the execution of

Robespierre's accomplices; they defended themselves as long as they could, but they in their turn are now going where they sent so many innocent people."

The crowd that filled the Rue Saint Honoré passed on like a wave. Above the heads, the Abbé de Marolles, as he yielded to a movement of curiosity, saw, standing on the *charrette* the man who three days previously had come to hear his mass.

"Who is that?" said he, "he who——"

"He is the executioner," answered Monsieur Ragon, calling the executioner by his monarchical title.

"Help, help!" cried out Madame Ragon; "the Abbé is dying."

And the old lady snatched up a smelling-bottle to revive the fainting priest.

"No doubt it was the handkerchief with which the King wiped his forehead as he went to his martyrdom that he gave me. Poor man! the steel knife had a heart when all France wanted one!"

The perfumers thought the priest had lost his senses.

A BRUMAL SKETCH.

BY HORACE PEARCE, F.G.S.

"FANCY a night like this on sea! The wind driving one about and rain dashing in one's eyes! It is one thing to be in a comfortable warm house like this, and another to be tossing on the dark waters!"

Such was the remark made to the writer, as he set his paper and ink-stand in order for commencing this Sketch on Winter, while the wind came in gusts, sounding mournfully through closed shutters, rising now and again into angry rushes and violent bursts, to subside into low wailing, as if for unfortunate sailors out on the angry deep; all the while the barometer was fast falling, foretelling what the sailors significantly call a *dirty night*. This pulsing of the wind has a sound of sad foreboding to those who know something of being splashed with spray in winter midnight, as of a power at the back of it urging it on, causing these heavy and sudden spates of rain hurled out of driven rack of cloud, and foretelling worse weather quickly to follow. Cold, and darkness, and tempest! very terrible during a long winter's night at sea. There is a sound in the old elms to-night like breakers on a rocky shore, heard remote; and as I looked out just now the darkness was something intense. Our best wishes to the sailors to-night on the wind-swept sea!

Each season has its own peculiar charms and features, and the succession imparts additional variety to life on this planet, particularly in southern and northern latitudes, where their variation is greater than within the tropics. *Ver erat ater-*

sum conveys a bright picture of continual spring, and it must be admitted there is something eminently delightful in the youth of the year, with the gradual unfolding of leaf and flower, and all the hope of coming summer; but the monotony of such a condition of things, to minds as ours are constituted, might, were it possible, detract largely from its enjoyment. Any way for us the present arrangement is best, if not essential. So as this slumber of the earth takes place, and darkness abounds over day, while vegetation for the most part rests, we will take thankfully each enjoyment of the time, mark each peculiarity, and gather up experience from the past, with hope for the future mildness of summer's long bright days.

The disleafing of the woods heralds approach of winter somewhat pensively, as the last chest-nuts depend from topmost denuded branches of ancestral trees, and late leaves from delicate drooping birches gyrate to still waters on lone Scottish moors. We must needs feel some passing sadness at the death of beautiful summer, notwithstanding that the germs of future summers remain, like new buds formed before the leaves are cast; just as it needs some mental effort, some spiritual trust, to look beyond the present, and not be downcast overmuch when some fair girl in her delicate beauty droops and dies. But the feeling of sadness passes away when we reflect upon autumn and winter only as forming one part of a beautiful and

harmonious whole; as closing one season but to lead on to another, that by contrast shall be all the more delightful. Then we are free to measure the enjoyable traits of winter and its own special characteristics, being delivered from any oppressive sense of it as of a thing that must endure.

This disrobing of the trees imparts a different and open aspect to our home scenery, widening our prospects, as when some distant hills, hidden during leafy summer, stand revealed in winter, and we wonder not to have observed them before. Our home views expand, as dense masses of summer foliage give place to bare branches, and so yield more space, albeit depriving us of cosy shelter. Then we are often surprised to see old nests in places unsuspected before, where the shy birds reared their young unmolested by boisterous school-boys. When thus the deciduous trees have lost their vesture, we attach more value to the many kinds of evergreens still brightening the landscape of our gardens with their enduring verdure. And here we have now a decided advantage in these days, from the greater number of hardy evergreens introduced into our gardens from Japan and elsewhere, affording many forms and much variety of shading, with a few instances of bright colour, as effective as masses of flowers. By the introduction of a few hardy evergreens of variegated foliage and beautiful form, we may produce an effect almost as pleasing to the mind as by brilliant masses of summer bedding plants. In the great trees of our parks and amid dense woods, with how different and hollow a tone does the winter wind hurry by, as compared with the gentle rustling of a summer breeze!

Winter, by its longer, dark evenings, gives more oppor-

tunity for following up home studies and pursuits, that are apt to become forgotten or thrust aside for objects of open-air occupation in summer. Many things can best be done by the winter fireside, when time is at hand for their leisurely performance, less easy amid a number of calls to the fresh air and open fields of summer. We find time for them when the darkness is shut out, and bright lights burn at home. Many a man, during long winter evenings, has learnt a language, or progressed in drawing, or studied some science, as in summer, with the attractions of the out-door world, he could not do. For practice of home music winter is the special season, while the beautiful in sound adorns many dwellings, winning many a mind away from its weariness, and soothing some hearts to rest with imagery of loveliness and repose.

Among the manifold wonders that allure and surprise the opening mind of a young child, few astonish so much as the first sight of snow covering the earth with a pure white mantle. Youthful eyes open wide at the strange sight, which generally is received with glee and a clapping of hands. Such a sudden transformation—green and brown to one uniform vesture of white, softening all, obliterating many familiar objects. No wonder a child should be delighted at a sight so wondrous, for after long years have given some of us a covering of white hair, this sudden change and contrast, so marked, rivets our attention again and again, as on some morning we come down-stairs with a pure white expanse around our homes. How all outlines are softened and subdued by snow, veiling as it does many rough deformities and hard lines, turning all to curves and shadings of extreme beauty. Shadings of snow? Yes, verily: have

you never stood to gaze, during a continuance of deep snow, upon the exquisite curves of drifted snow lying about the pathways, and, more especially, drifted through hedges? No curves on earth can surpass those often to be seen where snow is heaped up by the wind against any obstruction, when the most beautiful shapes fall over in lines of most delicate workmanship, proportioned as no earthly artist could design, with surprising variety of form, and touched in the hollows with a shading that under partial sunshine can assume most lovely tints of richest purple and rose; a miniature resemblance to those grand effects of colour that light up the crests of the Alps.

During a deep snow, how strangely falls upon the ear the sound of muffled footsteps or carriage wheels as friends approach our home, particularly in the evening that would be dark but for the snow; it seems as though they had reached our threshold we knew not whence, or by what strange magic, out of the silence! This is another striking effect of deep snow, that of subduing all sound. The fields and hills of snowy mantle are almost entirely silent, beyond the strange and eerie sound of the wind. Bells heard at a distance across the snow have a remarkably smooth and softened tone, as though they pertained to earth no longer. Even the tongue of the waterfall is hushed behind its long pendent icicles, picturesquely drooping, like a fringe off the beard of old father Time. Out on the moorlands sheep crouch behind friendly rocks, or in hollows thoughtfully delved out by
 eful shepherds; while ponies
 i wild cattle seek the vales. It
 often pitiless snow upon upland
 ora, coming on at the verge of
 t, ing, blinding, benumbing,
 ezii All familiar landmarks
 i buried beneath the one

vast waste of white. It is a terrible moment for the poor traveller when first he feels he is without doubt *lost* upon the moors. The fatal longing for sleep—and the long sleep that follows, if yielded to—is less heavy upon the mind than this dreadful sense of being absolutely lost, alone upon moor or mountain. A little mound of snow at morning has many a time told the form of the lost traveller.

The Polar realms of winter are very deadly to human kind and most creatures of life, except white bears (that race of most ancient lineage), white foxes, and a few tribes of water-fowls. How silent for the most part and rigorous those vast tracts of perennial ice and snow! What a deathly, stern severity reigns over those remote white plains! I am reminded of the Government expedition about to start this year for the express object of exploring the regions about the North Pole, and, if possible, of reaching the Pole itself. This nation seems the one to finish this work, if any does, having so many times furnished private enterprises for making discoveries in high latitudes. If it can be done, British courage and pluck ought to do it, sea-bound nation as we are. Certainly we now possess better information than ever, and, with a national equipment, much may be expected to be done. There is ever a charm and attraction pertaining to the unknown; hence probably so many seamen have volunteered. May their cold journey be crowned with success, and no lives be lost!

Not long ago I was taking a long walk in winter; the air was calm, and silently and slowly one by one snow-flakes began to fall. I stood to watch them as they settled on my black coat—the most lovely crystals it is possible to imagine, framed after an ancient inflexible

sort, the very pattern and type of beauty in right lines. Could we but penetrate to the secret of this or any form of crystallization, what mysteries would be revealed to us, as we learnt *how* one atom assumed a certain fixed form and united itself to its fellows. It is rare to see such flakes and crystals as I saw on that one occasion, requiring perfect stillness of the air.

Were it not for the cold and frequent bad or impassable roads, mountainous regions would be almost as attractive in winter as in summer, especially when snow drapes the ranges, and waterfalls are pendent with ice. After a long frost, cascades and waterfalls assume unwonted beauty, as long icicles droop beside ferns and grasses rigid beneath their white covering, seeming more lovely when thus more distinctly thrown up in relief against dark rocks behind. Again, the level dark tundra, unfrozen by reason of great depth, look yet more severe from white surfaces around. And when a multitude of mountains of broken, rugged outline stand bravely to view beneath a bright bit of sunshine, we are disposed to pronounce them as alluring and as full of grandeur as when summer clothes them with many hues. At sunset or sunrise, we shall be apt to deem their exquisite colours of *rose* and *purple* more ethereal, and therefore of a loftier order of beauty than our old friends of a milder season. How mysterious the regions of night and frost, in winter especially, as the earth rolls into its own long shadow, illumined only by moon and far stars, and those mysterious auroral lights gleaming like unfurled banners of some mighty king! How lone, wild, and far from humanity; how greatly solemn, the throbs and heavings of the waves far out on the ocean in the long night! Could we ask the Frigate Bird, that king of the air, *he* could tell us, were

he gifted with utterance, concerning the stern aspect of sky and sea in the deep winter darkness; *he* could tell us the voice of the black and tumbling waves.

Let us turn to far different scenes. The coach is coming slowly along the great road, heavy with passengers, luggage, and sundry parcels full of all sorts of good things. Wheels are heavy with snow off long miles of road; the passengers outside are by no means oppressed with the heat, bewrapped though they be in greatcoats worthy of the name, and though most have taken a drop of something warm at the last stage. How silent the white country seems as the driver pulls up for a moment. One outside passenger thinks less of the cold, as objects grow familiar as he nears the end of his journey. Presently he bids the driver look out for the servant who meets him at a cross-road; gets down slowly (he has had a long ride), sees to his few traps, away the coach rattles into the dark night, and down he goes home, soon entering the old carriage drive. But snow deadens sound; no one hears his approach this Christmas Eve, while the tone of familiar and dear old bells falls upon his ear like a welcome. A loud ring of the hall bell, and things are changed. What a scamper to open the door; sisters, brothers rush to let in their elder brother and wring his hand, and cheer him with merry voices as he stands—an apparition of snow; soon releasing him out of that gigantic coat, that has been known to stand upright when so placed, and leading him to some warm corner in a snug room, to rid himself of hat and boots. It is worth all that long snowy ride to have this fair sister chafing his benumbed hands, and chattering away all the time about the journey, about his bedroom made ready for him, about the company in the house. How

faces *brighten* at such a time, how glad all are! What a delightful sense of *home*—familiar, kindly, free! How comfortable, sociable, and cheering the long dinner afterwards, with pleasant story and kindly joke, with sweet girlish voices rippling among sonorous bass of their rougher brothers and friends. What shall I say of games, of dances, of music and songs, of delicious chat in sly corners, of deep glances, of *sweet answering smiles*, during the long Christmas evenings that follow? Only this: that I wish the *ideal* Christmas could be more easily made *real*; that many a cheerless home could be made happy, when Yule-tide comes round; that *all* might at least have within the heart a genuine Christmas warmth, such as the frosts of this passing world could in no wise effectually chill. And one word only more—that those who find one and another's place become empty as years roll on, and whose remembrance of past Christmases must be somewhat tinged with sorrow, may look beyond the present, with its cold graveyards under the snow, o that great home, *full* of cheer and comfort, and happy faces and unending blessedness, which Christmases remind us has been secured, without doubt, for all faithful people.

It is curious how winter supplies the means of resistance to itself. Whence come all the skins of seals, ermine, chinchilla and silver fox, that so bewrap our fair sisters? Surely from the north, where Providence has kindly clothed the scanty animals with wonderfully soft, fine, warm hair, which has a power for retaining heat as no other substance possesses. Nothing else will do but seal or bear skin for common covering of natives in the remote north. When the breath *freezes* and falls down like snow, and brandy has to be cracked with

a hammer, no human stuff of Manchester manufacture will suffice; we must go to Nature to learn how to resist the cold.

If we had never seen such a thing, how strange to us would be the first winter's fog. A cloud fallen on the earth, veiling all things in its universal folds. Friend and foe may pass each other in a dense fog without any fear or animosity, without any gladness or joyful recognition. Dearest relatives on earth may jostle each other during the great gloom with no rapture, no mutual hastening. Debtor may touch creditor without shrinking, and unfortunately the thief and house-breaker move unchecked. How intensely dreary the aspect of London, or any great city, in a dense fog, through which the lamps struggle like spectres, and bewildered drivers slowly move in fear of collision. Terrible on sea, when goodly ships come together, *suddenly*, out of the fog.

But the out-door world in winter has its charms, nevertheless, as the exhilaration of skating when the rivers and lakes are firm with ice, and merry fellows and laughing girls whirl about in endless curves, with that delightful sense of freedom and rapid motion. How masterful of the spaces around us we feel, when the irons are firm in their places, and a bit of good ice is secured, and the slightest effort sends us along with almost the speed and ease of a bird! What fun there is with pushing along any girl seated in a chair, or holding her hand, one on each side, rendering all the help we can, as she braves the perils of the strange shoes! How the lads enjoy a slide, keeping the fun going on for hours at a time, and to judge by their noise more thoroughly enjoying themselves than the skaters. Often on a hard, frosty road it is as great a treat to get a good brisk walk as during the

leafy summer; the very keen air imparting energy to cast off its severity.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that winter is often a time of great suffering to the very poor, who lack, in extreme cases, food, clothing and fire all at the same time. The amount of pain is great from the simple cold that has to be endured. In the case of little children, it is sad how much cold they have to bear day after day, in houses with little or no fire, and full of draughts. How often we see tiny boys and girls red with cold, shivering about the streets, with a settled look of having to *bear* it, very sad to see. There is no doubt a hard winter pinches many people sadly, and that it has a real power; note how many aged persons die during each continued space of very cold weather. It is remarkable how many old people you will find then in the first column of the *Times*. Much is done to relieve this; but great room for more. Soup-kitchens for the genuine *poor* (not the drunken sot, who in every weather habitually frequents the ale-house), and those, especially for aged women, past work, are good, because scarcely capable of abuse, like the abuse of giving away money indiscriminately. Let more of this be done among us, with judgment, and earlier in the winter.

I am now writing after a keen frosty morning, when the thermometer told several degrees of frost, and the roads were as firm as a rock. How pleasant at such a time is a brisk walk far into the country, while we can have plenty of time to spare to admire the trees, coated with rime, standing up against the sky like crystals of silver, and setting off, into marked contrast, the black irregular lines of the stronger branches and stems. No artificial process of white crystallization can be so lovely, because none can be

carried out on so great a scale. By the wayside, ferns and grasses, relics of summer, stand more prominently to view by their white vesture that draws attention to forms otherwise disregarded. And after a day so keen that the frost still invests the trees at evening, how beautiful the scenery just before sunset, as the great red globe sends a blush of rosy light across the fields, bathing them for a few moments in a soft radiance of wondrous beauty.

There are several aspects of winter we should greatly like to study, saving for the intense cold. It would be a grand sight to study the forms of gigantic icebergs in the southern icy ocean, where they break away from the lofty Antarctic highlands of unknown extent; as also to take a survey of those great cliffs themselves, filled with glacier ice, that is continually coming down to the sea and being broken off violently as icebergs, when their comparative lightness fractures and severs them from the large mass, as they meet with deep water. Those cliffs must form a grand object, were it possible to see them with comfort. Similar effects in summer can be observed off Greenland with pleasure and safety; and we are told the phenomena up there are very grand, as bergs break off with terrific explosions, surging the sea into great waves for a long distance in front; or when some enormous floating mass has its centre of gravity changed by the heat of the long sunshine, and flounders over with tremendous reverberation that rocks the ships. The appearance of a number of floating icebergs standing so white in the sunlight, with the enormous icy walls against the shore, must form a striking scene to strangers.

Out on the vast level steppes of Russia how potent the icy king, and dire his reign during the long

winter, when keen dry winds cut like knives, and one universal snow sheet covers the iron land. Sad must be the condition of the thinly-scattered population, the poor especially, living in stifling, smoky dwellings, often overlaid with dirt. Of cleanliness, the lower Cossacks know nothing; washing is almost unknown. And bound up with frost and snow for so many months their condition is terrible to think of, and would be almost unbearable but for the force of habit, that great equalizer of the joys and sorrows of mankind. It is simply this—they know no other condition. How terrible have proved long journeys undertaken in the Russian winter, across the wild waste of white, when many a time has been heard that frightful combined yelping of wolves in a pack, at which a horse will sometimes utter his awful shriek. What a race for life, what suspense, what straining to try and hear if they are gaining ground! We can scarcely imagine anything more horrible than to be surrounded by a wild pack of ravenous, yelping wolves, snarling like demons, and bold from starvation! Well is it, then, if the terrified travellers can manage to shoot one or two, and so stay the progress of the pack while they devour their late comrades. How trebly welcome, then, must be the sight of a lighted homestead, or gleam of Russian village.

It seems to me I have selected a suitable time, to write a word or two about winter, for since I began this article we have had a month's frost, with only a brief day or two of thaw, and now the earth wears its white mantle, as it has done for a fortnight or more, while an east wind now promises a continuance of severe weather. It is some years since we had in England so sharp a pinch of cold. The year, or rather winter of 1870-71 was remarkable for a few nights

of very low temperature, on one of which my thermometer sank as low as twelve degrees Fahrenheit, equal to twenty degrees of frost. But that season was much less severe than the winter of 1860-61, when many evergreens and choice rose trees were killed, which will sustain any ordinary degree of cold; and on which occasion there was splendid skating on Windermere Lake and several of the Scotch lochs. It would appear as though at longer or shorter intervals we have a return of what is called "an old-fashioned winter," with mild seasons between. It is interesting to trace such recurrence, and, although statistical, it is worth while to search the records for such times. Let us recount a few hard winters. We read that in 1607 fires were lighted on the Thames and fairs carried on, so thick was the ice; and fifteen years later most of our great European rivers were frozen over, with the Zuyder Zee. But in 1658 the cold must have been more intense, for it is said that Charles X. of Sweden, with his army, crossed the Little Belt from Holstein to Denmark! But look at the winter of 1683 in this country, when so intense was the cold that strong oak trees are said to have been split by it, and many even of the hardy native hollies were killed (one of the most rigid and hardy of trees). At that time several coaches used to ply across the Thames, over ice eleven inches thick, and buying and selling went on as on dry land. But it was terrible for the poor. Even many birds died from starvation during the prolonged frost, which lasted from early in December till February. In 1691 we read that many wolves, driven by hunger, entered the city of Vienna, and attacked horses, cattle, and even men and women; so potent, so overmastering, the strength of cold. That must have

been a fearful season for dwellers out on the great European plains, far from human centres; no doubt many died. Again, in 1716, the Thames seems to have been frozen over, and oxen roasted on the ice; also in 1740 much the same state of things took place, when the frost lasted many weeks. But the year 1796 stands pre-eminent among hard winters, as having the greatest degree of cold ever said to have been registered in the city of London; on the Christmas Day of which year the thermometer recorded *sixteen degrees below zero*, equal to forty-eight degrees of frost! At that time we find reference made to intense cold prevailing all over Russia and the Continent; in the north of Russia the breath became frozen, and fell like fine snow! It has been remarked that the longest periods of cold come from the east, or south-east, and this seems true, if we add the north-east to the quarters whence hard weather comes; for such currents of air bring us a *Continental climate*, and beat back the warm moist air of the Gulf Stream. The year of 1812 was memorable for the French retreat from Moscow, when the sufferings from intense cold were most severe, and thousands of men and horses fell and died by the wayside. In 1813-14 the winter was long and severe, lasting many weeks. This, I believe, was the winter when some canals in Shropshire were frozen *solid*; no water found un-solidified on boring through them. That was the year to learn to skate, so long did the frost last. I have heard that in Oswestry that winter people brought their barrels of ale and placed them in the fireplace corners, and even on the hobs, as the only means of keeping the contents unfrozen. This was the last extremely long and severe winter in this country, at all on a par with the unwonted seasons recounted

above. This being now sixty-one years ago, we must not be surprised if we have soon to encounter in this country a similar return of intense and prolonged cold.

One marked effect of a severe winter is the increase in deaths of children and aged people. The young and robust can battle with and overcome the cold, by great activity raise an inner warmth that can resist any amount, in reason, of frost; but not so the young and very old, where the required exertion cannot be made, and where they are, by some untoward circumstance, exposed for many hours together to a bitter air. If we search the records, we shall find in severe weather a great increase in the number of deaths of very old folk; it takes off, by various forms of congestion, and sundry heart and chest complaints, those enfeebled by time, and just adds that one severity that causes the life to cease. Of children, we read fewer names, just because they are not so known, and need less to be recorded, not because they do not in like manner succumb to a very low temperature in greater numbers than usual. Yes, a sharp winter means pain, disease, and death to many. Only last week I read of the death rate lately in Glasgow to have been, for a short time, at the rate of 50 per 1,000 of the population; a very high rate indeed, attributed mainly to want and destitution during this cold weather.

A severe winter does much to suspend certain trades, as mill-work, where dependent upon water power; gardening of almost every kind; most forms of farm labour; canal navigation, by closing up the canals; and shipping at many northern ports. Only yesterday a gentleman shewed me a letter from a shipping agent of Hull, intimating that the two ports of

dam and Rotterdam were closed by ice. This implies cessation of work for many needy hands. The Baltic ports generally close up first, being surrounded by land subject to the iron grip of intense frost, which usually lasts for several months.

I have just read that Loch Lomond is now frozen over. What a glorious scene for skating! How enjoyable, if the ice were strong enough (as it will be, provided this frost lasts a few days longer), to skim along its great level surface, and

pass in and out among the islands, when shod with trusty steel. How delightful the scene, white with snow: old Ben Lomond soaring majestically like a young alp, or (better comparison) like the dominant monarch of those two grand lochs—Lomond and Katrine. We should like a glimpse of that wondrous scene—should enjoy scanning the broken surface of white and dark, with a survey complete as can the sooty ravens from the solitude of the towering crags.

NOTES ON THE DRAMA.

THE most important event of the London theatrical season is undoubtedly the production and success of "Hamlet," at the Lyceum. Any Shakspearian revival at a leading theatre must naturally be of great interest to playgoers, especially when it brings into prominence an actor of established and increasing reputation. In common with a large section of the public, we have watched the upward career of Mr. Henry Irving with the most hopeful anticipations. None can deny that his Mathias was an assumption displaying true tragic power, and, except that the murder scene was somewhat too prolonged and intensified in horror, absolutely impervious to hostile criticism. In his Charles I. the union of pathos and poetic dignity attained the most complete realization we ever witnessed on the stage. His Richelieu certainly fell short of the two previous efforts; Philip was even more unsatisfactory; and on seeing Eugene Aram, we began very much to fear that Mr. Irving was falling into a groove of stilted and dismal mannerism.

That a performer who had given so many promises of attaining the highest excellence should in course of time attempt Hamlet in the metropolis was a foregone conclusion, and when the performance, with an exceptionally powerful cast, was at length announced, the interest of the playgoing world was naturally aroused to the utmost.

In appearance Mr. Irving is quite the ideal Hamlet of our conceptions. Tall, dark, and melancholy of aspect, in form the exact reverse of "fat and scant o' breath," and with clear-cut features sufficiently tinged with "the pale cast of thought," he has been fitted by Nature for a "counterfeit presentment" of the pensive Dane. His style of costume, without the minute antiquarianism displayed in that of Fechter, is becoming, and sufficiently free from anachronisms, and he abjures what has been called the "flaxen wig heresy" in favour of the more orthodox raven locks which we were wont to associate inseparably with Shakspeare's great creation.

Refraining from making any comparisons with tragedians of the

older and "legitimate" schools, we must at once pronounce Mr. Irving to be the best Hamlet that has appeared upon our stage for a very long time. Many of his readings are strikingly original, and his innovations are always on the right side—that of naturalness. At first, indeed, we feared that we were about to be disappointed. In the opening scenes he was somewhat tame and spiritless, but we soon discovered that he was but reserving his strength. The conference with the Ghost was sufficient to convince spectators that they had a great actor before them; while the scenes with Polonius, with Ophelia, and with the players, unfolded more and more a variety of excellences blended into one harmonious whole. Hamlet's acting throughout the famous "play scene," was admirable in its lifelike effectiveness. The careless ease with which he lay stretched upon a bearskin rug, and trifled with a peacock fan, while giving vent to the snatches and jests that hide his deeper feelings, is the perfection of art, and the outburst of pent-up rage he exhibited at the close was magnificent. He did not make so much of the advice to the players as is sometimes done, but in the episode of the pipe he administered the reproof with a cutting severity, slightly tinged with satirical humour.

We are not amongst those who consider Mr Irving's Hamlet wanting in dignity. The fault of most Hamlets is too much dignity, too little real human nature, and a forgetfulness of the fact that Hamlet is no mythological or statuesque hero, but far less "an antique Roman than a Dane." Mr. Irving is generally easy and familiar in manner, but can be sufficiently princely and dignified whenever the occasion demands. Nor are we disposed to find fault with what

some critics consider his "jerky, spasmodic, and restless manner." Such restlessness seems to us fully in accordance with Shakspeare's own conception of a noble and sensitive nature tossed about upon "a sea of troubles." Hamlet is a man of many moods, and nothing can be more inappropriate than the solid and measured solemnity—broken only by fits of vehemence more or less like ranting—by which mediocre impersonators strive to realize the part. In Mr. Irving's performance there is never anything in the least degree approaching rant. He gives to every passion exactly its due emphasis and no more, and at no time can be accused of "staginess" or conventionality. His soliloquies are finely rendered. "To be or not to be" is spoken seated, in a voice and attitude expressive of the most profound and serious reflection, and an utter unconsciousness of the existence of an audience. His positions and gestures are varied with much skill throughout. The pause before "Alas, poor Yorick!" is too prolonged, but the speech has all the impressiveness that art can give it.

Miss Isabel Bateman is personally as much the ideal Ophelia as Mr. Irving is the ideal Hamlet. A more complete embodiment of the ill-fated daughter of Polonius would nowhere be found. But this talented young actress has not in this instance turned these natural advantages to full account. Her Ophelia falls far short of what it might be. It is monotonous from an excess of the pathetic element. Having recently performed most in parts where much pathos was needed, Miss Bateman appears to have become very mannered in this respect. There is really no warrant for the painfully depressed manner and tearful voice evinced by Ophelia in the earlier scenes. "O, what a noble mind is

here o'erthrown!" should of course be mournfully ejaculated, but it does not seem natural that Ophelia should so openly reveal to Hamlet whatever sadness she feels. It ought never to be forgotten that the pathetic, like all other extremes of emotion imitable by art, should be sparingly employed, for where overwrought, over-prolonged, or wrongly introduced, it runs the risk of producing an unnatural or ludicrous impression. Besides, a rather more vivacious demeanour early in the play would give all the more effect, by contrast, to the "mad scene," in which only, at present, Miss Bateman displays her excellence.

Mr. Swinbourne's King Claudius exhibits all the excellences which the limits of the part will allow. He is kingly in deportment, and in his principal soliloquy powerfully realizes the tortures of a guilty remorse. In this scene Hamlet, by a very happy device, still holds the torch which he has snatched up when summoned to the Queen's presence. It would be more natural, however, if the King, who, according to the stage direction, "retires and kneels," were somewhat farther off from Hamlet when the latter so audibly announces his design upon his life.

The "closet scene," of course, brings the Queen into considerable prominence, and Miss G. Pauncefort enacts the character in a manner deserving of much praise. Her chief fault appears to be one not uncommon among representatives of the guilty Gertrude—that she scarcely looks old enough to be the mother of Hamlet. We also think her humble demeanour towards the Prince at the close of this momentous interview rather forced and unnatural. The Queen is by nature proud and self-willed, and however overcome by her son's reproaches, is scarcely likely to kneel twice, and

reverently kiss his hand at parting. Concerning the scene, by the bye, a discussion has arisen as to the incongruity of the Ghost being perceptible here to Hamlet only, while on previous occasions he had made himself apparent to others. An audience must always find a difficulty in imagining that the presence of a figure, visible and audible to them all, is known only to one person on the stage. If the Ghost could be made to disappear before the Queen looks round, so that she could truly say that she beholds "nothing but ourselves," reappearing when Hamlet alone is gazing upon him, this incongruity would be to some extent done away with. But the Ghost (who is represented with all due solemnity by Mr. T. Mead) vanishes, especially the second time, in a manner mysterious enough fully to keep up his incorporeal character.

Polonius has been generally misunderstood both by actors and spectators. Hamlet's contemptuous dislike towards his uncle's chamberlain has led us to underrate that personage, and made performers strive to embody in him a living emblem of folly and senility. This, however, could not have been the poet's intention. The utterer of the excellent advice to Laertes, and contriver of the subtle plan unfolded to Reynaldo, could not have been a man devoid of wisdom and dignity. Polonius is, in our view, a rather astute courtier, whose "very like a whale" is not essentially different from more refined flattery. Mr. Chippendale, to whom the character of Polonius is entrusted at the Lyceum, proves that the confidence is well bestowed. He admirably supports the more dignified phases, without losing any of the more amusing traits of the character, and thus creates a respect and sympathy not usually accorded by audiences to the luckless chamberlain.

As the First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton (who had previously carried off the honours in a most amusing farce) was quite in his element, and enacted the garrulous peasant as it could only be enacted by our old friend of the Haymarket. From the moment he began to expound "crown's quest law," and all through the episode of the skulls, his dry and apparently unconscious humour shone out in its usual irresistible and inimitable effect. The Laertes of Mr. Leathes was a careful and finished performance. In the parting with Polonius and Ophelia he was excellent. His outburst of grief at the death of his sister was especially finely rendered,—indeed, in a manner not to be surpassed.

Horatio always seems to us a character quite shrouded and eclipsed by the overwhelming personality of Hamlet. His attachment to the prince seems to engulf, as it were, his individual identity, and thus it is difficult for an actor to shine in this part. But it was in this instance efficiently supported by Mr. G. Neville, whilst Marcello, Bernardo, Osric, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and the rest, found adequate representatives, although of course the excisions now necessary to Shakspearian plays tend to throw farther into the shade all subordinate personages.

Taken as a whole, we may fairly conclude that the Lyceum "Hamlet" is a satisfactory and harmonious performance, and gives happy auspices for the future welfare among us of the legitimate drama. We hope to see it followed by other Shakspearian revivals supported by the same company.

Turning "from grave to gay," we shall find that an evening's amusement could not be more effec-

tually secured than by a visit to the Strand Theatre, where two pieces have been long running without any apparent diminution of their popularity. "Old Sailors"—one of Mr. H. J. Byron's happiest efforts—is a diverting and polished comedy of modern life. The dialogue is throughout so bright and sparkling, and full of repartee, that it resembles the graceful sword-play of experienced fencers. We are first introduced to Joe Grill, a bluff and honest "old sailor," servant to Lieutenant Lamb, of the Navy, retired. Mr. C. H. Stephenson seems, as it were, made for this part. No "making-up" seemed requisite; we could imagine that some jovial tar had walked in straight from the docks on to the boards. We should, perhaps, not err in crediting this performer with an actual experience of nautical life and manners; at all events, we feel assured that he could give us a Captain Cuttle or Jack Bunsby more true to nature than any that the stage has introduced us to yet. This life-likeness, considering how artificial stage seamen generally are, is a clear gain on the part of the spectator. The other "old sailor" is Lieutenant Lamb (it should have been Captain, at least, but he had been overlooked in promotions), an unfortunate, but brave and honourable gentleman, who has fallen into considerable pecuniary difficulties. It needs but slight insight into stage life to conjecture that the heroine is the Lieutenant's niece, who is sought in marriage by the low-bred and unscrupulous creditor, but who has another and more favoured lover, of good principles, but limited resources. That the Lambs are in the power of Mr. Ravenbill, who proceeds to domineer and dictate accordingly, is only to be expected. Mr. E. Terry gives us a finished portrait of the old naval officer, with whose misfor-

tunes we can sympathize as much as we laugh at his humorous traits or unconscious absurdities. Messrs. J. G. Grahame and H. Cox efficiently support the characters of Frank and Ravenbill, and Miss Marion Terry enacts Clara Mayfield with grace and intelligence. Miss Ada Swanborough, as the heiress, Millicent Tremaine (a rôle similar to those generally taken by Mrs. Bancroft), proves herself to be imbued with the true spirit of refined comedy. The proud and capricious, yet generous and appreciative, nature of the heiress is forcibly represented. Peter Pollard, of "Pollard's Pale Ale," the prosperous young brewer, is another personage highly worthy of our admiration. Pollard and Mr. Frank are two rivals, who imagine they cordially detest each other, but who really play into each other's hands, and evince in the end a warm friendship. Miss Huffin belongs to a class of characters familiar enough in comedy. She is an over-dignified spinster of an uncertain age, who, with an inordinate pride of birth, seems to have little to support her pretensions, and fills the subordinate part of companion or *chaperone*. This character is enacted by Mrs. Raymond in a manner that elicits hearty mirth from the audience. The old device of blundering upon names, by addressing this lady as "Miss Muffin," "Puffin," "Griffin," etc., is once more resorted to, and does not fail as a means of raising laughter.

A scene in this farce, representing a picnic, is very pretty and effective, and brings out the various humours of all the characters with a most amusing completeness. A diverting incident is the introduction of an enormous pie of the "old servant's own making," of which is of the colour of mahogany, but

which, with mistaken and unappreciated kindness, he presses upon the guests. We scarcely think, however, that one of his observations, about a "veal and (d)'am pie," if intended as a pun, is worth going so far to fetch.

It is unnecessary to follow out the story; suffice it that the vulgar creditor Ravenbill, whom we can see is foredoomed to ultimate discomfiture, is at last ignominiously dismissed, his claims being settled by the generosity of Peter Pollard, and various other difficulties having been satisfactorily got over, all ends happily. The lesson taught by the piece is a refutation of the ideas on the subject of aristocratic birth which many people entertain. Peter Pollard, the brewer, whose plebeian origin and occupation subject him to many annoyances, and interfere with his matrimonial prospects, who owns that he is completely devoid of "blood," and "never had a grandfather," yet proves to possess qualities as noble as could distinguish a Plantagenet. His rival, Frank, whose patrician descent is considered such a merit and an advantage, turns out in the end (although the mystery of his birth is not fully explained) to be of far lower extraction than the commercial Peter. The comedy is so good throughout that Mr. Byron, by perseverance in this style of composition, bids fair to lay us under the deepest obligations, by recalling the golden days of refined English comedy.

"Loo and the Party who took Miss" follows at the same theatre. It is styled a "Bouffonnerie Musicale," and in parts presents some very excellent fooling. Similar in its character to "Nemesis," it is certainly inferior to that piece, both in its musical and its comic effects. The selected airs are less striking

than in its predecessor, which had the advantage of presenting the irresistible "Angot" melodies when they were new and unhackneyed. As a literary performance "Loo" can scarcely be a subject of boast; and some of the attempted jokes are worthy only of the worst days of burlesque word-distortion. Still we would not deny that the piece contains some most diverting characters and situations. Mr. Terry has here a part most congenial to his peculiar eccentricities. He presents the appearance of a lanky and lachrymose youth, St. Emilion, assistant to Tabardon, wine-grower and retired notary. This exceedingly "good young man," who fails to make himself acceptable to Louise, Tabardon's daughter, is, by her connivance, led astray into courses of the wildest dissipation, and is thus disqualified, on account of the exacting terms which Tabardon (Mr. H. Cox) insists upon from his prospective son-in-law.

As Rimbombo, "last Prince of the Abruzzi," M. Marius enacts a companion character to the fire-eating "Old Waw-wior," in "Nemesis." Rimbombo is a terrific being, a combination of Ancient Pistol, a bravo out of "Skelt's Characters," and the more fiery heroes of the Italian Opera. His foreign accent and Italian expletives, his stormy and blustering manner and ludicrous ferocity—especially exhibited in the

first scene with Tabardon—are irresistibly comic. "I am Rimbombo! enough; you die!" are the terms of his repeated challenges to "affairs of honour."

The contrast between the saintly Emilion in the first scene, where he appears in a red night-cap, with *sabots*, and trousers torn into triangular holes by frequent falls among broken bottles, and his splendour as an exaggerated Charles II. at the masquerade, is amusingly striking; but the identity of the character shines through all disguises. His various stages of intoxication, and the eccentric movements of his false moustache, are mirth-provoking specimens of "comic business." His duel with Rimbombo, though infinitely diverting, is too much spun out, and lapses into the outrageously absurd. The same may be said of the "goings on" in Pastiche's hairdressing establishment, which at last become sheer pantomime. "Loo" is somewhat complicated by two heroines of equal prominence, both of whom are, on one occasion, disguised alike as *vivandières*. But the various eccentric transformations undergone by the different personages are all in the carnivalesque spirit which reigns throughout the piece, and which must be shared by the audience if they wish fully to enjoy the amusement it is capable of affording.

HISTORY OF THE CONNAUGHT CIRCUIT.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH the trials on the Connaught circuit during the years which immediately followed the murder of the Bodkins contain little of sensational horrors, nevertheless there is amongst them much to amuse those who love to read of wild deeds of religious frenzy, of daring and of revenge. Protestant settlers were then thickly scattered over the face of the country. Their wealth went on increasing, whilst the old owners of the soil, steeped in poverty, were denounced as Papists and Popish recusants; but those Papists and Popish recusants had sons, and those sons hesitated not to appropriate to themselves the daughters of their wealthy and heretical neighbours; and when they did so appropriate them, the offended fathers found, as in Walter Tubman's case, spoken of in our last number, but little sympathy from the jurors of that day.* These were, however, at best, but affairs of love, reminding one of the Sabines of former times; nor did the Roman Catholics confine their annoyances to acts of romantic love. By them the law and the lawgivers were held alike in detestation. Every Catholic in Connaught was conversant with the well-known case of Winter v. Birmingham, where Peter Browne,

of Westport, in the county of Mayo, died in 1722, possessed of a lease which he declared he held in trust for Birmingham, the defendant, and this lease he devised to Birmingham, the better to carry out the trust. Nevertheless, a discoverer named Winter, in no way connected with either Browne or Birmingham, obtained possession and title to the lands on the ground that he was a Protestant and Birmingham a Catholic.†

Such also was the case of Sir Henry Bingham v. Martin Blake,‡ where the former brought an ejectment under the Popery laws at the Castlebar Assizes against the latter, and obtained a verdict and judgment; the only ground for such judgment being that the plaintiff, who was a Protestant discoverer, desired to appropriate the lands of the defendant because he was a Catholic. He did appropriate them, and for aught we know his descendant is in possession of them to this day. These were only a few of the many cases reported in Howard's "Popery Laws;" cases which unhinged the allegiance of those whose ancestors fought for the throne in the reigns of the two last sovereigns of the House of Stuart. Who can wonder, then, when the laws were such, as the above cases on the Connaught circuit have made it necessary that

* Letter from W. Carey to Secretary Delafaye, January 2, 1732, Record Tower, Dublin Castle. MSS. Record Office.

† Howard's "Popery Laws," p. 11.

‡ Ibid. 13.

we should describe—and there were other laws quite as severe with which these cases were not conversant—who can wonder, we say, if generation after generation was taught to despise alike the laws and the lawgivers? These laws had their natural results. Lawless bands, whose headquarters were at Kelly-Mount in the county of Kilkenny, traversed the country. These were called the Kelly-Mount Gang, who went about plundering the houses of the rich Protestant gentry, and haughting and maiming their cattle; at one time they appeared in the north, at another time in the south. Their work of depredation went on; but at last they were surrounded by the military in the county of Mayo, by whom they were captured. Informations were sworn before a magistrate, and they were put on their trial at the Lent Assizes for Castlebar, 1743, before Mr. Justice Rose. Warden Flood, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, prosecuted, and the prisoners were defended by Counsellor Kelly and another. Evidence was given of the outrages committed by this lawless banditti, but the jury, who, it would appear, sifted pretty carefully the evidence, only found one man named Butler guilty, and he was taken from the dock and instantly hanged.* Others were acquitted, and others, who had not been put on their trial, were transmitted for trial to the county of Kilkenny.

Whilst these deeds of violence were being enacted in the county of Mayo, a contention of a more peaceable character was being carried on relating to the county of the town of Galway, between two practising barristers of the Connaught circuit, Mr. Dominick Burke and Mr. Thomas Staunton. They had both been nominated for

the office of Recorder of Galway, and the former obtained the majority of votes. Staunton, notwithstanding, insisted that he was legally elected, and instituted proceedings, in the nature of a *Quo Warranto*, in the Court of King's Bench. From the King's Bench there was an appeal to the Court of Privy Council, where, after a long argument, it was decided in favour of Mr. Burke. This case is thus noticed in *Pue's Occurrences* of Tuesday, the 20th of September, 1743:—"Saturday last came on, before the Lords Justices and Privy Council, the hearing of the election of the Recorder of Galway, between Dominick Burke and Thomas Staunton, Esquires. After a long debate of counsel learned in the law on each side, the former was appointed."

A.D. 1744.—The journals of this year announce the death of "Counsellor Mathew Lyster, of the Connaught circuit, well and deservedly regretted."

A.D. 1745.—On the circuit during several years had practised a lawyer whose name was Mathew Concannon. Leaving his native country about the year 1740, he took his departure for Jamaica, where, joining the local bar, he soon acquired extensive practice, and in 1744 was appointed Attorney-General for the island. In the following year he died, as he was about being raised to the bench.

A.D. 1746.—A case† was tried at the Roscommon Lent Assizes in this year, which excited the deepest interest throughout the country. A person named John Crofton was indicted for forging the will of Sir Edward Crofton, fourth baronet, who died at Mote Park in 1745. Mr. Justice French and the Attorney-General, St. George

* *Pue's Occurrences*, April 5, 1743.

† *Falkner's Journal*, 28th June, 1746.

Cunfield, were going as Judges of Assize, before the former of whom the case came on to be heard. Counsellor Kelly prosecuted, and Sir Oliver Crofton, Bart., who was then a practising barrister, defended the prisoner; and it did appear marvellous to many that Sir Oliver appeared as counsel in the case inasmuch as he himself was deeply interested in its result. Had the prisoner been acquitted, the will must have stood, and Sir Oliver would have taken the Roscommon estates which had belonged to the deceased baronet.

Counsel for the prosecution stated the case. The Croftons were a family of remote antiquity in the county of Cumberland, but they had not settled in Ireland until the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Edward, the second baronet, left at his death, in 1714, by his wife, Catharine, daughter of Oliver St. George, Esq., of Headford Castle, two sons, the elder of whom was Sir Edward, the third baronet, and the younger Oliver Crofton of Leeseane, in the county of Limerick. The third baronet died in 1729, leaving Sir Edward, the fourth baronet, and one daughter, Catharine, who afterwards married Marcus Lowther. The fourth baronet died in 1745, and on his death without issue, his sister Catharine Lowther, became his heiress-at-law; but a will was found, which it was alleged was made by the fourth baronet, devising the estates to his cousin, Sir Oliver, the fifth baronet, who was eldest son of Oliver Crofton of Leeseane, second son of the second baronet. This will became the subject matter of the lawsuit of which we treat. By it all the estates were devised to the fifth baronet, who now appeared as counsel in the case, and who defended the prisoner at the bar. A medical man named Egan was examined, and proved that the prisoner had solicited him

to witness the will which he, the prisoner, had forged. Egan had been in attendance on Sir Edward during his death sickness. The counsel for the prisoner denounced the case made for the prosecution; he had no witnesses to examine, and the prisoner's mouth was closed, and he could not explain any matter connected with the transaction. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and after a deliberation of nine hours returned a verdict of guilty. The will being thus set aside, the Crofton estates descended to Mr. Lowther, who by royal license changed his name to Crofton; and he, on the death of the fifth baronet in 1758, was created himself a baronet, and from him is descended the present Lord Crofton of Mote Park, in the county of Roscommon.

The Act of Parliament which had prevented Roman Catholics from carrying arms, either in public or in private, was, as we have seen in the case of the King v. Lynch, tried in Galway, in 1730, held merely to apply to those who were living at the time of the passing of the Act in 1691. The Crown lawyers, however, were dissatisfied at this construction of the Act, and two years later Lord Gormanstown and Mr. Barnwell of Turvey, both Roman Catholics, were at the suggestion of Lord Wyndham, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, indicted for having openly carried arms in Trim in the county of Meath. True bills were found against them; they were tried and found guilty, but immediately received a pardon at the unanimous suggestion of the grand jury of the county of Meath. Papists were at once disarmed all over Ireland, and the disarming was carried out with ruthless severity in the county of the town of Galway. But how Robert Martin, of Ballinahinch, the owner of 100,000 acres of land, accepted this construction of

the law at the hands of Colonel Eyre, governor of the town of Galway, who caused his servant, a Papist, to be arrested and detained a whole night in prison, we shall presently see. For not only did he first take an action against the gallant colonel, but afterwards, as we are informed by the writer in *Pue's Occurrences*, "gave him the most unmerciful dhrubbing that ever was heard of in the streets of London."

Before proceeding farther with our narrative of this case, however, let us pause to learn something of those Martins of Ballinahinch—who were they, and how did they become lords paramount of this enormous tract of country? The O'Flahertys, or O'Flaherties, a very ancient Irish sept, from whom the O'Flaherties of Lemonfield, and the present Christopher P. O'Flaherty of the Connaught circuit, and the O'Flahertys of Lisdonia, are descended, were, for many centuries previous to 1653, owners of the vast territories that lie between Lough Corrib and the Atlantic Ocean. On the restoration of Charles II., their estates were for the most part confiscated, and very little was left to the descendants of the ancient owners of the soil. The Act of Settlement was passed, and by that Act, Richard Martin, better known by the name of Nimble Dick, was enriched. Nimble Dick was a barrister, and practised (we omitted to state) on the Connaught circuit. He commenced his career in the reign of Charles II., as Mr. Richard Martin, of Dangan near Galway; but being connected with the legal profession, and of active habits, as his traditional sobriquet implies, he contrived to get a great tract of the confiscated lands of the

O'Flahertys of Iar Connaught into his possession. He himself states that he acquired it "with great care, pains, and industry, under the Acts of Settlement and Explanation."* He was obliged to take up arms like the other gentry of the west for James II., and was a captain at Aughrim, where tradition does not give him credit for very honourable conduct. In the next place we find him, although "a rank Papist," obtaining from King William, under the promise of building a town, which was never built, a patent confirming to him and his heirs all the lands which he had acquired in Iar Connaught. His son Anthony, commonly styled Captain, was father of Robert, who, married to a daughter of Lord Trimleston, inherited those vast estates, and was the person who inflicted severe chastisement, legal and illegal, on Colonel Eyre. This Robert was also, as his grandfather had been, a barrister, practising on the Connaught circuit. He was tried, at an earlier period than that of which we are now treating, for the wilful murder of an officer named Henry Jolly, and we should have given the history of that trial when treating of the year (1735) in which it took place, had we been then in full possession of the facts. We shall now endeavour to relate them.

There was in Galway at that time—we speak of the 1st of May, 1735—a café much frequented by the military; and it so chanced that, as Robert Martin was passing along the street in front of it, some one spat from a window over his head. He at once supposed himself insulted, and rushing upstairs with his sword drawn, saw two officers sitting near the billiard-table. Both were unarmed, and one

* *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine*, August, 1860.

of them apologized for the inadvertent offence. He hastened, however, to the barracks for his sword, that he might afford reparation to the insulted dignity of Nimble Dick's grandson; but in the meantime Mr. Martin had, in a paroxysm of rage, run the unhappy Lieutenant Jolly (so the other officer was named) through the body, inflicting on him several mortal wounds. He then escaped across Lough Corrib in a small boat. Soon after he gave himself up, and immediately an application was made on the part of the Attorney-General to the Court of King's Bench that the trial should take place in Dublin. The application was resisted, but the great local influence of the prisoner was relied upon by the Crown, and the application was therefore granted. On the jury were a number of Galway men. The evidence was clear, especially that of the waiter, who saw the prisoner rush upon his victim, and plunge his sword into his body, but Mr. Martin was acquitted. He returned in triumph to Galway, making merry all along the way. The Attorney-General, St. George Caulfield, and the Solicitor-General, Warden Flood, were counsel for the prosecution, while the prisoner was defended by Mr. Daly of the Connaught circuit, and by Anthony Malone, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We shall now resume the thread of our discourse, and shall proceed to relate how it was that Robert Martin and Colonel Stratford Eyre became entangled with each other concerning that new construction of the Popery laws, by which Papists were forbidden to carry arms. The former was deeply attached to the Roman Church, and in 1745 was about to join in the effort to restore the Pretender to the throne of his ancestors. He had set out on his journey, but did

not proceed far until he heard of the disastrous defeat at Culloden. Colonel Eyre, on the other hand, fought under the banners of the Duke of Cumberland for the throne of the House of Hanover; and both those men, of widely different political views, were now thrown into the same arena. Martin, for political reasons, on his return to Galway, declared himself, for his own protection, a Protestant, and thereby became entitled to all those privileges which Protestants alone were entitled to enjoy. Colonel Eyre had been appointed to the governorship of the town of Galway; "and as a new broom sweeps clean, so he was resolved to sweep the streets of Galway clean of priests, friars, and nuns who infested them." The better to carry out this design, he resolved that all Papists carrying arms within the boundaries of the county of the town of Galway should be arrested. Now Robert Martin, being a Protestant, was entitled to carry arms, and it so happened that on the evening of the 9th of November, 1747, he sent his messenger, one Darby Brennan, a Catholic, into Galway with a gun and a pistol to be repaired. Brennan was arrested at the West Bridge, and taken before a Mr. Disney, a magistrate, who committed him to gaol, and sent the gun and pistol to the governor. On the next morning Disney called on the governor, and read for him his notes of Brennan's examination, from which it appeared that the arms were those of Mr. Martin. Immediately Colonel Eyre despatched a messenger named Hanley to Dangan, Mr. Martin's residence, with this memorandum (but without any other note or apology): "Mr. Hanley will please take these arms to Mr. Martin, and tell him that it is far from my intention to be troublesome or peevish to any gentleman,

and, therefore, I send him his arms, though in strictness they have become forfeited; but I recommend him for the time to come to put his arms into the hands of persons not subject to be questioned."

Outrageous that this governor should presume either to give him an unsolicited advice or to arrest his servant, Mr. Martin turned Hanley out with the arms, which he refused to take back, and informed him that he would consider what steps he should take in the matter. In the course of the week he wrote to Governor Eyre, informing him that he had no right to seize his arms, and requiring that they should be instantly returned. Colonel Eyre then refused to do so, and lodged them in the King's stores. The Lent Assizes were then approaching, and Martin brought an action against Colonel Eyre to recover those arms, which in his plaint he alleged were converted by the defendant to his own use. The summons is as follows:—

"Robert Martin, Esq., *Plaintiff*,
v.

"Stratford Eyre, Esq., *Defendant*.

"By the Lords Justices of Assize for the Connaught Circuit.

"The defendant is hereby required personally to appear before us, at 8 o'clock, in Galway, on the 6th of April, to answer the prosecutor's bill for £5 sterling, being the value of one gun and pistol, being prosecutor's property, which defendant took and converted to his own use.—Dated March 30, 1748.—Signed by order."

The case was called on. Counsellor Dominick Burke appeared for the plaintiff, and put the court in

possession of the above facts, which he called several witnesses to prove.

Counsellor John Staunton appeared for the defence, and insisted that his client had acted without malice; that a Papist, as the plaintiff's servant undoubtedly was, had no legal right to carry arms; that those arms were rightly taken from a Papist; and that even assuming that they had been wrongfully taken, yet they were not converted by the defendant to his own use; and he relied on the Disarming Act of 1691. He also put in evidence a correspondence between him and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Weston, in which the latter advised him how to demean himself in the transaction. The case having closed on both sides, the court decided that the arms must be restored to Robert Martin.* Intoxicated with delight he returned to Dangan, while Colonel Eyre proceeded to London, to obtain from headquarters instructions as to how he was to act under similar circumstances in times to come.

Far, however, from being satisfied with his legal victory, Mr. Martin at once followed Colonel Eyre to London, with the view of administering some wholesome private chastisement to his gallant antagonist. By the merest accident he got a glimpse of Colonel Eyre, with a Mr. Roger O'Farrell, entering a private house in St. James's Street. Martin waited for his exit, and when he did come out he rushed at him with a heavy bludgeon, and struck him several blows on the head. He next called on him to draw his sword; in a moment the clashing of arms was to be heard. Maddened with fury, Martin made many a deadly thrust

* MSS. Record Tower, Dublin Castle. Presentments.

at Eyre, who maintained a defensive position. Much skill was displayed on both sides, and at length Colonel Eyre fell bathed in his blood. Borne to his lodgings, surgical assistance was soon obtained, and the wound, which was in his groin, was pronounced not to be of a dangerous type.* Martin then returned to his mountain home in the wilds of Connemara.

After the Galway summer assizes of 1748, little arrests the attention of the inquirer for some succeeding years. We have searched, and searched in vain, for trials of interest during this period. But political excitement was gone, political agitation had ceased, and maiden assizes after maiden assizes are, at this time, frequently to be met with in the records of the circuit. In 1755, however, the agitation which was thought to be dead revived. Haughers of cattle once more traversed the country in bands, and the assizes' lists were once more swelled by the trials of men who took the law into their own hands, and were determined to make it an impossibility for Protestant farmers to live amongst them. Leases—such was the law—Catholics could not possess. Leases were made and could be made to Protestants only; but of what earthly use were those leases if the farmer had every cow, sheep, and horse, that he fondly and vainly hoped to dispose of at the next fair, maimed in one night? Trials for haughing cattle then became numerous, and the Crown counsel, as well as the counsel for the prisoners, made a rich harvest of that savage work of destruction.

A.D. 1766.—A case of no great interest occurred on the circuit at the summer assizes of Ballinrobe in this year. A young man named

Morelly had been indicted for the murder of one Patrick Hardy, a pedlar. Mr. Eyre French, of the Connaught circuit, appeared as counsel for the Crown. It was proved in evidence that the murdered man usually carried money about his person, that he was seen by one of the Crown witnesses to go into the prisoner's house on the 1st of January, 1764, and that on the following morning he was found brutally murdered at a place called Balliville, quite close to the prisoner's house. It was also proved that the pack which he carried on his back was riddled, that money was abstracted from his pocket, and was found wrapt in a piece of paper in the pocket of the prisoner when he was arrested; and that on that paper were memoranda in the handwriting of the deceased.

Mr. Morgan appeared as counsel for the prisoner. He admitted that the deceased had slept in the prisoner's house upon the night in question, but maintained that the deceased opened the pack, and that on retiring to rest he handed the prisoner his money to keep for him. A servant who slept in the house swore that the deceased got out of his bed about two o'clock in the morning and went out, and that while he was out he was murdered by some persons unknown. Such was this the unromantic case, which excited little interest beyond the narrow precincts of the town of Ballinrobe. The counsel, of course, on both sides, fought for their clients as they should fight when the life of a fellow man was at stake, but beyond this there was apparently no cause for embittered feeling. The learned judge who tried the case was Mr. Lall, then one of His Majesty's counsel, and afterwards a justice of the Court

* MSS. Round Tower, Dublin Castle. Presentments.

of the Common Pleas. He charged the jury, leaving the matter entirely in their own hands, and giving them no information as to what he thought of the case. The jury retired, and returned in five minutes with a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner. The judge then passed sentence of death upon him, and he was removed. Accidentally the judge remarked that he entirely concurred in the verdict, and counsel for the Crown replied "that every one in court agreed with his lordship." "That is false, sir!" said the prisoner's counsel, "and you know it is false. I for one do not concur in the verdict, and you are unwarranted in making that observation!" and so saying, he flung his brief in his adversary's face. The judge either did not see or did not pretend to see the insult, and immediately left the court, and that night mounted his horse, and, accompanied by several of the bar, "rode off" to Galway. On the following morning Mr. French and Mr. Morgan met in a field at Forthill, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and there "fought a duel with horse-pistols. After they had fired off four rounds, and while they were loading for the fifth, it was observed that Mr. Morgan had stuffed his hand into his breeches pocket, and that there was a pool of blood at his left foot. The seconds immediately interfered; they found that his thumb had been shot off, and the counsellors left the field reconciled to each other." Of Morelly, the writer in *Pue's Occurrences* August 30, 1766, states that "he was executed at Ballinrobe, pursuant to the sentence."

Although the reports from the circuits are extremely meagre in those years, and although few cases of interest occurred in the criminal court, still, in the record court,

there were many scenes of injustice done in the name of justice. Ejectments were brought by children against their fathers, and by brothers against their brothers; the only ground that the plaintiffs had to rely upon in such cases being that they were certificated Protestants, while the defendants were Papists.

A.D. 1772.—Never in the memory of man was the Galway gaol so full as it was during the closing months of the winter of this year. Murderers, haughers of cattle, and highway robbers were there confined, without bail or mainprise, to take their trial at the assizes, which were to open on the 9th of April. But on the night of the 8th, the sentry on guard opened the prison gates, the gaoler was bound hand and foot, a crowd rushed in, and in an hour the gaol was emptied of its inmates. The consequence was that not a single prisoner was put on his trial, and the Crown counsel returned to Dublin without having had more trouble than that of reading their briefs, and pocketing their fees, but whether they returned those to the Crown we are not in a position to state.

A.D. 1775.—The Dublin papers give the following, indeed the only, report of the Galway Assizes in this year:—"We hear from Galway that two of the counsellors, Dennis Daly and Pat Blake, Esquires, met on the parade near the quay, on which Mr. Blake struck at Mr. Daly; they then drew their swords and engaged. Mr. Blake received two wounds in his side, and Mr. Daly is unhurt; the surgeon who dressed Mr. Blake's wounds does not think either of them to be dangerous." Whether other duels took place elsewhere on the circuit we have been unable to discover, neither can we vouch that the combatants mentioned in the following notice of the 17th of August were of the

Connaught circuit:—"A duel was fought yesterday by two legal gentlemen in the Phoenix Park; each discharged a case of pistols, but neither was hit."

A.D. 1777.—Amongst the leaders of the Connaught circuit about this time was James O'Hara, whose name is appended to many pleadings in the courts, both of law and of equity. The following is a peaceable announcement of an interesting incident in this gentleman's family:—"Aug. 19.—A few days ago, Nicholas Martin, of Ross, Esquire, to Miss Eliza O'Hara, daughter of Counsellor O'Hara, of Galway, a gentleman in high practice on this circuit." Few families have given a greater number of their members to the Bar than the O'Haras of Sligo. On this circuit were James O'Hara, Recorder of Galway in 1772; his son, Recorder of Galway in 1819; William O'Hara, Recorder as late as 1857; Robert O'Hara, and John Patrick O'Hara, all of whom, with the exception of the last, were members of the Connaught circuit.

A.D. 1779.—James Brown, brother of Lord Altamont, ancestor of the Marquess of Sligo, in this year became Prime Serjeant. Sir Jonah Barrington says he was a huge, fat, dull fellow, but he was the great lawyer of the family, and was considered an oracle by the whole county of Mayo, and was therefore in the foremost practice on the circuit.

A.D. 1784.—Mr. Richard Martin, better known as Dick Martin, afterwards Colonel Martin, had in 1782 been called to the Irish Bar. The eldest son of the above-mentioned Robert Martin, he, the owner of an inheritance of 190,000 acres of land, commenced to practise on the Connaught circuit in 1784. Within this

prodigious extent of territory, i.e., like an Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez, exercised something very nearly akin to absolute rule, for the arms of the law were much too short to extend into the pathless wilds of Connemara. He was there lord paramount, and every head was bared in submission to the owner of so many thousands of acres, which, if not remarkable for cultivation, at least impressed the imagination by their extent. The whole of this territory was infinitely diversified with mountains, glens, lakes, and rivers, while occasionally one would meet with some portions of cultivated land. To devote his mind to the toil and drudgery of a practising barrister was nevertheless the intention of Dick Martin in his early years. At the spring assizes of 1784 he went round the circuit, and received in Castlebar a brief in a case which caused the greatest possible excitement at the time, and in which Charles Lionel Fitz-Gerald prosecuted his elder brother, George Robert Fitz-Gerald, for the false imprisonment of their father, and for savage conduct towards him, upon whom George Robert was stated to have fastened a chain, and imprisoned him in a cave in a fort or "Liss," within two miles of Castlebar.

The case came on before the Solicitor-General, Hugh Carleton,* afterwards Lord Carleton. Remondus Lennon, an old lawyer, described by Sir Jonah Barrington as "a battered old counsellor," appeared for George Robert Fitz-Gerald, and applied for a postponement; and he observed that the father was one of the worst men living, and that it would be unjust to censure any son for confining such a public nuisance. He relied

* *Vide* a memoir of Lord Carleton, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, in his interesting work "Ireland before the Union," p. 159. 5th edition.

on an affidavit stating that the father was not in the custody of his son at all.

Mr. Richard Martin resisted the application, and submitted that if the trial were postponed it should be upon the terms of George Robert Fitz-Gerald producing his father in open court; that even admitting that in the course of a long life this wretched father had committed many crimes, yet his greatest crime against society and his greatest sin against Heaven was this—that he had begotten such a son as George Robert Fitz-Gerald!

The learned judge declined to postpone the trial; a jury was sworn, and it was proved, amongst a great number of barbarities, that the father was chained by his son George Robert, sometimes to a cart, and at times to a muzzled bear. A respectable jury found the traverser guilty, and Carleton sentenced him to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £1,000.

Mr. Fitz-Gerald was then imprisoned in the Castlebar gaol, but his brother-in-law, Mr. Conolly of Castletown, Chief Secretary for Ireland, obtained from the Duke of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant, his pardon and release.

Soon after his release Fitz-Gerald, meeting Counsellor Martin at the theatre, struck him in the face. Martin was not the man to brook for a moment an insult, and he instantly sent him a message; they met at Castlebar soon after, and fought in the barrack square. Martin fell wounded, but not mortally. Fitz-Gerald wore a shirt of mail which preserved him from the well-directed fire of his antagonist.

Such is the account given by Dick Martin of this memorable trial. Another account, that given by

the Solicitor-General who tried the case, is of the deepest interest, and is contained in a letter written by him to the Right Honourable Barry Yelverton, then Attorney-General for Ireland. Owing to the kindness of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, we are in a position to place before our readers this letter, which has never before been published.*

“Galway.

“Dear Attorney-General,—

“The assizes at Castlebar portended much mischief, and produced great trouble, but ultimately the peace of the county was preserved, and the justice of the nation was vindicated.

“George Robert Fitz-Gerald (who had with impunity defied the power of the Chancellor) lately erected a regular fort in the neighbourhood of Castlebar, deposited his father therein in safe custody, planted six battery cannons thereon, and garrisoned it with a banditti, sometimes augmented to 200 men, and seldom reduced to less than seventy. Upwards of thirty of them were completely accoutred and armed. Hitherto they had been supplied with provisions out of the stock of Mr. Cæsar French, which afterwards Fitz-Gerald had seized without a colour of right. Shortly before the assizes he had repeatedly gone into Castlebar attended by a number of armed followers, whose character and riotous demeanour excited considerable apprehension in the townspeople. The volunteers of that town at length sent a message to him, assuring him of their peaceableness of disposition towards him, but their determined resolution to beat him and his followers, if he attempted again to go into the town with any uncommon appearance of attendance. When we arrived we

* *Vide County of Mayo Presentments for 1784, Record Tower, Dublin Castle.*

found the town in great apprehension; in a few hours after we opened our commission, the regulars marched from thence, and the preservation of the peace was left to a corps of volunteers commanded by Mr. Gregory, a very stout, active man. On Saturday morning Lionel Fitz-Gerald the younger brother of George, applied for liberty to swear informations against George on account of the imprisoning of his father, and obtained permission. A magistrate granted a warrant for the arrest of George, in which Lionel was made special bailiff, the service being too dangerous for any other person to undertake it. The two brothers were sworn in on the grand jury, and many of George's adherents appeared in town armed. Soon afterwards the grand jury informed me that the brothers were engaged in personal conflict, and demanded my interposition to prevent bloodshed. The combatants were brought before me, and afforded a scene of great abuse on both sides, and considerable address on the part of George. I lectured them severely, and threatened to commit them both into the custody of the sheriff. At that time appeared ten or eleven of George's followers, who drew up before the court-house, and charged their fuses, denouncing vengeance against any person who should molest him. It turned out, after much altercation, that Lionel, though a very stout fellow, was afraid to make a capture in the street, and therefore attempted it in the grand jury room, and in return George attempted to draw his sword, but was disarmed. The matter ended on my binding them to preserve the peace, and by taking security from George to appear to any indictment that might be preferred against him, and from Lionel to attend the court during the assizes. On Sunday, the Castlebar volun-

teers seized ten stands of arms, six of which were laden with ball, belonging to George's followers, which had been concealed. On Monday, Lord Altamont, perceiving a strong probability of a riot, sent in forty of his volunteers, to put them under the command of the sheriff.

"That morning bills were found against George for the false imprisonment of his father, and immediately afterwards the grand jury, with a very manly spirit, marked their indignation by an application to the bench to be advised as to the mode of procuring the emancipation of the old man. Some very curious attempts were made on me by George, which required my utmost dexterity.

"On Tuesday morning a motion was made on his behalf to put off the trial upon an affidavit of the absence of witnesses who resided in the county of Sligo. I had judicial knowledge, from his own repeated admissions in open court, from the informations, and an affidavit, that his father was at the fortification, within two miles of Castlebar, under the power of George. I offered to put off the trial if he produced his father in court. He refused, and after a long debate at the bar I declined to become ancillary to a prolongation of his father's imprisonment for six months longer, and refused to put off the trial. Accordingly the trial was gone into, and a most impudent attempt was made to prove that the old man was never under the smallest degree of restraint. The evidence closed at twelve o'clock at night, and I finished my charge at three o'clock in the morning. The jury, in two minutes, found him guilty. It would, indeed, have required an uncommon perversion of understanding to have acquitted him. The magnitude of the offence, his

obstinate perseverance to withhold his father even from the eye of the court, his repeated opposition to the process of the law, his contempt of even the Court of Chancery, the danger which I have seen during the trial of open hostility, his keeping a fortress garrisoned with a banditti, concurred in evincing the necessity of at length bringing conviction to his mind that his power was inferior to that of the law. He was, therefore, sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and fined £1,000. During the course of the trial much management was necessary to preserve the peace, and by the care of the sheriff, and the exertions of the volunteers, his banditti was intimidated and kept in subjection. His conduct was replete with finesse, but occasionally, in the paroxysm of his rage, he would give vent to expressions of intemperance and indecency reflecting on the Bench and Bar. So far as they related to me they were passed over unnoticed. After sentence pronounced it was intimated to him that the production of his father might mitigate his punishment. The result was additional censure of my conduct, but not the release of the old gentleman. The next morning a complaint was made by the grand jury that suspicions were enter-

tained of the gaoler's intention to suffer him to escape, and the suspicion seemed to derive probability from George's not showing the smallest disposition to soften the punishment by liberating his father. I read the gaoler a strong lecture on the nature of his duty. The business was the most troublesome and perilous I ever experienced. I am threatened with a flaming memorial, to be presented at the castle by Mr. Conolly, but I am fortified by the integrity of my own mind, the legality of my proceedings, and by the unanimous opinion of the Bar, and the approbation and applause of the entire county, so that I entirely disregard his menaces. This town (Galway) and county are in a thorough state of peace. I long sincerely for the end of my circuit, being heartily tired of the fatigue of it. My best wishes to Madam.

"HUGH CARLETON."

The Galway Assizes concluded on the 14th of April, and "the Judges then mounted their horses and trotted at a slapping pace to Ennis, followed by the Counsellors at a meet distance upon well-appointed nags, carrying their briefs in their saddle-bags, and all guarded by the dragoons." Nothing, however, occurred at Ennis beyond the usual routine of circuit business.

MÉNAGIANA.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century a small volume appeared at the Hague under the title of *Scaligerana; sive excerpta ex ore Josephi Scaligeri*. It consisted of a collection of the remarkable sayings of Joseph Scaliger, noted down from his conversations by two brothers of the name of Vassan, students of the University of Leyden, where Scaliger was one of the professors. Notwithstanding many inaccuracies, the book immediately attracted the attention of men of letters throughout Europe, and a few years afterwards it was followed by the publication of another collection of *Scaligerana*, formed by the Sieur de Lavan, which is said to have existed in its unpublished form even before the appearance of the Vassans' volume. The two have since been generally published together, and they are the earliest of a long series of similar works known under the general title of *Ana*.

Anecdotal literature can, however, be traced under other names to a very much earlier date. D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, gives specimens of the recorded sayings of the Eastern sages of very primitive times; and there are yet extant works by several Greek and Roman authors which are in reality collections of anecdotes, maxims, or reflections, attributed to the great men of these countries. Notable among these are the *Deipnosophists* of Athenæus, and the *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius. But there is no doubt so far as concerns the more works of

this class have been lost than have been preserved. Two in particular are known to have existed at one time, the loss of which is matter of regret to every true lover of classical literature—the one a collection of the sayings of Mæcenas, made by his librarian; and the other a similar collection of Cicero's conversations, made by Julius Cæsar.

With the revival of learning came the revival of such compilations; and we have referred to the *Scaligerana* as the first of them which appeared in a printed form. The success which attended its publication gave an impetus to literature of this description which was felt for many years. Peignot, in his *Repertoire des Bibliographies Spéciales*, enumerates upwards of a hundred different collections of *Ana*, many of which had gone through numerous editions; and La Monnaie has included jingling French rhymes, of which the following may serve for a specimen, upwards of thirty, exclusive of the last, which is, perhaps, rightly described as the most valuable of the whole:—

“Fortunius un jour dina
Chez un grand, où l'on raisonna
Bien fort sur Perroniana,
Thuana, Valesiana
Après quoi l'on examina
Lequel de Patiniana
Vaut moins ou de Naudæana;
S'il fallait à Cheeræana
Préférer Parrhasiana,
Et priser Ménagiana
Plus que les Scaligerana.
En liberté chacun prôna
Ou suivant son goût condamna
L'un St Erremoniana
L'autre Purreriana

Un tiers l'avantage donna
 Sur eux à *Sorberiana*
 * * * *
 Enfin *Casauboniana*,
 Et de *Bourdelotiana*
 Même *Furtembergiana*.
 Fortunius lors opina
 Et d' un ton qui prédomina
 La dispute ainsi termina;
 Messieurs, nul de tous ces *Ana*
 Ne vaut l'*Ipecacuanâ*."

If to this number be added the various collections appearing under the titles of *Mélanges*, *Variétés*, *Mémoires*, *Délassements*, *Amenités*, *Diversités*, etc., which are really books of the same class, it will be found that such works represent no inconsiderable portion of the literary activity of the times in which they were written.

To describe with anything like precision the nature of these collections would be impossible. One of their greatest charms is the limitless variety of their contents. The sayings and doings of men of letters, extracted from their diaries, or narrated by their surviving friends—criticisms on the events of their times found among their papers after their death—scraps of antiquarian learning—bits of contemporary scandal—discussions in theology—humorous anecdotes—happy repartees—translations of classical epigrams—elegantly turned *vers de société*—all are to be found there, thrown together in that happy confusion which is so grateful to those who read for the sake of relaxation and not of study.

True enough, there is a great deal in most volumes of *Ana* which one would "skip," if he could only overcome the difficulty that without reading straight on it is difficult to separate the chaff from the wheat. The compilers of many of them had often more regard to the quantity than to the quality of the matter they included; and the consequence is that a mass

of rubbish unworthy of Joe Miller is sometimes palmed off as the veritable humour of a scholar of world-wide reputation. But this is not always the case; and the better class of *Ana*, especially those which were collected during the lifetime of their authors and under their superintendence, is of quite a different character. *M. Chevreau*, for example, who himself edited the *Chevrassana*, says in his preface to the edition of 1697: "Those who look for nothing in these pages but the wit of the market-place, or the barrack-room, will not find what they seek, for my intention has been to insert nothing which is not calculated to instruct as well as to amuse. Questions of history, criticism, philosophy, and morals will be discussed; and men of letters will probably find the book more to their liking than men of fashion."

None of these collections of *Ana* had more success than the *Ménagiana*, from which we propose to give some extracts in an English form; but our readers must bear two things in mind as they follow our pages. First, the selections here presented, restricted as they necessarily are to such extracts as are likely to be generally interesting, convey no idea of the mass of erudition—erudition almost lost to the world—which is to be found in the four little volumes which constitute this collection. They display only the lighter side of *Ménage's* character, and it would be a mistake to estimate the value of the whole work by such specimens. Secondly, it must be remembered that the task of the translator is peculiarly difficult in the case of anecdotes. The polished grace of a French epigram is to a large extent lost even in the most successful English rendering; and French *jeux des mots* are rarely capable of translation at all, for the

same reason that an English pun has seldom any corresponding play upon words with a similar point in it in French, or in any other language. An endeavour has, however, been made to select only such passages as seemed to admit of translation without entirely losing the piquancy of the original.

M. de Ménage was born in 1613, at Angers, where his father was *Arcat du Roi*. Neither trouble nor expense was spared to give him the best education the country could afford, and there are few instances on record in which careful training has produced more beneficial results. Assiduous study, and a memory of remarkable tenacity, made him even in his early youth master of a range of knowledge more extensive and varied than most men attain to in a lifetime; and even before he was called to the bar, in 1632, his reputation as a scholar was established.

He did not remain long at the bar. Much against his father's wish, he determined to enter the church, a change of profession which one of his biographers refers to in these words:—"Ménage next engaged in the profession of an ecclesiastic—at least, he did so in so far as was necessary to qualify him for holding ordinary ecclesiastical benefices." His subsequent history goes far to justify the sarcasm. He certainly never was an enthusiastic churchman; but it must not be forgotten that in his times many so-called "churchmen" were little more than political and personal favourites of the French Court, thrust into sinecures in order that they might consume the fruits of them.

An appointment was soon obtained for him in the household of Cardinal de Retz, with whom he was a great favourite, and who employed him several years in some, where

the duties were merely nominal. He had now abundant leisure for study, and a variety of works of learning came from his pen. Most of them are unknown, except to the bookworm, and it is sufficient for the purpose of the present paper to say that they are chiefly of a philological and antiquarian character. Perhaps the most able of the whole is the *Requête des Dictionnaires*, a satirical address to the members of the French Academy on the subject of their arbitrary proceedings in admitting to or rejecting from their dictionary words whose meaning and origin he pretty clearly proved to be unknown to those professed *savants*. This and other works brought him into extensive acquaintance with statesmen and men of letters of all nations, and gave a kind of cosmopolitan hue to his modes of thinking.

After the death of Cardinal de Retz, he occupied a house in the Clôture de Notre Dame, where every Wednesday evening he held a *soirée*, which was attended by the élite of Parisian literary and fashionable society, and which was the recognized place of meeting of all foreign men of letters who happened to be sojourning in Paris. It was at these *Mercuriales*, as he called them, that his powers as a humorist were chiefly displayed; and much of the *Ménagiana* consists of the reminiscences of those who had the privilege of entrée to his Wednesday reunions.

Ménage died rather suddenly of a cold in 1692. The curé who came to visit him on his death-bed said, with an apology for disturbing him, that he would like to put some questions on certain matters of religion. "I shall answer them with pleasure," said Ménage. "In matters of faith the wisest of us should look on ourselves as but children."

No attempt at arrangement has been made in the following selection from the *Ménagiana*. It is to be regretted that so many of the anecdotes are of a clerical character, but it has been thought better to adhere to the selection than to introduce others less adapted for translation.

Muret knew better than most teachers how to keep his class in order, and he often did it by some sarcastic remark. One day a student began, in the course of the lecture, to ring a bell he had brought with him into the classroom. Muret, without moving a muscle, said, "*I should have been surprised if I had not found a bell-wether among such a flock of sheep.*"

Plutarch tells a story of a man whom Lysias had defended, and who, after reading the speech in his defence, said to the orator, "The first time I read your speech I admired it exceedingly; the second time I read it I did not like it so much; the third reading disappointed me entirely." "Then," said Lysias, "the speech must have been good—for the judges had only to hear it once."

A parson who had been preaching on the beatitudes *usque ad nauseam* met a lady one day after the service was over, and began to talk to her about the sermon. "I am disappointed," said his fair friend, "that you have omitted entirely from your course of sermons one of the beatitudes." "Which of them is that, pray?" inquired the parson. "This," rejoined the lady: "'Blessed are those who have not to listen to your sermons.'"

A Gascon, who had a quarrel with the Bishop of Bazas, swore that he would never again pray within the diocese. Long afterwards, in crossing a river in the neighbourhood, he was overtaken by a severe hurricane. The boatmen at last told him despairingly that nothing farther could be done to keep the boat afloat, and that he had better recommend himself to the mercy of God. "Are you sure," said the Gascon, "that we are beyond the diocese of Bazas?"

When the tower of the church of Carmes was struck by lightning. Father André said, "God has been very merciful to these good fathers of Carmes, in not sacrificing to his justice anything else than their bell-tower; if the lightning had struck the kitchen, the chances are every one of them would have been killed!"

The poet — once waited on the Dauphin to present him with a copy of an epitaph on Molière, which he had just composed. "I should have been much better pleased," said the Dauphin, "if the epitaph had been on yourself."

The Abbé de — suddenly came to a stop in the middle of his sermon one day at St. Jean de Grève. Next morning he received a letter addressed to "M. l'Abbé de —, stopping at St. Jean de Grève."

A curé was asked by a visitor to his parish what was the name of the patron saint of his church. "I really cannot tell you," said the curé; "I know him only by sight."

At the close of a missionary sermon preached in a country parish, the whole audience was affected to tears except one peasant. On being asked why he was not affected like the others, he explained that it was because he was only a visitor, and did not belong to that parish at all.

with some friends, in more than his usual quantity of wine. After turning the leaves of the ritual backwards and forwards for some time, in an unsuccessful attempt to find the baptismal service, he was heard to say, "This child is very difficult to baptize."

The wife of a villager in Poitou, after a protracted illness, fell into a state of coma, and was believed to be dead. As is usual among the very poor peasantry there, the body was folded in a sheet and carried to the grave uncoffined. On the way to the graveyard the body had to be carried through a thicket, where the underwood consisted chiefly of thorn-bushes, and in passing through the supposed corpse was wakened from the trance by the prickles. Fourteen years afterwards the woman really died, and on the way to the grave the same route was taken. As the mourners approached the thicket the husband called out vigorously, "*Take care—don't go near the thorn-bushes!*"

The following Italian story has always amused me. Trivelino, after a long ride on horseback, fell asleep at the wayside, having fastened the end of his horse's halter round his arm. A passing thief untied the halter from the horse's head and rode off. Some time after Trivelino, awaking and finding no horse, was heard to say, "Either I am Trivelino, or I am not. If I am Trivelino, I have lost a horse; if I am not Trivelino, I have found a halter."

INSPIRED PREACHERS.

A gentleman, who had been hearing a sermon by one of the missionary fathers of St. Lazare, spoke of it in highly eulogistic terms to M. Feuillet. He even went so far as to say that the fathers of St. Lazare preached like the Apostles. "Yes," said M. Feuillet, "like the Apostles—before they received the gift of the Holy Ghost."

A clergyman, who was suddenly called on to officiate in presence of Cardinal Richelieu, informed him, by way of excuse for the imperfection of his discourse, that not having had time for preparation, he had been obliged to rely entirely on the aid of the Holy Spirit, but that next time he had the honour to preach before his eminence, he hoped to be able, by more careful preparation, to acquit himself better.

Father Harrouis once told me that when Bourdaloue was preaching at Rouen, the workmen left their shops, the merchants their business, barristers the courts of law, and doctors their patients to hear him. "A year afterwards," he added, "when I came to occupy the same pulpit, I restored all things to order: nobody left his work then."

A CHILD.

A child presented for baptism
by his father one day, when
the priest indulging, along

After the death of the Archbishop of Tarantaise, his attendants pillaged his residence of many articles

of value. A cordelier, who was helping himself like the others, was heard to say, as he seized a beautiful crucifix and hid it under his robe, "*Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.*"

A judge, in administering an oath to a dyer, requested him to hold up his hand. The dyer, whose hands were covered with dye-stuff, did so. "Take off your glove, sir!" said the judge, gruffly. "Put on your spectacles, sir!" retorted the witness.

A judge, in whose court there was a great deal of noise, exclaimed, "Officers! call silence in the court. It is a strange thing that this noise cannot be put a stop to. I have decided I do not know how many cases without having heard them."

When M. L.— the usurer was on his death-bed, he lay for weeks in a comatose state. One day he appeared to be a little more lively than usual, and his confessor availed himself of the opportunity to try to direct his thoughts to matters of religion. Taking a silver crucifix from the table he held it up before the dying man, and was about to begin his exhortation, when the old usurer, looking steadily at the crucifix, muttered feebly, "Ah! I could not lend much on that!"

The Bishop of Noyon had a great aversion to people who were not of good family. He once undertook to preach a panegyric on Saint Jean-de-Dieu, but on examining the *Lives of the Saints* he found that Saint Jean had once been a lacquey, and immediately excused himself from fulfilling his promise.

M. de Bautru used to say of a

person who never made a witty remark, "How full of wit that man must be. *He never lets any escape.*"

Baubrie had a house in the country, which he had taken much pains to embellish, but which was closed in on all sides by thick woods. Despreaux, after dining with him there one day, said, on leaving, "Good-bye! I am going to Paris *to take the air.*"

A Venetian, who had never before been out of his native city, and who therefore could not be expected to be a good rider, was mounted by a friend one day on a rather restive horse, which would not move forward. After trying the spur in vain, he took out his pocket-handkerchief, and holding it up in the air for some moments, exclaimed, "I do not wonder that the horse does not move on—the wind is *contrary.*"

The late Duc de Caudal claimed the rank of prince through his mother, who was a daughter of Henry IV., and used to speak of his father and mother as *Monsieur mon père*, and *Madame ma mère*, terms used only in speaking of royalty. One day, when he had done so in presence of the late Regent, the latter, in order to ridicule his pretensions, called to his attendant, "Monsieur my esquire, will you tell Monsieur my coachman to put Messieurs my horses into Monsieur my carriage?"

The first time Casaubon visited the Sorbonne, he was taken into the discussion hall, and told that discussions in philosophy had been carried on in it for 400 years. "And

what problems have been settled in that time?" he asked.

The Devil was a great fool to make use of so many devices to try the patience of Job. He had only to get him to play a game at chess to effect his object.

An earl without an earldom met an abbé without a benefice. "M. l'abbé," said the earl, "it is curious that I should have been acquainted with you so long without knowing where your abbacy is. Where is it, pray?" "In your earldom," replied the abbé.

Two candidates for holy orders presented themselves to the Bishop of Rouen for examination. Finding them unqualified, he was about to refuse their application, but the archbishop intervened, saying, "Ordain them by all means; it is better that the ground should be cultivated by asses than that it should lie fallow."

Scarron was one day seized with so violent an attack of hiccough that his friends thought he was going to die. When the worst of the fit was over, he growled out, "Won't I write a satire on hiccough if I ever get better!"

When he was dying, his friends and relatives were assembled round his bed in tears. A few minutes before his death he said, "Ah! none of you will ever be able to cry so much as I have made you laugh!"

Medicine may be defined to be the art or science of entertaining the sick with frivolous descriptions

of their maladies, and keeping them amused by administering "remedies," good or bad, till Nature either kills or cures.

The monks have introduced into Spain a law which is very useful to the church. When a man dies, any legacy he may have made for the purchase of masses for his soul becomes a first charge on his estate. In this way the Spaniards often dispose of their property in defeat of their heirs and creditors. Those who do so are said to make their souls their executors.

A butcher who was on his death-bed said to his wife, "If I die, Françoise, you must marry our shop-boy—he is a good young man, and the business cannot be carried on without a man to look after it." "I have been thinking about that already," said his wife.

Two rather intrusive acquaintances of M. G—— determined to take him by surprise by going uninvited to spend a week with him. They had just arrived, and in talking of their journey one of them remarked to their host that they had passed through some beautiful cornfields on their way. "You will see some much finer ones on your way back to-morrow," replied the host.

ATRA CURA.

It was a happy quotation—whoever made it—to say of a man riding on horseback with his wife on a pillion behind him,—

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."

A gentleman of Nemours who turned highwayman was caught

and broken on the wheel at Paris. The curé of the village (of which the highwayman was lord of the manor) invited the prayers of the congregation for the repose of his soul in these words: "Let us pray for M——, lord of the manor of this village, who has died of his wounds at Paris."

Books of devotion and books of gallantry command about an equal sale. There is this difference between them however—that books of gallantry have more readers than purchasers, while books of devotion find more purchasers than readers.

Dr. Burnet, wishing to sell a bad horse, mounted it to show off its good qualities, but he did not succeed in managing this as he expected. "My dear Dr. Burnet," said the intended purchaser, "when you want to mislead me, mount the pulpit, and not the saddle."

A gentleman of Rouen who was excessively fat, and who knew nearly all the poets by heart, was known by the sobriquet of *Corpus Poetarum*.

A CROSS AMBASSADOR.

When the Royal Society of London resolved to make the Torricellian experiment on the Peak of Teneriffe, they deputed two of their number to wait on the Spanish ambassador and obtain letters of recommendation to the authorities of the island. The ambassador received them most courteously, and taking them to be members of a mercantile company which had just been formed in London for importing Canary wine, he inquired what quantity of wine they expected to import. The deputies explained that their object was not mercantile, but that they wished to make some experiments with the view of determining the weight of the air. "What!" said the ambassador, "weigh the air!" and he immediately dismissed them as madmen. On his way down to Whitehall he told every one he met that a parcel of fools had been waiting on him to get his assistance in weighing air; but he was rather taken aback when he found that the King and the Duke of York were at the head of the society he had been calling a parcel of fools.

DAVID MARSHALL.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

Nor many years ago, free administration of Alcohol in the treatment of disease was an established custom, recognized and commended by all orthodox medical authorities. While some practitioners might be found who were inclined to question the advisability of its habitual use in health, few indeed, if any, permitted themselves to doubt its imputed virtues as a therapeutic agent. Even the most ardent Teetotalers did not seek to prohibit its use when sanctioned by medical prescription. Of late, however, a great change—a complete revolution, in fact—has taken place in medical opinion on this subject, as well as among all who have bestowed thought on its investigation. The old school of Alcoholic Medication has been, to a very gratifying extent, superseded by one far more scientific and rational. We now have among the most eminent authorities of the day, a general concurrence of opinion, that while the beneficial effects ascribed to the free prescription of Alcohol in disease are, at least, largely questionable, no doubt whatever exists as to the highly detrimental effects of its indiscriminate use. Not only does its inconsiderate administration tend to seriously complicate disease, and consequently to imperil life, but it too frequently exercises a most depraving influence on patients—thus converting sick-rooms and our medical institutions into nurseries for the formation of pernicious habits and the culture of vicious appetites.

No doubt the evil has been much abated during the present

generation, yet the vice of intemperance is vastly on the increase, with all its deplorable consequences. As a rule, absolute drunkenness is not so prevalent in "respectable society" as it was fifty years ago, but the habit of incessant tippling is much more so, and no habit could well be more destructive of bodily and mental health. As one of the very highest authorities of our age on mental diseases, Dr. Forbes Winslow, has said: "It cannot be too generally known that the habit of tippling is much more destructive to the health of both body and mind, than an occasional bout of actual drunkenness."—*Letter in the Times*, January 10, 1871.

Although Alcoholic Medication is not now carried to such a ruinous extent as formerly, still it prevails so generally, not only in private practice but in our public hospitals, that, three years ago, some 250 of the leading medical authorities in England deemed it advisable to issue a condemnatory declaration on the subject. The document was drawn up with great caution and moderation. Those who sent it forth with their names attached did so, they say,—

"Being firmly convinced that the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying more than anything else, the health, happiness, and welfare of those classes, and neutralizing to a large extent the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed within the reach of this nation."

And also believing,—

"That the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits, the undersigned, while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past."

Now, it is obvious that the question respecting the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease involves, to a very large extent, the utility of the use of alcoholic drinks in health. The discussion of the one question has a necessary bearing on the other; for while the prevailing belief continues that alcohol, when administered in disease, is productive of beneficial results, it will be difficult, indeed, to convince the public generally that its habitual though moderate use in health is calculated to prove injurious. Considered in this point of view, it is of paramount importance that the true effects of alcohol in disease should be brought familiarly home to the public mind, for it is an undoubted fact that the chief means by which the ranks of Intemperance are recruited is *Parental Example*; while it is equally and as painfully true, that intemperance is largely promoted among families, with all the melancholy train of miseries that follow, by the sanction which medical practitioners authoritatively give to the free use of alcoholic fluids during illness and convalescence. From this source alone an amount of social evil flows, to exaggerate which would be scarcely possible.

We propose, therefore, to consider, in a familiar and popular manner, the alleged therapeutic merits of alcohol. Such merits have been freely and largely ascribed to it for ages, and it is surely not unreasonable to expect that they should now stand the test of scientific inquiry? Alcoholic medication is mainly based on the assumption that alcohol is of value as an *article of diet*—that it nourishes and invigorates the system, and fulfils all the purposes of a healthy stimulant. Now, while cautiously abstaining from affirming that alcohol may not, in certain diseased conditions, have a dietetic effect, the authors of the medical declaration already quoted affirm that its value in this respect has been *immensely exaggerated*. We give their words:—

"They are also of opinion that many people immensely exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet; and, since no class of men see so much of its ill effects, and possess such power to restrain its abuse, as members of their own profession, they hold that every medical practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate habits of great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids."

Now, if the result of scientific investigation is to destroy all belief in the assumed dietetic properties of alcohol, if its qualities should be proved really deleterious instead of healthful, surely then it must be admitted that its administration in disease ought not to be encouraged? There can be no middle course. Administered as it ordinarily is in disease, alcohol must be followed by effects either salutary or injurious; its action must incline to the production of either good or evil. Hence, the serious responsibility devolves, in the first instance, on every medical practitioner of fully satisfying his own mind respecting its alleged medicinal merits, before

he ventures on its administration as remedial in disease. In a matter of this kind, that so intimately concerns health and life, assuredly nothing ought to be taken for granted. It will not do to beg the question. Individual responsibility cannot be evaded by one medical practitioner alleging that he follows the example of another, or that he administers alcohol because such was the teaching of the schools where he studied, and the practice followed in the hospitals he "walked." On the contrary, there is a serious moral responsibility on every practitioner to satisfy his own judgment that the alleged virtues of alcohol are sustained by science, and verified by experience, before he administers what may prove positively poisonous in disease, even to the extent of destroying life. This is a primary duty incumbent on every medical man, and unless, indeed, the peculiar responsibility which naturally attaches to the medical profession is to be considered altogether illusory, the honest discharge of that duty becomes a matter of no light moment.

The late Dr. Todd, Professor of Physiology at King's College, London, was the great apostle of Alcoholic Medication in his day. An able, but a most mistaken man, he had a theory and he rode it to death. Brandy was the God of his Pharmacopœia, and he was the cause of sending thousands of invalids well-branded to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Dr. Forbes Winslow relates:—

"Shortly after the death of this eminent physician, I heard one of the most distinguished members of the profession say to a large number of medical men that he was personally acquainted with many families who cursed the day that Dr. Todd entered the house, insinuating that chronic intemperance had been engendered by his too free administration of stimulants

in the treatment of disease. During the prevalence of the Todd stimulating mania, many, many valuable lives were no doubt sacrificed in deference to his theory.

"I well remember, when this fever was at its height, speaking to a physician, who was at the head of a large metropolitan hospital, as to the then fashionable alcoholic treatment of disease. He told me that he had under his care several cases of acute inflammation of the lungs and heart, and, acting on the Todd theory, was giving these patients one to two ounces of brandy per hour.

"Are you doing nothing else?' I asked.

"No,' was his answer.

"Then,' I replied, 'your patients will die.'

"In the course of a week or ten days I again met this physician, and to my question, 'How are your cases of acute inflammation progressing?' he shook his head and said, mournfully, 'They are dead,' and then added, 'I will give no more alcohol in such diseases.'"

Clearly, then, it is only on the proof, not the mere assumption, of alcohol actually possessing some *known remedial properties*, that its use in medical practice can be justified. And it is equally clear that if these properties exist—if they do exercise a remedial influence, and are productive of beneficial results—the fact must be susceptible of positive proof. This becomes self-evident when we consider that there are certain known properties of alcohol about which there is no dispute whatever, and that these properties are justly regarded as most deleterious. Thus with its properties as an intoxicant, and as a narcotic poison acting on the nervous centres, mankind have been too long familiar, and no one would now dream of questioning the effects produced. There is a universal concurrence of opinion, scientific, professional, and popular, based on universal experience, that alcohol does possess those qualities,

and that they are invariably manifested, under a similar condition of circumstances, with an undeviating regularity in any quarter of the globe.

But have we any such concord of experience and opinion with respect to the alleged remedial virtues of alcohol? As a question of science, do we find physiologists agreeing that alcohol, so far from being injurious when exhibited in disease, is absolutely remedial? Is there among medical men any uniformity of opinion, or of practice, on the subject? Notoriously not. But if the medicinal virtues ascribed to alcohol have as unmistakable an existence as its deleterious properties, surely they ought to be equally well known—surely they would have been, ere this, as universally recognized, and would be now as susceptible of demonstration? Does not the fact that no such alleged medicinal virtues are known to science or recognized by experience, as possessed by alcohol, afford the very strongest presumptive evidence against their existence? And is not this evidence greatly strengthened by the fact that men of the highest scientific attainments, who have made the subject a special study, concur in opinion that Alcoholic Medication is not sustained by the investigations of science, nor justified by the conclusions of authoritative experience? Is it not a very suggestive fact that not one physiologist of recognized eminence and authority has professed faith in the alleged sanitative merits of alcohol?

So far from it, the great weight of scientific opinion is in direct opposition to the assumptions that represent alcohol as genial to health and beneficial in disease. And if some medical men of standing still hesitate about utterly abandoning the use of alcohol, as appears from the Declaration we have already

quoted, and seem to profess a certain amount of lingering, crude, indefinite faith in its assumed merits, and give their sanction to its cautious administration, there are at least an equal number as learned, as accomplished, and as experienced, who repudiate those merits as altogether illusory, and reprobate any practice founded on their presumed existence as most deceptive and dangerous.

Physiologists generally concur in opinion that the introduction of even a non-intoxicating quantity of alcohol into the human stomach, when in a state of perfect health, is followed by such a disturbance of the animal economy as must necessarily have an injurious tendency, however slight, for the time being. Whatever interferes, even slightly and temporarily, with the healthful action of the functions of life cannot possibly be beneficial, though such interference may repeatedly occur—may, in the case of "strong constitutions," be indulged in for years without any apparent injurious effects, but it would be absurd to suppose that such an infringement of natural law is for good. If, then, the presence of alcohol is alien to a healthy stomach, and productive of a greater or lesser amount of functional derangement, no matter though temporarily, how can we possibly believe—save on the most conclusive evidence, which has never yet been forthcoming—that imbibing so deleterious a fluid, when the physical and mental powers are oppressed and depressed by disease, is calculated to exercise a vivifying influence and restore health, instead of further impairing the springs of life?

Is it not somewhat strange that while there is no difficulty whatever in clearly discerning the evils by alcohol, the most emi

professional men of our day who still countenance its use in disease, however cautious and limited, are utterly unable to give any clear, decisive, philosophic reasons for the faith they profess. They roam at large in a boundless field of conjecture and assumption. Thus the suggestive question again presents itself—how comes it that all the evil properties of alcohol are so well known, while all its assumed virtues, its wonderful merits as a nutrient, as a healthful stimulant, and as a curative agent, remain hidden in the deep impenetrable obscurity of hazy hypothesis? This is an anomaly that cannot be rationally accounted for on the supposition that alcohol has any therapeutic merits whatever outside the region of fanciful conjecture.

It has been alleged, indeed, that the use of alcohol comes down to us sanctioned by the universal practice of mankind, and therefore, its value must have been understood and appreciated, else its use would never have become so universal a custom. But this is a sophistical argument that could be applied, with equal relevancy and cogency, to the indulgence of any appetite. The universality of a custom is no proof whatever of its goodness, no more than the universality of an opinion is a proof of its soundness. The reverse, indeed, would be nearer the truth. Things must be examined, sifted, and judged on their own merits alone, and not as they may present themselves to us shrouded in the ignorance, credulities, and fallacies of the past.

No conscientious and thoughtful practitioner will avow himself a believer in alcoholic medication simply because, from the remotest antiquity, we learn that intoxicating drinks were relished by mankind. Modern intelligence is not to be satisfied with so silly a substitute

for a sensible reason; nor will stale fallacies, bold assertions, and illogical assumptions now pass current in scientific inquiry, with intelligent minds, in place of well authenticated facts, properly conducted experiments, and logical reasoning.

It is to be regretted that, in discussing this question from the teetotalers' point of view, a great deal of intemperance as well as of intolerance is displayed. With the fanatical sect who seek to make mankind sober and moral by acts of legislation, we have no sympathy whatever. Among them, no doubt, are many philanthropic, well-meaning men, whose misfortune it is to possess a superabundance of zeal untempered by discretion. But then there are the professional agitators, who use the Total Abstinence principle with Prohibitory and Permissive Bills as their stock-in-trade, and who will tolerate no dissent from their own extreme views. Allowing their sincerity to pass unquestioned, they undeniably do a vast deal of harm to the cause of Temperance by their injudicious advocacy. They include in one category the moderate drinker, the habitual tippler, and the confirmed drunkard. They will permit of no rational medium—no moderate intermediate course. They have but one standard wherewith to measure all men. It is by such folly they evince their own supreme ignorance of human nature, and their utter incapacity to become what they aim at—great national reformers of men and manners. We should be sorry indeed to say that those who elect to observe total abstinence have not chosen the better part. On the contrary, we hold them wise in having done so, for they avoid many temptations, and unquestionably have so far adopted excellent means for the preservation of their health. But when the total abstainer turns round and denounces

the moderate enjoyment of alcoholic beverages as, under all circumstances, a sin in itself, and an evil to society, we can only regret the fanaticism that injures a good cause by such intemperate and intolerant folly.

We have already observed that the introduction of alcohol into a healthy stomach is immediately followed by an interference with natural functional action. This is demonstrated by the singular Canadian case, to which we may have occasion to refer more particularly. The extent of that interference, however, is not to be measured by any fixed standard, it necessarily varies according to the constitution and state of health of the individual, and the quantity and quality imbibed; but it does not follow, therefore, that moderate quantities of alcohol, such as is contained in pure wine, or in good diluted spirit, must necessarily prove perceptibly or permanently injurious to health. Wiseacres who argue in this fashion should extend their philosophy, and excommunicate grapes, oatmeal and barley, because they contain the constituents of alcohol. Excess in anything is to be avoided, and it is vicious logic to argue from the abuse to the use.

The very interesting experiments, made by Professor Parkes and Count Wollowicz, M.D., which were made public in 1870, undoubtedly lead to the conclusion that a moderate quantity of alcohol has not an injuriously disturbing influence, *outwardly* perceptible, over the organic functions of a healthy man. But then comes the vital question, what is the "moderate quantity?"—what is the amount of alcohol that, according to their elaborate and scientifically conducted experiments, may be imbibed without positive injury as immediately manifested, if not with positive advantage? This quantity

they limit to "something under" two fluid ounces of alcohol in the twenty-four hours. It just, then, comes to this, that with a sound constitution, a man who lives a healthy out-door life, inhaling freely of pure fresh air and taking plenty of exercise, may imbibe large quantities of alcohol with comparative impunity till he attains a ripe or "green" old age. But such cases are very exceptional in the game of life. Let any of our readers test the matter by his own experience—let him draw upon the storehouse of his memory, and say how many octogenarian "hard livers" he can reckon in comparison with the melancholy array of young and middle-aged—full of life, hope, and promise—who have dug for themselves premature graves through excessive indulgence.

This view will call up in many minds very sad and melancholy reflections. There are few, indeed, who cannot recall the lamentable fate of too many young men, who, full of health and aspiration, buoyantly bounded on the stage of the world, animated by laudable ambition, and determined to succeed by honourable exertion, yet, stricken with the blight of intemperate habits, have fallen early victims to excessive indulgence. And then, see the happy family circle, so redolent of healthful influences, with the balm of Eden pervading the atmosphere; but what becomes of this abode of bliss and innocence when invaded by the demon Alcohol, who enters under the protecting wing of the family doctor? How can it be that what is good in disease can be bad in health? The taste is implanted, the appetite created, the seed sown, and the lamentable result is a fruitful crop of destruction for parents and children. This is not an over-drawn picture. It is too fearfully common in the world.

Now, the vital question is—how can the frightful evils that result from Intemperance be abated, if not stayed? In considering this question, we hold that it would be childish to concern ourselves with the discussion respecting the comparative advantages of the moderate use of alcohol, and total abstinence. Like monk disputants in mediæval ages, who amused themselves with such frivolous discussions as “how many angels could dance on the point of a needle,” so teetotal leaguers may expend their strength in fruitless attempts to determine the comparative advantages of moderate indulgence and total abstinence. This we seriously affirm is not the vital point at issue, and in so far as teetotal leaguers have been led astray by such thriftless discussions, they have grievously wasted their means, and misdirected their energies.

The combat against the far-spreading, the overwhelming vice of Intemperance, is not to be fought on the outskirts of the question. The disease must be followed home to its origin—the *Family Circle*. The chairman of the “Ministerial Conference on Temperance” that assembled in Birmingham last November did not hesitate to bear his testimony against the frightful spread of *family* intemperance; and this, we contend, is mainly owing to the vicious influence of medical attendants. He said that:—

“Among educated, aye, and the Christian, ladies—this vice had now got a hold and grasp which it never had before. Let them ask any medical man who had got a large practice, no matter whether he was friendly or unfriendly to the movement, he believed his evidence would be that intemperance among ladies had fearfully increased. If, then, this vice was increasing among our sisters and wives and mothers, what was to become of *the next generation*? He rejoiced that

ministers of religion had now taken up this question.”

Yes, but it too frequently happens that “ministers of religion,” are not over-burdened with common sense, of which we could not have a better illustration than the attempt made at this Conference to pass a resolution that would have virtually excluded every man who was not prepared to take the teetotal pledge. It is not Temperance these blind fanatics want, so much as to give full vent to their own intemperate and intolerant ideas. But on this occasion they were happily foiled, and it is a good sign that a majority of Total Abstiners rejected such an illiberal proposition.

“Ministers of religion” may declaim to their hearts’ content in pulpits and on platforms, against the evils of Intemperance, but we contend that, however well-intended, such a course involves a great waste of power that might be more wisely directed; for mere oratorical agitation has not produced, nor is it calculated to produce, any permanently satisfactory results. To honestly and fearlessly grapple with the most tremendous national evil of our age, we must go to its main source—the Family. It is there the vice must be encountered and subdued. It is there corrective means can be quietly and most efficiently employed, when pulpit dogmatism and platform declamations cannot penetrate, or pass unheeded. It is there the enlightened medical practitioner can make his saving influence felt, within a sphere peculiarly his own. He can exercise a salutary and guiding influence over Parental Example—the very fountain-head, whence the great flood of evil emanates.

The more we consider the subject, the stronger grows the conviction, that to abate the evils

of Intemperance to any material extent, *a total change must be effected in medical theory and practice as regards the use of alcohol in disease.* If hospital practice teaches the sick poor that alcohol is a health-giving diet—that the temporary excitement it causes is highly salutary, how can they be persuaded to abandon its use when in health? And if a mother is taught to believe that imbibing “stout,” or other alcoholic beverages, freely is necessary to “keep up her strength,” and provide proper nutriment “for baby,” and if the doctor gravely sanctions a delusion so gross—a physiological and dietetic heresy so pernicious, what is he doing but simply converting the nursery into a school of Intemperance? If medical men will not use their professional opportunities to inculcate the sound conclusions of science, respecting the value of alcohol as a therapeutic agent and as a nutriment, they should at least carefully abstain from sowing the seeds of intemperance among their patients, for once they recommend or sanction the use of alcohol in family practice, they may be the means of creating or fostering a vicious appetite, to eventuate, most probably, as too often has been the case, in individual or family destruction.

If we glance at the great changes that have taken place in medical opinion concerning alcohol during the last two centuries, abundant evidence will be found to make any thoughtful, conscientious practitioner seriously pause before making it his practice to prescribe it in disease; because there has been nothing fixed and certain in that opinion. There might have been some justification for such a practice in semi-ignorant ages, when the science of chemical investigation was unknown, and alcoholic preparations were generally regarded

as possessing the virtues of an *elixir vita*. But now the case is entirely reversed. Science has wholly exploded the assumed merits of alcohol in disease; the entire scope and tendency of opinion among the authorities of our day is to discountenance such ideas; and we find that, as a matter of fact, Alcoholic Medication has now no more solid and philosophic basis to rest on than the lingering doctrinal errors of some medical schools, and the expiring prejudices of traditional practice.

The ideas that prevailed in the medical profession respecting the value of alcoholic beverages, during the seventeenth century, may be learned from a rare work published in 1638, by Dr. Tobias Whitaker, physician in ordinary to Charles II., entitled, *The Tree of Humane Life; or, the Blood of the Grape; proving the Possibility of maintaining Life from Infancy to Old Age without Sickness, by the use of Wine.* This work became famous, and gained the jovial doctor great repute, as well as more substantial rewards, but, like Paracelsus, and many a quack before him, he failed to realize his own theory, as he died when only sixty years of age, and not without having tested freely the virtues of his infallible “Tree.”

For nearly two centuries after the publication of this work, professional and national faith in the health-giving properties of alcohol remained confidently firm and almost unquestioned. This period has been described as one “of darkness and absolute faith in strong drink—a condition of total national blindness, wherein neither doctors nor patients ever dreamed that alcohol was not a daily necessity, as innocent as water and as valuable as bread.”

Occasionally, however, a few more enlightened voices were raised to impugn the prevalent belief, and

though they were unheeded by the thoughtless multitude, and even made little or no impression in professional circles, still they were the pioneers of more rational ideas, and contributed materially to awaken that spirit of free inquiry which has let in a flood of light on the subject. Doubts were engendered, causes were sought into, and truth emerged. Beddoes was succeeded by Carrick, and Cheyne, and Sir Astley Cooper, who declared that '*spirits and poisons were synonymous terms*.' Combe, and Hope, and Billing, and other men of that high class, followed in the track; and as the distilled form of alcohol became discredited as a beverage amongst the intelligent portion of the profession, examination of the facts rapidly spread amongst the outside and deeply interested public. But superstition, especially when sustained by appetite, is like a limpet, and holds on to its barren anchorage with a singular tenacity of life."

But as old errors were exposed, and the bonds of superstitious traditionary faith loosened, visionary speculations became the rage, and attractive hypotheses were boldly fashioned to sustain the impugned merits of alcohol. A succession of the most contradictory and illusory opinions were promulgated concerning the action of alcohol on the human system, and found favour with medical schools. Such crudities of thought always mark the transition stage of inquiry. Truth is of slow development, and rarely indeed comes forth at once in all the plenitude of a vigorous and acknowledged maturity. It would appear that the paths which lead to the temple of Truth are exceedingly devious and narrow, leading through labyrinths obscured by bewildering superstitions, and beset by specious speculations that enslave the mind and

enfeeble its progress, so that only a select few in every age are enabled to reach and enter the sacred portals. Truth is filtered through error, and as free inquiry tests opinion, and winnows the chaff from the wheat, so, with all the flimsy plausibilities that were put forward to justify foregone conclusions respecting the alleged salutary effects of alcohol, all in turn gave way before the light of scientific inquiry. Yet, alas, how long after Error stands revealed to the eye of reason and philosophy, do we find it continue to guide professional opinion—to haunt college-halls, linger in classrooms, and maintain an evil influence over the credulity of the multitude. It is marvellous, indeed, with what dogged unreasoning tenacity the human mind will cling to the prejudices of routine either in opinion or in practice, and repel truths that would dethrone error. This, we fear, arises too frequently from a desire to cherish a morbid self-esteem, and do nothing that might have a tendency to prove detrimental to the vicious selfishness that has its sanctuary in class interests.

Thus, the delusion was long cherished that "*Alcohol is Food*," and it was most generously prescribed under this belief, without there being one particle of rational or scientific evidence to sustain it. To a large extent, indeed, this notion still lingers among us, but is not now sanctioned by medical men who have pretensions to be included among scientific practitioners. Yet as one absurdity grows stale another equally silly takes its place, so we have had hypotheses gravely argued about alcohol as a "healthful stimulant;" as "imparting nerve-force;" as "giving strength and tone to the system;" and consummate folly of this kind.

Then we had the famous hypo-

thesis of the German chemist Liebig, who, to do him justice, never contemplated that his mere speculative opinion should have been so eagerly seized upon, and so unmercifully applied. He merely threw out the supposition, that the action of alcohol in the human system is that of "*a calorifying agent*," but did not profess to support his hypothesis by a particle of proof. However, in due time, the complete falsity of such a notion was demonstrated, when another even more absurd took its place, and men esteemed learned, and scientific in their profession, discoursed with becoming gravity concerning the marvellous property of alcohol as "*an arrester of metamorphosis!*" which, in plain English, means that the action of alcohol arrested the *natural*, and therefore the *healthful*, change in our internal economy, necessitated by the very act of living!

Such, briefly, have been the principal variations of medical opinion in our own age, concerning the alleged healthful properties of alcohol; and if medical practitioners are largely answerable for a vast deal of the evils that have resulted from the false ideas propagated respecting alcohol, on the other hand we have the gratifying fact that, among the ablest and most disinterested, the most learned, enlightened, and successful inquirers as regards the effects of alcohol on the human organism, whose earnest labours have served to dissipate error and establish truth, members of the medical profession occupy the foremost rank. The cause of progress and of humanity has had no more zealous, disinterested, and illustrious promoters than medical men, who have risen above class prejudices—whose minds have been cast in a philosophical rather than in a mere professional mould.

Dr. Cheyne, Physician-General to the Forces in Ireland, was among the first who endeavoured to discourage Alcoholic Medication, by exposing the fallacies on which it was based. The deeply-rooted partialities which then existed in favour of strong liquors he reprobated as "*prejudices unworthy of a rational creature.*" He declared that the duty of labouring to uproot those prejudices "*especially belongs to the faculty,*" and the reason he assigns is important:—

"Inasmuch as we are in some measure accountable for opinions very generally held relative to the innocuousness of wine and ardent spirits, the benefits that have been *supposed* to flow from their liberal use in medicine, and especially in those diseases which were once universally, and are still vulgarly, supposed to depend on mere weakness, *have invested these agents with attributes to which they have no claim*; and hence as we physicians no longer employ them as we were wont to do, *we ought not to rest satisfied with a mere acknowledgment of error; but we ought also to make every retribution in our power for having so long upheld one of the most fatal delusions which ever took possession of the human mind.*"

About the same time this was written, Dr. Ogston, of Aberdeen, was engaged in the investigation of a number of fatal cases that came under his notice, in which death was caused by alcohol, and he published the result of his observations on the *Phenomena of the more advanced stages of Intoxication; with Cases and Dissections*.^{*} In the case of a woman who drowned herself, when in a state of intoxication, Dr. Ogston said that, on making a *post-mortem* examination, he discovered nearly *four ounces* of alcoholic fluid in the ventricles of the brain.

The publication of this statement

^{*} "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," vol. xl. p. 276.

led to very beneficial results, inasmuch as, with a view to test its accuracy, Dr. Percy—one of the ablest and most successful inquirers on the subject, but who never had justice done him—was first induced to engage in a series of experiments that, in reality, form the bases of the regular scientific investigations which have achieved such signal triumphs in our own day. Having fully satisfied himself as to the correctness of Dr. Ogston, by extracting large quantities of alcohol from the substance of the brain in cases of death having been caused by alcoholic poisoning, though he failed to discover it in the ventricles, he then extended his researches into the physiological action of alcohol generally, and published the result of his most useful labours in 1839.*

Dr. Percy discovered alcohol not only in the blood, but in the liver, the bile, and most unmistakably in the urine, although, as Dr. Chapman remarks, "two of the highest contemporary authorities, Berzelius and Müller, had most explicitly denied the fact of its passage into that excretion." But Dr. Percy found that the influence of alcohol on the brain was peculiar, immediate, and direct, so much so indeed, that he says, "It would almost seem that a kind of affinity existed between alcohol and cerebral matters." Subsequent investigations have fully confirmed this view.

The conclusions established by Dr. Percy's labours were totally

antagonistic to the "deeply rooted partialities and prejudices" of which Dr. Cheyne complained as alone sustaining the medical use of alcohol. He demonstrated, beyond all room for doubt, that alcohol was a most potent poison, which had no nutritive sympathy with any organ, tissue, or function of the living body, and his experimental proofs were most conclusive in condemnation of the hypothetical merits that had been so ignorantly ascribed to alcohol, in its relations both to health and disease.†

It was in defiance of the demonstrations of Dr. Percy, that the hypothesis thoughtlessly thrown out by Liebig obtained credit, and gave a more deadly impulse to Alcoholic Medication. Liebig supposed that alcohol is eliminated from the living body by a combusive process, analogous to what pure food undergoes, and therefore, though not to be regarded as possessing any alimentary value as a tissue-forming material, it yet has great value as a *calorifying agent*, supplying heat to the system to stimulate and nourish; whereas no fact in science is more conclusively established than that its effects are directly the reverse. As Dr. Chapman observes:—

"No proof of any kind was adduced by Liebig that alcohol is eliminated from the blood, when it has been received into the current of the circulation, by a combusive process; the fact of such elimination having been taken for granted as a deduction from the

* "An Experimental Inquiry concerning the presence of Alcohol in the Ventricles of the Brain, after poisoning by that liquid; together with Experiments Illustrative of the Physiological Action of Alcohol."

† As we have stated Dr. Percy's distinguished and invaluable services were not adequately appreciated by the profession or the public, most probably because his conclusions ran counter to "deeply-rooted partialities and prejudices." He had the fate of the prophet who laboured without honour in his own country.

Dr. Chapman says: "So little have Dr. Percy's researches become known beyond a very limited circle, that we have never seen them referred to, save at second-hand, by any continental writers; and his clear and definite results seem to have been almost entirely ignored by subsequent experimenters, none of whom (prior to the inquiries of Lallamand, Ferrin, and Duroy) had even approached the success which he obtained."

eminently combustive nature of this substance, which would render it (*as it was supposed*) pre-eminently disposed to change itself into water and carbonic acid, when brought into relation with alcohol in the capillaries of the lungs.

"The fact of alcohol being eliminated without change by the biliary and urinary excretions, to say nothing of its less certain but still probable passage in substance into the pulmonary and cutaneous exhalation (as indicated by the alcoholic odour continually observable in the breath, and sometimes in the perspiration, of those who have imbibed any considerable amount of alcoholic fluids), furnishes a strong argument against the assumption that it undergoes a combus-tive process like articles of food and their derivatories; since *we know of no proper alimentary substance which is cast out unchanged from the system* by the excretory processes, except when (as in diabetes and albuminuria) there is some derangement in the organic functions."*

No sooner, however, was Liebig's hypothesis made public, than the great bulk of the medical profession, without examination or thought, eagerly embraced it on the mere repute of its author as a chemist. Thus, an utterly fallacious hypothesis was made the basis of a most destructive system of medical practice. "The notion that alcohol is fuel penetrated all the medical journals," remarks Dr. Lees, and respecting the practice thus founded in error, he declares, "*it is no exaggeration to say that it has caused the death of hundreds of thousands of human beings.*" And we may add that unfortunately the death-roll has not yet been closed.

If the results of Dr. Percy's researches had been more extensively known, and had been more fully appreciated, Dr. Chapman "doubts if the Liebigian doctrine of the

alimentary value of alcohol would have been so generally admitted as it has been, both by the supporters and by the opponents of the habitual use of alcoholic beverages." On his hypothesis, however, medical practice rested for years, as on a rock, until it was demonstrated to be entirely fallacious, and the "rock" turned out to possess no more solidity than a quick-sand.

But it was nothing to the purpose, at first, that established physiological truth precluded the possibility of Liebig's hypothesis being consistent with scientific fact and experience. This was of as little avail with the bulk of the profession as with the outside multitude, who never bestowed a thought on the subject, and so the alcoholic treatment of disease increased in popularity and fashion, and the famous Dr. Todd, of London, became its great apostle and—*victim!*

It would be useless to advert, in detail, to Dr. Todd's peculiar opinions, for no medical man of character would now stand over them, while, as for his practice, the notice of one memorably painful case will be sufficient. He was admittedly at the head of the Alcoholic School, and had attained the highest professional eminence as a professor and practitioner, while his fame gradually extended over all England. It is most deplorable to know that all this high celebrity was the result of a deadly practice that, unconsciously, no doubt, on his part, pandered to the morbid and depraved appetites of patients, and sacrificed life wholesale.

The memorable case to which we have alluded, as having created a very painful sensation at the time, while it so graphically illustrates the practice of the Alcoholic School, was that of Charles Hindley, M.P.

* *Westminster Review*, January, 1861.

for Ashton-under-Lyne. He took ill in October, 1857, and was attended by his family physician, Dr. Granville, author of the very interesting work, *The Spas of Germany*, &c., and also by Dr. Bright, famous for discovering the renal disease which is now distinguished by his name. The treatment adopted by these able and accomplished physicians was taking effect, and every reasonable hope of recovery was entertained.

In an evil hour, however, Dr. Todd, for some reason or other, was called in for consultation, when, labouring as he was under alcoholic mania, he peremptorily ordered a bountiful supply of his favourite panacea—brandy! The unfortunate victim was made to swallow *six pints of brandy* in about seventy-two hours!—and when life was ebbing fast Dr. Granville entreated Dr. Todd to withdraw the brandy treatment, but *he obstinately refused!* Dr. Granville then left the house, refusing to countenance such practice by his presence, and Mr. Hindley died that night. Dr. Granville not only refused to sign the certificate of death, but published a pamphlet to prove that Mr. Hindley had been, to all intents and purposes, murdered by alcoholic treatment.

Very sad as this case is, yet it had good effect, in exciting attention to and illustrating the true consequences of the alcoholic treatment of disease, and showing how tens of thousands of human lives had been similarly sacrificed. Dr. Todd was in many respects a very able man, but he was an "*alcoholic fanatic*," as Dr. Heslop, of Birmingham, styled him, "whose medical career was, happily for mankind, cut short when at the head of London practice"—cut short, too, by over-dosing with his own sovereign panacea, a few years after. In a review of Dr. Todd's

theory and practice, Dr. Edward Smith, of Brompton Hospital, London, says:—

"Upon the whole, I do not think that the *arguments* used by Dr. Todd are now sufficient to establish his theory of the action of alcohols, or to warrant his *peculiar plan* of administering them; but, on the other hand, I think that the practice which he pursued must rest only upon the ground of his personal authority."

With respect to these observations, it is sufficient to state, that no science properly so-called, no rational system of hygiene or therapeutics could possibly rest on mere *arguments*, while what is called "personal authority" is, as such, standing alone, utterly valueless outside the realms of quackery. Any system of medication that is based merely on "arguments," and "personal authority," without any evidence being given for the faith they imply, can only tend to perpetuate the theoretical errors and vicious systems that have been, and still largely are, the opprobrium of medicine, and which have made its history what Dr. Sir John Forbes declared it to be—"a *history of perpetual changes in the opinions and practice of its professors respecting the very same subjects, the nature and treatment of disease.*" We need only further observe that Truth is not the offspring of dialectics, nor does science rest on such a rotten reed as mere "personal authority."

At the time when the Todd School was in the very zenith of its fame, two eminent professors, of the Imperial School of Medicine, Paris, with the assistance of a chemist of high repute, commenced an inquiry that resulted in thoroughly establishing all that Dr. Percy had previously discovered, but improved chemical knowledge enabled them to carry their re-

searches much farther, and to thoroughly overthrow all theories that assumed alcohol to possess any salutary sympathy whatever with the human organism. The results of their experiments were published in 1860, a noble volume, but we can only glance at its conclusions.*

Previous to having had their attention directed to the action of alcohol, Messrs. Lallamand and Perrin had been for some years engaged in experiments to ascertain how anæsthetic agents acted on the animal economy, and had discovered a method by which they could, with the greatest accuracy, detect the presence of chloroform in the blood, and in the tissues of the body. Their demonstrations with respect to the action of chloroform established conclusions which rendered the truth of Liebig's hypothesis concerning alcohol not only doubtful, but absolutely impossible; for they succeeded in proving that chloroform, when inhaled, is immediately absorbed into the blood, and thence conveyed to the brain, from which, in case of death, it can be easily extracted. But, furthermore, they proved that when chloroform is inhaled for a time, and the inhalation is stopped, then what has been received into the system is rapidly eliminated, *not by any combusive process, such as Liebig assumed alcohol passed through, but by passing in substance into the pulmonary exhalation.*

Having established these highly important results respecting chloroform, they then subjected other anæsthetic agents to the same method of inquiry, and found that similar effects were produced. This encouraged them to investigate the

action of various substances that have more or less affinity to anæsthetic agents—the chief among them being *Alcohol*, which, both in its chemical composition and physiological action, bears the closest possible relationship to ordinary anæsthetics.

The method they at first employed in their investigations of alcoholic action was exactly the same that Dr. Percy had experimented with, namely, distillation and condensation. By such means, they succeeded in proving, as he had previously done, that alcohol, when received into the stomach, is absorbed directly into the blood, and thence enters into the substance of the nervous centres.

They then endeavoured to obtain alcohol from the pulmonary exhalation by the same method of condensation and distillation. Persons who had swallowed brandy were made to breathe through an apparatus so prepared as to condense the vapour of the breath, which was then carefully distilled; but no alcohol could be detected, though there was every reason to believe in its presence. In making this experiment, however, they were so fortunate as to discover a *new test* for detecting the presence of alcohol, which, for accuracy and delicacy, proved immeasurably superior to the method they had previously followed.

At the extremity of the apparatus employed to condense the vapour of the breath they had placed a glass tube, which contained a solution of bichromate of potass in sulphuric acid.. The colour of this liquor is *red*, and it has the peculiar property of being turned to an *emerald-green* when exposed to the

* "Du Rôle de l'Alcool et des Anesthésiques dans l'organisme, Recherches Experimentales. Par Ludger Lallamand, et Maurice Perrin, Médecins-Majors, Professeurs Agrégés à l'Ecole Impériale de Médecine et de Pharmacie Militaires; et J. L. P. Duroy, Mem. de la Société de Pharmacie de Paris." Paris, 1860.

presence of certain organic compounds, and they observed that *this change was effected as the persons who drank the brandy breathed through the apparatus.*

Here, then, was a discovery of vast moment, and they proceeded to cautiously and rigidly test its accuracy and value. They soon arrived at conclusions which left no room for doubt concerning the importance of their discovery. They found that when persons who had swallowed alcoholic liquid breathed through the tube, the *red* liquor was invariably changed to *emerald-green*. This was an *invariable* result, and the breath continued to effect this change, until all the alcohol in the body was exhaled.

They also found, with equal undeviating certainty, that the breath of persons whose systems were free from alcohol might pass through the tube, during any period of time, without producing any change whatever in the red liquor, but the moment after any spirituous liquor was swallowed, the change from red to green was *then* produced by the breath.

These ascertained facts irresistibly led to the conclusion that the change of colour was *solely owing to the presence of alcohol*, or of some of its derivatives, in the expired breath. There was, in truth, no other conclusion possible.

The most fortunate discovery of this *chromic test* led Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, to abandon the method which they had hitherto followed in their investigations, and experience of their new test proved that liabilities to error, under which they had to some extent previously laboured, gave way to absolute certainties in result. They had at command an unerring test, by the skilful employment of which they were enabled to detect the presence of alcohol in the system with infallible accuracy; and also

to ascertain, with similar exactitude, how long it remained in the system before its expulsion was effected.

They had a number of glass tubes of fixed diameter prepared, into which they put a definite measure of the test-liquid of a certain known strength. When a person who had swallowed some alcoholic drink breathed through one of these tubes, the colour of the test-liquid was changed from red to emerald-green in a certain space of time, which was found to depend on the amount of alcohol-vapour with which the volume of the breath was charged.

After the change of colour had been completely effected in one tube, by substituting another one, a similar conversion took place, also in a definite space of time; and thus, by successively substituting one tube after another, until the expired breath was no longer capable of effecting any change of colour in the test-liquid, a precise standard of comparison was obtained, by means of which, among other results, alcohol, if present in the products of respiration, could be infallibly detected.

By this method it was found that the breath of a person who finished his breakfast at 10.30 A.M., having drank a bottle of wine containing 10 per cent. of alcohol, was capable at noon, and at 1 P.M., of converting a *centimètre* of the test-liquid in a tube, from red to green in two minutes; at 2 P.M. it required four minutes to effect the conversion; at 4 P.M. ten minutes were consumed in producing the same effect; at 6 P.M. a change of colour was only partially produced; while at 7 P.M. no change whatever took place, thus demonstrating that the elimination of alcohol from the system by the *pulmonary exhalation* had then ceased, after a period of eight hours. But by the *same test*, applied to the urine of the same

person, alcohol was detected in that excretion up to midnight of the same day, that is, fourteen hours from the time the wine was drank at breakfast.

It was thus proved that although alcohol is expelled from the system by the pulmonary exhalation, yet its elimination by the kidneys is continued for some six hours after its presence ceases to be detectable in the lung exhalations. It was also proved how long so small a quantity of alcohol as 10 per cent. contained in a bottle of wine, remains unchanged in the system before the *vis medicatrix naturæ* succeeds in completely effecting its expulsion.

And more important still, it was shown with the force of demonstration by these experiments that the systems of *habitual tipplers* are never absolutely free from the poisonous presence of alcohol! *Habitual tipping* subjects the blood and tissues to the perpetual presence of a noxious agent which is a source of corruption and degeneration to the system, and consequently a constant cause of various forms of undemonstrative degeneracy that will assuredly become manifested in open disease.

The same test was likewise employed, and with equal success, to determine the elimination of alcohol from the system by means of the cutaneous exudation. Alcohol was detected in the vapour exhaled from the skin of a dog when in a state of alcoholic intoxication.

Without referring more particularly to the valuable labours of these distinguished inquirers, we may briefly epitomize the principal results they succeeded in verifying by their ingenious, searching, and conclusive experiments:—

I. That alcohol, on its introduction into the stomach, irritates the digestive organism, and is directly expelled therefrom by absorption into the blood.

II. That from the blood, which it corrupts, it enters into the substance of the nervous centres—into all the tissues of the body, the brain and the liver being the organs in which it has the strongest tendency to accumulate.

III. That the expulsion of alcohol from the system is effected by the great excretory organs, the kidneys, lungs, skin, liver, without having undergone any digestive or chemical change at all.

IV. That as alcohol ingested is excreted unchanged, therefore it has no claims whatever to rank among articles of food, but must be placed in the category of those toxic substances whose presence in the human body are antagonistic to its health and vitality.

V. That as alcohol undergoes no combusive action whatever in the living body, such as Liebig's hypothesis supposed, consequently medical practice, based on the assumption that alcohol is *food* and not *poison*, is necessarily erroneous, and must be fraught with incalculable suffering, misery, and death.

VI. That as the exact total amount of pure alcohol introduced into the system cannot be reproduced from the excretory products, it is unscientific, unreasonable, and illogical to *assume* that any portion of it undergoes assimilation, and becomes of nutritive value to the system; because in its expulsion from the living body by some of the excretory outlets, it is more than probable that the most delicate tests yet employed are unable to reproduce and measure with infallible accuracy the total amount of alcohol so eliminated. Besides, although such a demonstration ought not to be required under the circumstances, and cannot be given, yet the whole accumulation of demonstrable evidence goes to disprove the assumption that any portion of the undetected alcohol

is appropriated by the body as food; therefore it is a scientific, reasonable, and logical deduction that, as the greater portion of a given quantity of alcohol, when swallowed, is excreted unchanged, as alcohol, from the system, and can be so determined and measured, we may fairly conclude that the portion which remains undetected either still continues in the system as alcohol also, or has been insensibly excreted. If out of a glass of alcohol swallowed *three parts* can be reproduced from the excretions as alcohol, surely it would be a manifest and very gross absurdity to *assume* that the *fourth part* had been converted into food?

VII. That the fact of none of the derivatives of alcohol, *aldehyde* and *acetic acid*, being discoverable in the blood, even when death has been caused by alcoholic poisoning, and although both substances are easily recognized by chemical analysis when present, is a further and very conclusive proof that no metamorphosis of alcohol within the living body takes place, by combustion or otherwise.

VIII. That the fact of alcohol remaining so long demonstrably unchanged in the system, after ingestion, even in small quantities, supplies additional and strong proof it undergoes no combusive or analagous process. If it was subjected to any such process, or was, by some mysterious change effected within the hidden laboratory of the vital economy, converted into nutritive material, it could not possibly be detected in the pulmonary exhalations eight hours, and in the

urine fourteen hours, after ingestion.*

Such are the main conclusions established by the successful investigations of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy into the action of alcohol on the living system. They followed in the footsteps of Dr. Percy, and their admirable experiments and elaborate investigations not only confirmed his conclusions, but carried them much farther. They demonstrated, with mathematical certainty, that the professional and popular notions respecting the therapeutic merits of alcohol were utterly illusions, and that in connection with the human organism alcohol was not a healthful but a poisonous material.

In despite, however, of science and experience, Alcoholic Medication still flourishes, and must continue to do so as long as patients are disposed to gratify a vicious appetite at the expense of health; and medical practitioners are to be found who will follow a practice condemned as destructive of human life. We admit there is some show of excuse for the general run of medical practitioners, who adhere to a practice that is popular among their patients. As a rule, the generality of patients have not the knowledge requisite to sustain scientific physicians. On the contrary, they are too much disposed to become the dupes and victims of quackery. Practitioners who would boldly eschew old fallacies and adopt new truths, in opposition to the ignorant prejudices and superstitions to which the public mind clings, respecting disease and the

* "A very striking proof of the length of time during which alcohol remains unmodified in the system, after being ingested in any considerable amount, is afforded by the fact that it was found in abundance in the *breath, liver, and blood* of a vigorous man, who died of the remote results of alcoholic poisoning *thirteen hours* after drinking a bottle of brandy, notwithstanding the early use of emetics and other remedial means."—Dr. Chapman in *Westminster Review*, January, 1867.

means of cure, would receive little or no encouragement, because their knowledge, however sound, and their skill, however great, would not be understood and appreciated.

Thus the plain truth is, that routine practice, however erroneous, absurd, or destructive it may be, is generally considered not only the *safest*, but it is found the *most remunerative*, because it appeals directly to the ignorance and prejudices of patients; and, while this is the case, it would be simply ridiculous to expect that the ordinary run of practitioners will voluntarily sacrifice their own interests by following their calling in the spirit of a *noble profession*, rather than consult their own interests by pursuing it as a *trade*. It just, then, comes to this, that the great body of general practitioners are, in fact, what the public make them.

We thus come back to the point, which we insist on as all-important, because on it hinges, in our opinion, the whole case. If the evils of Alcoholic Medication are to be stayed, the great remedial movement must proceed from the public,

and the doctors will then, no doubt, gladly follow. But the public generally, *the heads of families more particularly*, require to be instructed respecting the action of alcohol, whether in disease or health. It is in *the family* the great work of reformation must commence. It is parents who largely influence and determine medical practice as regards alcohol. An intelligent public must necessarily lead to the elevation of medical practice, just as it is among ignorant minds warped by prejudices, and swayed by superstitious influences concerning health—such as abound in all ranks of society—that quackery the most arrant reaps its richest harvests.

It is, then, to the spread of true knowledge, concerning the Laws of Health, that we must look for any sensible abatement of the evils that flow from Alcoholic Medication; because human nature is such that, as long as a practice—no matter how irrational or vicious—proves abundantly remunerative, there will never be wanting multitudes to profess and follow it.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

THE EPICENE GENDER; A THEATRICAL NUISANCE.

"But this my masculine usurp'd attire."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

"JULIA. Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds,
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

LUC. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"But if on the one side I have been used ill (the common fate of all reformers), I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping."—GUARDIAN, July 16, 1713.

As an occasional playgoer, and one who takes an interest in the general progress and condition of dramatic affairs, I cannot be indifferent to the forcible manner in which they are now attracting public attention. The recent manifesto of the Lord Chamberlain, on the subject of stage dresses and dances, gives promise of a vigorous attempt to suppress some of the undeniable scandals connected therewith. But to effect any radical reform in the *morale* of the theatre, it may be needful to do more than define the length of dresses, or the amount of *abandon* permissible in a dance. That the theatrical atmosphere is a difficult one to purify, and keep pure from vicious influences, has ever been a recognized fact; but, if half we hear be true, the need of such purification is at the present moment particularly and seriously urgent. Satirists and earnest censors have of late indicated pretty clearly what is the nature of the corruption that is undermining the

British stage. They assert that many metropolitan managers are nothing better than systematic traders in immorality, and their theatres the happy hunting-grounds, or rather well-stocked game-preserves, of the rich and titled libertine. It is at least certain that there has been for some time an inundation of so-called actresses, who, whatever they may be *off* the stage, contribute largely to its degradation while they are *on* it. It is very easy to see that these persons have not been selected for their histrionic abilities, but that their presence, on the contrary, greatly interferes with the encouragement of true dramatic talent. It is a special custom of such performers to assume masculine or semi-masculine characters, and we are told that they even prefer and eagerly seek for such parts—a fact in itself highly significant. As this circumstance has an important bearing on the subject, which seems not to have been sufficiently considered,

it will be worth while, in the first instance, to make some observations upon it.

There is no essential impropriety in the apparent exchange of sexes which sometimes takes place on the stage. All depends upon the manner in which it is done. It may sometimes be an advantage from an artistic point of view. Able and experienced actresses have essayed the part of Hamlet, and, in spite of the obvious difficulties presented, have acquitted themselves more satisfactorily than other performers of the right sex, but of inferior talent. A feminine Romeo who is a "star," is better than a masculine one who is merely a "stick." And the converse holds good to the same degree. If it were found in some particular instance that the virile character of Lady Macbeth could be better represented by a male performer than by any available actress, the assumption would be justifiable for the sake of art. Of course this does not extend to characters more distinctively feminine. No modern audience would tolerate a male Juliet. Still it must not be forgotten that there was a time when no other Juliet could be obtained. It would be interesting to ascertain what allowance Shakspearian audiences were accustomed to make for the special difficulties encountered by the performers who played the parts of women on their stage. Probably such actors, by constant practice, or special capabilities, succeeded in a great degree in producing the required illusion. In tragic or serious delineations at least, however falling short in other respects, there was little danger of the performance degenerating into license. A case in point, as illustrating a similar application of talent in our own time, is worth noticing here. There was a person who, among others, made himself pain-

fully notorious a few years ago, who, in amateur theatricals, assumed almost exclusively female characters, and did so with a delicacy and refinement, and strict adherence to the modesty of nature, which, so far, left nothing to be desired. Apart from the unenviable notoriety of the performer, no objection could be raised against his acting. Indeed, the utter absence of anything approaching indecorum was as conspicuous as the genuine histrionic talent displayed. The assumption was utterly distinct from the rapid and exaggerated sketches of female character given by entertainers like Woodin and Maccabe. It was sustained through an entire evening, with a complete illusion which rendered it difficult to believe that an actor, and not a consummate actress, was before the audience. We may even go so far as to say, that many real actresses might have taken a lesson in modesty of demeanour from this counterfeit one.

Mimetic ability of this order, and so directed, is so rare as to be phenomenal in the present day, and in any case is little likely to find encouragement. There is, not unnaturally, a stronger prejudice against it than against the opposite case of women enacting male characters, although it may be doubted whether the former, if it became general, would prove more inimical to public morality than the latter has done. It is curious to reflect how complete a change has come over public opinion on this subject. The age of Shakspeare, which we are apt to consider a period of coarse ideas, manners, and expressions, as compared with our own, yet put so high a value on female purity that it excluded women from the public stage altogether. Any attempt to introduce them met with fierce and effectual opposition. The wildest

dreams of a playgoer of that time could not have conceived such a state of things as we have now arrived at. What would the "Virgin Queen" have said, could she have witnessed the unseemly antics of the unsexed performers in a modern ballet!

It is a curious fact that when actresses, even of a better class, personate male characters, they deem it necessary to assume, with the masculine garb, a boldness of manner that far outdoes the original; and in lieu of a lifelike portrait, produce the representation of an abnormally fast youth, whose impertinence would, in real life, meet summary chastisement. Of course there have been many gratifying exceptions. The performance, for instance, of Miss Raynham, as young Sam Willoughby, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," was in every way excellent and unexceptionable. To cite an example from another department of the stage, when Madame Trebelli-Bettini appears as Maffeo Orsini, no one would discover a shadow of impropriety in the impersonation, either in costume or manners. We see represented, as no actual male performer could represent the character, a graceful and effeminate young nobleman, such as we should not expect to meet with in real life, but whom we can imagine to have existed in Italy at the time of the Borgias, and who is quite in keeping with the ideality of the operatic world.

Effects of this kind afford the only valid excuse for actresses indulging in these transformations. They have to portray a kind of etherealized or beautified youths or men—men painted, as it were, in transparent colours—who are to real ones what stage scenery is to the landscapes of actual nature. It is quite legitimate to aim at such a result in the more imaginative of dramatic compositions; but in

order to carry it out effectually, it must be done in earnest. The resources of theatrical "make up" could be easily used so as to disguise the femininity, while preserving the required grace and elegance of the form. This is what is seldom or never done. The irrepressible vanity of female performers will not permit such a sacrifice of identity. They cannot consent to forego whatever admiration they may think due to themselves in their own characters, even for the sake of their art, and the praise of excelling in it. They will not do their best to make us forget—what it is essential we *should* forget—that they are women. There is probably no actress on the boards who would consent to cut short her hair and disguise her figure when enacting the part of a page or a youthful prince. Even in "Amos Clarke"—a most admirable historical drama—the effect of one of the most pathetic scenes was destroyed by the hero presenting the incongruous aspect of a coxcombical stripling who wore stays!

Entertainments of the burlesque or pantomimic order afford similar instances so innumerable that when, in connection with them, we speak of "women personating masculine characters," it would be more correct to say "characters with masculine names." No real intention of assuming a corresponding aspect exists, nor can any mistake as to the sex of the performers be for a moment entertained. The illusion is only nominal. No one believes them to be men or youths, nor do they desire that any one should. Indeed, the representative of the Greek hero, or the Fairy Prince, would scarcely be gratified if she imagined her own identity as Lottie, or Lizzie, or Katie So-and-so, to be lost in that of the character tacked on to her name in the playbill. The true reason of such representa-

tions is that they afford free scope for a display of the figure, and for an unfeminine freedom of movement. This consummation is materially assisted by the style of costume, which has become almost conventional. It belongs to no particular age or place, but bears some slight resemblance to the masculine fashions of Elizabeth's time, united with the dress of the modern circus-rider. The personal equipment of that lamentably erratic genius, the late Adah Isaacs Menken, in the rôle of Mazeppa, presented this garb in its more elementary form. With slight alterations in its ornaments and accessories (which do not, however, add to its extent), it can be made to serve for all the "boys' parts" in burlesque or extravaganza, whether the scene be laid in Olympus or London, in the first century or the nineteenth.

This confusion of genders, this want of correspondence between the performers and their parts, often becomes most irritating and absurd. The audience find a difficulty in remembering who is who. They see before them a stage crowded with one set of women in very low-necked dresses and short skirts, who are respectively called "she," and another set in equally low-necked dresses and no skirts at all, who are severally referred to as "he." A satin train or a gauze petticoat is all the distinction observable between Venus and Adonis, Endymion and Diana, or Ixion and Juno. The hero is not unfrequently half a head shorter and more distinctively feminine than the object of his attachment, and his rapturous protestations of love become unnatural and ineffective in the face of this incongruity of aspect and identity of gender.

Burlesque and pantomime, and their kindred entertainments, have made these sexual transpositions a standard custom. It seems to be

considered a "point" by no means to be lost that the Vixen Queen should be the comic man in petticoats, and the Fairy Prince and his comrades so many girls. It is considered highly amusing to contrast the gruff baritone of Mother Hubbard with the tuneful soprano of Jack the Giant-Killer; and the harsh features of Dame Marjory the cook, with the abnormal elegance of Dick Whittington. The device is a good and legitimate one if employed in moderation, but it has been carried to an extreme that quite destroys that verisimilitude which should exist in some degree even in travestie. The climax was reached in Gilbert's burlesque of Tennyson's "Princess," wherein we saw two women enacting the parts of men, who in their turn pretended to be women. Of course the intended effect, *i.e.*, the awkwardness of the heroes in their feminine disguise—which might have been excellent if able and refined male comedians had been employed—was utterly lost, while the mystification became doubly perplexing.

In the glittering throng that fills the stage during a pantomime or burlesque dance, and while the effect is at its height, we can see only a giddy whirl of limelight and tinsel and bright colours, in which all distinction of person, and sex, and age, is merged and lost. But when once more stationary, this living mass will inevitably resolve itself into an immense majority of the gentler sex. It would seem as if the object had been to have as many women on the stage as possible, and as few men. When the subject is mythological, if Jupiter and Neptune present a close resemblance to male humanity, all the rest of the divinities are tolerably certain to be feminine. Even Mars is transformed into an Amazon. When more modern themes are worked upon, the stage is sure to

be covered with ridiculously effeminate soldiers, sailors, smugglers, bandits, and what not. To hear the half-dozen suitors to the village coquette addressed as "gentlemen," when they bear as little likeness to gentlemen as they do to ladies (in the proper sense of that term), and to hear them reply by a chorus of soprani and contralti, or in speaking voices inappropriately high-pitched and feeble, the result is unnatural without being comic. When we see some herculean mock villain taken prisoner by a couple of royal guards, small and fragile enough for him to annihilate almost at one blow, or the reverse case of an exceedingly ethereal hero combatting successfully against three or four real masculine "supers," the absurdity of the proceedings is altogether overstrained and pointless. The ballet element, which, in its proper place and proportion, is an allowable feature of theatrical representation, has become prominent beyond all bounds, and this prominence, considering also how it has degenerated in character, is both the cause and the effect of the evil now so much deprecated. It seems impossible to escape its ubiquitous presence. No species of performance of a scenic character is free from it. We cannot give "Macbeth" without a bevy of feminine court pages, who look about as much in place as so many white elephants. But for the glaring and insuperable inconsistency with the text, they would probably ere now have turned the three witches into so many smart *coryphées*. Doubtless, if it could in any way be so contrived, a *can-can* would be introduced into the play scene in "Hamlet;" and should "Marino Faliero" be resuscitated, we might fully expect the Doge, at some tragic crisis, to call, by way of diversion, for a ballet of *his pages or gondoliers*. Even in

the last production of "Manfred" the inevitable gambols of the *ballerins* were introduced, of course quite inappropriately. That magnificent but sombre tragedy is sufficiently relieved by its choral accessories, and anything of a more frivolous nature is out of keeping with it. It is true that the *divertissement* had a tinge of local character, but with it the usual faults. Nothing could be made prettier or more unobjectionable than a dance of male and female peasants, in some picturesque national costume, such as the Greek, Hungarian, Neapolitan, or, as in the present case, the Swiss; but when all the performers are obviously feminine, the effects of contrast and distinctive grace are lost.

This "ballet-girlism"—if I may so term it—is not confined to the stage. It has extended in some degree to the illustrations of our comic and other periodicals, and even to those of some high-class magazines, in the shape of heroines in a painfully *decolletée* style of dress, which resembles that of the ballet in "beginning too late," even if it does not likewise "end too soon." But the most obnoxious manifestations are those in the photograph shop-windows, where portraits of scantily-draped females are so abundantly displayed as to have become a decided nuisance. Every one must have noticed the very mixed character of such displays; a conglomeration of celebrities of the most diverse characters, judges and jugglers, members of parliament and murderers, divines and dancers, seem to jostle each other in their anxiety to obtain notice. A sketch in *Punch* some years back, represented a coalheaver, who, in reply to a solicitation to have his portrait taken, exclaims, "What! and be stuck up there along o' them ballet-gals and 'igh church parsons? Not if I knows

it." The reply showed at least some self-respect, and also a perception of the fact that, as if by sinister design, the portraits of reverend gentlemen are frequently placed in unseemly proximity to those of these immodest sirens. Photographic resemblances of eminent persons are highly valuable and interesting. Beauty, artistically considered, is a great rarity, and any counterfeit presentment of it which in no way offends the moral sense is a decided gain to the beholder. But artists should ever remember that photography is an intensely realistic art, and that the subjects dealt with are human beings and not marble statues. If these undraped models—some of whom, by the way, make no pretence to be even actresses, their names being unknown to play-bills—must be thus exhibited, let it be in some remote quarter, where those who are particularly desirous of seeing them could do so, instead of their being continually thrust in the faces of all kinds of passengers in our most public thoroughfares. Such is the modifying effect of habit, that ladies of the highest respectability are said to be getting used to know notorious characters of their own sex, both by their portraits and by sight, and to point them out to each other with that interest which attaches to all who have achieved some sort of fame, whether good or evil. This alone would show the spread of the poison, and it is for the sake of those as yet even thus much untouched by it—for the modest majority of female playgoers—even more than that of the general public, that scandals of this kind should be summarily put down. Many ladies

are doubtless kept from visiting theatres by the indecorous spectacles permitted therein;* and it is to such perversions of what should be a harmless, if not edifying, form of recreation that the stage owes much of the disrepute into which it has fallen, and the condemnation in which it is held by the clergy and the stricter portion of the laity. Managers must, in most cases, follow public demand, but they also unfortunately lead it, and are often induced to furnish regularly the food they once proffered as an experiment. That there are still large numbers of the theatre-going public desirous of better and purer art cannot be doubted, and it is to their influence, more than to legislative enactment, that we must look for the necessary reform. With more external matters the course is clear. Let the ballet be checked in its overwhelming ubiquity, shorn of its objectionable features, and reduced to a reasonable compass. Let it be introduced in its proper season, instead of being, as at present, allowed to interrupt more important proceedings, and forced upon the notice of those who have come to witness performances of an entirely different character. Let it meet with the same toleration as Cedric the Saxon accorded to Isaac the Jew in his banqueting-hall, when he gave him shelter and food, but constrained no man to sit with him at table. The best time for the ballet is that customary on the operatic stage, after the principal performance of the evening is concluded. Such an arrangement would be the more feasible, as the chief patrons of the ballet are not, in

* See Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's eloquent and spirited protest in the *Illustrated and Dramatic News*.

general, amongst those steady-going people who are in a hurry to catch early trains.

If the exhibition of female comeliness is judged to be an enhancement of any given stage effect, let such exhibition be made, provided always decorum is not violated, nor higher objects interfered with. But even then, as half a dozen or so of well-selected specimens would suffice to represent the leading types of beauty, there is no necessity for having fifty or a hundred. Women are, indeed, amply avenging themselves for the times when they were not allowed to appear on the stage at all, by monopolizing it in some of its departments, but this retaliation has surely been carried a little too far. The 'most staunch champion of the sex would scarcely claim for them more than half the stage; but if a larger moiety be accorded, let it be to real actresses, and not mere figurantes.

Where it can be proved that the

assumption of a masculine character by a female is necessary, in order to attain a certain picturesqueness or ideality, let the assumption be undertaken, but in such a manner that the representative is, as far as possible, "all that becomes a man," and not an epicene contortionist, insulting to manhood and womanhood alike. But of the whole tribe of female Cupids, Ganymedes, and Mazeppas, we have had far more than enough, and art and morality both demand their banishment from the boards, and their exclusion from shop-windows.

Such are the reforms needed, but they cannot be accomplished thoroughly without going to the deeper causes, and purifying the social life of the theatrical world, of which the shameless manifestations complained of are but the outcome. The only way of permanently destroying and preventing the growth of evil fruit is to lay the axe to the root of the tree.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Doom of Mac Diarmid; an Oriental Legend of the Gael. By John Widdup, A.B., T.C.D. Dublin: Webb and Son.—The scene of this poem is laid in Persia, and Mr. Widdup says:—

“It cannot escape the reader’s observation that the ancient terms, particularly the proper names in the Persian language, which have been transmitted to us, bear so close a resemblance to the names indicating the same objects in the Irish vernacular, as to produce a confident belief that the language of both countries must have been once identical.”

On this point we will not venture an opinion. Moore says:—

“According to some learn’d opinions
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I’d rather say they were Egyptians.”

And then he goes on to give his reasons in one of the choicest satirical hits ever made. Mr. O’Brien, the able, somewhat eccentric, but rather ill-used author of a celebrated essay on the “Round Towers of Ireland,” was, we believe, the first who referred us back to Persian ancestors. And a very good ancestral tree, we must admit, for the shoots sent forth to be proud of.

Be all this as it may, however, it has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of Mr. Widdup’s poem. We have read it with pleasure. We marked some singularly good passages, and occasionally some weaknesses, but as a whole it is a highly creditable performance; it evinces great fertility of imagination, purity of diction, and a refined poetic spirit.

Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman. Arranged by Wm. S. Tilly, Barrister-at-law. London: Henry S. King and Co., 1875.—In making this compilation Mr. Tilly says he desired to give “a wider and more accurate knowledge of a writer concerning whom an amount of ignorance and misunderstanding still prevails, which is especially surprising, considering the high place he holds, both as a thinker and master of style.” With this view Mr. Tilly set to work, and made extracts from Dr. Newman’s very voluminous writings. He has classified them in the volume before us under four heads—Personal, Philosophical, Historical, and Religious.

Such a publication may answer the purpose of enabling readers “who, from want of leisure, or from other reasons, are unable to procure and peruse for themselves Dr. Newman’s writings at large, and who desire to possess, in a compendious form, a summary;” but after all this is nothing more than a compilation of extracts, and does not supply material to illustrate the growth and development of an undoubtedly rich and powerful mind, that has been incessantly active during the last half century. Extracts judiciously selected, and chronologically arranged to illustrate the developments of that mind, could not fail to prove most interesting and instructive; but, as we know that, with all its capacity, it was a most unstable and floundered at its extreme to all and people: y. world of its

satisfy its morbid cravings after an ideal standard impossible of attainment. This was the rock on which Dr. Newman split—on which he was intellectually wrecked, after long years tossing about on a boisterous sea of perverted logic, and sophistical uncertainty. Like enthusiastic minds of boundless grasp he would endeavour to reconcile the irreconcilable—

“And reasoned high
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will and
fate,
Fix'd faith, free-will, fore-knowledge
absolute;
*And found no end in wandering mazes
lost.”*

Such was Dr. Newman's case. He had a fanciful theory of his own, as many great but warped minds had before him, that God would not impart an imperfect revelation—that is, “imperfect” according to his purblind view. He saw vast divergencies of opinion everywhere existing concerning religious matters—Protestantism replete with sects, and Popery alone assuming to present one unbroken front to the world, though its internal harmony is somewhat akin to a Dutch concert; all this he saw, groaned over, and lamented as inconsistent with his notions of the Divine design. He yearned after a religious Utopia of his own fancy. The basis of his whole mental aberration was the assumption that if God revealed Christianity to man he must have done so perfectly. The revelation must have been not only complete in itself, but, in establishing his Church on earth, He must have provided not only for the safe custody, but also for the unerring in-

terpretation of that revelation. No Church claimed to be the unerring, infallible custodian but the Popish, *ergo*, when all the so-called attributes of a “true Church” are found to *outwardly* characterize that of Rome, why resist the will of God, and remain a schismatic, outside its pale, and in danger of eternal damnation?

Such was the maze of sickly logic in which Dr. Newman, like many great and honest, but woefully warped and fanciful minds before him, got hopelessly involved. Yearning after an impossible unity and certainty, he was at last driven by sheer bewilderment to take refuge from absolute despair in the all-comforting assurances of Popery—a system that transcends in astounding imposture and grossness any religious belief of Paganism—a system, in fact, that simply exists as the negation of all rationality.

Now it will be at once apparent that judicious selections from the works of such a voluminous writer as Dr. Newman, which would illustrate his mental progress—give the history of his intellectual life—would be really valuable; but Mr. Tilly has not done this. His whole plan is faulty as regards the great end he should have had in view. As it is, like Sinbad's device for getting diamonds from the valley he could not reach, with some precious gems he drew up a quantity of rubbish; so with Mr. Tilly's extracts, if we have some gems of thought worth preserving, we also have a great deal that is disjointed and incomplete, and the result is that, as a whole, the publication is the reverse of satisfactory.

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TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

THE influence of commerce upon the political resources of every country is so marked, that the special interests of great mercantile communities have always attracted, and ought, unquestionably, to receive, proportionably special attention, as regards the tribunals appointed for their cognizance and protection. The rights and obligations arising in trade are so readily recognized by those engaged in it, that any disputes with regard to them are obviously capable of being determined by men similarly engaged, by an easy, short, and equitable process of solution. Thus, commercial tribunals, divested of the tedious and costly complexity of ordinary courts of law, have been from an early period naturally sought by commercial men for adjusting, when necessary, their legal relations with one another, according to the simple principles of right and equity between man and man. The institution of such tribunals is of considerable antiquity. They consisted of worthy and experienced merchants, chosen by and from their own body, as arbiters to settle the disputes arising between other

commercial men, and, in some instances, assisted by lawyers, who acted as presidents, or, more properly, as legal assessors, and gave counsel whenever any question of legal principle, as distinct from commercial practice, entered into their decisions. Their jurisdiction extended over commercial disputes of every description, and thus may be said to have embraced nearly the whole law of debtor and creditor. The area covered by such a jurisdiction can only be measured by the dealings and transactions, failures and bankruptcies, of merchants, bankers, commission-agents, ship-owners, under-writers, contractors, brokers, factors, and traders of every description in a great mercantile community. The exact period at which commercial tribunals were first adopted, is involved in some obscurity; but they may be traced as far back as the Middle Ages. We find them in active operation in the eleventh century, in Italy, and so far sanctioned by government authority as to have, for the basis of their decisions, the code of maritime laws confirmed by Pope Gregory VII. We find them

afterwards adopted, if not legally established, in Germany, Holland, and most of the commercial centres of Europe, and ultimately progressing in importance and recognized authority, as tribunals of justice. In Paris, and throughout the commercial towns of France, so far back as the middle of the sixteenth century, we find a special tribunal, consisting of a judge and four mercantile assessors; and, at the present day, the French commercial tribunals, founded at the beginning of the present century, according to the provisions of the *code du commerce*, possess and exercise functions, which admirably answer all the special requirements of a large mercantile community. Indeed, the excellence and efficiency of French commercial tribunals, in the essential articles of simplicity, cheapness, and despatch, are forcibly illustrated by a recent case, of which we heard the particulars from a faithful witness, and which furnishes a signal contrast to the complexity, expense, and delay of an ordinary civil tribunal in England. The case—in a few words—was one of salvage, and the arrest of a ship for compensation, and the plaintiff having entered his process against the ship's representative, and complied with all the prescribed formalities of procedure, obtained, at the end of a few days, a sentence of condemnation for 5,000 francs, or £200, for damages, and 300 francs, or £12, for costs. In England, a case, identical in its principal features, was afterwards brought into one of the courts at Westminster by the same plaintiff. Under legal advice, a sum of £150 was lodged in court by the defendant, and, after the ingenuity of counsel and judges had been taxed upon pleadings, demurrers, and so forth, the case, at the end of about ten months, came before a jury, who returned a verdict for £50 over the amount

lodged in court, with costs, which were subsequently taxed to upwards of £400! No instance more singularly pertinent to the argument in favour of a commercial tribunal could, perhaps, be adduced than these two cases, in which—not only the cause of action, but the verdict found being identical in each—one tribunal took as many months as the other did days to do justice between the parties, whilst its cost was nearly thirty-five times greater!

It will thus appear strange to every observer that England, notwithstanding the gradual growth of its internal and foreign trading, should have had no commercial tribunal, recognized by law, until the close of the fifteenth century; and then only the imperfect and somewhat experimental specimen afforded by the appointment of commercial judges. The vast concerns of British commerce, at the present day, undeniably demand a reconstruction and readjustment of our tribunals of justice. The growth of population, and the extension of wealth and commerce, have necessarily multiplied the relations, and so in a commensurate degree the contentions, arising in the large trading community of the country. Thus the inevitable necessities of the time have gradually led to the tendency, for some time apparent, to withdraw matters, having a special bearing or aspect, from the ordinary tribunals, and to create or erect specially constituted jurisdictions for their adjudication and decision.

This tendency to specialize, or separate particular departments of our jurisprudence, must, if wisely regulated, have a beneficial effect upon the administration of the law generally, and, wherever it results in well-considered legislation, is deserving of unqualified approval and encouragement. The legislature in this spirit, and with

the view of promoting a speedy, general, and impartial administration of justice between subject and subject, has, from time to time, created special tribunals, some with a limited, and others with a more extended jurisdiction, and will, no doubt, continue to do so as the exigencies of society may require.

Lord Cairns has just now set an excellent example by introducing a measure for the erection of a special tribunal for the administration of the patent laws, and the regulation and protection of the special interests of home and foreign inventors. His proposals involve grave and important changes, which will, no doubt, be amply discussed and considered; but not the least interesting and important is the substitution of a new tribunal in place of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the two law officers of the Crown, the present Patent Commissioners. The proposed constitution of this new tribunal is certainly elaborate, and ought to be adequate to the functions it will have to exercise. It is to consist of five unpaid commissioners, who are to be men of scientific and mechanical eminence, assisted by paid and skilled examiners, who are again to be assisted by assessors taken from a panel, which is to be periodically revised, and is to be composed of men of science, mechanics, and manufacturers, who are to fill the analogous office of special jurors, but to be paid at a higher rate—the law officers of the Crown being still retained as judges to grant the patents.

Important disputes arising with or between the great Railway Interests of the country, are now exclusively submitted to and determined by a special tribunal, which is so constituted as to give both confidence and satisfaction. The Courts of Divorce, Probate,

and Admiralty, are further illustrations of the principle. The Board of Trade is also a special jurisdiction, exercising great and important functions within the limits of its statutory authority, and some of which we see are proposed to be transferred to another jurisdiction. Then, again, we have a special tribunal in the Court of Bankruptcy, not one, indeed, of recent origin, but one which, perhaps, more than any other, has been a constant source of legislative anxiety, and of which it may be said, that the last effort at legislative patchwork has only proved that the remedy may be worse than the disease.

There is no doubt that special tribunals are, as we have said, one of the necessities of the period, and especially commercial tribunals, to take exclusive cognizance of the various rights and interests of the vast trading community of the country. The ordinary civil courts of law are, as it were, choked with the plethora of their multifarious cases, arguments, and trials, and the judges are notoriously overworked. Apart from these two facts, which point, with especial force, the argument in favour of transferring purely commercial cases to a specially constituted tribunal, the other fact, on which we have insisted, remains, namely, that a tribunal of experienced merchants is better adapted than that of any merely legal judges, to decide upon affairs which are so much within the range of their daily experience, and which, in nine cases out of ten, are to be decided according to commercial practice, and not upon any technical niceties of law. Mercantile knowledge is, no doubt, particular, and not general; but it is, on this very account, a most valuable qualification in a judge, with whom, in order to do justice between the litigants before him, that knowledge should form the basis of his

decision, and who, in trying the case on its merits, must disregard all mere technicalities and act on that broad equity, which is the true spirit of all legal reference. It is almost an axiom to say, that the knowledge and experience acquired by commercial men by a constant and pointed attention to the specific objects of their daily occupation, give them a corresponding and commensurate confidence and power of appreciating the material features of any case, in which those objects form the essential ingredient.

This knowledge and experience are, as every one knows, constantly invoked by merchants and traders in every country, when, by a mutual reference, their disputes are submitted to one or more merchants of known experience and respectability. In Dublin, a commercial tribunal, called the "Ouzel Galley," has existed since the commencement of the last century, as a delegate from the Chamber of Commerce, with which it is associated, and has been and is constantly resorted to for the speedy determination of commercial cases. The members are elected from the most respectable merchants of the city, and from the extent to which they have lessened both delay and expense, the society has for years enjoyed the reputation of being a popular and useful tribunal for terminating commercial disputes.

The laws of most countries favour the settlement of disputes by arbitration. The Albert and European arbitrations which have been entrusted to special judges, whose decisions—hitherto without appeal—have had the force of the statutes, under which they were appointed, are further illustrations of the appointment of a special tribunal for dealing with the rights and interests of a large community.

Owing to the immense develop-

ment of the commerce of this country, it is beyond question that the present ordinary tribunals are not adequate to discharge the multifarious and increasing duties imposed upon them. Whilst this is fully recognized by the trading community, no effectual scheme has been elaborated, or even suggested, to meet the difficulty. Thus, numerous questions, simple in themselves, when judged by the standard of commercial usance and custom, become, in the complex machinery of law, surrounded with difficulties, upon the solution of which much labour and money are expended with a result often as little satisfactory to the successful party as to his opponent. Our ordinary civil tribunals are bound, for the most part, by obsolete precedents, in deciding principles of modern practice, and their tedious and costly machinery is often applied to the adjustment of the simplest questions, arising, for example, out of the technical construction of a contract, or the fulfilment of it. Thus, a matter upon which a speedy decision is all-important to the parties concerned, and might be arrived at by men conversant with the mercantile usage which should govern the transaction, is encumbered and impeded by the delay, expense, and all the technical surroundings of an action at law.

A Tribunal of Commerce—acting also as a court of reference—is eminently suited to deal with the great majority of commercial cases, involving, as they do, for the most part, mere questions of commercial custom and practice, and no complicated question of law whatever. As no such tribunal at present exists, our present purpose is to point out the advantages which would accrue to the great mercantile community of this country from such an institution. The members of such a tribunal might be chosen from the

highest ranks of the mercantile and financial world as unpaid commissioners, or with some other honorary title, to which merchants and traders of the highest character and respectability might honourably aspire. A court so composed could, with the assistance of a competent legal adviser or assessor, and without the cumbrous forms of an action, adjudicate upon any disagreements arising between other commercial men. With the large amount of mercantile experience and ability which such a tribunal would bring to its deliberations, it could, by a speedy, cheap, and practical process of equity, rapidly dispose of many vexed questions, which now remain unsettled, or force their way—dragging their slow length along—before the ordinary civil tribunals, where they are decided, not upon their merits so much as upon the technical rules of pleading, or on the false, imperfect, or theoretical notions as to commercial affairs entertained by judges and juries.

The parties interested might appear personally, or by their advocates, before such a tribunal as we suggest, and the practical knowledge of the judges who composed it would, of itself, go far to reconcile litigants to the decision, whilst the celerity with which the disputes between them would be settled would render such a court of great public utility and advantage. The establishment of such a tribunal would, amongst other beneficial results, call into existence a class of lawyers whose especial study would be commercial law and customs, and the facility with which questions arising with respect to either could be determined would often act as a deterrent to vexatious actions, and so would tend to raise the standard of the English mercantile name.

In addition to the important services already indicated, the supervision of such a tribunal over de-

faulting debtors would exercise a most salutary effect upon the mode of dealing with insolvent estates, especially in those cases which, now only as a matter of form, come before the Court of Bankruptcy in what are called "liquidations by arrangement or composition." However good in intention the Act of 1869 may be, it is notorious that, placing the debtor's estate in the hands of a majority of his creditors, has proved a signal failure. The result, in nine cases out of ten, is, that the estate is virtually handed over to the solicitor and accountant engaged in the liquidation, so that a large portion is consumed in costs and commission, and the dividend for the creditors diminished in proportion. It is evident that a large amount of money is lost to creditors, simply from the want of understanding the forms with which such proceedings are surrounded, and from treating debts in suspense—which are, certainly, to a great extent doubtful—as entirely bad, in the apprehension that taking any step so costly as intervening to protect their rights, would be throwing good money after bad, and so there is frequently a reckless indifference to the result of the liquidation.

There is no doubt that the present mode of appointing trustees, who are practically irresponsible, is, in many cases, disastrous to the interests of the creditors. It not unfrequently happens that a friend of the debtor is appointed, or, where this is not the case, an accountant—often the one employed by the debtor—whose interest is opposed to that of the creditors, is introduced into the office. It is the interest of such a trustee, and to his own personal benefit, to load the estate with costs, from which he derives his remuneration. Unfortunately, the practical working of the Bankruptcy Act has demonstrated the fact that no satisfactory result can

be achieved by making an insolvent debtor bankrupt, and placing his affairs in the court. Indeed, this last resource is too often held out to unwilling creditors as a threat, that unless a composition decided upon by the bankrupt and his friends and advisers, and offered to the creditors, be accepted, the estate will go to the court, and if not consumed entirely in costs, will at least be so attenuated, that the opposition which compelled such a course assumes the form of a heavy fine imposed upon the creditors.

Much of the dissatisfaction occasioned by the present plan would, in our view, be obviated by the appointment as trustees in bankruptcy proceedings of a class of men who might derive authority from the tribunal we suggest, and hold its certificates to be remunerated at a certain rate or scale of charges, and to be responsible to the tribunal to render periodical accounts and statements relating to the liquidation of the estate, and to afford to each creditor who had proved his claim, an opportunity of inspecting a copy of the same, after it had been passed by the tribunal, or some authorized officer appointed for that purpose. At the final distribution of the assets, a formal meeting of the creditors might be convened, and the discharge of the trustee granted.

The tribunal should have such authority over the trustees, that, in the case of a certain proportion of the creditors calling upon it to do so, it should have the power to convene a general meeting of the creditors, to require from the trustee a report, at any time, of the progress of the liquidation, and, in the event of such progress not being satisfactory, should possess the power to remove the trustee and appoint another. The interests of the trustee would thus be identical *with those of the creditors*, as it

would be readily known who was most successful in the liquidation of estates, and, consequently, the future employment of a creditors' trustee would be largely influenced; whilst the remuneration being decided upon by the tribunal, the temptation to make costs, which would not go into his pocket, would be equally largely diminished. To the honest trader himself, who was unable to pay his debts, the course proposed would afford a means of protection, which, in the present system, is wholly unknown. At present, it too often happens that no discrimination is made between a reckless and improvident trader, and one who, through unavoidable circumstances, may have become insolvent; and many cases exist in which the latter, through the employment of persons imperfectly versed in the course of proceedings, is left to struggle with only a modification of those difficulties, whilst by the judicious engagement of more capable members of the profession, the former is carried through with impunity. The system, too, of voting by proxy has much to answer for in this result, as it is a recognized principle for the debtor's advisers to secure as much voting power in this form as possible, and by means of promises which have existence rather in the hope than in the fulfilment. This voting power is also often applied to the choice of a trustee, and then persons are made to support the appointment of one, of whose name even they were probably entirely ignorant, and who may be really a nominee of the bankrupt.

It may be argued with some apparent force, that if creditors do not themselves take sufficient interest in the affairs of their debtors, they deserve what they meet with; but this argument, when examined, fails in its chief point. It is precisely

those who do take such an interest, and give their personal attention, who may find they are out-voted by absentees. Although it is practically impossible to exclude any person from trading who has either capital or credit, the tribunal should, we think, have the power of refusing to a dishonest or reckless trader, a license to trade on his own account, and in his own name, for a certain length of time, and to refuse him a discharge from his debts. In order that the power might not be exercised arbitrarily, or upon insufficient evidence, it should be accorded to the debtor, that he should voluntarily be able, or, at the discretion of the tribunal, be summoned to appear before it in person, with or without advisers, to be examined as to his trading and the causes of his insolvency.

The trustee being virtually an officer of the tribunal would be responsible to it, and upon his report of the bankruptcy affairs the above power should be exercised, and upon such report the tribunal should proceed to act with regard to the immediate discharge of the debtor, or otherwise.

Public policy, so far from being contravened, would, in our view, be promoted and advanced, by delegating to the tribunal the power we have suggested, of withholding from a reckless or dishonest trader the certificate which would entitle the honest though unfortunate one, after bankruptcy, to commence business again. This practice of withholding licenses to trade after bankruptcy is, with undoubted benefit to the general welfare, sanctioned by the municipal laws of many foreign nations, where fraudulent dealing is brought home to the bankrupt; and even in some countries, where the insolvency of his estate does not afford the fixed *minimum* dividend to his creditors. In London, we find

several voluntary as well as constituted authorities exercising some such power, substantially, in cases of delinquency or defalcation; and the important associations of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange may be referred to as notable instances of the practice, and its beneficial working amongst city men.

The tribunal we suggest might also, usefully, be charged with many of the functions now performed by the Court of Admiralty. If the mutual liabilities of underwriters, shippers, and ship-owners were placed on a different footing, and subjected to the interpretation and adjustment of such a tribunal, composed of commercial men of unquestioned standing and experience in such matters, incalculable benefit in the law of marine insurance might be effected. As the law stands, a policy of marine insurance is a peculiar instrument. It differs essentially from any ordinary insurance. In the case of an insurance against fire, the property insured may, before and at the time of effecting the policy, be minutely examined, and the existence of all its surroundings in regard to risk may be fully ascertained. In like manner, in the case of an insurance upon a house, warehouse, or factory, the extent of the hazard arising from the trade or purpose for which it is used, is capable of accurate appreciation. But in the case of a marine insurance, the position of the underwriter is one of much greater difficulty. He may turn to Lloyd's register, and find that the ship, whose voyage and cargo are proposed for insurance, is of a certain date, and registered in the first class; that she has made many previous voyages without misadventure, and may, in fact, be set down as thoroughly seaworthy. He accepts the insurance, and at

very moment of his doing so she may be endangering her voyage by an unseen hazard - greater than any unsuspected breach in her timbers - namely, the risk attendant upon overloading. There is no part of the entire body of commercial law which requires a keener supervision, and more skilful and definite treatment, than the rights and obligations of underwriters to and with shippers and charterers, in regard to this risk of overloading, which is often as fatal as scuttling.

The tribunal we suggest would, in this direction, play an important part, and do more good than Mr. Pimms's, or any other Act.

We have, we hope, said enough to show that tribunals of commerce, invested with special jurisdiction over the matters we have suggested, would be a great public benefit, besides supplying the special want of a large and important community. There never was a time at which such a change was more seasonable and necessary, or would savour less of revolutionary innovation. It would be acceptable not only to the great body of commercial men, but also, we fully believe, to the present over-worked judges the professions, and the general public. Instances occur, day after day, familiar to every mercantile man, of cases tried at Westminster and Guildhall, in which commercial disputes have been carried up to the last point of being decided by a judge and jury, and all the tedious and expensive machinery of an action at law has been in operation, perhaps, for months, when it is suddenly found that a reference to some selected arbitrator, or one of the officers of the court, is the only way out of the difficulty of arriving at justice between the parties. The same observation will be justified by any one who has any familiarity with the courts of equity at Lincoln's Inn. After a formidable array of

expensive and voluminous pleadings, affidavits, and so forth, and frequently also the oral examination of witnesses, the judge finds himself only at the threshold of the issues between the parties, and is obliged to send them to his chief clerk for further investigation.

In looking at these regular courts of law and equity, and their imperfect machinery for the speedy adjustment of commercial cases, our eye again reverts to the Court of Bankruptcy, where the skilful hand of an enlightened reformer is so much needed. The principal duties and functions of its administration have been, under the Act of 1843, delegated to subordinates in a manner and to an extent which, we venture to think, were never contemplated by its framers. In London, no doubt, the delegates, or registrars, are barristers more or less qualified to discharge the functions they exercise when sitting as chief judge. This excellent functionary, instead of being enabled to devote his undivided time to this tribunal - the most important, perhaps, in the country to the trading community - is, from a curious spirit of economy on the part of the Government, withdrawn from his special seat of justice, and made to do double duty as a Vice-Chancellor and Chief Judge in Bankruptcy. In the country the evil is greatly increased; the district registrars not requiring any such qualification, those who happen to possess it are the exceptions, although they are, at times, called upon to exercise not only ministerial, but judicial functions, as important and critical as any exercised by the highest authorities of the Court of Chancery. For the most part, however, from the temptations which the Act itself holds out to evade actual bankruptcy, the court has become less of a judicial tribunal, than a court of registration. No

one who reads the Gazette can fail to see that the court has virtually become a refuge for arranging debtors, and not a court for bankrupts, the proportion of the latter to the former being, from week to week, little more than as 5 to 100. The Act, in its original intention, contemplated that a debtor should only obtain his discharge on payment of not less than ten shillings in the pound. Now, however, all the debtor needs to do is, by the manipulation to which we have already adverted, to take his case into court; and by registering the resolutions come to by his creditors with the prescribed majority and

formalities, he can get quite clear for one shilling, or even less, in the pound.

All this would, in a great degree, be impossible, in a tribunal endued with such powers as we have indicated. We have barely attempted an outline of its constitution and procedure. We perceive that Mr. Whitwell, the member for Kendal, has obtained leave to introduce a bill for the establishment of such tribunals, and we shall look forward with much interest to his proposed legislation on this important subject, to which we may recur in a future number.

ULYSSES TO THE SIRENS.

BEFORE Apollo sang and Troy was born,
Before old Triton blew his mellow horn,
Before sweet-harping Orpheus sought his bride,
Before Pan, piping by the river side,
Woke magic from the reeds which fringed the tide,
Sirens, ye chanted, and your lovers died.

Thus have ye warbled to adoring man,
Since hearts were playthings and since time began.
I to the mast am bound, while on the beach,
With carols ye command, with tears beseech,
Beckon with looks, bewitch with smiles, and teach
Me how to pine for beauty out of reach.

Now languor melts me like dissolving snow,
Or moistened wax beneath the taper's glow.
Ravishing choir, your elfin art employs
A subtle progress of insidious joys,
A sweetness which increasing never cloy,
But still ensnares delight with false decoys.

Ah! what to me is home or child or wife,
When drowsy ditties charm love into life.
Haste, sailors, haste, haste cool my burning brain,
Untie these cords, that I may swim the main,
And kneeling, like some thirsty slave in pain,
Fresh from the fountain drink each liquid strain.

ROBERT BATSON.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 14.

SIR ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART, Mrs. D.*Professor of Music in the University of Dublin.*

WE present our readers this month with a portrait of a distinguished Irishman, whose eminent abilities and successful career command the respect and admiration of his countrymen; a true son of genius, acknowledged and appreciated alike by the musical profession on both sides of the Channel, as by the general public. His striking aptitude for the Art of Music was evinced, as in the case of his countryman, Lord Mornington, at a very early period of life; for long before he reached the age of manhood, he was universally regarded as an accomplished organist. His knowledge of the Science of Music, indeed, his appreciation of every form of Art, is complete and comprehensive. To his special skill as an exponent on his own favourite instrument, the organ, and as a composer, who displays an accurate knowledge of the laws of harmony, along with refined taste and an ever engaging vein of melody, he superadds literary attainments of a very high order.

The family of Stewart is not Irish, but belongs to an ancient and well-known Scottish sept. Sir Robert Stewart's grandfather settled in Ireland, and seems to have taken up his residence in the county of Monaghan, whence he removed to Dublin, about the year 1780, where Charles Frederick Stewart, the father of the subject of our memoir, was born in 1791, and afterwards filled the position of Librarian of the Hon. Society of King's Inns.

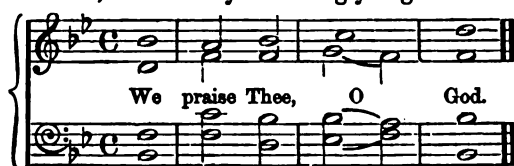
He was a man not only of literary but of musical acquirements. Sir Robert's mother being likewise skilled in the art, and a pupil of Logier, whose system of instruction was then in the zenith of its popularity.

Their youngest son, Robert Prescott, was born in December, 1825, and while a mere child, displayed his musical proclivities by searching for thirds and other harmonies, and being able to distinguish notes struck upon the keyboard without seeing them, circumstances which subsequently suggested the propriety of the lad's being entered as a pupil in the school of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, now undergoing a thorough restoration under the superintendence of Mr. Street, at the sole cost of Mr. Henry Roe. At this cathedral the children not only received a musical training alone procurable under the shadow of similar ecclesiastical foundations, but were also carefully educated in English, and in the Greek and Latin classics. To this school, however, Stewart's father objected; from religious principles as a Wesleyan Methodist, he enter-

tained an inveterate antipathy to the cathedral service of the church. Finally, parental disinclination was overcome, and young Stewart, having been entered at the school, at once made such rapid progress in his studies as to try his hand at the work of composition while still a mere tyro. His writings were mostly little pianoforte pieces, which at times, disfigured by a child's errors, yet displayed sterling capacity.

Though having within reach at home nearly all the great choral classics, he appears at this time to have received little or no regular instruction in the laws of harmony, so that he was a full-grown boy ere he ascertained that certain progressions were rigidly forbidden in strict part-writing. Of this knowledge it was his lot to become possessed in a manner not altogether reassuring.

Our hero, who had attained his eleventh year, had composed a complete service,* and hoping to have it performed in the Cathedral, had, with infinite labour, completed the copying out of the separate vocal parts and the organ-score. The Dean's vicar, Rev. John Clarke Crosthwaite, not only a skilled musician, but an erudite theologian, expressed a wish to see the work. On getting the MS. into his hands, "Play it for me," said the gaunt ecclesiastic, and the boy accordingly began:—



"Oh, fiddlesticks,† my dear fellow!" ejaculated the cadaverous, though kindly vicar, "this will never do! here you have a *fifth* in the very first two bars." "Well, sir," returned the composer, "is that wrong?" "Wrong!" was the reply, "of course it is." A further examination of the MS. revealed faults innumerable in the harmony, faults of which the vicar's pencil pointed out the remedy, viz., wholesale erasure, alteration, substitution, what not, in short. All this involved the work of several days, and ere it was fully accomplished, the opportunity for performance passed away, so that, although tears innumerable were shed over the score and mutilated voice-parts, it came to pass that the once fondly cherished "service" was never performed at all. We may be sure that the composer, though sadder for the catastrophe, was not the less wise by what he learned in the painful school of experience:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Stewart learned probably more counterpoint from this adventure than he then supposed possible. In addition, the Dean's vicar thenceforward became his warm patron, from whose subsequent guidance he seems to have been a special gainer in musical culture.

In Christ Church Cathedral the choral training of the boys was then admirably conducted, for there was attached to the Cathedral a superior staff of clerical musicians. We have already mentioned Rev. J. C. Crosth-

* The term "service" in Cathedral usage implies a musical sitting of all the Canticles, both for morning and evening prayer—the Nicene Creed, Kyrie Eleison, &c.

† His constant phrase.



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1871

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS.

Faithfully yours
R. P. Stewart

PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. CRANFIELD, DUBLIN.

waite, and may add the names of Rev. W. J. H. Lefanu, and Rev. John Finlayson, vicars of the Cathedral and masters of the school. For the latter, a man of sound judgment and considerable learning, the boys at all times manifested great regard; he was one to whose encouragement and advice Professor Stewart looks back with grateful respect. In the roll of dignitaries of those days we must not omit the name of the Dean, the good Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Charles Lindesay, a scion of the noble Scottish house of Balcarras. This worthy prelate, the last who held the see of Kildare, now merged in the Archbishopric of Dublin, took a profound interest in the school, always upholding the services of the Cathedral, not only as regards regularity but ecclesiastical form. A luncheon of fresh rolls and milk, from the Bishop's rich pastures, was daily given by him to the boys of the school, who, when the strawberry season came round, were often brought out to the palace at Glasnevin, to spend always an enjoyable day. The decided musical talent displayed by one of his choir could not fail to attract the Bishop's attention; and a taste for drawing which young Stewart showed, evidenced by a well-executed map of the Holy Land which he produced, still further interested the Dean in his favour at this time. About the year 1838, the Ancient-Concert Society, of Dublin, offered a prize for an anthem, which was awarded to Dr. Thos. A. Walmsley, Professor of Music, at Cambridge; the second in order of merit was by the late Dr. Smith, of Dublin, and the third by young Stewart, who was then under fourteen years of age.

Like most boys of adventurous disposition, he had a love for a seafaring life; however, some friends, fortunately for him, dissuaded him from embracing so severe a profession. At the usual time his voice changed, and soon after Mr. John Robinson, the organist of Trinity College Chapel, and both the Dublin cathedrals, dying, Stewart was appointed to his place at the early age of eighteen.* He next became conductor of the University Choral Society, where the members were so pleased at the zeal and talent which he displayed, that they not only defrayed all expenses of the public performance of his music for the degrees of Mus. B. and Mus. D., which took place with great *éclat* in April, 1851, but presented him with a handsome suit of robes, and a gilded *bâton* set with precious stones. Upon this occasion, the address publicly presented to him was read by Chief-Justice Blackburne, Vice-Chancellor of the University. He now visited London, where his masterly and original style of organ playing excited much attention at the Great Exhibition then open in Hyde Park. His next work consisted of an "Ode to Industry," for the exhibition held at Cork, in 1852; this work (which was conceived and executed with such extreme rapidity, that the chorus parts were actually in process of rehearsal in the short space of ten days after the words were delivered to the composer) brought him a complimentary address and a gold medal from the city of Cork, on which occasion he was also publicly introduced to the Viceroy, the popular Earl of Eglinton, and became thenceforward an honoured guest at the festivities of the Irish court.

It was at Cork that it occurred to the late Mr. Dargan to hold the Great Dublin Exhibition, of 1853, for which Dr. Stewart (who was actively engaged in the musical arrangements of that great and patriotic undertaking) contributed a March, for combined military and stringed bands,

* About this time he won three prizes; one in Dublin, awarded by the Hibernian Oboe Club, and two in London, offered by the famous house of Novello.

which being played under his direction while the Queen and Prince Consort were proceeding through the building, led to the composer being presented to Her Majesty, as well as to Prince Albert, who was pleased to accept the dedication of the music to himself.

In 1855 occurred the Birmingham Festival, which Stewart visited for the purpose of hearing "Eli," Sir M. Costa's first essay in Oratorio, a work produced with exceptional splendour, solo, choral, and orchestral, at the great triennial meeting alluded to. Dr. Stewart made the acquaintance of the renowned *chef d'orchestre* upon this occasion, and was so pleased with the Oratorio, that it was produced under his direction next season in Dublin, at a University concert.

We find that Stewart was adjudged the prize for glees at Manchester in 1855, and at Ashton-under-Lyne in 1856. The circumstances connected with the latter are interesting. Seventy-three glees had been sent in, of course anonymously, but each composition distinguished by a motto, or similar mark of identification, with a sealed envelope which contained the composer's name. After many trials, the seventy-three glees were reduced to some half-dozen, and ultimately to two, about whose relative merits there seemed considerable difficulty in deciding. Of these, one was called "O Phœbus," the other "Summer;" one was a purely vocal work, the other had an *obligato* pianoforte part; they were, moreover, totally different in style. At length, the prize was awarded to the solely vocal glee, "O Phœbus;" while "Summer" was declared worthy of "special commendation." An examination of the corresponding envelopes proved that both were by Dr. Stewart, a disclosure which caused much amusement to all parties concerned in the adjudication.

In 1857 he visited the Exhibition of "Art-Treasures" at Manchester, and in accordance with the invitation of the Committee of that famous gathering, performed on different organs in the building, to the delight of all who heard him: he also visited France, and made the acquaintance of the famous organists, MM. Lefebure-Wely, Durand, and Danjou, of Paris; and of the manufacturers, MM. Debain, Cavallé-Coll, and Charles Barker, inventor of the Pneumatic Lever. A visit to the Rhine district and Belgium further extended his musical experiences as a performer, and ripened the composer's judgment.

In the following year, 1858, Dr. Stewart produced his clever and melodious cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, "A Winter-Night's Wake," which was executed at the University concerts by all the principal Dublin artists: immediately after this, the composer was much prostrated by the death of his eldest and favourite child, a girl of eight or nine years of age.

Becoming University Professor of Music in 1861, Dr. Stewart's public lectures have been most successful, some of them having been thrice repeated for the crowds who sought admission. A sum of £30, the whole profits of one series, entitled "Sketches of Irish Musicians of the Eighteenth Century," Dr. Stewart devoted to the commemoration of Sir John Stevenson's talents, by the erection of a handsome painted glass window to the memory of the deceased Knight, in the south aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

About this time was also produced "The Eve of St. John," a romantic cantata for solo, chorus, and orchestra, of which work the only fragment published has obtained an unprecedented popularity, viz., the Nurse's song, "At dead of night in the pale starlight." Indeed, for dramatic

force, fine melody, novelty and beauty of orchestration, we know of few modern works to compare with the "Eve of St. John," which, however, (like nearly all its composer's other works), is still unpublished.

In 1865, Professor Stewart won the "Orchestra Prize" (London), for his "Reefers' Song." About this time we find him paying weekly visits to a choral society in Belfast, called "The Vocal Union." Here he was accustomed to teach the chorus, and also to perform upon the grand organ in "Ulster Hall," where the concerts were held. This, which proved a labour of love both to teacher and pupils, was only interrupted by the failing health of the former, his strength proving unequal to the constant strain upon it from such incessant occupation.

When the "Church Congress" held its session in Dublin, in 1868, Professor Stewart's discourse on "Church Music," by which the proceedings were terminated, was admitted on both sides of the Channel to be one of the best lectures of the kind ever delivered.* He contributed to the Birmingham Festival of 1870 an "Ode to Shakspeare," which, the performance being directed in person by himself, won the approval both of the entire press and the public who heard it.

He was also chosen to represent Ireland at the Great Peace Festival held at Boston (U. S. A.), in 1872, England being represented by Sir Jules Benedict. This American "Peace Festival of all Nations" was a peculiarly characteristic idea. In an enormous building erected at Boston, and capable of holding 100,000 auditors, a choir of 20,000, and a band of 2,000, were to be assembled. Each nation was invited to send its representative musician and its band of performers. The band of the "Guards," under Godfrey, represented England brilliantly, that of the "Guides," France; Sir Robert Stewart endeavoured to obtain the permission of the Irish Government for the Constabulary Band to visit Boston on this occasion as the representative band of Ireland, but ineffectually; failing in this, a band including most of the Irish wind-instrumentalists was sent out in uniform, and gold medals were presented to the chief players upon their return. The piece of music which Sir Robert, at the request of the Boston people, contributed to their Festival, consisted of a fantasia for an enormous orchestra upon the Irish melodies, "Sing, sweet harp," "Cruiskeen lawn," "The Minstrel Boy," &c.; towards the end the chorus and organ were employed, and that fine martial Irish air, "Let Erin remember the days of old," was most ingeniously combined with the American tune, "Yankee Doodle." This is a good musical joke, and as such we beg our readers to enjoy it. The American air was at first introduced softly, upon a long sustained pedal note:—



* The first prize Stewart had ever obtained was that offered, in 1848, by the Hibernian Catch Club. A similar prize was by this club awarded to him in 1869 for a glee, to Lord Lytton's words called "Heidelberg."

After a long *crescendo*, all the organs, bells, anvils and voices, every known (and some unknown) instruments, were combined, in exccouting the two airs, Irish and American, at the same time :—



The skilful musician will readily perceive that these airs admit of an inversion, which would place "Yankee Doodle" at top, and "Let Erin," at the bottom of the harmony. That this device was not neglected, by a musician of Stewart's skill, we may be assured. The idea of gaining a climax by adding a choral finale was, it will be remembered, adopted by Beethoven in his last sinfonia, the famous "No. 9," or "Choral Symphony."

In the same year Sir Robert received the honour of Knighthood at the hands of Her Majesty's representative, Earl Spencer. Throughout the entire country there was but one opinion as to the deserts of the new Knight, upon whom congratulatory letters,* newspaper articles, and gifts (including a costly present of silver plate), were poured from every side.

Although Sir Robert Stewart has published very little, his works in manuscript are numerous, comprising church services for both the Dublin cathedrals; many odes for solo, chorus, and full band; pianoforte and organ pieces, songs, part music, glees, and marches, &c., too numerous to particularize. His Evening Services in E flat major, for two separate choirs, may be especially named as compositions of unusual melodical beauty and learning; no finer works—we might almost say, none so fine—have ever been produced for the cathedral services of either England or Ireland; although full of originality, they are most effective, and thoroughly vocal.

Sir Robert Stewart is not unnaturally in high request as a teacher; as a performer upon the organ his fame is established; while, unlike many who have devoted their chief attention to the "king of instruments," his touch upon the pianoforte, so far from being heavy, is graceful, and

* Among these we select the following most gratifying and, we are sure, valued communication, from the Examiner of Music at Oxford, Dr. Monk, one of the most eminent and respected musicians in England :—

"Minster Yard, York, 1 March, '72.

"DEAR SIR ROBERT,—After our post hour last night, I read in my daily paper the announcement of the honour which had been conferred on you. This gave me the truest pleasure, and I hasten to offer you my hearty congratulations, with the earnest hope that you and Lady Stewart may for many long years to come enjoy your well-merited distinction; at which all your friends on both sides of the Channel will rejoice, though it will add nothing to their personal esteem for yourself, either as man or musician. Zealous as I have always myself been for the due status of British musicians, it is especially joyous to me to have had lately to congratulate several brother musicians on our progress to a finer appreciation of art and artists. You will, therefore, believe that this new pleasure of reading *your* name in the country's roll of honour is very real and earnest.—Believe me ever to be, dear Sir Robert, yours most truly and faithfully, EDWIN GEO. MONK."

elastic in the highest degree. He is a thorough master of the difficult art of orchestration, and therefore so eminently fitted to act as an orchestral conductor, that upon the retirement of Mr. Russell last year, the Dublin Philharmonic Society at once offered Sir Robert the *bâton* and rostrum thus vacated.

Although Sir Robert's energy and activity are proverbial, he is blessed with an even temper, and is extremely courteous in his manners; for these reasons he is most successful as a choral teacher. No greater proof of this can be found than the fact that of all the choral societies which Dublin once possessed, that one of which Sir Robert is the conductor, the "University Choral" alone survives.

As a lecturer on music in the University, reference may be made to his writings upon "Irish Music," "Dance Forms," "The Life and Works of Handel," and other cognate subjects, as evidence of the high musical and sound literary attainments by which the occupant of the Chair of Music in so celebrated a foundation as the University of Dublin should be distinguished. In 1867 he contributed to "Cassell's Biographical Dictionary" memoirs of celebrated musicians; among which, as executed with a familiar hand, may be noted the articles on J. S. Bach, Hector Berlioz, and the late deeply lamented Sir Sterndale Bennett. Professor Stewart had previously perfected his "Church Hymnal," of which a new and enlarged edition has been just published, one of the most tasteful and satisfactory, because correct, manuals in existence—a work which has completely elevated and purified the musical portions of divine service in the parochial churches of Ireland. He is also a professor of the Piano and of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music.

Endowed with an unusually retentive memory, an admirable sight-player, unrivalled as an organ executant, an adept in the difficult art of orchestration, and a true and exquisite accompanist, we may regard Sir Robert, in the cultivation of his art, as one who has reached the pinnacle of musical fame. There are organists who display superiority in a number of subordinate or important points, as the case may be; but he seems to excel equally in all those qualities which confer supremacy over the instrument, whose grand resources, under his expressive touch, are made to assume forms of almost infinite variety. Light and shade are traced with the utmost delicacy, so as to reproduce accurately the composer's meaning and spirit. Whatever the theme—sonata, fugue, or symphony—he always spars, and no intricacy or magnitude in the score is with him any barrier to gorgeous effects.

All honour, therefore, to Sir Robert Prescott Stewart and the rest of the tuneful guild whose creative imaginations soften, purify, and elevate humanity. It is thus in ministering to the higher instincts of our nature that Music yields indications of celestial origin, so that mankind has always bent the knee in homage at her shrine. We may be sure, however, that her most majestic honours on earth are but a faint image of Music's resplendent crown in that higher sphere of everlasting harmonies—

"Where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

HISTORY OF THE CONNAUGHT CIRCUIT.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER VI.

A.D. 1786. — THE trial of George Robert Fitz-Gerald, spoken of in the last chapter, was followed by other trials, in which he and his retainers were arraigned for a series of wilful and vengeful murders, perpetrated under the cloak of the law. To stake his life upon a cast, and stand the hazard of the die, was his pride and glory. For an insult, real or imaginary, he was ready to sacrifice life itself. He had fought many a fight; he had wounded others, and had himself been wounded; but, the fight once fought, Fitz-Gerald forgot the insult, and remembered no more the quarrel with his antagonist. There was one, however, to whom he owed an undying hatred, and there were wrongs, which, as he considered, had been inflicted on him by Patrick Randal McDonnell, begetting a rancour that time could never heal—a rancour, resulting in a murder, for which Fitz-Gerald was tried and found guilty at the Castlebar summer assizes of 1786. That trial we shall now place before our readers; but, before entering upon its dismal narrative, let us turn to learn something of the actors in that deep tragedy.

The Fitz-Geralds of Turlough, in the county of Mayo, are of the Desmond branch of the great Geraldine family. Their possessions were once

in the county of Waterford, from whence, by an order of Cromwell, they were transplanted to the province of Connaught, where it was his policy to confine all the disaffected Irish families. The vale of Turlough, a few miles north of the town of Castlebar, remarkable for its round tower, its Celtic curiosities, and its Druidical remains, became the inheritance of this family, and has since descended from age to age through successive generations until it has reached the present proprietor, Charles Lionel Fitz-Gerald.

George Fitz-Gerald (father of George Robert Fitz-Gerald), who was a captain in the Austrian service, was married to Lady Mary Harvey, daughter of the Earl of Bristol. This family of the Fitz-Geralds was famous for producing characters that left the world in doubt whether they were madmen or men of genius. And those who know anything of the history of the Connaught circuit, during the last century, must remember what a singular man the uncle of George Robert Fitz-Gerald was, whose wife was brought to trial for bigamy as Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston.* George Fitz-Gerald was the father of two sons, George Robert and Charles Lionel. Their mother, Lady Mary, did not long live with her husband; she was eccentric, and returned to her friends in England; and he, during the remainder of

* State Trials.

his life, lived with another woman. George Robert, the eldest son and heir, was sent to Eton, where he acquired the reputation of being "deeply read and passionately fond of the classical authors." Leaving college at an early age, he entered the army, and his first quarters were in the town of Galway. Here we find him, at the age of sixteen, falling in love with a milliner, whose father and mother once moved in the upper circles of society. Fitz-Gerald, of course, had no idea of matrimony; but the lady had, and would have gladly been the wife of a gentleman of fortune, family position and education. He met this young lady on an afternoon in a shop in Galway. She was sitting behind a counter, over which, without a moment's reflection, he vaulted, snatched from her lips a kiss, and then retreated. She screamed; an outcry was at once raised, and a Mr. Lynch, from the other side of the street, who, though a shopkeeper, was also so much a gentleman as to prefer fighting to calling in the aid of a constable* to come to the rescue. Fitz-Gerald draws his sword; Mr. Lynch cries, "Oh! my bold boy, two can play at this work; I'll just step across the street for my rapier."

"What! you shop-keeping miscreant! do you think that I shall fight with a rotten tradesman?—No, sir! I will give you a sound thrashing with this, my rascal thrasher," wielding a heavy shillalah, which he always carried along with him, as well as a small sword.

¶ Lynch, who was a stout, brave fellow, at once sent him a message by a Mr. French, but George Robert scorned the idea of fighting a shopkeeper, and declined to accept the challenge, but insisted on an encounter with Mr. French, and,

he consenting, they retired to a convenient room, lock the door, and take their places. Fitz-Gerald fired first and missed, his ball entering the wainscot. French's pistol missed fire, for the best reason—he had forgotten to prime it. George Robert, observing this, stepped forward, and offered his antagonist his powder horn, and insisted on his partaking of his powder. This placed Mr. French in a very embarrassing position, from which he was relieved by persons bursting into his room on hearing the report of a pistol. In a day or two afterwards, Fitz-Gerald fought a duel with a Lieutenant Thompson, in Galway, was hit in the temple, and fell in a pool of blood. The surgeon, on examining the wound, asserted he must be trepanned. After a long time he recovered, but his brain, it is said, was affected, and, many years after he was laid in his dishonoured grave, this fracture was pointed to in his whitened skull by those who would fain excuse his acts of wild daring and revenge.

George Robert went, on his recovery, to reside with his father at Turlough, and devoted himself, while there, to the manly sports of the field, and soon became an expert horseman. Learning afterwards, in Paris, to ride with grace, he excelled all others in feats of horsemanship. On his return to Dublin he carried off for his wife, the sister of Mr. Conolly, of Castletown, in the county Kildare. She was possessed of a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and his father agreed to give him a rent-charge on his estate. This being settled, the young couple went abroad, and, of course, sought the French capital, where their high birth procured for them an introduction to the court of Louis XVI.,

* Archdeacon's "Legends of Connaught."

and to the highest circles of the nobility; and even here, though much restrained by the soft influences of his amiable wife, is he found playing pranks, and showing off extravagancies that only mental derangement could account for. Subsequent to this, he returned to Ireland, and resided either at his house, in Merrion Street, Dublin, or at Rockfield, near Turlough.*

In Dublin, he must have been the pest of society: besides fighting a duel with John Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas), he is said to have fired a pistol at the Right Hon. Dennis Browne, the brother of Lord Altamont, in the open day, in Sackville Street. On another occasion, in the castle of Dublin, he spat at John Fitz-Gibbon, afterwards so well known as the stern chancellor, Lord Clare. Fitz-Gerald, in 1780, took part with those who asserted the legislative independence of Ireland: he also joined the connections of his wife and mother in bringing about the great Volunteer movement. Still he was a most exclusive Protestant, and it never entered into his calculations that Ireland extended beyond the pale of Protestantism, for he considered that the Roman Catholics had no more right to participate in the independence he asserted for the country than the Helots had to participate in the republic of Lacedæmon.

In 1783 his levities, quarrels, and wild doings shattered the nervous frame of his wife, and she sank in the bloom of youth and beauty into an untimely grave. Her remains, followed by her frantic husband, were conveyed with much pomp and in the depth of winter from Castlebar to Celbridge, in the county of Kildare. Returning to

Mayo, he now insults the leader of the Connaught circuit, Sergeant Browne, and challenges his brother, the Right Honourable Dennis Browne, to fight a duel in Westport. When arranging the preliminaries, George Robert fired at his adversary, and missed him. Browne retreated into his house—properly insisting that he would have nothing further to do with an assassin. In the next year, 1784, he married the only child and heiress of Mr. Vaughan, of Carrowmore, in the county of Mayo, a gentleman of fortune and high character.

Subsequent to George Robert's marriage with Miss Conolly a settlement was made, by which, in consideration of a sum of £8,000 paid to his father, he assigned a rent-charge of £1,000 per annum, and settled his whole estate on George Robert and on his issue *male*, and in default of such issue remainder to his father absolutely.

Now it so happened that George Robert had but one daughter by his first wife, and there was no likelihood of issue by his second. This position threw a power into the hands of the father, and gave grounds for hope, and materials for scheming, to the younger brother, Charles Lionel, whose object it now was to obtain as much influence as he could over his father, so that the inheritance should be secured to him and his heirs; hence the jealousy between the two brothers; hence the desire of both to secure a personal influence and control over their weak and disreputable parent. Living beyond his income, that parent failed to pay George Robert his annuity of £1,000 settled upon him, and an arrear of £12,000 soon accrued. It would appear that,

* "Autobiography of Hamilton Rowan."

according to George Robert's statement, which has not been denied, that an amicable application was made to the Court of Exchequer, to make him, as having a prior claim to the other creditors, custodee of the estate until the debt was paid, he allowing his father a certain sum for maintenance. It would also appear that subsequently the old man, instigated by her with whom he lived, did his best to evade this arrangement, and that in spite of the receiver, who was brought from Dublin to collect the rents, the woman had the wit and management to step in and anticipate the stranger with the tenants, and to receive all the proceeds of the estate herself. We also find that the father and his second son, Charles Lionel, were joined against George Robert, and that they were assisted by a Mr. Cæsar French, a county of Galway gentleman, and also by a Patrick Randal McDonnell, who was a solicitor, and also colonel of the Mayo volunteers.

George Robert made his father a gift of a house near Turlough, and fifty acres of land, but by-and-by that heartless father threw himself into the power and under the influence of his younger son, and under that influence long leases, and at low rents, were granted to Charles Lionel and Cæsar French; and now those hostile proceedings became more violent than ever, and there arose not only conflicting notices as to the payment of rent served on the tenantry, but also acts of violence. Mr. French, having got his lease, and being appointed receiver over the whole property, sent a herd of cattle from the county of Galway to stock his new farms. George Robert at once seized the cattle, and sold them off by auction, and the money, without much ceremony, he converted to *his own use*. French, on hearing of the way in which his cattle were

treated, came to Castlebar, with a view to recovering his property, not, however, by an action either of trover or in detinue; but meeting George Robert close to the hotel, he rushed at him, both drew their swords, and for a length of time fought up and down the streets, making passes and feints, to the infinite delight of the many bystanders who lined the streets. At length French got a smart wound in the hip, which roused him to double exertions, and being the heavier and stronger man of the two, he pressed George Robert so hard that he felt that the only way to save his life was to throw himself on the ground, as if he had fallen by chance. Of course French was too honourable a man to take advantage of his fallen foe, and his wound now being so troublesome, he was conveyed to his inn, whereupon Fitz-Gerald, with his usual arrogance, asserted that he had conquered his antagonist.

Cæsar French, having soon after recovered from his wound, was now resolved on recovering his cattle; but even then, his course was widely different from that which would be adopted by the degenerate men of modern days. He assembled a faction of his own family, friends, and followers in the county of Galway, some of them men of rank and fortune, to the number of 400, all well armed and equipped, and at once proceeds to Turlough, and there encamps, determined to seize his own cattle, or take away something that might be an equivalent; but the enemy was not to be taken unawares, for George Robert had removed his stock, and so well secured himself and his property, that all the Galway forces could neither injure him nor his. Therefore, Cæsar French and his forces having remained some time unmolested and idle, found it necessary to beat a retreat, and then

George Robert sallied forth, hung on his rear, and succeeded in cutting off the baggage, while the main body of the Galwaygeans was a mile ahead. And now a scout comes up and informs French of the attack on his rear, who at once collecting the *élite* of his mounted troops, rushes back to the rescue, and finds Fitz-Gerald dragging off his booty. A battle ensues, and George Robert, after a short encounter, finding that he and his people were getting the worst of it, abandons his prey and his prisoners of war, and retreats in good order to Turlough. And this scene occurred in face of the magistrates, and in the county of Mayo, eighty-nine years ago!!

Old Fitz-Gerald having thus thrown himself into the hands of the enemies of his eldest son, found that he was ready and able to retaliate upon him for withdrawing the settled annuity. George Robert refused to pay the stipulated maintenance, and old Fitz-Gerald filed a bill against him in the Court of Chancery, but George Robert, disregarding the forms of that high court, gave himself but little trouble about either its decrees or its judgments. A writ was issued, empowering the father to arrest the body of his son until the maintenance was duly made to him. To attempt taking him at Turlough was madness; he therefore waited until the Ballinrobe summer assizes of 1788, when, watching his son, and seeing him safe, as he thought, he instructs his counsel to apply to the judge for liberty to arrest him there, inasmuch as it was impossible to do so anywhere else. This the judge granting, the old man and his younger son, Charles Lionel, proceeded into the grand jury room to

make the arrest, when lo! he was gone, for he had intimation of what was going on in the court, and slipped out of the room, and made his escape to Turlough as best he could.

And now George Robert, having been informed that his father intended leaving for Dublin at the close of the assizes, waylaid him on the road, and carried him by force to Turlough, where he kept him imprisoned in a fort or liss near Castlebar, guarded by a well-armed troop of 200 men, with a view of preventing his making leases at an under value of the lands; and it was for this act that the solicitor-general, Hugh Carleton, who went as *locum tenens* judge of assize, spring 1788, sentenced him to be fined £1,000, and imprisoned for three years, as appeared from his letter to the attorney-general, which we placed before our readers at the close of the last chapter.*

George Robert, though liberated through the influence of Mr. Conolly, refused to give up his father, and accordingly his brother, Charles Lionel, brought the matter under the notice of the Government, who gave orders for his instant release. And to back those orders, a well-organized army, under the command of Major Longfield, received the route from Dublin to Castlebar; and it is amusing to read the solemn preparations that were made for this western expedition, and the Castle paper describes the admirable conduct of the affair, and its brilliant result. But that brilliant result was not, in our opinion, a satisfactory one, for George Robert spiked all his cannon on the fort, and, taking his father with him, retreated towards Sligo, being pursued by the Mayo volunteers, under

* Sup. p. 219.

the command of his hated antagonist, Patrick Randal McDonnell. He then committed himself and his father, in an open boat, to the mercy of the Atlantic Ocean, and hastened to hide himself from his pursuers in a small island off the bay of Sligo. Here his father, no doubt disrelishing his quarters, and perhaps desiring to regain his liberty, proposed to his son that if he would pay £3000 to clear him of his debts, and give him a small yearly stipend, he would convey to him the reversion in the estate, and exonerate him from all blame as to his forcible detention. To this George Robert agreed, and proceeding by unfrequented roads to Dublin, the father, as soon as he was placed in his old lodgings in Castle Street, absolutely refused to perfect the deeds he had agreed to.

Let us now turn to Patrick Randal McDonnell. He was the son of a Mr. Alexander McDonnell, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, on his marriage, had entailed his property on his eldest son, reserving to himself merely a life interest—a settlement which bound him hand and foot, and which prevented him of course from raising money, except upon his life estate. Now, one of the most dissolute and profligate men in the province of Connaught was this Alexander McDonnell. His son, Patrick Randal, of whom we speak, stood of course in the way of his unmeasured self-indulgence, and he, therefore, conceived an intense hatred towards him. He refused him, even when a boy, the common advantages of his birth, denied him any education, and though not making a direct attempt on his life, sought, by privation and hardships, to break the spirit of the child and bring him to an early grave. To these cruel deeds he was further instigated by the fact, that the boy

had been bequeathed, by the will of an uncle, a property of about three hundred pounds a year. In order, then, to enable him to sell this property, which was more manageable than an entailed estate, he secured the will and drove his son from his house; and lest any of his relations should give him shelter, he represented him as incorrigible, wicked, and perverse. But this did not deter his maternal uncle, Mr. Patrick Fitz-Gerald, of Castlebar, from receiving and rearing him as his own child, giving him a suitable education, and binding him to an attorney. Perhaps he was induced to give him this profession, the better to enable him to recover the property which Mr. Fitz-Gerald knew had been bequeathed to him, but which was now withheld, and (its value depreciated) disposed of to a person who had the hardihood to purchase it. Patrick Randal McDonnell, on coming of age, set at once to work to recover this estate; but for a time no shred of evidence could be found of his uncle's will. He searched and searched in vain, but at length received an anonymous letter, informing him that it had been placed by his father in the possession of the purchaser of the estate. Resolved to obtain the instrument by any means, he contrived to get into the purchaser's house when he was from home, broke open the box in which it was kept, and carried off the will. Outraged at this conduct, the father swore information against his son, who was brought to trial at the Commission for the City of Dublin. He defended himself ably, and exposed the whole transaction; and his father had to quit the court amidst the hisses of the people. Young McDonnell was honourably acquitted. He next filed a bill against the purchaser of the estate, and showed that he had knowingly

purchased the lands under fraudulent circumstances; and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lifford, gave him a decree which put him into instant possession. This property was in the immediate vicinity of Turrough, the princely mansion and estate of George Robert Fitz-Gerald. Mr. McDonnell, proud of the manner in which he had succeeded, called his residence (in token of gratitude to the Court of Chancery, which suitors in that court seldom feel) Chancery Hall.

Young McDonnell's fame now preceded him wherever he went through the county of Mayo; he became the redresser of injuries, the protector of the tenants, the scourge of the landlords; he was a knight-errant of the eighteenth century. Popularity with one party, and hostility from the other, were the natural results of his conduct. Amongst those hostile to him was George Robert Fitz-Gerald.

Now, this hostility began almost as soon as Fitz-Gerald, about to take possession of his property, had set his foot on Mayo soil. He was the guest on that occasion of Mr. Patrick Fitz-Gerald, son of the Patrick of whom we have already spoken, and was entertained by him with the hospitality for which the west of Ireland was so renowned. Nevertheless he offended his host, by refusing to grant him a renewal of a lease. Patrick McDonnell remembered, that he owed an undying debt of gratitude to the family of his benefactor; his haughty spirit rose within him, and he resolved to avenge the insult which he imagined had been flung by this refusal at his cousin, Patrick Fitz-Gerald. The minds, too, of these men were uncongenial; both were men of ability and learning, both generous in their way, both possessed of much that make men popular. But two suns cannot shine in the same heavens! Brave

and daring, Fitz-Gerald, indeed, possessed one superiority over his antagonist, independent of his rank, and of his polished manners—he was an affectionate husband, and twice married, he had been beloved by both his wives; while infidelity to the marriage ties was one of McDonnell's besetting sins. Over and over again McDonnell had proved himself more than a match for Fitz-Gerald, when he chanced to catch him within the meshes of the law: the astute attorney was too clever an antagonist for the unpractised country gentleman. Accordingly, in self-defence, and to retaliate on a foe from whom he had suffered so many defeats, he looked about for an ally, and not finding any Irishman, able and willing to throw in his lot with him, he invited an English attorney, named Timothy Brecknock, to be his law adviser and companion; and within the compass of the British Isles he could not have selected a more extraordinary or a more dangerous associate.

Timothy Brecknock, son of the Protestant Bishop of St. David's, had been a student of Jesus College, Oxford, and of one of the English Inns of Court, for he was destined in early life for the Bar. He changed his mind, however, and finally became an attorney; a profession to which he was a disgrace, for he gloried in tricks, in falsehoods, and in evasions unworthy of either of the great branches into which the profession of the law is divided. And yet Brecknock was a man of ability, and of great dexterity in the defence of prisoners; and as his misguided abilities were the cause of the ruin of George Robert Fitz-Gerald, and of his own, we think it may be well to turn back for a moment, and relate one or two anecdotes of his earlier life.

A man had been committed to

the Old Bailey for highway robbery, and there was every reason to believe from the credibility of the witnesses, that the prisoner was a knight of the road. Brecknock waited upon him in prison, and stated that he was ready to become his counsel, but required that he should, in the first place, confess to him *honestly*, whether or not he had committed the crime imputed to him. This, the fellow at once did. He stated that he had stopped a gentleman, travelling in his chariot, at half-past eleven o'clock at night; that he had robbed him of thirty-seven guineas, but not of his watch, as it was not his practice to meddle with such discoverable things; that, as it was a bright moonlight night, he had taken the precaution of wearing a crape mask, but that it unfortunately fell off when he was in the act of forcing open the chariot door, and that he was therefore apprehensive lest one or both of the gentleman's servants had remarked his features; that after he had effected the robbery he rode off, but finding that the coachman had mounted one of the carriage horses, and was stoutly pursuing him down a lane, he leaped over a paling which was at the end of it, but which the draft horse was unable to clear, and that in this way he had made into a gentleman's demesne, and thence, leaving his horse after him, escaped on foot to London. The horse knowing the road returned to his own stable. In the course of five weeks afterwards, he was riding the same animal through Whitechapel, when he was recognized by the footmen of the gentleman whom he had robbed, was arrested, and committed to prison. This was the substance of his confession.

The day of trial came on, and Brecknock appeared for the prisoner, having received one hundred guineas to defend him. The wit-

nesses for the prosecution unhesitatingly swore to the identity of the prisoner. But Brecknock, above such paltry defences as an *alibi et hoc genus omne*, had everything for several weeks prepared: false almanacs were scattered all over the city, in every neighbouring public-house and inn; he had had the true almanacs removed and replaced by incorrect ones, in which the age of the moon was altered, and by which it appeared that the moon did not rise on that night until three o'clock in the morning, three hours and a half after the robbery, while in fact, and as would have appeared by the true almanacs, the full moon rose at seven o'clock on that evening. The jury had placed before them what appeared to be Ryder's almanac, and, of course, without turning in the box they acquitted the prisoner. A few days afterwards the imposition was discovered, but the highwayman was again on the road, and of course could not be tried a second time for the same offence, and Brecknock "was not answerable for the misprints in the almanac."

The escape of this malefactor was the talk of London. Brecknock's ability, as "a rogue and advocate," was in everybody's mouth; and the most virtuous gave the learned scoundrel credit for his ingenuity. Brecknock next became known by his writings, and in the midst of the worse than doubtful notoriety which he had acquired, George Robert Fitz Gerald arrived in London, and pressed him to accompany him to Ireland, there to protect both himself and his property from the machinations of his brother and enemy, Charles Lionel Fitz-Gerald, and from the clever proceedings of Patrick Randal McDonnell. Brecknock accordingly set out for Ireland, and after six days arrived at Holyhead. It was observed by his fellow passengers that his food on

the way was vegetables, and his drink water, and they marvelled much that he could abstain so from meat, and from the juice of the grape during that long journey. At Holyhead it was found that a head wind was against the sailing of the packet, and all of them were at the mercy of the innkeeper, save Brecknock, who took lodgings for himself apart. One day his fellow travellers observed, as they were warming themselves at the fire, a quarter of mutton and several flaggons of ale being brought into his apartments. Desirous of detecting the Pythagorean hypocrite, they burst into his parlour expecting to find the old man feasting and enjoying himself; when lo! *there* were a number of paupers sitting round the table, and partaking of the meat and ale, while Brecknock was seated at a side table by himself; his food vegetables, and his drink water as usual. The truth is that this eccentric man was singularly generous, and was ready to give, as he did give, all that he could gain, honestly or dishonestly, to the poor. What an anomaly was he—what contradictions do we not find in man! At length Brecknock sailed for Ireland, and arrived at George Robert Fitz-Gerald's residence, in Dublin, within a fortnight after he had left London.

Before proceeding to relate the trial of Fitz-Gerald, we have to bring on the stage another individual connected with the fate of that wild and wicked man. This was Andrew Craig, or, as he was called in Mayo, Scotch Andrew, for the Connaught people not being able to distinguish the dialect of the north-east of Ireland from that of Scotland, assumed that he was Scotch, though in reality he was a native of Carrickfergus. He was an intelligent young fellow, and early in life had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; but, disliking all restraint, ran away

from his master, after having acquired a very superficial knowledge of farriery, of which notwithstanding he availed himself so well that he was frequently employed in the capacity of stable boy, groom, and jockey. He had been in the employment of several families in the north of Ireland, and thence passed into the service of George Robert Fitz-Gerald, who perceived in him a daring boldness, a savage ferocity, a temper that would lead him to anything however cruel, and an insatiable thirst for blood.

Having thus told who the leading characters in Fitz-Gerald's service were, we shall now proceed with our narrative.

It appears that shortly before the 21st of February, 1786, Patrick Randal McDonnell was passing close to Turlough, from Castlebar to Chancery Hall, when he was fired at and wounded in the leg. Escaping, however, with his life, he swore informations against a retainer of Fitz-Gerald's named Murphy, who was accordingly arrested and confined in gaol, but who was finally discharged without having been brought to trial. And now it came to Fitz-Gerald's turn to act. Taking Murphy's case in hand, he causes informations to be drawn up and sworn before Mr. O'Malley, a magistrate, against McDonnell and others, for an assault committed on Murphy, and upon these informations procures warrants to issue for the committal of the parties accused; but these warrants could not be executed for some time, owing to McDonnell's taking the precaution of confining himself to his house in Castlebar. At length he ventured to Chancery Hall, and on his return on the same evening he was seized by Fitz-Gerald's men, and brought, together with his followers, Hipson and Gallagher, prisoners to Turlough House, where he was kept until the

following morning, when the three were sent forward towards the gaol of Castlebar under a strong escort of Fitz Gerald's men, of whom Scotch Andrew was the leader. McDonnell was mounted, and a man led his horse, while Gallagher and Hipson were tied together. Not far from Turlough, and while passing along the park, shots were fired from the other side of the wall at a place called Gurth-ne fullah. The cry of a rescue was at once raised by Fitz Gerald's party, and then, by the orders of Andrew Craig, the prisoners were fired upon. Hipson fell dead on the spot, and McDonnell was wounded in the arm. Scotch Andrew then came up, and McDonnell, in piercing tones, implored of him to spare his life, and promised him in return one hundred acres of the greenest land on his estate. "Remember, Andrew," said he, "life is all I ask—life—life—and you will recollect this blessed act when you yourself are dying."

"If you were my mother," replied the fiend, "you shall have the contents of this," at the same instant discharging both barrels, the muzzles of which all but touched the body of the unhappy man. In a moment McDonnell lay dead at his feet. Gallagher, the other prisoner, was slightly wounded, and was afterwards taken to Turlough House. Now all this, it was said, was done by the advice of Brecknock, who foresaw that McDonnell's friends would come out from the town, but three miles off, and would rescue him out of their hands; and he, from some confused notion of the law, advised that, if the prisoners were in custody of the guard, the guard were justified in shooting them in case of an attempted rescue; and he read to Fitzgerald in support of this proposition an extract out of so book on criminal law. Like
unire t report of the murders

spread upon all sides. Immediately the troops of the line, then quartered in Castlebar, and the volunteers, came out furiously to Turlough, some of them remaining outside, while others entered the house to search and pillage it. Brecknock and a man named Fulton, who had acted as bailiff in the capture of McDonnell, were at once captured, but after a diligent and fruitless search the volunteers were beginning to think that Fitz-Gerald must have effected his escape before their arrival, when one of them, forcing open a clothes chest in a lower apartment, discovered him among a heap of bedclothes. He was seized and dragged out, and a scuffle ensued, one party endeavouring to murder him, and the other to drag him to justice. All the accused were at length arrested except one, and that one was Scotch Andrew, who escaped for the time, but was taken soon after near Dublin. On the same night Fitz-Gerald was hurried to the gaol of Castlebar, and, alone in his cell, was guarded on the outside at first by two soldiers, one of whom, however, was by the orders of Mr. Clarke, the sub-sheriff, soon withdrawn. This, it was said, was done with a purpose, for immediately on his withdrawal the prison doors were burst open, and a number of men armed with pistols and sword-canes, and the musket of the sentinel, whom they had overpowered, attacked Fitz-Gerald in a furious and deadly manner, who, though totally unarmed, made a most extraordinary and desperate defence. Several shots were discharged at him, one of which was lodged in his leg, while some of his assailants, though he was then collared by Gallagher, and struggling in his grasp, thrust at him with blades and bayonets. His front teeth were knocked out, and after he had shaken off Gallagher by great exertions, he was

next assaulted with the musket-stock, with pistol butts, and with the candlestick, which had been seized by one of the assailants, who gave the candle to a boy to hold. By one of the blows he was prostrated under the table, and while lying there still defending himself, he exclaimed, "Cowardly rascals; you may desist. You have now done for me, which was, of course, your object." The candle had been by this time quenched in the struggling, and the gaol and streets were thoroughly alarmed, so that the assailants, fearing to injure one another, and deeming that their intended victim was duly despatched, and perhaps fearful of detection, retreated from the prison, leaving Fitz-Gerald, though wounded, once more in security. In his informations respecting this transaction, he accused five individuals principally, namely, John Gallagher, Dr. Martin, Charles and Luke Higgins, and Daniel Clarke. Of Andrew Gallagher, he could say nothing except what was good. But others were concerned in the attack whom he did not know. When it is remembered that these five principal assailants, not to speak of the others, were all particularly able-bodied men,—if, indeed, they were the guilty parties, on which, as the sequel will show, a doubt is thrown by their acquittal, while he himself was of small stature and slender frame,—we cannot but consider that his escape with life was a very extraordinary circumstance.

"Thank God," said Mr. Archdeacon, when describing these savage scenes which then disgraced the county of Mayo, "thank God that such horrors as these could not be repeated *now*." The whole country was filled with amazement at the

doings then done in Mayo, and men looked forward with the deepest anxiety to the assizes, which were still two months distant. A special commission even was suggested at the privy council as the surest method to put a stop at once and for ever to crimes that might be expected in a savage country, but that were a disgrace to the very name of civilization. On the 10th of March the judges were appointed for their several circuits, and Chief Baron Yelverton and Baron Power were the judges named for the Connaught circuit. Both were men of great eminence. Of Barry Yelverton, better known as Lord Avonmore, it was said by some that his qualities were not those of a good judge, for he received impressions too soon and perhaps too strongly, that he was indolent in research and impatient in discussion; and yet it was said by others "that he was amply qualified for the Bench by profound legal and constitutional learning, by extensive professional practice, by strong logical powers, by a classical and wide-ranging capacity, by equitable propensities, and a philanthropic disposition, and that he possessed all the positive qualities of a great judge."* As an orator, he was the equal of Flood, Grattan, Hussey Burgh, and Curran—perhaps in the command of powerful and nervous language he was superior to them all.† Richard Power was an excellent lawyer, but was far from being an orator: he was morose and fat, very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious, but of that melancholy turn of mind which in after years caused him to commit suicide. Nothing of importance occurred in the early towns of the

* Wills's "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen," vol. v. p. 239.

† Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches," vol. i. p. 257.

circuit, if we may judge from the fact that there are no reports extant of what business was transacted in Roscommon, Carrick-on-Shannon, or Sligo. It is to the *Freeman's Journal* that we owe the report of what occurred at the Castlebar assizes; for a special reporter was sent by that journal from Dublin to give an accurate account of the "Fitz-Gerald murders and riots."

It was arranged that the judges were to arrive at Castlebar at five o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 8th of April. Early on that morning great multitudes went out to meet them, for in those times it was customary for all that could afford either time or blood horses to ride ten or twelve miles to welcome his Majesty's judges and the bar "coming in;" for "the coming in of the judges" was then an event spoken of for many weeks both before and after the assizes. Though still an event, it has nothing of the scenic effect that distinguished it in former days. At present, from the facility of railway travelling, each separate member of the bar can repair, as an unconnected individual, to the place of legal rendezvous. This has more convenience, but less of popular *éclat*. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, both judges and barristers travelled the circuit on horseback, and, for safety and pleasure, kept together on the road. The holsters in front of the saddle were filled with loaded pistols, the outside coat was strapped

in a roll behind, while the dragoon-like regularity of pace at which they advanced gave the party a certain military appearance. The servants followed, mounted like their masters, and watchful of the saddle-bags, which, containing the circuit wardrobe and circuit library, dangled from their horses' flanks. A *posse* of fellows too, well mounted, bearing wine and other luxuries, followed close behind. At the head of this nomadic caravan rode the high sheriff of the county with his halberdmen, armed with javelins, which they grasped in the centre, while a troop of horse brought up the rear. "In troth this was a goodly sight, and great was the deference and admiration with which they were honoured at every stage; and when they approached the assize-town, the gentlemen of the grand jury and all the people of quality were wont to come five or six miles to bid them welcome. And when they met, the greetings and congratulations, and friendly reciprocities were conducted on both sides in a tone of cordial vociferation that is now extinct. For the counsellor of that day was no formalist, neither had too much learning attenuated his frame, nor prematurely quenched his animal spirits, but he was portly and vigorous, and laughed in a hearty roar,* and loved to feel good claret disporting through his veins, and would any day prefer a fox chase to a special retainer; and all this in no way detracted from his professional repute, seeing that all his

* Guillaume Dumas, in his directions to a "Counsellor how to behave himself in Court," directs, that the counsellor should be in court early in the morning before the arrival of the judge, that he should address some other counsellor on the other side of the court in loud tones before the crowd, wishing him a "good morning;" that he should then look round as if it were in defiance, and laugh at some saying of another counsellor aloud; and that he should at a convenient time blow his nose both loud and clear; that on the entry of the judge, he should remove his cap, and make an obeisance proportioned to the dignity of the judge; that he should be seen whispering the judge when he would leave the court. — *See* "Preface to Year Books, 32 and 33 Edw. 1," by Alfred Horwood, ed. of 1864.

competitors were even as he was, and that juries in those times were more gullible than now, and judges less learned and inflexible, and technicalities less regarded or understood, and motions in arrest of judgment less thought of. The conscience of the counsellor being ever at ease, when he felt his client was going to be hanged, upon the plain and obvious principles of common sense and natural justice, so that circuit and circuit business was a recreation to him; and each day through the assizes he was feasted and honoured by the oldest families of the county, and he had ever the place of dignity beside the host, and his flashes of merriment (for the best things said in those days were said by counsellors) set the table in a roar, and he could sing, and would sing a jovial song, too; and if asked, he would discourse, gravely and pithily, of public affairs, being deeply versed in State concerns; and, perhaps, a member of the House of Commons, and when he spoke, he spoke boldly, and as one not fearing interruption or dissent, and what he said was received and treasured up by his admiring audience as oracular revelations of the fate of kingdoms until the next assizes. Few country gentlemen would enter into an argument with the counsellors, who were ready at any moment to take any or either side of any question extempore, and divide it into three distinct points of view, and bring a half dozen knock-down arguments to bear upon each."

Such is the description given by one who teems with anecdotes of the assizes in the last century, one who could speak with fluency of judges, juries, counsel, witnesses, criminals, and aught else that could appertain to the Irish law.*

On the following day, Sunday, the church of Castlebar was filled to overflowing, for in those days the bench, the bar, and the grand jury were all, nominally at least, Protestants; and it was generally the ablest divine that was invited to preach the assizes sermon. Accordingly, it was arranged on this occasion that the Hon. and Most Rev. Dr. Burke, Protestant Lord Archbishop of Tuam, should on "the assizes Sunday" occupy the pulpit of the church of Castlebar: and glad was the rector to have obtained the services of so eminent a preacher, on an occasion when a Yelverton, a Fitz-Gibbon, a Blossett, and a Stanley were to be present. It was arranged that the archbishop was to arrive at the church at half-past eleven o'clock, half an hour previous to the commencement of the service. But, alas! no archbishop came, he had been taken suddenly ill the night before, and within five minutes of twelve, a messenger, in breathless haste from the palace of Tuam, arrived to announce that the rector must himself preach the sermon. The criminal condemned to be hanged might claim sympathy from the presiding judge, but who could sympathize with one in his position? alas, thought he, how they that sleep in death are to be envied! Piously did he utter the opening words of the service: "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord." Big drops of perspiration were rolling in his agony of despair adown his face. There, before him, sat the judges in their judicial robes—there was the attorney-general—there the whole strength of the bar, and he, wretch that he was, who was in the habit of addressing only a country congregation, never numbering more

* Curran's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," vol. i. p. 274.

than five-and-twenty, was now to preach in a church crammed to suffocation, and to a congregation composed of some of the most learned and eloquent men of the day. A miracle alone could save him from the impending sermon, and that sermon would crown him with undying ridicule. A miracle he could not hope for, and yet a miracle did almost occur. Seated immediately under the reading-desk, was one whose black dress and white cravat betokened that he was a clergyman. The rector saw and recognized him, for they had been fellow-students at an English university. The stranger was Charles Agar, then Dean of Cloyne, who had come to Ireland as chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Northumberland. He was now in Castlebar, with many others, to hear the trial of George Robert Fitz-Gerald. During the singing of the psalm, the rector pencilled a note to his *quondam* friend, begging of him to ascend the pulpit and make the most of the occasion. Agar, for aught he knew, may have preached "assizes sermons" before, but whether this be so or not, he replied in the affirmative, and retired to the vestry, while there was yet time, to string together something worthy of the occasion. At last the moment came, and the Dean ascended the pulpit to the great joy of the man, who was fortunate in having escaped so much misfortune. The very reverend preacher gave out, from the 7th chapter Gospel of St. Luke, the following text:—

"But the Pharisees and the lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves." The applicability and the severity of the text enchaind in a moment the wanderings of the faner. He showed how the Jewish lawyers had leaped uncertainty and ob-

scure upon the laws that were

given to Moses on Horeb; and how their conduct had drawn down upon them the rebuke of the great law-giver of the New Law, when he addressed them in the memorable words, "Woe to you lawyers." And yet, he said, there were great lawyers in the old times amongst the Jews; need he remind his hearers that the commentaries on the Talmud, the Mishna, and the Gemara were from the pens of great Hebrew lawyers. Passing from the Jewish to the Roman lawyers, he briefly alluded to Tribonian and his connection with the immortal code of the great Justinian, and showed how that code had been preferred by the ecclesiastical lawyers of the middle ages to our own common law, and how it formed the basis of the laws of France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and of many of the most polished countries in the world. From the civil to the canon law of the Church of Rome there was only a step. To the canon law lawyers the world is deeply indebted: for almost all the forms in lay courts which contribute to establish, and continue to preserve, order in judicial proceedings, are borrowed from the canon law. And he showed how, without fee or reward, nominally at least, the ecclesiastical lawyers argued their clients' causes. He (the very reverend preacher) often in former years had watched the stuff-gown lawyers in the courts of Westminster Hall, wearing the habit of the monk, for their gowns were ecclesiastical robes—and he had thought of times gone by when the lawyer-monks carried the open purse over their left shoulders, slung from a broad tape, into which the satisfied clients were wont stealthily to drop golden pieces as a grateful *honorarium*. That purse is now closed, but it is still slung, as in times past, over the left shoulder of every

stuff-gown lawyer. Passing from the bar to the bench, he reminded the judges of their duties, and thanked God that those of their day strictly obeyed the laws that were given them to observe. And he showed how there were great judges in Israel, even from the days of Joshua the son of Nun, who was filled with wisdom to the days of Saul. But there were wicked judges, too, and our Saviour in St. Luke's Gospel, chapter xviii., speaks of a "judge in a certain city, who feared not God and regarded not man." The glories of being a righteous judge won for Solomon the fear and the love of the children of Israel, "for they saw the wisdom of God was in him to do judgment." He then reminded them that the very robes they wore were sacred—that the scarlet and the violet had been the colours worn by the judges ever since the robes of Aaron were transferred to Eleazar, his son and successor; that the ermine tippet had descended on the chief judges from the chancellors of the Roman Church, who took it from the tribe of Levi, and that the ermine mantle had always been regarded as typical of purity. He called on them to remember that they were not to be led away by the allurements of power, and that there was once a chief justice in England, even in Popish times, who dared to commit the Prince of Wales to prison for having been guilty of a contempt of his sacred person. Lastly, he reminded them that the highest reward prepared for the twelve apostles hereafter, is to sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

On the following day the commission was opened by the Lord Chief Baron and Mr. Baron Power. The grand jury were called to the box, Sir Neal O'Donel, of Newport, being their foreman, and true bills

were immediately found against the six rioters who were accused of having assaulted George Robert Fitz-Gerald, as before described, in the gaol of Castlebar, on the 21st of February, 1786. Their names, occupations, and residences respectively were:—Andrew Gallagher, apothecary; John Gallagher, coroner; James Martin, M.D.; Edward Martin, gentleman; Luke Higgins, tanner, all of Castlebar; and Charles Higgins, gentleman, of Westport. The grand jury also found true bills against George Robert Fitz-Gerald, Timothy Brecknock, and others, for the wilful murder of Patrick Randal McDonnell and Charles Hipson, on the 21st of February, 1786. An application was immediately made by counsel to postpone the trials on the ground that George Robert Fitz-Gerald was unable, owing to the wounds he had received in the riotous assault in gaol, to stand his trial. The application was granted, and the trials were postponed accordingly, until the 7th of June.

On the 6th of June following, the judges arrived at Castlebar, and, at the proper time, they opened the court pursuant to adjournment; the trial of the Higginses, Martins, and Gallaghers, were at once proceeded with. They were all, however, speedily acquitted, on the alleged ground of discrepancy between Fitz-Gerald's first and second sworn examinations, as well as because an *alibi* had been clearly proved for each. A loud expression of joy burst from the thronging crowd.

The counsel for the prosecution were, the Attorney-General, Messrs. James O'Hara, Francis Patterson, and St. George Daly. Counsel for the prisoners, Messrs. John Blossett, George Joseph Browne, and James Darcy.

On the 10th of June the trial of George Robert Fitz-Gerald was com-

menced. Precisely at ten o'clock, Chief Baron Yelverton and Baron Power ascended the bench, and a petty jury was immediately sworn. The Attorney-General, with Messrs. James O'Hara, Francis Patterson, Ulick Burke, and St. George Daly, appeared as counsel for the Prosecution; while Messrs. Stanley, Colbeck, Blossett, George Joseph Browne, Owen, and James Darcy defended the prisoner.

Fitz-Gerald was arraigned, "for that he with another, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but, being moved by the instigation of the devil, did on the 21st of February, 1786, of his malice pre-pense, wilfully, traitorously, and feloniously *procure, stir up, and procure* one Andrew Creagh otherwise Craig, and a number of others (some of them at present unknown), to slay and murder one Patrick Randal McDonnell, and one Charles Hipson, then and there subjects of the King, and who, by the aforesaid provocation, stirring up, and procurement, were assaulted at *Gurtnefullagh*, with certain guns of the value of five shillings, each and every of the said guns being charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, and several mortal wounds inflicted on them of the depth of four inches, and the breadth of half an inch, contrary to the peace of our great lord the King, his crown, and dignity, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided, of which mortal wounds they then and there instantly died," &c.

Mr. Stanley objected to the prisoner at the bar being tried for provoking and stirring up others to commit murder, until these were first tried and found guilty of the murder. Mr. Fitz-Gerald was about being tried as an accessory before the fact, and that before the conviction of the principal. Even in

cessories are principals, the principal must be tried before the accessory, and as soon as the principal is convicted, then the accessory is tried as a principal.

The Chief Baron owned he felt some difficulty on the question, whether Mr. Fitz-Gerald's offence as laid in the indictment was an accessory offence, or a distinct and substantive one. If the latter, there was no objection to the trial's proceeding, but if his offence were only accessory, then he ought not to be put on his trial until the principals were convicted; and, therefore, he entreated the Attorney-General, lest any room should be left for doubt, to consent to discharge the jury in this case, and to try one of the principal's first.

The Attorney-General said that the offence for which the prisoner was indicted, was made a distinct substantive offence. The Act of Henry VII. goes so far as to make the procuring of the death of a subject tantamount to procuring the death of the King. So that the accessory becomes as it were a principal in the same way as he would in high treason.

The Act does not declare the crime of murder to be high treason, but attaches the penalties of high treason upon the persons of those who shall be convicted of the offence. Suppose the party committing the murder to be an idiot or lunatic, or suppose him not amenable, -- suppose that he is killed in the affray, will it be contended that the man that incited the committal of the murder is not to be tried at all? But now the prisoner has been given in charge to the jury, and he must be either convicted or acquitted, and he should have made this objection before he was given in charge, and by permitting himself to be given in charge, he has waived the objection.

The court ruled with the Attorney-General, and the case proceeded.

Mr. St. George Daly opened the indictment, and the Attorney-General stated the case. The two important witnesses against Fitz-Gerald and Brecknock, were Andrew Gallagher, one of McDonnell's party, who had escaped, and Scotch Andrew. Gallagher deposed that, on the night on which he (along with McDonnell and Hipson) was brought to Turlough, and confined in a room over the stairs, he overheard, through a broken pane, Fitz-Gerald and Brecknock conversing and giving directions to the men, and that one of the directions was, "that if they saw any rescue, or chance of a rescue, to be sure to shoot the prisoners and take care of them;" that when these orders were given, Fitz-Gerald said to Brecknock, "Ha! then we shall soon get rid of them now;" and Brecknock replied, "Oh! then we shall be easy indeed;" and that after the guard was arranged, Fitz-Gerald called out to Scotch Andrew, "Andrew Craig be sure you kill them, do not let one of the villains escape."

Scotch Andrew next ascended the witness table, and when this cold-blooded murderer made his appearance as an approver, a shudder seemed to pervade the entire crowd. Nothing daunted, however, he gave his testimony with the coolest effrontery. He not only corroborated Gallagher's evidence, but also swore to the private directions given by the prisoner, Fitz-Gerald, as the party was moving away from Turlough House. He then swore that the plan chalked out for his victims' destruction was this: to charge a gun with snipe shot, and then to send on a man with it, who should fire from the park wall, making no distinction between friend or foe, as the shot would smarten them up

to their business, and could do little harm to their party, whilst some of them might think it a real rescue. This plan, he stated, was accordingly acted upon. He next admitted, without a shadow of remorse for the terrible deed, that he himself shot McDonnell through the head, as he lay maimed and defenceless on the bridge of Kilnecarra.

His statement was strengthened by the evidence of another of the accomplices, as well as by that of the magistrates, who had taken his voluntary confession, immediately after his transmittal from Dublin; and this closed the evidence for the prosecution.

For the defence three warrants, signed by Mr. Bollingbroke and Mr. O'Malley, against McDonnell, Hipson, and others, and directed to William Fulton specially, were put in evidence, with a view to show that the murdered men had been legally in the custody of Fulton.

The Rev. Mr. Henry, the Presbyterian minister of Turlough, now came forward to prove what he was pleased to designate the insolence of Gallagher and Hipson on their being arrested and conveyed to Turlough. He also swore that accommodation and refreshments were offered to them; and that although he was up early on the morning of what he termed *the accident*, he had heard no directions given to the guard.

He was followed by a man named Love, whose testimony was that he saw about twelve armed followers of McDonnell inside a wall adjoining Gurtnefullagh, early on the fatal morning, and that he heard them state, as he lay hidden behind a thorn bush, that if McDonnell came they would soon free him by shooting Fitz-Gerald.

The defence closed, and the Chief Baron charged the jury in an able but not an impartial manner. He

was followed by Baron Power, whose great information as a criminal-lawyer gave weight to every remark that fell from him in his lengthened charge. Had we been writing the account of this trial in a law magazine, gladly should we lay it before our readers; but, to the many, legal arguments are dry and uninteresting. Suffice it therefore here to say, that the Bench conducted the trial with some dignity and temper. But Mr. Fitz-Gibbon, the attorney-general, surpassed himself in acerbity and flippancy. On one occasion he so far forgot himself, or rather his station, as to call Mr. Stanley (the leading counsel for Fitz-Gerald) Mr. Tautology Puzzle-pate. Stanley retorted, and the law lost much of its dignity when two such men—two leaders in the profession—were allowed thus to exercise their wit in the presence of the representatives of justice, at that awful moment when the grave was yawning beneath the feet even of a guilty fellow-creature.

It was near midnight on Friday, the 9th of June, when the jury retired to consider their verdict; and yet so absorbing was the interest felt in the trial, that the court-lights still showed a throng of faces, pale indeed and wearied, but wearing an expression of intense eagerness for its issue, such as they had exhibited at its outset.

Fitz-Gerald saw the jury retire, and, for the first time in his life, he displayed a symptom of fear. It was but for a moment. Instantly resuming his confidence of expression, and bowing to some persons whom he recognized in the court, he leaned back with apparent composure to await the return of the jury. They detained him but a short time, and in less than a quarter of an hour came back with a verdict of *guilty*.

On hearing this, which was received with a dead silence, he bowed

to the court, and was conveyed with a firm step back to prison.

Brecknock was next put on his trial; the old man fell on his knees in the dock, and prayed for comfort from Heaven. The case against him was, that it was he who had advised George Robert Fitz-Gerald to entrap McDonnell and Hipson into his power by means of the warrants granted for their arrest, and that it was he who had planned the mock rescue, and had advised that McDonnell and his party should be shot if a rescue were attempted. The jury found the wretched man guilty, with a recommendation to mercy on account of his advanced years. But the Chief Baron held out no hope, and was even severe upon him in passing sentence. "Unfortunate old man," said he, "happy had it been for you that you had never known law at all, or that you had known it better. But for your advice, the gentleman now at your side would not have been brought to the wretched situation in which he stands, or to the dreadful end which must now await him. Miserable man, you are fallen a victim to your own subtleties, and become the dupe of your own cunning. The venerable appearance you have assumed, and the sanctity you affect, I fear are but a disguise for your wickedness. The law, which you endeavoured to pervert, has furnished the detection of your crime, and will shortly award the punishment which attends your conviction. Your jury, from a mistaken lenity, have recommended you to mercy, not that they doubted of your guilt, but that they pitied your age and your infirmities. Your crime is by many degrees of the deepest and blackest die, and it only remains for me to pronounce the dreadful sentence."

He then passed sentence of death upon him, and, turning to Fitz-Gerald, deplored the melancholy situation to which he was reduced,

and reminded him how he had come into the world with the advantages of talents which might have carried him through life with respectability and honour. "Blest," he continued, "with the recommendation of wealth and fortune, allied to great and respectable connections, possessed of every qualification requisite to render you an ornament to society, you are now sunk to the lowest extremity of human infamy and shame. With a mind susceptible of honourable feelings you are become an outcast, a victim to the outraged laws of the land you live in, and now," assuming the black cap, "all that remains for me to do is to pass the sentence of the law upon you." Here the Chief Baron, overcome with emotion, sank back on the bench, for several moments sobbed convulsively, and when he recovered himself sufficiently, he rose from his seat, leaned forward, and could at first only faintly articulate, "And that sentence is, that you be taken from the place where you now stand to the place of common execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you are dead; and, oh, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The sun was not allowed to set on the criminals after the passing of the sentence. "It would appear as if the high sheriff, the Crown prosecutors, and indeed all the gentry of Mayo, were afraid that if there were any delay a reprieve might have been procured by means of his high connections."* Brecknock was brought out the first to the gallows, and the conduct of the old man was serene and dignified. Having said the Lord's prayer in Greek, he drew the cap over his face and was launched into eternity.

George Robert Fitz-Gerald was

next led forth; it was then eight o'clock in the evening. The sheriff permitted him to walk from the gaol to the place of execution; he was arrayed meanly and without any care; his coat was a stained and worn uniform of the Castletown Hunt, his waistcoat was soiled and unbuttoned, his stockings and shoes were coarse and dirty, and his hat was tied with a hempen cord. Sad was the contrast to the appearance he presented, when in earlier and happier years he had returned from the court of France! Then his figure—light, elegant, and distinguished—was set off with all that taste and wealth could bestow. He was then the envy of his own sex, the admired of the other, "the observed of all observers." What a contrast, alas, to the spectacle of that hour!

He reached the scaffold with a hurried step, and asked in an eager tone, "Is this the place?" Being told that it was, he sprang up, shook hands rapidly with several of his former friends, who in his last hour stood about him, flung off his cravat, opened his collar, and adjusted the rope with his own hands. He then shook hands with the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Henry, and begged of him to be brief in his prayers; after joining in which for a few minutes, he called on the executioner to perform the office well, and immediately after, and rather unexpectedly, flung himself off; but his sufferings were not yet ended, for the rope broke, and he was precipitated to the earth: springing up immediately, he asked, "Is it possible, that the grand jury of the county of Mayo cannot afford me a rope sufficiently strong?"

"Never fear," replied the high sheriff, the Right Honourable Den-

* *Freeman's Journal.*

nis Browne, "you shall have one strong enough, and speedily too." *

Another rope was produced, and after the lapse as it were of an hour, which he spent in prayer, he rose to prepare for death; it was then closing on midnight, and a darkness, unusual in the month of June, overspread the face of the heavens, torrents of rain descended, and it was with difficulty that those nearest to the scaffold could see the hangman adjusting the rope; but a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a burst of thunder, which rolled and reverberated from the surrounding hills, lightened the darkness of that dreadful night—another flash—another—and another, revealed the last struggles of George Robert Fitz-Gerald.

His remains were interred in the family vault in the ruined chapel adjoining the round tower of Tur-

lough. Charles Lionel Fitz-Gerald, his brother, then succeeded under the entail to the estates, and continued to enjoy them until his death in 1805, when he, too, was laid in the same tomb. During those nineteen years, the coffin of George Robert Fitz-Gerald had mouldered into dust, but the skeleton was left, and on his finger was a ring, which some time after got into the possession of a Mr. Richey, with whom it remained for many years. Of those trials and convictions much has been written, and it is said to be the only case in the books where an accessory to a murder was found guilty on the evidence of the principal. That he well deserved his doom no one can deny. Yet it was the opinion of the sarcastic Judge Robinson, that "his was the case of a murderer murdered!"

(To be continued.)

* The tradition in the neighbourhood of Castlebar is, that when the rope broke, Fitz-Gerald leaped up and said, "My life is my own;" and that the Right Honourable Dennis Browne replied, "Not while there is another rope in Mayo." The version, however, above given is taken from Mr. Archdeacon's "Legends of Connaught," p. 159.

CÉLINE'S STORY.

WELL, my good little granddaughter Louise, and so you want to hear if it be really true that the white-haired old lady always sitting by the fire, *en grande tenue*, in stiff brocade and lace, can ever have been at all like that slight and fair young shepherdess seated under a tree, with a crook, from which floats pink ribands, in her hand, tending an imaginary flock, *à la Watteau*, whilst her large and soft blue eyes are partly cast down in maiden shyness during the evidently tender speeches you gay and handsome cavalier by her side is making?

Yes, my child, that sylph and grandmamma are actually, like the vulgar *Republique, une et indivisible*. Ah! if my stately mother were to rise from her grave, and see who are the notables of the present day! Truly, the sight would appal her, Eugénie Célestine Marie Desirée de Poutevrault-Chevreuil, countess in her own right, with an escutcheon untainted for centuries—

"What!" she would exclaim, "are the *roturiers* to lord it over us, the rightful owners of the soil? Just heaven! can the beautiful France exist without king, queen, and nobles? (We may pass by the Commons.) But it is not possible! Where are the *levers*, the *couchers*? *Les petits soupers du roi*? All vanished, and nothing but an odour of untanned leather pervading the land! *Fi Donc!* it is insupportable!"

Shade of my honoured and much-feared parent, such would assuredly be thy meditations on so painful a theme, which I can

mentally cogitate with perfect calmness here in this English drawing-room, where the turbulence of party spirit and passion finds no entrance.

In my earliest youth, however, the storm had not burst. It was gathering; but we and the *noblesse* took no heed of them, or, if moved at any time to do so, treated the subject lightly, and soon dismissed it with contemptuous indifference.

When the day of reckoning did come, it pretty well startled us out of our fancied security, *ma mie*; but I am not going to inflict much of that terrible time upon your youthful, happy spirit, therefore let us return to the shepherdess without her *moutons*.

I was an only child, and at the early age of six years my parents betrothed me to the son of their oldest and best friend, the Vicomte de Trévisé, whose estate adjoined theirs.

My *futur's* years numbered but eight when this ceremony took place, and up to that event we had been playmates, making a confidant of each other in our various little troubles—important ones they seemed to us then, *allez!*

Strange to say, almost immediately after our betrothal, the Vicomte's regiment was ordered on foreign service, from which he never lived to return, and as it would have outraged all my mother's feelings of propriety for his son to be brought up either in our house, or within reach of me, till the time fixed upon for our union had arrived, Louis de Trévisé (whose mother died in giving him birth)

was transferred to the care of a wealthy uncle and godfather, residing in St. Domingo, who, being childless, and, in fact, without any other very near relative, had always expressed his intention to adopt his little godson.

Ah! what a parting was ours! How we mutually vowed to run away and see each other at least twice a week. St. Domingo, in any case, could not be farther off than Paris, and my Louis would buy a large sword, and cut his way through forests, and gates, and people, if necessary, in order to arrive where I was.

Again and again we wept, and kissed each other, until my mother, in a transport of dignity, came to the rescue, and, taking my hand, led me away, exclaiming severely,—

"Enough, my child, you will fatigue yourself with emotion."

Not daring to remonstrate, I submitted to be torn from my beloved companion, whose grief equalled mine, as, in defiance of the Marquise de Poutevrault-Chevreuil's august presence, he called out to me,—

"Never mind, my Céline, when I am a man, we shall see who will dare to separate us."

Ah! how fervently I wished he was a man then.

My supper went away untasted that night, and in saying my prayers, I did so beg the good Sainte-Vierge to take the very greatest care of Louis, and send him back quickly to me.

After my dear old nurse had put me to bed, I cried myself to sleep, and for a week afterwards remained a model of constancy, but, alas! for the frailty of human nature, I soon forgot my early friend and lover, whom I did not meet again until——but all in good time, Louise; you shall hear about that presently.

The Vicomte, whose property

was very extensive, placed a careful and trustworthy person over it as manager, or intendant we should say, and after a few months had elapsed, my mother started with me for Paris, where we subsequently resided; she taking occasional trips to the Château de Chevreuil, and I being now and then permitted, as a great treat, which in truth it was, to pay her sister and brother-in-law visits of some weeks' duration at Pont le Fleury, their ancestral place in Poitou.

I ought to have stated that the Chevreuil and Trévisé estates were situated in Picardy.

You will wonder why I do not mention my father, but truly he was in such delicate health, and ordered to be kept so quiet, that a feeling of awe crept over me whenever I was taken into his room, which was not often, my mother dreading the slightest excitement for him, whom she loved as well as it was possible for one of her apparently impassible nature to do. Perhaps constant and devoted attendance upon a nervous invalid gave her that talent for mastering emotion, and those calm manners.

To be within reach at all times of the best medical advice for her husband, constituted my mother's sole reason for abandoning our beautiful Chevreuil, with its stately pleasure, woods, and glens, so preferable to our hotel in the hot and dusty capital.

As for me, you, Louise, with your English freedom, could scarcely comprehend the sufferings poor grandmamma underwent in her youth.

I was back-boarded, whaleboned, hooped, and looped—tortured, in fact, into the deportment suitable to a young lady, sole heiress of vast wealth, with an ancestry on both sides of such antiquity and purity as to throw open every court in Europe to its possessor; and yet I

have lived to see my order dragged through the mire, the cry of *à bas les aristocrates!* ringing high above the frenzied multitude, drunk with excess, and maddened like tigers by the sight of blood—myself, and those dear to me, proscribed, and fugitives, finding a rest only in this happy land, where real liberty reigus supreme.

Truly, the “changes and chances of this mortal life” (a phrase, I think, you have in one of your prayer-books), are wondrous!

Ah, me! where was I? Pardon the garrulity and frequent digressions of an old woman, but you say you like to hear grandmamma talk in her Frenchified English, interlarded as it is with sundry expressions in her native tongue, which says what she wishes more forcibly, it seems to her, than your sonorous English.

Well, *ma mie*, I was talking of our residence in Paris, and of my early trials there, until the important moment arrived when I was presented before the august circle surrounding the then considered sacred persons of royalty.

How grandmamma underwent that ordeal she herself scarcely knew, so dazzling and bewildering was the scene.

But amid all, I still remember the fair and gracious, though stately presence of that beauteous, queenly woman, upon whom the shadow of coming horrors was even then stealing, as, standing by the side of her less royal looking partner, who seemed more fitted by nature to rule over an estate, or family, than a vast, mighty, and turbulent nation, she received the young novice, trembling on the threshold of womanhood and the world.

That I acquitted myself tolerably, was evinced by the fact of my mother bending her proud and jewelled head towards me when, the ceremony over, we enaoned our-

selves in the heavy, lumbering, emblazoned chariot of the Poutevrault-Chevreuil family, and, touching my forehead with her lips (an act of rare condescension), saying,—

“Well, Mademoiselle, you have this day sustained the reputation of our house on an august occasion, when the slightest *gaucherie* might have compromised it for ever. Even her Majesty was graciously pleased to compliment me upon your style and demeanour, to which I ventured to reply, with profound respect,—

“‘Madame, my daughter is a Poutevrault-Chevreuil!’” Whereupon our royal mistress, quite penetrated, exclaimed,—

“‘Ah! Comtesse, ce mot dit tout!’”

“So now, child, you see and know what is expected from you——”

Having uttered this almost oracular sentence, my mother leaned back in the carriage, leaving me too much crushed by the greatness thrust upon me to reply.

After my presentation, and consequent *entrées* into the world of rank and fashion—to quote your modern newspaper phrase—dinners, balls, fête champêtre, masquerades, theatricals, and all the well-known devices for killing God’s most precious gift, time, followed in rapid succession; but although on these occasions many were the claimants for my hand in the dance, I could easily perceive that none were permitted to occupy more than a slight share of my attention, the stern and watchful Madame de Poutevrault never for an instant forgetting (whatever her daughter’s inconstancy towards the lover of her youth might be), that I was the betrothed of Louis de Trévisé, and my mother was one who would have suffered any pain or loss rather than forfeit her word.

As the daughter of one ancient and noble house, and married to the son of another, my mother con-

sidered it simply a duty to transmit such names unsullied to posterity.

Truly, in her case the old proverb was verified, that "good blood could not lie," and if ever she heard that it did in others, Madame de Poutevrault-Chevreuil, who disdained to be censorious, would (cloaking her feelings meanwhile) dismiss the unwelcome subject with a waive of the hand, and a somewhat contemptuous "*n'en parlons plus*," an injunction no one cared to disobey; and from that day forth, the culprits, whoever they might be, were never named in the Chatelaine's most august presence, however much I may have longed to learn their ultimate fate.

Still, stern and unyielding though my mother seemed, I must not withhold a tribute to her high courage, honour, and truth: for she was verily a noble woman, well fitted by nature to cope with the stormy times to come in our pleasant land, so apparently suited to scenes the reverse of those enacted upon her laughing surface.

Oh, Louise! when I mentally review past horrors, words almost fail me; but, above all, when I endeavour to think calmly of our sainted queen's sufferings, so nobly borne, memory well-nigh overpowers me with her lava-like torrent—Child, that gracious and lovely lady had eyes somewhat like yours, and now you know why I frequently turn away from your too penetrating gaze.

She was a woman to worship—nay, die for. And many did, I rejoice to say, though it was written on high, in Heaven's archives, that the cause for which they bled should not succeed, doubtless for some wise purpose we were too blind to see clearly. Ah! well, *mon cœur*, let us trust that those whose earthly crown was so rudely torn from them have long since had their brows en-

circled by everlasting amaranth wreaths in the bright land where sin and suffering enter not, and that their martyred boy is amongst God's happy children, united to those loved ones, from whom demons in human form separated him on earth!

To return, however, to self. During all my Parisian gaieties, I never met Louis de Trévise, and had almost forgotten his name, till, one morning, when my father, being rather stronger than usual, I was permitted to stay with my mother in his private sitting room, which few but privileged persons were allowed to enter.

The Comte de Poutevrault-Chevreuil was still, in spite of pain and sickness, a handsome man, in the prime of life, my mother and he having married, as was customary in France, at a very early age; but, shortly after my birth, he went on foreign service, and was so fearfully wounded in a well-fought and severe action, as to become from henceforth a shattered and nervous invalid.

Eugénie Célestine Marie Desirée, Comtesse de Chauve, was one of the reigning belles of the period, the toast of the day, sighed for by many, but bestowing her rare smiles on none, save the youthful Armand de Poutevrault-Chevreuil, whose good fortune, in thus winning the hand of so beauteous and queenly a bride, fairly astounded one whose love and devotion partook somewhat of the character of worship; and this it was, perhaps, that inclined my mother's heart towards him, her stronger nature feeling evidently a certain pleasure in bending itself to its more yielding disposition.

It was touching to see my father's eyes brighten, and his face relax from its worn, set expression of suffering, when his wife entered the room, softening her voice and stately demeanour to the requirements of an invalid.

In duty and attention to him she

never failed, nor seemed to weary of the task which some fashionable wives might have delegated to an underling.

On the morning in question, as I sat embroidering, after the fashion of the day, without venturing a remark, unless spoken to, another of our then customs, which you, Louison, would consider both odious and irksome to a degree,—though I am not quite sure, if the practice were in force over here, whether it might not conduce to a little more reverence and less flippancy on the part of all you young persons,—my sharp ears caught a few low toned words of my father's, in which the name of Louis de Trévisé occurred, and immediately riveted my attention.

"Had you not better tell her, Madame?"

"But, no, Monsieur le Comte, with your permission. I fancy a surprise will be best."

"*Bien, ma belle*, you are always right."

A courteous bow from Madame la Comtesse, and a slight pressure of her husband's hand, acknowledged the compliment, which certainly had the merit of sincerity, as the bare notion of her doing otherwise than right never for an instant occupied my poor father's mind.

And now, Louise, what do you suppose were the thoughts conjured up in mine at this sudden and unexpected mention of my boy lover, whose departure from home had occasioned my first grief?

Neither more nor less (must I confess the humiliating truth?) than dread and annoyance. For, alas! had I not met at Madame de Lagrange's assembly the night before the young, brilliant, and too fascinating Marquis de Brillon, whose attentions to me were of so very marked a nature, for a first acquaintance, as to have inevitably attracted the notice of my lady

mother, had she not, on this occasion, confided me to the care and *chaperonage* of a friend on whose prudence and discretion she fully relied for the safe guardianship of so precious a deposit as myself.

And now the story of our early betrothal came vividly before my mind's eye, together with the utter hopelessness of endeavouring to alter the current of my mother's will, her word once given, unless I accepted the only alternative she would ever feel disposed to offer me, viz., the refuge of a convent, against what I, in an instant, felt to be still more inimical to my peace, viz., a marriage with Louis de Trévisé, who had once possessed so large a share of my affections.

With what anguish I bent over the embroidery in my trembling hand, striving to conceal the agitation that almost overpowered me.

To this day, I well remember the parti-coloured eyes I gave the unfortunate lady whose features my poor fingers had hitherto been steadily delineating.

Ah! what years of horror and despair seem to be often crowded into a mere moment of time! and how we feel as though it were impossible for us to live through such instantaneous agony! but we do, nevertheless, strength being given us for the trial, let it be ever so great.

How long this distressing state of affairs lasted, I never knew, being unable to collect my thoughts, or hear another word passing between my parents; but, at length, I was aroused by Madame la Comtesse rising and saying,—

"Now, my daughter, put up your work, and come away, that Monsieur your father may not be fatigued."

I rose mechanically, did her bidding, and, reverentially approaching my father's chair, bent to receive his parting kiss on my forehead, the paternal salutation in France;

for you know, my child, we do everything *en règle* there, and are almost always *en scène*, which, however, is quite natural to us, paradoxical though it may seem to you, with your Teutonic affinities.

On leaving the room, I received a command to get ready quickly, and accompany my mother on a round of ceremonious visits. These took up the greater part of the day; but, during our drives hither and thither, I mentally remarked with deep thankfulness that the name of Louis de Trévis was not even mentioned, so that by degrees my failing courage returned, and I was enabled to act my part amongst our various acquaintances without exciting notice.

When we returned home, the major did not meet my mother with the announcement that Monsieur le Marquis de Brillon had called, and left his respectful compliments for Madame la Comtesse and Mademoiselle Céline, together with his profound regrets both at their absence, and Monsieur le Comte's inability to receive him that day, but he hoped to be more fortunate another time on his return to Paris, which important business compelled him to leave that very evening.

"*Fort bien, Jules*," said my mother, when she received the message, and passed on, though I perceived a slight shade of annoyance steal across her countenance at (as I then supposed) the Marquis's visit, which detracted not a little from the intense pleasure it gave me, for, with the usual vanity attributed to our sex, I could not help thinking the visit odd, I wish to see me once more, and then visions of my mother's anger arose to dispel the soft roseate, airy dreams of youth, love and hope, which, in a moment, flitted before me.

Yes, Louise, however melodious you may look and feel, I was really like you at that remote period, and

felt quite as excited by the Marquis's visit as you do when Walter Vincent makes those astonishing excuses for calling often here.

"Ah! *ma mie*, and so you think poor *grand'maman* too old and blind to observe all that is passing around her, *Mais cela saute aux yeux petite*. Blush not, my child, however; at your age all this is natural.

To return to my story.

Days and weeks passed away, and still no tidings of the Marquis reached me.

My life at this time was quieter than it had been previous to his appearance on the scene. For some reason, which I could not fathom, my lady mother now generally made some excuse for not taking me to the various brilliant assemblies and routs which succeeded each other rapidly in our charming capital, where pleasure is so systematically pursued, that it becomes a profession at last, followed with as much devotion as money-making in this wonderful London of yours, for, *après tout*, Louise, you are an English girl, and your very gaiety has a certain jollity in it, differing totally from the graceful *espieglerie* of ours. Many and long were the conferences held at this period between my father and mother, from whose lips fell phrases which my quick ears occasionally caught, causing me infinite terror.

"Had you not better inform her, Madame?"

"But why, Monsieur le Comte, it is not at all necessary; she may object."

"Ah! that is a simple impossibility, Céline is my daughter—and yours," she added, after a pause, as though such an admission was demanded by common politeness; "and, for the rest," continued my mother, "de Trévis is unexceptionable; but even were he otherwise, our word is passed, and that says everything."

"*Fort bien, Madame,*" was my mental remark; "that may suit you and my father's views, but what of me and my poor little trembling heart, which has ceased to beat for Louis, and now throbs at the bare thought of De Brillon! Oh! how I prayed to the *Sainte-Vierge* to help me. Sometimes I even ventured for the moment to think of running away — but whither? England seemed then so far off; and more, its people were heretics, and often dared to think for themselves, as I had been told by the good nuns of *Sainte-Félicie*, who had charge of me for a short time during my parents' absence in Paris, and early impressed me with a dread of this truly benighted island, which they described as always in a fog.

Françoise, the stout Picarde who nursed me, was the next tower of refuge that presented itself to my mind, knowing, as I did, the wondrous power of fosterage over the peasant heart. Could I not fly to her sheltering arms from this now hateful union? but then came the *qu'en dira-t-on?*

What! I, a scion of such a house, with an unstained escutcheon, to run away and disobey my parents like a common *roturière*! but, no, it cannot be, I said to myself twenty times over; and there is nothing left for me, but either to marry this *fâcheux* Louis, or take refuge in a convent, like my ancestress, *Noémi de Poutevrault*, Abbess of *St. Fleury*, and bury, as she did, heart, youth, love, beauty, and bright aspirations beneath that unnatural *catafalque* raised by man, in the name of religion, over all that is natural and God-sent.

Not that I went so far then, *ma Louise*, but still, from my earliest youth, I was never in favour of conventual life, albeit a staunch daughter of our holy church.

But at the time I speak of, there

was no alternative allowed between blind obedience to parental authority, and imprisonment in a religious house, and I knew my mother too well to hope that she would hesitate for an instant in deciding my fate.

These anxieties endured for no less a period than six months, when one morning I was summoned by my mother's tiring-woman to *Monsieur le Comte's* chamber, a command I instantly obeyed, though with a fluttering heart, I knew not why, and soon found myself at his door, timidly making the customary reverence, and remaining standing till permission was given me to be seated.

Somehow I dared not lift my eyes, and waited nervously for what was to follow.

"We have sent for you, *Mademoiselle*," began my mother, with her penetrating voice, "to announce our will, and the change now about to take place in your prospects. Listen!"

"Yes, *Madame*," I murmured, feeling sick at heart.

"Your early playmate and betrothed, *Louis de Tréville*, returns to Paris next month (this was February), and on the first of June you become his wife. Were it all necessary, I might enlarge upon his virtues, and the advantages of this union, but such a course is more suited to the vulgar, than to a *Chevreuil* who has early learned obedience and what is due to her order. Go, now. Salute *Monsieur*, your father, and act up to your high destiny."

Oh! *Louise, mon enfant*, to this day I know not how I managed to leave the room without betraying myself. It was a terrible moment. One in which I seemed to live years.

I crept up-stairs, more dead than alive, to my little chamber, and there, on my knees, before the

image of *la Sainte-Tierge*, I poured out my sorrow in the sympathizing ear of her whose heart had bled that we might be saved.

I asked the *Madone* to shield me from a union with Louis, which had now become positively hateful to me, and implored her to soften my mother's heart.

After awhile I rose somewhat comforted, and sat down to think over what we French would call, my plan of campaign.

But, my Louise, you, brought up in the freedom of England, its education and habits, can scarcely conceive how difficult it was for a true scion of the *ancien régime* even to think for herself at that period. Why our sainted queen was fettered and trammelled by etiquette, and alas! too dearly paid for infringing its laws.

But, *mon ange*, I fatigue you, perhaps.

That shake of the head, with its saucy dark curls, and those bright eyes, say no, therefore I may proceed to tell how poor frightened *grand'maman* at last got a brilliant idea into her head.

Neither more nor less than to ask permission to pay my uncle and aunt a short visit before Louis's return to Paris.

Once there, I felt that some advantage would be gained, my mother being (for her) sincerely attached to her sister, the Vicomtesse de Fleury; and as I was the latter's goddaughter, and beloved by my aunt, who was childless, there would be but little difficulty in enlisting her on my side, though my hopes of success as regarded a rupture of this hateful engagement were small, I confess, as the decided character of my mother.

Still, if I could even obtain a postponement of the marriage, that would be something.

Accordingly, next morning, when I went to pay my father the cus-

tomary visit of inquiry, and found my mother already seated with him, looking, as I fondly fancied, less haughty than usual, I took courage, and said,—

"Madame, may I venture to ask a favour of you?"

"*Certes*, *Maidemoiselle*, if it be one I can, and ought to grant, although a Poutevrault-Chevreuil could scarcely request aught unseemly."

"It is that I may be permitted to pay my aunt a little visit at Pont le Fleury."

"Impossible! Of what are you thinking?"

"But, Madame," I continued, emboldened by despair—

"*Chut!* *Maidemoiselle*, you are importunate."

"Oh! *ma mère*, have pity, do not condemn me to a marriage I shrink from. I do not love Monsieur de Tréville, therefore cannot marry him. *Mon père*, intercede for me," I cried, kneeling before him, in a paroxysm of grief; but ere he could frame a reply to this passionate entreaty, the Comtesse had risen to her feet, and stood before, and towering above, my prostrate and shrinking form.

"Monsieur le Comte," she said, "be calm, I pray; do not agitate, or derange yourself, but permit me to apologize for having given you such a daughter, one who can speak openly of love before her parents, adopt the attitudes and violence of a *roturière*, and even propose to break an engagement of years! That I should have lived to witness this conduct in a Poutevrault-Chevreuil. Go! unhappy girl, and in the solitude of your chamber, return, if you can, to the repose of sentiment that befits your station."

Saying this, she waved her hand, and I, feeling crushed and humiliated, prepared to leave the room, when, to my surprise, the Comte,

turning to my mother, said, in a tone of entreaty,—

"Comtesse, forgive her for my sake."

"Be it so, Monsieur, since you wish it. Céline, I pardon you this outbreak, which must never be repeated."

Curtseying deeply to her, I took my father's hand and pressed it to my lips, with a more filial feeling than I had ever known before; then oh! how gladly I turned to leave the room, not hurriedly, however, my stately lady mother having early enjoined me never to enter or depart in such a fashion.

"It may do for the people," she would say, "to whom time is of consequence possibly, *mais pour nous autres fi donc.*"

Once fairly out of the presence-chamber, *mon cœur*, I dashed upstairs to my little dormitory, for the young ones were but ill lodged in those days, and, fatigued by emotion, I cast myself down on my bed, when sweet, kind nature compassionately came to the rescue in a copious outburst of tears, which wonderfully relieved my overstrained nerves, and cooled my fevered brain.

"Now," thought I, "to do or die!" is the motto of my ancient race; and, with an energy and courage which it has often surprised me to look back upon, I seized a pen, and, drawing a small *escritoire* towards me, indicted the following to Monsieur de Trévisé.

But, little granddaughter, this was an unheard-of act of rebellion, forwardness, and I know not what, on the part of the young *bergère à la Watteau*! Listen, then, my child, to all that the courage of despair taught me to write:—

"MONSIEUR,

"What will you say on learning that the degenerate daughter of an ancient and honourable line, compro-

mises herself thus in addressing, for the first time, a comparative stranger, although the betrothed chosen for her by her parents? Ah! I shudder at the mere thought of it. And yet—before you condemn—pity me. I cannot, do not love you! I throw myself at your feet, and supplicate that the contract between us may be broken.

"What more can I add, if it be not to entreat forgiveness for your former happy playmate, but now desolate and broken-hearted Céline?"

My best thought on concluding this precious and complimentary epistle was, how to get it conveyed to its address. Here, again, mother wit befriended me, for I suddenly remembered that one of our "*pi-queurs*" was going down to the château; and as he was the son of my faithful nurse, a stout, honest Picarde, I bethought me of writing to Françoise, requesting her to have my letter delivered to the Vicomte de Trévisé.

Ah! Louise, what sorrow I caused myself by all this deception! but it is fear makes liars—I should have remembered that *bon sang ne peut (nay ne doit) pas mentir.*

I was, however, in too feverish a state to reason with myself, feeling resolved to suffer all things rather than be dragged a victim to the altar.

Accordingly, I summoned my waiting woman, and desired her to ask Victor the day and hour he was to start for Picardy. She soon returned to tell me that it would be the next morning at five o'clock.

"*Bien, mon enfant,*" I replied, "whilst you leave out my *toilette* for this evening, and arrange all the puffs, powder, patches, etc., I can be writing to his mother, and be sure, Coralie, to tell him to deliver my letter at once."

"Without doubt, Ma'm'selle," the girl replied, "Victor would hurry himself at any moment for you, but were it only me!—ah!" with a de-

spairing shrug that spoke volumes as to the exasperating tardiness of my faithful foster-brother, of whose devotion I was well assured by all those little nothings which say so much.

"But, my good girl, is not Victor your sweetheart?" *Par parenthèse*, Louise, let me observe that I used our more stately word *fiancé*, though your commoner term falls very pleasantly on the ear; but, then, I was under the rule of "*noblesse oblige*."

"Oh! Ma'm'selle, he is so perfidious! and a heart of stone! *Allez*."

To this terrible allegation, I could only plead extenuating circumstances, but in vain, as Coralie vehemently shook her head, and said, "It is a monster, ah!"

Then busying herself with my flounces and furbelows, in a calm and apparently callous mood, we, as if by common consent, dropped the subject, and I at once sat down to write to my dear old nurse as follows:—

"*Ma toute bonne,*

"As Victor is on the point of starting for Chevreuil, he will charge himself with these few lines for thee, my gentle, faithful nurse.

"And how goes it with thee, my Françoise, and little Margot, and Jules? Well, I trust. And the pigeons, *ces voleurs effrénés*! Do they still carry off corn from the *grenier*, without heart or principle?

"Ah! how Céline wishes to be a little girl once more, even to be frightened by the *loup-garou*. But no! this cannot be.

"And now, dear nurse, I implore thee, by the love thou dost bear me, that the letter herein enclosed be speedily delivered to its address, *et que-tu n'en souffleras mot*, is the injunction of thy always devoted Céline."

I then carefully placed my letter to Monsieur de Trévisé within the

folds of this one, and, having tied up and sealed it in the massive style then in vogue, I desired Coralie to bid Victor come up-stairs to the corridor that I might speak to him.

In a few moments the handsome young Picard tapped at my door.

I rose and went out into the long narrow passage, a sort of artery to the numerous rooms opening upon it.

Victor looked flushed, as though his meeting with Coralie had been somewhat stormy.

"*Tiens, mon garçon*," said I, "thou goest to thy mother to-morrow."

"But yes, Mam' Céline," he replied, using the term of endearment his mother had always called me by; "*la mère*, she is growing old, and wishes to see me before her death, and so I go to-morrow."

"*Eh bien!*—thou wilt give her this letter, and the assurance of my love for her, and these two louis thou must divide amongst all at the cottage from me."

"Ah! it is too much goodness, but you were always like that."

"By the way," said I, mischievously, "what have you done to offend Coralie?"

"Do I know, Mam' Céline? she is very tyrannical. It is, doubtless, a brave girl, but has ways that drive me off my head."

"Well, reconcile yourself before to-morrow morning, is my advice. A *bon voyage* to you, Victor," and with reiterated thanks, he withdrew, whilst I returned to my room and thoughts.

What a bold and forward step I had just taken! and how would Louis de Trévisé act?

If of an ungenerous disposition, I should be at once denounced by him, and then—my mother's anger! *Ciel!* could I support that?

Ah! perhaps he would pity me, and show mercy. Besides, we only

knew each other as children; and although persons were so good as to praise my looks, manner, and easy grace of deportment, there were hundreds of the *noblesse* whose daughters possessed charms sufficient to attract the young Vicomte, for, of course, in those days I never dreamed that any of my class could mate out of it. Even the *noblesse de robe*, scarcely entered into my great lady mother's category—but do not, for a moment, suppose that she was haughty or disagreeable to her dependents. *Au contraire*, there was such a thorough grandeur of soul about her, that she would have scorned to take advantage of her position to insult any one below it, and was really, as a mistress, most just.

But remember, Louison, I am speaking of a period not long before our terrible revolution, which, like a wild animal just released from restraint, rose up and trampled down all that was holy and venerable.

After Victor's departure, I awaited with deep anxiety the result of my letter, which, however, could not be speedily known, travelling, in those days, being very tedious.

As the proverb says, "Everything comes to an end to him that knows how to wait;" so, one morning, about a fortnight having elapsed since my dispatches were sent off, I received the much dreaded command to attend in Monsieur le Comte's dressing-room.

Summoning all the courage I could on my way thither, and endeavouring to still the beatings of my poor heart, as also to walk steadily, I arrived at the door, and, as conscience makes cowards of us all, heartily wished to be prevented turning the handle, knowing, alas! that my fate for good or ill awaited me on the other side of that much dreaded door! But at last, repeating to myself, "it is only the first

step that costs," I entered, and was agreeably surprised by my mother saying, in a rather softened tone,—

"Come in, Céline. Kiss your father's hand gently. Monsieur le Comte has been already too much agitated."

"*Venez, ma fille*," said he kindly, and, to my ineffable pleasure, drawing me towards him, imprinted a kiss on my forehead.

I then perceived that both he and my mother had evidently been, for them, in some sort of excitement. An open letter lay on the table, towards which my eyes involuntarily roved. It was signed Louis de Trévisé! My breath almost stopped. The answer had then really arrived. Ah! *que faire?*

"Céline," said my mother, in a concentrated voice breaking the terrible silence, "your wish has been granted. Monsieur de Trévisé (this with a cold sarcasm) declines to marry you,—*Tenez*, there is his letter; read it."

I obeyed mechanically, and read the following never-to-be-forgotten lines:—

"MADAME,

"Knowing the delicacy of health of Monsieur le Comte, I address myself to you in preference, confiding in the greatness of soul which so distinguishes Madame de Chevreuil, rendering her a mirror of justice to all, both high and low.

"And yet, how approach the subject now uppermost in my mind? How say to you, Madame, that I, the son of your oldest and dearest friend (himself the companion-in-arms of Monsieur le Comte, by whose side he often fought), am now, like a craven and forsworn knight, about to implore, nay urge, the severance of that bond which links the future destiny of Mademoiselle, your daughter, with mine?"

"I blush to write these lines, yet, Madame, could my heart be laid bare for your inspection at this moment, you would be the first to acknowledge that no blame attaches personally to

me, who am, alas! merely the victim of circumstances that control not themselves.

"A few short weeks ago, Madame, and I should have been the happiest of men to call you mother! Now all is changed, and I must again entreat, for the sake of both Mademoiselle de Chevreuil and my unhappy self, that our union may not take place.

"Farewell, Madame, and may every blessing attend those my father loved so well.

"LOUIS DE TRÉVISE."

After perusing this letter, everything in the room seemed to swim before my eyes. I felt faint, and—strange contradiction of human nature—instead of deep thankfulness at my escape from this much dreaded union, I found myself mentally admiring, almost with enthusiasm, the noble generosity of the man whose alliance I had spurned. Suddenly my mother's voice broke the spell.

"*Voyez*, Céline, your recent ebullition might have been spared. Monsieur de Tréville has taken this matter into his own hands, and acts for us all. In my younger days, the youth of both sexes let itself be guided by those older and wiser. But now! . . . Here an expressive and dignified shrug, accompanied by a contemptuous lifting of the eyebrows, completed the sentence.

"Perhaps," said my father gently, "it is all for the best."

"As you will, Monsieur," she replied. "I should, however, have thought our alliance might count for something even in these degenerate days. Your ancestors and mine have never yet soiled their fingers, and the lion couchant of Poutevrault, quartered with the antlered stag of Chevreuil, had no occasion to veil themselves for shame when you, Monsieur, fondly (here her voice softened) sought and claimed the hand of Marie de Chauv."

"That was the brightest day of my otherwise sad life," exclaimed my father, bowing to her with tender and touching gallantry; then turning to me, who waited submissively to be either addressed or dismissed,—

"*Ma fille*," said he, "I am glad for thy sake that this union is at an end, although its consummation was the great wish of my heart: *mais l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*."

"*Et jeunesse oppose*," added my mother, sarcastically, "but remember, Céline, the next *parti* fixed upon by your parents for you must suit. *Vous comprenez*. Now go to your harpsichord, for I have promised her Majesty that you shall perform at the *petit* concert to be shortly given *au Trianon*."

Gladly obeying her, I retreated to the music room, and there gave myself up to the tumultuous crowd of thoughts that, like unbridled couriers, surged up in my brain.

It was long ere I could attempt to follow my lady mother's commands, and touch the instrument. When I did, however, it must have been anything but harmony my fingers produced—the names of De Brillion and De Tréville being the key-notes to all I strove to accomplish. How nobly the latter had acted even I was compelled to acknowledge. Oh! would that De Brillion had not made so fatal an impression on my young and too susceptible heart! Then would my poor father's wish have been gratified.

What a monster I was thus to thwart it. But, to marry Louisa, however generous—No! a hundred times no!—I could not. Ah! if I might but have thrown myself upon my mother's breast and told her all. Oh! ye parents, who thus erect barriers between your children and selves, of what pure assurance are ye debarred, by dam-

ming up the sweet outpourings of a child's confidence and heart.

In my time, the laws of etiquette forbade anything trenching upon discipline and reticence, which went out with powder and high heels.

To make a long story short, let it suffice that I made a very creditable appearance at the Queen's concert, and played the "*Ronde à la Sylphide*," and "*Le Berger fidèle*," *andante pastorale*, so satisfactorily as to merit the encomiums of our august entertainer, whose stately head and eyes of wondrous softness and beauty bent towards me in gracious approbation, making me feel, in spite of all that has been said respecting the pride of that truly royal lady, as though I could confide in her womanly heart far more readily than in my stately mother's.

But now, Louise, the time draws near which, merely to think of, chills the blood in my veins. Oh! my child, do not ask or expect me to say much of those supreme horrors that make me blush for France and her bloodthirsty children.

I shall, however, just mention previously, one more fête that dwells still on my mind.

Why, you will say?

Because I then and there met De Brillon for the second time.

Ah! with what anguish I beheld him presenting himself to the young and charming Julie de Serville, my childhood's companion, and, in tones of courteous *prévenance*, asking the honour of her hand in a *minuet de la cour*, whilst to me the Marquis did not vouchsafe more than a polite but frigid bow.

Oh! how terrible this was! and I, who had well-nigh incurred a parent's lasting displeasure—nay, more, the danger of incarceration in a convent—for him!

Once our eyes met—mine fell before the strange, reproachful, nay, indignant glance that shot

like a flash of lightning from his.

I said to myself, there must be some mystery here. Poor Céline, thou art the plaything of destiny!

In escaping from one lover, thou hast lost another, to win whose notice (now especially that he seems *aux petits soins* with thy friend), thou wouldest give every powdered curl of thy little head.

Fâcheux, of course, invited me to dance. All but the right one, alas! Yet, notwithstanding the Marquis's studied avoidance, my woman's instinct told me that it was too much so to be real.

As our poet truly defines it in that immortal line,—

"*Si je la haïssais, je ne la fuirais pas.*"

Yet, why all this? I racked my brain vainly for an explanation, and was obliged to rest satisfied with one of two suppositions: either that my intended marriage with Monsieur de Trévisé had come to his ears, and disgusted him with the girl, who, whilst engaged to one cavalier, could permit herself to receive the homage of another as I did on that fatally pleasant night when we met for the first time, or that the presence of Madame la Comtesse de Poutevrault-Chevreuil, acted as a kind of moral refrigerator, and nipped our intercourse in the bud.

Be this as it may, there is, I believe, no place like a ball-room for ensuring total separation between two persons, even though their garments may *froter* each other at any moment in the mazes of the dance.

Finding such to be the case on this occasion, and thinking *que je jouais de malheur*, I managed to slip quietly out of the *grande salle* into a small boudoir annexed, and feeling my head aching, and my

heart *navré*, I sat down in an alcove shaded by massive velvet curtains, and leaning on my hand, reflected with the gravity becoming my great age and experience, that of sixteen, upon the vicissitudes of life, the heartlessness of the world in general, and men in particular!

This edifying state of things lasted some time, when my reverie was disturbed by the entrance of two gentlemen, by whom my retreat was unperceived.

Now I dared not leave it, for one was De Brillon, and I did not choose him to see me there, apparently *délaissée*.

"*J'étais femme même à seize ans !*"

No thought of eavesdropping entered my mind, as you may suppose; for I fancied they would scarcely stay more than a few minutes, and then return to the dancers, when I could soon quit the friendly alcove and rejoin my mother, who, I feared, would ere long remark my absence.

To my annoyance, however, the Marquis and his companion, a tall, elderly man with marked features, a stranger to me, drew forward a couple of heavy velvet-covered *fauteuils*, and seated themselves, as if about to indulge in a regular conversation.

"Your country," said the stranger in a foreign tone and accent, "is not ready yet, believe me——"

"I fear," replied De Brillon, "you are right—not, my friend, that my wishes are outrageous; I would not willingly disturb the powers that be, but I would have the people freed from the grinding shackles that have for centuries degraded them. I would do away with many of our rights as nobles, our cruel *corvées*, and worse——"

"Ay," interrupted his friend, in his deep voice, with a certain cruel irony of intonation, "play at re-

volution—but who is to take the chestnuts from the fire? the *no-blesse* or the *canaille*, as God's creatures have been hitherto called? Remember, when once the flood-gates are withdrawn, who is to stem the torrent that will come rushing down? No! my friend, either grind down your slaves to everlasting, or prepare to be carried away by the avalanche. Half measures will not do. I see your visit to our country has done some good, but more remains to be accomplished."

"Nay," said De Brillon, "I am not so advanced as you wish me to be—nor, *ma foi*, do I desire it—I am ready to go a certain length, but no farther."

"Then I may not count upon you?"

"Certes, not blindly; I must see with my own eyes."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of the Chevalier de Flors, a young and gay *Parisien*, who exclaimed, "*Mort de ma vie*, De Brillon; what are you about?—conspiring in dark corners, eh? The Duchess's fine eyes are wearing themselves out *à votre recherche*. Return, I beseech you, to your allegiance, ere De Cartillac has time to carry the fortress, all-conquering *garde du corps* that he is!"

"Faithful to your favourite axiom, *vive la bagatelle*, De Flors," replied the Marquis. "Let me present you to my American friend, Monsieur Guillaume Jackson."

"*A votre service*, Monsieur," said De Flors, bowing gracefully and gaily, as a Frenchman knows how to do, *ma Louise*; for, with all an Englishman's excellent qualities, he does not always enter a room or bow well; and in my time (the favourite phrase of old ladies), the graces of the *salon* were practised and brought to perfection.

Ah! *ma fille*, even later in that

horrible revolution our *noblesse* went gracefully to the block. They could not tolerate a *gaucherie* even there. Marie Antoinette herself was never more a queen than on that morning when she went forth happily to die. Earth was not worthy of her, and oh! how joyfully that great soul must have winged its flight from all that was base and vile below to realms of purity, light, and peace! I grow eloquent on that subject, and must leave it to rejoin our friends; but my tale is a desultory one, and you will have to take the old woman's garrulity as it comes, and bear with all imperfections.

"Have you arrived in France, Monsieur Jackson," continued De Flors, "heart whole and fancy free, from your distant land where, I hear, folks are thinking more of *La Sainte Liberté*, than lovely woman, the goddess of my idolatry? Ah! what barbarism! *Sans la femme, mon cher*, life would be an arid desert."

"Bah!" answered the American, in his sonorous tones, "and life without liberty, what is that pray?"

"My faith" (here de Flors gave an expressive shrug), "the words woman, love, wine, and pleasure comprehend everything for me—and thou, De Brillon? To-night, thy *maussade* looks are the theme of conversation amongst the ladies, to whom pray let us return, for, to alter somewhat the words of our great poet,

*"Mon cœur pour les revoir vole loin
devant moi,"* etc., etc.

"If that be the case, in heaven's name let us go back to the *salon*, my friend," said the Marquis. "It would be cruel to deprive the sex any longer of its most devoted adherent;" and to my great relief the trio turned to leave the room, an example which I followed as soon as the sound of their retreating

footsteps enabled me to do so without fear of being perceived.

On rejoining my mother, she expressed surprise at my absence, but I speedily set her mind at rest by the convenient and, in this case, true, excuse of a headache, which I pleaded, as having caused me to retire for a time to an adjacent room.

Madame was good enough to sympathize with, and cause me to retire early from the gay scene, to my great pleasure, as I wanted to be alone and think at ease over the events of the evening, and the somewhat strange conversation I had unintentionally overheard, and which, I know not why, had left a kind of vague uneasiness behind.

Just then, persons were beginning to *parler "liberté, fraternité, égalité,"* and the thousand and one fallacies subsequently used as watch-words for pillage, murder, *et que sais-je!*

As we rose to leave the room, I observed with pain Monsieur de Brillon quit the side of the lovely Duchesse whom De Flors had alluded to, and rejoin Julie de Serville; whereupon an old lady remarked to my mother that the Marquis would be a good *parti* for her, adding,—

"You know that young De Trévis inherited a good property with the name of *feu* Monsieur le Marquis, his uncle. It was for a long time thought that title would fall into abeyance, and I am glad his Majesty consented to the nephew bearing it. *N'est-ce pas, Madame!*"

"Yes, *Maréchale*," said my mother coldly, "it is an ancient name, and should be nobly borne," and, curtsying politely, she took her departure, whilst I followed mechanically, not, as I believe, for the moment, feeling anything, but being simply stunned, as though from the effects of a heavy blow.

When seated opposite my mother,

in our lumbering family chariot, my senses gradually returned, and I began to comprehend the hopeless misery of my position, and that it was my own hand that had recklessly dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, for had I not earnestly implored Louis to release me from a hated contract? Oh! it was too much for one so young to bear! Heaven pardon me, but I could have welcomed death in that moment of supreme agony! Happily the *trajet* homewards was long, so I had time to recover something like calmness *en route*, and at last, steadying my voice, ventured to observe timidly,—

"I did not know till to-night, *ma mère*, that Monsieur de Trévisé was more than Vicomte."

"Possibly not, Céline; a title more or less signifies nothing to us, and was not worth speaking of, especially as Monsieur Trévisé's parents were both *de bonne souche*," and she leaned back, evidently disinclined to say more on a subject distasteful to her, whilst I—ah! *mon enfant*, *grand'maman*, old as she is, has never yet forgotten the anguish of that night.

The die was cast. I knew and felt it to be so. No step could ever be taken by me to unravel the skein my unlucky fingers had so hopelessly tangled.

All must now take its course, and he whom I felt to be all in all to me was lost for ever by my own deed!

Was there ever a more fatal comedy of errors? What must Louis think of me? How dishonourable and false my conduct must have appeared to him. And he so noble! so good!

Without doubt he would marry my attractive and amiable friend, Mademoiselle de Serville, and I should be still more wretched even *than now*, for, though assuring myself that all was hopeless, I believe,

au fond, Pandora's priceless gem still found means to shine in my poor desolate heart.

During the rest of our drive, my mother and I remained each wrapped in her reflections. Mine you already know.

After this, to me, sadly eventful night, it was long ere De Brillon and I met again! In my case as in that of too many others, "Hope deferred made the heart sick," especially as I had to devour my grief in silence, there being no one to whom I could confide it.

Of the Marquis I heard nothing, even his name being now tabooed *chez nous*; and as my father's increasing helplessness rendered his wife's care and presence still more necessary to him, our circle of gaiety gradually decreased, till, at last, we found ourselves leading an almost hermit life.

At this period came news from Pont le Fleury, namely, the sudden illness and death of my aunt's husband, for whom we all mourned sincerely.

He was a man of heart, and a gentleman, *pur sang*.

Madame le Fleury decided to remain at the château for awhile, at least, until the distant relative who inherited it should announce himself as ready to take possession, she disliking to leave the tenantry and all her poor pensioners to the tender mercies of an *intendant*.

I should at once have asked permission to pay her a visit, but that my father seemed of late to take pleasure in my society, and to be comparatively cheerful when we were together; and as the burden of the rupture with Monsieur de Trévisé always lay heavily upon my conscience, I felt that the least I could do, by way of *amende*, was to devote myself to Monsieur le Comte, whose life was so *triste*.

Thus matters continued for a time *chez nous*, very tranquil in-

doors—very stormy without. There seemed to be a sort of moral earthquake brewing, and the general tone pervading society betokened change.

After awhile we began to hear Monsieur de Brillon spoken of as imbued with the new opinions imported from America.

All these reports disgusted Madame de Poutevrault—not that she for a moment supposed that either the right divine of kings, or society itself, would ever be undermined by these novel doctrines, “Only,” as she remarked, “it desolates me to witness the spread of such vulgarity amongst persons of good tone and race. Why, actually the other day, that *tête montée*, De Miremont, demanded of me to surrender my daughter's rights and let Chevreuil, with its dependencies, be sold for the people's benefit. Without exciting myself, I simply replied that he spoke enigmas, and that as regarded the people, it was sufficiently benefited by living under the rule and protection of the nobles, its natural masters and benefactors. This misguided young man then went on to speak of France without a monarchy or *noblesse*, as if that were possible. Bah!”

Here Madame slightly elevated her fine eyebrows, and contemptuously changed the subject.

Before the worst troubles arrived, my poor father died, and I soon learned to feel deeply thankful that it was even so, although at the time I wept for the loss of the parent who had shown me that sympathy and kindness hitherto unknown in the relations that subsisted between my mother and myself.

The Comtesse de Poutevrault-Chevreuil mourned for my father very sincerely, and, I may add, in a manner befitting her rank and stately character.

She was not a frivolous Frenchwoman, as so many of us are, I

regret to say, but her grief was perfectly in keeping with herself.

I succeeded to the estates of my late parent, under the guardianship (I had almost said *regency*) of his widow, and we soon quitted Paris for the seclusion of dear beautiful Chevreuil.

The year '89 set in, pregnant with fearful consequences.

The summoning of the States-General, and all that followed, you are familiar with, therefore I need touch but briefly on this sad history of the past. The imprisonment of the royal family, and those gross insults and hardships heaped on them by the vulgar, dressed in a little brief authority, and only too happy to trample on their superiors,—ah! *mon cœur*, it is too much for me.

We, in the solitude of our forests, shuddered as the news came slowly from our unhappy capital—but, even then, my mother could not be brought to contemplate the worst.

“*Ces monstres*,” she would say, “will assuredly return to their allegiance, and be put down by the strong hand yet.”

Late one night my aunt Le Fleury arrived, seeking shelter from her foes. The château and its inhabitants having been declared *suspects* by the machinations of my late uncle's steward, her life was consequently endangered, notwithstanding the real love felt for Madame le Fleury by the faithful peasantry on the estate, to whom she was endeared by years of unfailing kindness and devotedness.

The meeting between the sisters was characteristic. My mother, in spite of her present and impending troubles, showed herself still the stately oak, rearing its haughty crest above its forest brethren, whilst my aunt's pale and gentle face bore the traces of sorrow chastened by religion and faith; and in her greeting there was a tone of resignation,

differing totally from the sublime calm of her sister.

Need I say how joyfully I returned my godmother's affectionate salute, and looked forward, with the easy elasticity of youth, to many happy days spent together in spite of my sorrow and anxiety respecting De Brillon? 'At my age it was so difficult to prepare for the worst.

More than a year passed—still worse news came from the capital. There was scarcely any safety for the suspected. Dangers thickened around our good king and his beautiful queen.

My mother swept back into her proud heart the tide of indignation that surged up, and threatened to burst the barriers she had so long self imposed on all that related to feeling and sentiment.

But soon our position became untenable, and the faithful Victor was at length despatched in disguise to the nearest town, for intelligence as to the safest means of escape for such noted, watched, and suspected aristocrats as we knew ourselves to be.

Many of the peasants were true to us, but the delegates sent down from Paris seemed ubiquitous, and created a mimic reign of terror in our once peaceful and happy neighbourhood.

Spies constantly made irruptions into the château, searching for hidden nobles, whom they were bent upon finding in our heavy *armoires*, and beneath the massive, gilded, four-post bedsteads, but all in vain, and the scenes would at times have been absolutely ludicrous, were it not that ours was the losing side, consequently it was not we that could laugh.

No place or nook was too sacred for these human bloodhounds to peer into, and methinks I can still hear the coarse voice of the newly-appointed mayor as, after a fruitless

visit of inspection, he assembled us all before him, and jeeringly addressed my mother, whose haughty spirit, like Marie Antoinette's, never quailed before our oppressors.

"*Hola! citoyenne Marie Chevreuil*, you have got off this time, but beware how you act or conspire against the *République une et indivisible*. *Gare votre tête* then. *Elle santera comme celle de Madame Veto*, some of these days."

"I say, pretty one,"—here the monster turned towards me, and chucked me under the chin,—"thou hadst best look out for an honest republican husband, instead of a painted and greased aristocrat. My faith, if I were not married already, I'd take thee, and welcome. Come along," he continued, turning to his satellites, "and mind what I say, *veuve Chevreuil*."

"Sir," replied my mother, bending low with stately grace, "you do my daughter and me too much honour. Your commands shall be obeyed. Céline" (as the man left the courtyard), "you will find *eau de mousseline*, or *frangipane* on my *toilette*; go, *ma fille*, bathe your face in it. That man touched you, *et je sens le roturier d'ici*."

After a somewhat protracted absence, Victor returned with intelligence of an alarming nature. The châteaux were being still more rigorously searched, and even M'sieu' Tr'vise, as the country people called him, was a prisoner in Herville (the name of his place), although his opinions leaned to the popular side; but he had rendered himself obnoxious by saving some unhappy aristocrats; and now Victor feared matters would go hard with him.

I listened breathlessly to this account, and rapidly ran over in my mind sundry ways of helping him.

My mother even was moved, and

dear Aunt Fleury, who had known and loved him as a boy, warmly expressed her sorrow.

"Eugénie," she exclaimed, "what can be done for him?"

"I know not, Claire," replied my mother. "You and I are *trop suspectes* to aid him; though, heaven knows, I would do much for the son of my husband's oldest friend. At the same time, it cannot be denied that Monsieur de Brillon has greatly degraded himself and his order by siding, ever so slightly, with the people."

"Alas, yes, my sister," was Madame le Fleury's reply; "but he is young, *et à jeunesse, beaucoup se pardonne*. I will retire to the oratory, and pray for him."

"And I," said my mother, "will remain, and think what can be done."

Mademoiselle Céline had, meanwhile, both prayed and thought, and you shall soon hear the result of her cogitations.

I ought to have mentioned ere this that our establishment had perforce been reduced to very narrow limits.

Victor and Coralie still remained with us, as well as one or two of the other servants, and good Françoise, my nurse, with her daughter, Scolastique, often came to Chevreuil to lend a helping hand when the work was heavy.

Never had I admired and revered my mother so much in her grandeur as now, when all the outward accessories of her rank were being gradually withdrawn. Not a murmur or complaint passed her lips.

My aunt, too, bore all with saint-like gentleness, and, in fact, both sisters denied themselves as much as they could, in order to help those still worse off than ourselves.

Moreover, my mother furnished monetary assistance to Royalist plotters on behalf of our perse-

cuted monarch and his maligned queen; so that the ancient house of Poutevrault Chevreuil was in a very impoverished condition.

As poverty gives us many strange acquaintances, so does it also break down social barriers; therefore, Louise, you need not be surprised to hear that *grand'maman* had, at this time, more liberty than formerly, and was not looked upon as such a mere automaton by Madame la Châtelaine, to whom I gladly made myself useful in many ways, but silently and unobtrusively. Oh, the pent-up joy of doing something for my mother, who would at times relax somewhat of her stateliness, and reward me with a courteous smile and thanks.

Now, *petite*, I shall tell you of my efforts to save Louis de Trévisé, which were, in a measure, *aplanis*, by the aforesaid diminution of our trappings of state.

Of course I had read of persons being saved by others taking their place in prison; but oh, dear me, with my five feet two inches and a half of height, how could I hope the tall and stalwart Marquis would ever be mistaken for little me? Nevertheless, something *must* be tried.

I was far too romantic to let another save him.

Céline must, in a measure, atone for the past. Herville was some two or three miles from Chevreuil, but there was a short cut to it through our woods, and, as I knew my mother and aunt would occupy themselves by playing chess in the evening, they were less likely to miss me, provided I could get back by supper time. It was now past three.

Consequently, I summoned my faithful ally, Victor, and bade him be in readiness to accompany me in half-an-hour's time. Then I flew down to a room where tools were kept, and selecting a strong file, some nail, and a

hammer, together with a long and thick piece of cord, I concealed them in a deep pocket then worn. Meeting Scolastique on my way back, I motioned her to follow me, and when we reached my room, I bolted the door carefully, then imploring my companion to be quick and noiseless, I made her doff the peasant's coif and upper garments, transferring them immediately to my own person, thus effecting a total transformation in my appearance.

Poor Scolastique opened great eyes of astonishment at me, so that I could scarce refrain from a laugh, even in that supreme moment.

"Ma'm Céline, is it a comedy you are going to play?"

"No, my good girl. Pray heaven it may not turn out a tragedy after all. Now, attend to what I say, and ask no questions, nor answer any, but after I leave the room, bolt the door again, and remain here till my return, beseeching *la Sainte-Vierge* to protect and help me. If any one comes, say you cannot admit them, and wish to remain quiet. Muffle your voice, *ma fille* (the poor thing's was *raugue à outrance*), and speak as if from between the bed clothes. They will think it is me—so much the better."

"Ah! *pour le coup*, Ma'm'selle, that is too much," said Scolastique, gasping with laughter at the bare idea of being mistaken for me.

"Well, never mind, but do your best," said I, quitting the room and stumbling upon Coralie, who was coming up-stairs at the moment.

"*Chut!*" I whispered, pointing to my own door in a warning manner.

"*Tiens!* has Ma'm'selle the *mig-raine*? Oh! in that case I shall go about quietly enough, and don't nt you or anybody to tell me to tranquil;" and Coralie tossed her contempt a privileged

servant manifests towards an outsider.

Taking no notice, I slipped past her, feeling thankful to be unrecognized, and found Victor awaiting me in the *basse cour*, as I had appointed.

For an instant he was taken aback, but I put my finger to my lips, and he discreetly followed.

We remained silent till the wood was reached, and then poor Victor's curiosity could no longer contain itself.

"But, dear, good Ma'm'selle, in the name of all the saints, what are you about?"

"Victor, my father's friend, and my playmate, is in peril, and I go to save him."

"Ah! that is fine. I will help too with all my heart."

"Thanks, my good Victor. I knew you would be true."

"I should think so. Me and mine who have eaten Monseigneur's bread for so long. Ah! If I had my will, *ces coquins republicains danseraient sur la corde* pretty soon, *allez!*"

"Hush, Victor, trees, like walls, may have ears. But now, *mon garçon*, listen. When we arrive near Herville, wait without seeming to do so, and keep both eyes and ears open for whatever may occur. I shall rejoin you quickly, if possible, but, my good foster-brother (the term he liked best), should anything happen to me (here involuntarily my voice trembled) go back to my mother, and say I crave her pardon for going on this errand without asking her permission, but that I do so to repair a great wrong, and render myself worthy of my father's name."

"Ah! Ma'm'selle," and poor Victor sobbed, "*pour le coup*, that is too much. I will not, cannot leave you to be murdered! And how am I then to look in the face of Madame la Cl'elaine, and hear her scorn-

fully call me '*Uche poltron* !' No ! let me die at once."

"What — Victor — and Coralie ? Do not despair of me. God and the Virgin will be my protectors. Come, my friend, cheer up ; all may end well yet. Here we are near the house. Now adieu. Keep careful watch and ward, and fear not," said I, tripping off with an air of courage, partly real, partly affected, ere he had time to remonstrate further, and making my way round to the back entrance, I soon stood in the large old-fashioned kitchen, where, for centuries, the culinary operations of the house of Trévisé had been carried on.

Now, *mon ange*, I knew a great deal about said house, and its inmates, for, had not *mère* Françoise, my nurse, often spoken of her cousin Susanne, the time-honoured cook in that establishment ; and was not my foster-sister, Scolastique, high in favour with that august personage, and even at times permitted to contemplate the mysteries of Ude and Vatel, *le martyr du rôti* ?

I dare say, *petite*, you have been wondering hitherto at *grand'maman's* strange proceedings, but are now beginning, doubtless, to see things more clearly, and when I add that the Picard *patois* and accent were familiar to me, you will understand everything still better.

Let me, however, describe what I saw in Monsieur de Trévisé Brillon's kitchen.

Lolling about on settles, forms, and tables, were sundry republican soldiers, in undress, and with an alarmingly free and easy manner that, I confess, made me quake in my shoes.

Near the huge fireplace, within the precincts of which a moderately sized family could have been seated, stood the redoubtable Susanne, a large soup-ladle in one hand, whilst the other held the cover of a gigantic saucepan that simmered

musically on the blazing fire, which reflected itself on Susanne's equally blazing face.

"*Allons la mère*," cried a young man, "be quick, we famish. Is the Republic to be kept waiting for its soup ?"

"Yes, if I choose," answered Susanne undauntedly, adding, "you are an ungrateful pack. Here am I, *suant sang et eau* for your good pleasure, and much thanks I get."

After this forcible but unrefined speech, there was a coarse laugh from some, whilst others murmured ; but at this juncture Susanne, catching sight of me as I stood timidly in the doorway, called out,—

"*Hola !* my good Scolastique, thou hast come just in time. I die with fatigue ; thou shalt aid me. Here, child," and she ladled out some soup, "take up *not maître's* dinner."

"*Nenni mère* Susanne," said I, with rustic bashfulness, "I can't go up into M'sieu's room."

"Thou wilt do as I bid thee, simpleton, without a word said. *Tiens*, let me set out the soup and *poulet*. Now, take the waiter, and go straight up."

"But which is M'sieu's room now, *mère* Susanne ?" ^{on (333)} _{ei ji}

"Ah ! bah ! thou art enough to drive me off my head. *Not maître* is relegated to the oratory now by *ces Messieurs là*," and she finished the sentence with an ineffably contemptuous toss of her becaped head.

"*A la bonne heure citoyenne*," exclaimed one of the soldiers jumping up, "but we don't admit of *messieurs* or *maîtres* here. The one and indivisible *République* has decreed that all Frenchmen be free, and if I permit yon cursed aristocrat to get his dinner at all, the rosy lips of this lass shall assuredly pay toll first ;" and to my extreme disgust, he advanced towards me with hateful familiarity, but in an instant

Susanne rushed to the rescue, and, applying her hot ladle with startling effect to his cheek, stopped his purpose.

The discomfited youth rubbed his face ruefully, amid the merriment of his companions, whilst I escaped gladly and nimbly, albeit the tray I bore was, with its contents, heavy enough for a young lady of quality to carry.

I could hear Susanne's angry voice raised in threatening accents, whilst she promised to bury the head of the next offender in her bulky *pot au feu*; whereupon one of the men called out to Jules, "My faith, you were a fool not to *câliner* the cook—I always do."

After this I heard no more, in my hurry and anxiety to reach the cratory, which I had a vague recollection of hearing lay to the right of the first corridor, up the grand staircase.

On I went, and soon reached it, as I supposed, but paused for a moment at the door, oppressed by a multitude of feelings. Shame, modesty, love, each strove for the mastery, and the question moreover arose, "Am I about to save him for Julie de Serville?" But, in a moment, I crushed down the ignoble sentiment, and was about to knock, when a sentry, whom I had not observed, came from out the gloom of the far end of the lengthy passage and addressed me with rough good humour, untainted by freedom.

"*Hein ! la fillette*, thou art going to take in the prisoner's supper or dinner, whichever the *République* allows it to be called," with a comical wink of the eye that did not say much for his devotion to her.

"My faith," he continued, "I pity those poor devils of aristocrats, so go in peace, my child, and be thankful that my heart is another's, otherwise I should at once enlist thee in our corps, thou art so pretty," and, with a theatrical air,

he flung open the door, addressing a gentleman who sat at a table, leaning his head on one hand, whilst the other held a book he had evidently been reading.

"*He, citoyen, v'là*, I've brought a deuced good-looking lass to thee. Thou wilt eat with a better appetite if her eyes season the sauce. Go in—what art thou afraid of? The citizen won't eat thee." Whereupon he pushed me in good-humouredly, and shut the door, leaving the false Scolastique in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

The Marquis, for it was he, raised his head, and in a gentle tone bade me set down my burden before him, remarking,—

"It is too heavy for thee, *petite*, and unfortunately I have no servitors to relieve thee. We have changed all that now." He smiled in a melancholy manner, and I busied myself (awkwardly enough, I confess, for my hands shook so) in arranging his food, but utterly unable to speak, although expiring to do so.

De Brillon's eyes again sought his book, and I endeavoured to gain courage, but my tongue refused to act. At last I said in a low tone, "*M'sieu' est servi.*"

The unsteadiness of my voice rather detracted from the assumed Ficard accent, and, as though something struck him, he started and gazed at me.

Recovering myself instantly, I said, "Oh! M'sieu', she has sent me to save you."

"What do you mean, my good girl?"

"Ma'm'elle Céline, M'sieu'. She is penetrated by your position, and so is the Châtelaine. *Dame !* they would all help you."

"Mademoiselle de Poutevrault-Chevreuil help me!" he cried with astonishment. "Thou dreamest, girl."

"Nenni," I answered, "our ma'm'—"

selle pities you and your betrothed, her playfellow, and wants to see both happy——" A random shot, this, fired under cover of Scolastic's gear, with the courage of a poltroon.

"I am much obliged to her,"—this with offended dignity, and a drawing up of his fine person to its full height,—“but having no betrothed, I do not need your young mistress's compassion or charity. Go, you may tell her so—but stay,” softening his voice and returning to the seignorial *tutoiement*; “*pauvre enfant*, thou hast perchance risked thy young life to serve me. I can but give thee thanks, my present hosts,” he added, sarcastically, “having emptied my pockets.”

“Oh! Monsieur,” I cried, overcome by his gentleness, and the blissful news of his non-betrothal, “give me more, I beseech you. Grant me pardon and pity.”

“What!” exclaimed De Brillon, “you, Céline, in this room. Am I awake, or mad? Did you not hate and repulse me after, as I fondly hoped, letting me believe for a short, happy period that I was, at least, not distasteful to you? Oh! it was cruel.”

“I know it all,” was my reply *entrecoupée* by sobs.

“But then it was all an error. I thought Louise de Trevisé and the Marquis de Brillon were two different persons until that fatal night when I heard your name coupled with that of Julie de Serville.”

“Then, in heaven's name, answer me,” he cried with passionate earnestness; “dare I hope again?”

“If you will,” said I; “but think now only of your safety. Here, take these,” and I quickly drew forth my precious file, cord, hammer, and nails, eagerly thrusting them into the hands of the astonished young man.

Hastily seizing on and hiding them beneath the cushion of his

fauteuil, De Brillon turned to me, and clasping my hands in his, the whole torrent of his deep and long pent-up love gushed forth, fairly alarming me by its vehemence and intensity.

“Hush!” I cried, “time presses, and your days, I fear, are numbered. Escape when and as you can. Every night my nurse's son will watch in the Chevreuil woods for you, and conduct you either to the château or his mother's cottage, where I think you would be safer than with us; for although we should gladly shelter your father's son, yet, alas! our house and its inmates are marked and doomed, ere long, to destruction! On meeting Victor, let your watchword be ‘Faith.’ He knows enough to be trusted, and is true as steel. Farewell, I must fly.”

“Oh! my Céline, my saint. Just reunited, must we part? How can I thank you?”

“Live for us,” I cried, “and forswear these monsters that desolate our land.”

“Nay, my love; their cause is holy, but they have polluted and degraded it.”

At this juncture, the sentry's footsteps were heard approaching De Brillon's room, and he felt at once that the interview must end.

Disregarding the laws of etiquette with which I had been encompassed, Louis flung his arms round me in a passionate embrace.

“Go, my life,” he exclaimed, “may God and his saints watch over and guard my treasure.”

Here the door opened, and the young soldier thrust his head in, saying,—

“*V'la*, citizen, time's up. I thought this pretty lass might have some news to give you, so let her stop, but my *consigne* won't allow more grace. Now therefore, *fillette*, quick, march,” and good-temperedly taking me by the shoulder, he turned me out, and fastened the door out-

side with a ponderous key, not however before De Brillou and I had exchanged one glance of immeasurable love!

Oh, my Bayard! *sans peur et sans reproche*, that sleepest peacefully in yon quiet English churchyard, can it indeed be that thy Céline lives to tell the mournful tale? Ah, Louise! how true it is—"the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

My friendly sentry, whom I suspected of more than a simple wish to be kind to his prisoner, whispered, as I moved away,

"*Ma mèr*, he is not safe; help him out, if you can! I fancied you came here with some design; and, as you're a *diablement* pretty girl, be advised, and slip out through the buttery, instead of the kitchen, which is full of my comrades—not bad fellows at bottom, but, *ma foi*, capable of anything when the drink is in them. There! no thanks! I have a sweetheart myself, and maybe yours would do her the same good turn. Fly! I hear the Lieutenant coming, *c'est un diable effrayé*."

Gratefully pressing the honest fellow's hand, I rushed along the corridor, and, following his advice, escaped the noisy revellers in the kitchen, and soon rejoined my faithful Victor, who had been anxiously awaiting my return. His joy on seeing me was unbounded, and I quickly made him acquainted with the success of my mission, leaving out the tender passages, of course.

"Mâin'selle," said he, "you are very brave; and Victor must not be behind in courage neither. When M'sieu Trivise gets out, I shall take him to my mother's, and then all will be well. He must disguise himself as a republican soldier. 'Tis the best card now a-days, unluckily. Poor m'sieu! to be prisoner in his own house! *Dame!* it's too bad! and all for cleverly getting a batch of nobles out of the country to a place

heard tell, Mâin'selle Céline (can it be true?), that the people can't speak a word of French, and never see the sun; and that they don't believe in the Blessed Virgin, nor the saints, and are always eating beef and drinking beer, and grow as large as oxen."

"Not quite so bad as that, *mon ami*, however, I expect to be there some of these days, if our enemies leave my head on my shoulders long enough. Will you and Coralie follow our fortunes, Victor?"

"Ay, that we will, Mâin'selle, and *la mère* would do so too, but that Scolastique has stupidly given her heart to one of these republicans, and so she must stay behind with her. He is a good enough lad, only bitten by the new mania. *Tenez*, he will help M'sieu Louis both to a disguise and means of escape."

"Thanks, Victor! you are truly invaluable; and now, *mon garçon*, be sure to watch nightly for any one coming this way from Herville. Remember the password, 'Faith!'"

"*Bien sûr*, Mâin'selle. There's too little of it now for me; so I shall certainly recollect it."

Our path lay amid thick sombre woods; but my companion knew all the short cuts through them, so that we managed to reach the chateau before prayer-time, for my mother was in the habit of assembling her dependents every evening when we were in the country, and reading to them from her *Livre d'Heures* for awhile ere we retired to rest.

On this occasion, happily, the few domestics who remained had betaken themselves to the large kitchen, doubtless for company, the times being so unsettled, and grim murder stalking through our beautiful land—so there was some excuse for that proverbially nervous class being still more so under such terrible circumstances.

Having ascertained therefore from

my faithful henchman, whom I had sent on before as a scout, that the coast was clear for my entrance, I ran in quickly, and reached my room unperceived, startling poor Scolastique out of a pleasant nap, into which she had fallen during my absence.

"*Bon Dieu*, Ma'm'selle! but you frightened me," she said, "I am so glad you have come back safe and sound. Let me aid you to take off my poor garments, which have been highly honoured, I'm sure."

"Did any one come to the door while I was away?"

"Yes, Ma'm'selle, Madamele Fleury tapped at it, and was told by Coralie that you had the *migrains*. *Ciel!* how I trembled lest she should enter and find me here!"

"Well, *mon enfant*, you have done me good service, and I shall never forget it."

"Perhaps, dear Ma'm'selle, I and another may be able yet to serve you still more." So saying, she bade me a respectful good night, and left the room, whilst I finished my toilette, and descended to the Châtelaine's sitting-room, where I found my mother and aunt, who both expressed anxiety about me, and pleasure at my apparent recovery.

I assured them, with truth, that I was now well, for had I not seen De Brillon? and were not his burning words of love still ringing in my ears? Yes, life had, from henceforth, new charms for me; and, in spite of the peril both Louis and we were in, I felt this night happier than I had done for many a long day.

Now I must hurry on. My story seems to lengthen, yet I have not told you one quarter of all that was daily taking place around us.

That night my mother read the *Livre d'Heures*, as usual, for our scanty household, and we all joined—ah! how fervently!—in supplica-

tions for the afflicted royal family, and their persecuted followers.

Sobs broke from dear aunt Fleury's oppressed heart, but no outward emotion betrayed itself on my mother's face, or in her voice.

But she was a grand woman!

We retired for the night, as usual, I having, according to custom, knelt to receive her blessing, and been folded in the arms of my beloved godmother, who offered up many a prayer for my safety.

Somehow, on that memorable night, I felt in a most *exaltée* mood, ready to do or die, and seeming no longer the timid young girl of former days—for, had I not, in a measure, entered the portals of womanhood, now that I had listened, unchecked, to the sweetest confessions and protestations ever breathed into woman's willing ear?

And did I not know that my *preux chevalier* loved me better than life, and was it not henceforth my bounden duty to render myself worthy of such pure love!

Ah! Louison, laugh if you will, at my *ancien régime* prejudices, but believe me, my child, the vow I made that night, never—God helping me—to disgrace the source from whence I sprang, was not purposeless, but, on the contrary, aided me in after times to bear hardship, want, and toil—nay, worse than these, the bitter insults, too often poverty's accompaniment in a foreign land.

After retiring to my room, a feeling, as of something about to happen stole over me, and I resolved not to undress, but merely lie down, so as to be ready for any emergency.

We, poor hunted ones, were always *au guet* then, never knowing what might happen. *Mon Dieu!* what a life it was!

I fancy our eyes must have acquired a strange look of watchful dread.

But when the danger came, we were brave, *mon cœur*, and refused to *baïsser pavillon* before our foes.

How long I slept I know not, but, as morning dawned, I was aroused by an odour of burning and hoarse cries which startled me.

I rubbed my poor sleepy eyes, and sprang to my feet with horror as the words, "*A bas les aristocrats*," "*Brûlez les vifs*," etc., etc., caught my ear—but ere I could form a plan, my door was burst open, and two young soldiers of the republican army rushed in. Instantly, one of them seized me in his arms, as though I was of feather weight, and whispering the word "*Faith*," at once allayed my fears, and—yes, actually, in that awful scene, rendered me happy.

Louis had escaped. It was his arm encircled me—his shoulder I leant upon. Heaven pardon me, but I could have died then with him. This selfishness, I am bound to say, did not last long. I quickly recollected others, and murmured,—

"My mother and aunt——"

"Hush, dearest, all will be cared for."

In the midst of the hubbub which, happily for us, reigned in another portion of the château, I discerned that the man who entered my room with Louis had disappeared, and as the mob were busy breaking open cupboards, drawers, *escritoirs*, and, in fact, everything they could lay hands on, we found the coast wonderfully clear for our escape, and I was, fortunately, sufficiently collected (adversity having sharpened my wits) to direct Monsieur de Tréville what course to take out of our now, alas! burning château, which the malcontents, led on by a discarded *intendant* of my father's, had fired.

We escaped by a kind of side passage out into the *potager*, and thence through the woods to the friendly shelter of my nurse's cottage.

Here I learned that her intended son-in-law, who did not join in the excesses of his companions, hearing what was in store for us, resolved to offer his services as leader of the insurgents, rightly judging that this would be the best way to help our doomed household. And as Providence mercifully ordained that De Brillon should escape on that very night, as by a miracle, *Sco-lastique's* lover procured republican uniforms for him and Victor, and leading his men to the uninhabited rooms of poor Chevreuil's ancient château, under pretence of finding more booty there, he left the way free to the Marquis and Victor, who guided him to my room, and then quickly flew to rescue my mother, aunt, and his fellow servants.

The former, accompanied by Coralie, had contrived to hide in a friendly peasant's cottage, fearing to attract observation by bringing more fugitives to his mother's humble abode, and the latter fled like timid sheep in all directions, never to be seen by us again; for, in those days of terror, many nearer and dearer were often suddenly parted for life, and strangers as suddenly thrown together. All was then confusion and irregularity. Servants mounted to the summit of fortune's ladder, whilst their employers were flung down at its foot to be trampled on and crushed in the mire.

Great were Françoise's and *Sco-lastique's* transports of joy when De Brillon, panting and exhausted by his exertions and emotions, placed me in my kind old nurse's arms.

In an instant I was covered with kisses, and transported back to the days of happy childhood. Once more I was her "*biche*," her "*bel ange*," "*son chou*"—everything, in short, that an enthusiastic Frenchwoman could call me.

She returned at once, in her

Picard *patois*, to the *tutoiement* so dear to a nurse's soul.

As soon as poor Françoise became calmer, I entreated to be taken to my mother, but in vain. Till night set in, I must not be seen abroad, and Victor would soon come back to set my mind at ease. Those dear to me were under *la Madone's* protection, and was she not all-powerful?

Even De Brillonsided against me, and with loving decision forbade my exit till the time appointed; consequently there was nothing for it but patience.

Towards nightfall Victor arrived, and I learned the before-mentioned whereabouts of my relatives and his *fiancée*. All, by God's mercy, had escaped, though with difficulty, the drunken mob having, after ransacking our cellars, caught sight of the fugitives, and at once proposed hanging them.

"In that supreme moment, *not' maîtresse* and Ma'm Fleury behaved like queens," said Victor, unable to find a better simile; "even little Coralie disdained to shed a tear, when, as good luck would have it, Lebrun (Scolastique's lover, Ma'm'selle), who was here, there, and everywhere, came up and called loudly to me to take *ces coquines d'aristocrates* to the *mairie* of the next town, as he had an order for their destruction, *mais en règle, mes amis*," he added, addressing his men, who sulkily agreed then to let us pass, which we did, I with my heart in my mouth, Ma'm la Comtesse calm and sublime to the last. I left them with Saint GrIs, the wood-cutter, and stole off to see how it fared with you, dear Ma'm'selle, about whom the ladies and Coralie are breaking their hearts with anxiety; *not' maîtresse* bids me tell you, M'sieu' Tr'vise, that all but this night's service is forgotten, and that she and *mam' sa sœur* kiss your hand."

"Oh! Victor, how can I thank you?" cried I.

"Bah! Ma'm'selle, say nothing about it."

"But now," exclaimed De Brillon, whose countenance had lighted up with joy at my mother's message, "we must hold a council of war as to what is and has to be done. *Ma pauvre* Céline, you have saved nothing, neither money nor jewels, from the wreck of your property, and I have only managed to secrete a trifle, my escape was so hurried.

"Oh! as to that, M'sieu', begging your pardon," broke in Victor, "our ladies carried off, luckily, as much jewellery and gold as they could when the *Charivari* commenced. I heard them say as how they were always ready for a start, and had valuables packed up to stow away in their *sacques* at a minute's notice. But here, M'sieu', is something Lebrun gave me for you," and he handed De Brillon a crumpled piece of paper. "M'sieu' will pardon its soiled condition, *vu the canaille* I have been amongst." And Victor drew himself up with an air of dignified contempt.

"*Certes, mon garçon*," replied De Brillon with a merry laugh, "I could pardon thee more than that for thy good offices to me and mine," he added with a look at me, in which the possessive tense far outweighed the conditional.

"Yes," said Françoise, patting her son approvingly on the back, "'tis a good lad, and so is Lebrun, for the matter of that. There, thou need'st not blush, Scolastique, for hasn't *chacun* got *sa chacune*? *V'là!* M'sieu' Tr'vise and our Ma'm'selle as thick as bees, and how could he help it? Isn't she the star of the world, and light of our eyes, God and the *Madone* protect her!"

It was now my turn to blush, and cover my face with both hands, but Louis drew them gently away, and retaining one, said, "Then,

bonne mère, Françoise, I have your consent."

"*Tiens!* I should think so. Haven't I known her since she was that high?" placing her brawny hand at a short distance from the floor; "and doesn't she creep into every one's heart, *la chérie!* and didn't she always *câliner* poor old Françoise out of her senses?"

My Bayard, as I used afterwards to call him, had by this time deciphered the soiled scrap of paper, and started up joyfully, exclaiming,—

Ma bien aimée, we are saved. Lebrun is in my friend Jackson's confidence, and this paper has been written in cipher by the latter to me, who it directs to place myself, if I can escape from Herville, under the guidance of your lover, *belle Scolastique*. Through him and Jackson, I feel that all our party will be enabled to quit this blood-stained land. But how can I see Lebrun?"

"Oh! M'sieu', leave that to me," said Victor, "all must be managed at night."

With this sort of desultory talk, we beguiled the time till evening's shadows came down to hide the work of pillage and destruction going on in my beloved Chévreuil, whose downfall I could have wept, had it not been for my anxiety respecting my mother and aunt, and the terrible uncertainty of our future fate.

Still my Louis was beside me; that alone was bliss, counterbalancing much.

Towards nightfall a tap was heard at the cottage door, and Françoise cautiously proceeded to open it, when a rough, honest voice called out, "*Tis me, la mère*, so don't be frightened," and Lebrun, a hardy, good-looking young man, begrimed with smoke and dust, entered the little room which served as kitchen and *salon* to the family.

"Your servant, Ma'm'selle,—I mean *citoyenne*," he said, respectfully saluting me with a half smile, which made me fancy his republicanism did not lie deep.

"Mother," he continued, after affectionately saluting *Scolastique*, who became of a bright cherry colour under the by no means displeasing proceeding, "give me anything thou hast to eat and drink, for, my faith, my throat is as dry as a chip."

"And how goes it with the *château, citoyen?*" I asked mournfully enough.

"'Tis a thing of the past, *citoyenne*. I would willingly have saved it and its contents, but all in vain. The rascals had drunk themselves mad, and swore that Chévreuil should be a heap of ruins by sunset, and they have kept their word, *certes!* But here, *citoyenne*, I made a dash into your room, and ransacked there like a demon, breaking open locks, and everything I could lay hands on, and *v'la* the result," and the worthy fellow drew from his pockets, with an air of triumph, sundry earrings, lockets, *bonbonnières*, fans, rings, brooches, etc., of sufficient value and beauty to draw forth screams of astonishment from *Scolastique*, who could not control her delight.

"Oh! how beautiful. *Notre Dame de la Roche* hadn't better. Ah! *ciel!* the stars don't shine brighter," etc.

When her ecstasies had subsided, and a general calm prevailed, I took advantage thereof to express my warmest gratitude to Lebrun for his noble conduct, begging of him to accept a handsome ring, which he received with evident pride and pleasure, though assuring me, with truth, that he had been actuated by no actual hope or wish for reward.

I then selected a pair of gold earrings, and placed them in *Scolastique's* ears, thereby nearly overturning her reason.

Dear Françoise and Victor came in for their share, albeit the good folks earnestly deprecated receiving any guerdon for all their exertions on our behalf.

The remainder of my valuables I divided with De Brillon, who took his portion for love of *mes beaux yeux*, as he tenderly said.

We then resolved ourselves into a *petit comité* of ways and means as regarded our future plans, and Lebrun, who seemed, by common consent, to be voted president of the council, by virtue of his relations with Jackson, who stood high in favour with the revolutionary chiefs in Paris, strongly advised our immediate departure for Gravelines, where Jackson was stationed at present, and whence it would be comparatively easy for him to ship us off to England in a fishing smack.

"But," said Lebrun, "you must start in two detachments, to avoid suspicion; therefore, if the *citoyenne*, and you, *citoyen*, will come with me to Saint Gris's cottage this night, in order to see how it goes with her people, she can take Coralie with her, and you three had then better take the road to Gravelines, travelling as best you may thither. Hail the peasants in *patois*, and ask a lift from any carters you meet *en route*, and abuse the nobles to their hearts' content. Say you have assisted to burn down a château, and that will serve to canonize you in the Republican calendar." Here he gave a contemptuous laugh. "*Ma foi!*" continued Lebrun, "I am almost tempted to despair of our cause, now that *la Sainte Liberté's* robes are steeped in blood. What say you, *citoyen?*"

"Nay," replied De Brillon, "the cause is still holy and just, but its apostles trail it in the mire of sin and crime to serve their own vile purposes."

"*Allons, citoyen. Time presses. We must start. Tudieu!* that morsel

of supper has done me good, for I would not touch a bit of those rascals' stolen food during this day's bad work. Victor, *mon gars*, thou wilt take charge of the *citoyennes* Chevreuil and Fleury, who must consent to pass for thy mother and aunt. Thy Picard wit can do the rest. I go alone to my captain at Gravelines. He puts up at the Coq Gaulois—mind that. Now, *mon ami*, be off with your convoy, and ask no questions."

We all arose at this rough, but well-meaning young man's bidding, and then a most agonizing scene ensued between my nurse, foster-sister, and myself. We knew this was our last meeting on earth, and these good peasants' grief was boundless.

For myself, I was little better. We clung to each other, and they lavished on me every term of endearment and blessing that could by possibility be thought of.

Victor was sternly bidden to die in my defence, which he seemed quite prepared to do.

At last, Monsieur de Brillon, with gentle violence, drew me away, and I quitted for ever that humble abode of truth, love, and loyalty.

This separation would, *en vérité*, have been too overwhelming, but that Louis's protecting arm was around me, and his tender accents sounded in my ear.

"Be brave, my little Céline," he whispered, "and think of the happiness awaiting us in a foreign land, far from sights and sounds of misery. There, my love, we shall be all in all to each other, even though our daily bread be gained by daily toil."

In this manner he strove to cheer me as we threaded our way in the dark, through tangled masses of brushwood, to Saint Gris's little cottage, which we reached in safety, and where the meeting between me and my relatives was more than affectionate.

I then discovered how much my mother loved me, and felt, oh! so happy at the gracious and grateful greeting she bestowed on Louis.

Our plans were quickly unfolded, and my mother and aunt at once acceded to them, the former simply remarking with calm dignity,—

"As the time-honoured house of Poutevrault-Chevreuil no longer exists, all etiquette is over for Céline. She is young, Monsieur, to be placed under your care; but you are a man of honour, therefore I need say no more."

"Ah!" cried my lover, throwing himself at her feet, regardless of lookers on, "Céline is mine, Madame. She has promised, and you will surely not say nay."

"How, Monsieur? Céline at last consents to be your wife. Is it so, *ma fille*?"

"Yes, *ma mère*, with your permission," I murmured.

"*Fort bien*, my child, you have it; but, sir, your bride is portionless now."

"*N'importe*, Madame. She is all I want."

After a few more words and embraces we parted, Coralie gladly accompanying us, she being warmly attached to me, and moreover having the hope of soon meeting her now favoured swain, Victor.

I shall not linger over the events of our journey, which were manifold and sufficiently alarming.

However, we reached Gravelines in due course, and wended our way to the little inn of the Coq Gaulois, where we found Captain Jackson and Lebrun awaiting us, and later had the felicity of being joined by my dear mother, aunt, and Victor.

Gratefully did we all thank the good Providence that had guided us to this haven of rest and comparative safety, but in which we dared not remain.

Every moment was of consequence, therefore the American

captain, whose kindness we never forgot, bribed the owner of a sailing vessel to take us all on board on the night following that of my mother's arrival.

Once upon the deck of the little tossing and uncomfortable lugger, we felt secure from the malice of man at least, and were able to look forward to brighter days.

Our thanks to Jackson and Lebrun were not loud but deep, and the latter carried back our blessings and fond messages from Victor and Coralie to good François and Scolastique.

I must not omit to say that we recompensed the worthy wood-cutter's family for their friendly shelter, and felt rejoiced to think there were still some good hearts left in our poor once-loved France.

Victor and Coralie decided to follow my mother's fortunes, so we were a goodly party of exiles landing at Deal one fine morning in the year 1791.

To say that we did not regret our native land would scarcely accord with truth, but the misery inflicted upon us there certainly deadened the pang which would otherwise have been most bitter! Soon in this your native land, we found friends who nobly seconded our efforts not to eat the bread of idleness, for we had determined, with the aid of Providence, to maintain ourselves independently, if humbly.

After a time, Louis and I were united by an old *émigré* priest, and subsequently we established a school in a suburb of London, to which many of the upper classes gladly sent their daughters to obtain that high finish of breeding and *ton* our country was so celebrated for before the revolution.

Of course, *petite*, everything did not go smoothly with us, and we had many mortifications and privations to endure; but, amid all, the light of love shone upon our path,

and we laboured on resolutely, with "*Fay ce que doy, advienne que pourra*" for our motto. My mother and aunt were gentlewomen *de race*, therefore behaved, the one with Spartan, the other with Christian firmness throughout all our vicissitudes, but the grief we experienced at the murder of the good king and our adored queen was overwhelming.

Soon we had to mourn the loss of dear friends, brutally massacred also by those who had, alas! got the upper hand, but many happily escaped to these hospitable shores, causing often joyful meetings to the exiles. That picture of grandpapa and myself, to which I alluded at the outset of this tale, was taken by one (a young Frenchman whom we gladly befriended) out of gratitude to us for securing his services as drawing master to our school.

It was a fancy of mine that we should be represented Watteau fashion, with somewhat of former grandeur for *entourage*, and my husband laughingly consented to what he styled woman's weakness and

vanity! You, my love, fortunately have not experienced any of our early struggles, the position we then occupied having gradually improved, for ultimately, by the kind exertions of Monsieur le Colonel Jackson and Lebrun—now, too, high in office, some of our property was recovered and transmitted to us through that bank so well known for its generous treatment of the unhappy *émigrés*.

The marriage of Victor and Coralie preceded mine, and I doubt which couple was the happiest.

In after times they returned to Chevreuil, to gladden Françoise's heart, and to their latest breath remembered us with affection.

Now all these near and dear ones are gone! He, the beloved of my youth, and the devoted husband of my riper age, awaits me in heaven, whither my spirit longs to soar!

I often feel as if his was near me, approving the steadfastness with which I obeyed his injunction to live for your mother, Louise, and bring her up in faith, the word he loved so well.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

CHAPTER II.

"We have no quarrel with him who drinks habitually—that is not our affair. But let him not impress *physiology* to screen him in the practice. She abhors such service. Let him not drink on pretexts; but frankly admit that he drinks merely for the excitement alcohol produces. . . . This is fair and honourable, and this is the only ground that medical men who habitually drink alcoholic liquors can take, without impeaching either their knowledge or their candour."—DR. PEASELEY, *Professor of Physiology, New York Medical College.*

HAVING given in our first chapter a general sketch of what may be considered the history of opinion and of inquiry concerning the action of Alcohol on the human system, we will now address ourselves more particularly to an examination of the merits attributed to it, and on which its use as a medicine is based—the principal being, the assumption that *Alcohol is food!* Let us then, in the first place, clearly understand what is the nature and purpose of food?

It is a condition of animal life that every part of the living body is incessantly, simultaneously, and imperceptibly undergoing changes by means of which vitality is preserved. These changes consist in every part of the living organism throwing off decomposed or effete matter produced by the mere act of living—the wear and tear of the animal organism, as ashes result from the combustion of wood—and assimilating, in lieu thereof, nutrient particles in reparation of the waste so caused.

Decay and renovation are thus continually going on, necessitating incessant changes in the elementary substances of which the human body is composed, and this is what is called *organic life*, on the perfection of which health depends. Thus, it will be readily understood, that on an

adequate supply of nutriment being provided to repair the waste of decomposition and decay so incessantly going on, the due performance of all the functions of the animal organism, as a living system, is dependent. Hence, *Nutrition* is the sole basis of animal existence—of organic life, while the only source of nutrition is *Food*.

Physiologically and properly speaking, food consists of two elemental parts—the purely nutritive and the excrementitious. This is true of all alimentary substances, no matter what their classification may be. With respect to the excrementitious, or residual elements of food, it is sufficient to observe, that they are of indispensable value in the human economy; but it is with the nutritive elements that we are now concerned. These are of two kinds.

I. Elements that directly supply nutriment for the repair of the waste which is perpetually going on in the living system, respecting which Professor Peaseley observes: "Certain elements of our food repair the waste of the tissues, and are hence termed nutritive or plastic elements. These are albumen, casein, fibrin, etc., and these alone are properly called nourishment."

II. There are also certain ele-

ments of food that indirectly subserve nutritive purposes. They are essential constituents of food substances, and furnish material as *fuel* for conversion into heat, and thus contribute to maintain the normal vitality of the system. These elements, as Professor Peaseley observes, "do not at all repair the tissues, but being acted upon, after they are digested and absorbed into the blood, by the oxygen derived from respiration, they are literally burned up, and thus, producing heat, aid in maintaining the normal temperature of the body."

Now, it is by undergoing the digestive process, that food substances are made capable of subserving nutritive purposes. When food is masticated, it passes into the stomach, where it is acted on by the gastric secretions, by which its nutritious portions are separated from the excrementitious and converted into *chyme*. Passing out of the stomach, the chyme undergoes further great and important changes, to which we need not more particularly refer, until at last it is conveyed to the right side of the heart, where it mixes with the *venous*, or impure blood. By the wonderful mechanism of the heart and the circulatory system, the venous blood is impelled into the pulmonary circulation to be purified by the oxygen from the air we inspire, after which it is carried to the left side of the heart as pure, vivifying, arterial blood, by the circulation of which *alone* every part of the living organism is reached and nourished.

Such, very briefly, and generally, is a description of the process by which the animal body receives nutriment and sustentation from food; or rather by which the natural chemistry of the digestive and other processes extract the elements of food substances that are designed to serve the vital purposes of nutrition—separating

them from the excrementitious, or dross, and converting them into pure blood, to become, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, "the *pabulum vite* of the whole system."

Thus, it is by the marvellous system of the circulation of the blood, that the two great vital purposes are carried on—of supplying every part of the body with renovating nutriment, and, at the same time, removing the decomposed waste. It is the pure arterial blood that, issuing from the left ventricle of the heart charged with nutrient particles, carries them to every part and tissue of the body, where they are appropriated, as required, by assimilation, and in its return course gathers up the decomposed impurities for elimination, as poison out of the system.

We thus perceive that pure blood is a vital want of the animal economy, without which the mere mechanism of life would speedily come to a standstill. We further perceive, that pure blood can only be derived from the alimental elements of food substances, consequently, we arrive at the all-important conclusion that—*no substance can be considered food, which does not contain elements capable of fulfilling the purposes of nutrition by entering into the composition of pure blood*. Thus we are supplied with an infallible test by which the alimentary value of alcohol can be determined.

All food substances have a principle in common, though they do vary very considerably as regards the amount of nutriment they contain. This difference extends very widely, indeed, both with respect to quantity and quality, but the important truth we are more immediately concerned with is, that no substance can be scientifically regarded as food—as capable of fulfilling any of the nutritive purposes of food, which does not contain some

alimentary elements convertible into blood.

Thus the popular, the natural, and the physiological sense of the term *food* are strictly the same, in effect. *Food nourishes*. It sustains life. It is the exclusive source of nutrition, therefore it follows that alcohol, or any other substance pretending to be food, must possess some constituent capable of entering into the composition of pure blood—capable of supplying by assimilation nutriment to the whole living organism. It is self-evident that no substance can be properly regarded as food, which does not fulfil this essential condition. Let us then examine what pretensions Alcohol possesses to rank as a food substance.

If we are to accept the Poor Law Commissioners as an authority, we must at once totally discard the demonstrative results of scientific inquiries, and be content to consider—with official ignorance—that Alcohol is food! because we find that these illustrious officials have classified "*spirited*" or fermented liquor "*as diet*." (Grosser, or more mischievous, ignorance could not well be displayed.

Diet, in the popular acceptance of the term, means food; but in the more correct and restricted physiological sense, it implies *food proper for invalids*. Is, then, Alcohol such a description of food?—a physiological nutriment for invalids? Does it in any form or quantity, or under any conditions, fulfil the purposes of food? Does it perform, or aid in the performance of, any of the functions which concur in the sustentation of the vital economy? Does it supply any material that contributes to the reparation of the diurnal waste, which, as we have seen, is essential to organic life? Does it enter into the composition of pure blood, or is it of being assimilated in any

way to the living organism? Most certainly not. All scientific inquiry protests against such a physiological heresy.

The simple truth is, that alcohol possesses all the properties of those admittedly poisonous substances, which, when taken into the stomach, irritate and derange its healthful functions; and, largely taken, narcotise and paralyze vital organic action, induce disease, and cause death. If this be an accurate account of the true action of alcohol on the internal economy, how, then, can it be considered *food proper for invalids*, as the Poor Law Commissioners have classified it?

We have observed, that when food is taken into the stomach, it undergoes a natural process of digestion, by which it enters on a course of preparation for entering into the composition of pure blood. But, when alcohol enters the stomach, does any such analogous process take place? Does the stomach receive it as food, and treat it as food? Does it undergo the decomposition of the digestive process, or enter the circulation as a constituent of pure arterial blood? Does it, in fact, fulfil any of the purposes of food?

Emphatically, no. Nothing of the kind takes place. *Alcohol undergoes no known change whatever in the living body—most assuredly no such change as food substances demonstratively undergo*. Alcohol, as science has demonstrated, possesses no nutritive sympathy whatever with the human economy—it contains no alimentary constituent—nothing that assimilates with the tissues, feeds the animal organism, serves to sustain life, and promote health.

On the contrary, as alcohol is enters the stomach, and as alcohol it is expelled from the system through the excretory organs—the skin, lungs, kidneys, liver, and

intestines—expelled in the same condition as it entered, without having undergone any known change whatever; expelled as a poison noxious to the stomach, that impedes the digestive process, corrupts the blood, injuriously affects the nervous centres, and is at war with the healthy vitality of every organ and tissue of the body, while it remains in the system.

Very valuable information was acquired respecting the action of the stomach on solids and fluids, from the series of interesting experiments instituted by Dr. Beaumont, of America, in the well-known case of Alexis St. Martin. This person was a French Canadian, whose stomach had been penetrated by a musket-ball; he regained his general health, but the orifice so caused never closed up, a slight membrane grew over it on the inside, like a valve, which could be pushed back and the interior of the stomach examined, while various substances were introduced for experimental purposes.*

From experiments thus made, as well as from other sources of information laid open by the persevering researches of the distinguished physiologists of our age, a flood of light has been let in to dissipate the

errors and mystery that previously enshrouded the whole process of digestion. Among other things of importance to the subject under discussion, we learn that when solids and fluids are taken into the stomach the action that follows is not exactly the same, and the difference is most important.

Solids yielding nutrition undergo, as we have seen, the digestive process, and pass from the stomach as chyme, but with fluids this is not the case; they do not necessarily pass from the stomach by the pylorus, but are directly absorbed from the stomach into the system. It is probable, indeed, that some portion of the watery element of imbibed liquid does participate in the process of digestion, and thus enter into the circulation. It is, however, a demonstrated fact that by far the greater portion of such liquid is *at once* taken up by the minute absorbents of the stomach and conveyed directly into the circulation.†

Pure water, for example,—so natural to man, so genial to health,—when it enters the stomach to allay thirst, is instantly taken up by the absorbents and conveyed directly into the circulation as a health-inspiring constituent. Some portion

* The report of these observations and experiments was first published by Dr. Beaumont, in the *American Medical Recorder* for January, 1823. They were subsequently republished by Dr. A. Coombe, of Edinburgh, with valuable comments of his own.

The able physiologist, Richerand, had previously had frequent opportunities of observing the action of the stomach in digestion, in the case of a woman who was a patient in the Hôpital de la Charité, at Paris. She had a festulous opening an inch and a half in length, and upwards of an inch in breadth, situated at the lower part of the chest, at the upper and left side of the epigastric region, which afforded an opportunity of viewing and examining the interior of the stomach during the period of six months she resided in the hospital before her death. The observations he made were subsequently confirmed by those of Dr. Beaumont in M. Martin's case. — COPELAND'S Edition of Richerand's "*Elements of Physiology*," second edition, p. 108.

† The celebrated Majendie, among others, demonstrated this. He stopped the pyloric orifice of the stomach of a dog with a ligature, after having made him swallow a quantity of spirits during the digestion of his food. In half an hour afterwards the chyle was extracted and examined. It exhibited no trace of spirit, but *the blood exhaled a strong odour of it, and by distillation yielded a sensible quantity*. Therefore the spirit must have been directly absorbed from the stomach and so taken into the circulation instead of following the longer and more complex circuit of the digestive process.

may participate in the digestion of food, mingle with the chyme, and so enter the blood; but the important fact remains, that the natural course for fluids is to be *directly absorbed*.

We also learn that when water, holding in solution any nutritive matter, enters the stomach, it is either coagulated by the gastric juice and converted into chyme, or a separation takes place—the purely watery part being directly absorbed into the circulation, and the solid part deposited in the stomach to undergo digestion. So with soups, broths, and all liquids holding any quantity of nutriment in solution, including wine and fermented liquors, of which Dr. Paris says:—

“Wine and fermented liquors undergo a similar change; the alcohol they contain coagulates a portion of the gastric juice, and this residue, together with the extractive matter, gum, resin, and other principles which the liquid may contain, is then digested. Under certain circumstances these liquids may observe a different law of decomposition which will, perhaps, in some measure explain the different effects which such potations will produce: for example, the spirit may undergo a partial change in the stomach, and be even digested with the solid matter, or, on some occasions, be converted into an acid by a fermentative process; this will be more likely to occur in various liquors which contain ingredients favourable to the production of such a change, and hence the deleterious property of fermented liquors does not bear an unvarying relation to the absolute quantity of thin alcohol.”—*Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine*, vol. i. p. 385.

That the action in the stomach of a given quantity of alcohol contained in wine, or beer, etc., as the *product of fermentation*, is different from that of an equal quantity of alcohol, the *product of distillation*, admits of no doubt. In the one case, a certain amount of nutriment

ation with the spirit,

and is deposited in the stomach, during which process “partial changes” by chemical decomposition or fermentation may take place, the effect of which is to *eliminate the spirit from what is nutritious*; whereas in the case of pure alcohol, every nutritive particle has been already eliminated in the process of distillation, and the immediate and direct action on the stomach, and hence on the whole system is that of non-nutritive rectified spirit—alcohol.

Absolute alcohol has a repugnance to combine even with water. Dr. Paris, therefore, correctly observes that “*the deleterious property of fermented liquors does not bear an unvarying relation to the absolute quantity of their alcohol*,”—the deleterious property is always the same, always more or less actively manifested, but the effects produced by similar quantities at different times may largely vary according to many controlling influences.

The great truth is, that *under no circumstances does alcohol become genial to the stomach and healthful to the system*. Dr. Beaumont, as the result of his observations and experiments in the case of St. Martin, gives the following description of the natural appearance and action of the stomach:—

“The inner coat of the stomach, in its natural and healthy state, is of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hues, according to its full or empty state. It is of a soft or velvet-like appearance, and is constantly covered with a very thin, transparent, viscid mucus, lining the whole interior of the organ. By applying aliment or other irritants to the internal coat of the stomach, and observing the effect through a magnifying glass, innumerable lucid points, and very fine nervous or vascular papillæ, can be seen arising from the villous membrane, and protruding through the mucous coat, from which distils a pure, limpid, colourless, slightly viscid fluid.

"The fluid thus excited is invariably distinctly acid. The mucus of the stomach is less fluid, more viscid or albuminous, semi-opaque, sometimes a little saltish, and does not possess the slightest character of acidity. The gastric fluid never appears to be accumulated in the cavity of the stomach while fasting; and is seldom, if ever, discharged from its proper secreting vessels, except when excited by the natural stimulus of aliment, mechanical irritation of the tubes, or other excitants. When aliment is received, the juice is given out in exact proportion to its requirements for solution, except when more food has been taken than is necessary for the wants of the system."—*Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion.*

Such is the delicate organism Nature has provided for the reception and digestion of our food, and it will be readily understood that whatever has a tendency to impair or blunt the exquisite sensibility of the internal coat of the stomach, must necessarily produce a derangement of its functions, and cause dyspepsia and other diseases. Thus, when too much food is taken at once, and the stomach is overloaded by the indulgence of an unduly excited or gluttonous appetite, the gastric fluid is emitted only in proportion to the amount of nutriment the system actually requires. "When the juice becomes saturated," says Dr. Beaumont, "it refuses to dissolve more; and if an excess of food has been taken, the residue remains in the stomach, or passes into the bowels in a crude state, and becomes a source of nervous irritation, pain, and disease, for a long time."

Now all the evils that result from gluttony, and many more in addition, follow from the introduction of alcohol into the stomach. The whole internal economy of that vital organ becomes more or less deranged. The mucous membrane exhibits

decided indications of its morbid condition, great febrile disturbance takes place, and the healthful functions of digestion are impeded, or altogether arrested for a time. These evils are thus graphically described by Dr. Beaumont:—

"The villous coat becomes sometimes red and dry, at other times pale and moist, and loses its smooth and healthy appearance; the secretions become vitiated, greatly diminished, or even suppressed; the coat of mucus scarcely perceptible, the follicles flat and flaccid, with secretions insufficient to prevent the papillæ from irritation.

"There are sometimes found, on the internal coat of the stomach, eruptions of deep-red pimples, not numerous, but distributed here and there upon the villous membrane, rising above the surface of the mucous coat. These are at first sharp-pointed and red, but frequently become filled with white purulent matter.

"At other times, irregular, circumscribed red patches, varying in size and extent from half an inch to an inch and a half in circumference, are found on the internal coat. These appear to be the effects of congestion in the minute blood vessels of the stomach.

"There are also seen at times small aphthous crusts, in connection with these red patches. Abrasions of the lining membrane, like the rolling up of the mucous coat into small shreds or strings, leaving the papillæ bare for an indefinite space, is not an uncommon appearance.

"These diseased appearances when very slight, do not always affect essentially the gastric apparatus. When considerable, and particularly when there are corresponding symptoms of disease,—as dryness of the mouth, thirst, accelerated pulse, etc.—no gastric juice can be extracted by the alimentary stimulus. Drinks are immediately absorbed or otherwise disposed of; but food taken in this condition of the stomach remains undigested for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or more, increasing the derangement of the alimentary canal, and aggravating the general symptoms of disease."

Such, then, are some of the evils caused by the presence of alcohol in the stomach, and how is it possible that a substance could be healthful which causes such disturbance to natural functions, and has so decided and powerful a tendency not only to impair, but absolutely to destroy the vitality of the digestive process.

This deleterious tendency of alcohol will become more apparent, if we consider, for a moment, the character of its action on the gastric juice—the perfect integrity of which is so essential to healthful digestion. The peculiar function of gastric juice is to act as a solvent of masticated food when it is received into the stomach; and so very powerful are its solvent properties that, after death, its chemical vitality has survived and dissolved even the stomach itself. A main constituent of gastric juice is *pepsine*, in the absence of which its solvent power becomes seriously impaired, and consequently the digestive process cannot be properly performed. Thus an adequate supply of *pepsine* is necessary to enable the gastric juice to perform the functions allotted to it in the economy of digestion. From this established conclusion there is no dissent.

Now, it has been repeatedly demonstrated—by experiments tested and verified over and over again—that, when alcohol is taken into the stomach, its invariable action on the gastric juice is to separate the *pepsine* from it; in other words, to decompose the gastric juice, and deprive it of an essential constituent whereby its property as a digestive solvent is materially destroyed. Dr. Henry Munroe, among others, instituted some very interesting experiments for the purpose of testing the action of alcohol on the gastric juice, and on the digestive process generally. We cannot, however,

enter into the details of these conclusive experiments, but must content ourselves with giving results only. The conclusion he arrived at, after careful experiments, he states in these words:—

“Alcohol has the peculiar power of chemically affecting or decomposing the gastric juice by precipitating one of its principal constituents, viz., pepsine, rendering its solvent properties much less efficacious. Hence alcohol cannot be considered either as food or as a solvent of food. Not as the latter certainly, for it refuses to act with the gastric juice.”—Physiological Action of Alcohol, p. 8.

This conclusion, so clearly stated by Dr. Munroe, is amply sustained by other scientific inquirers. Dr. Dundas Thompson, as the result of his investigation, says:—

“It is a remarkable fact, that alcohol, when added to the digestive fluid, produces a white precipitate, so that the fluid is no longer capable of digesting animal or vegetable matter.”

This “white precipitate” is the *pepsine*; and with respect to the action of alcohol thereon, we need go no farther than give the decisive opinion of Drs. Todd and Bowman, who hold foremost rank among the chemico-physiologists of our day. Their opinion is thus emphatically expressed:—

“The use of alcoholic stimulants retards digestion by coagulating the pepsine, an essential element of the gastric juice, and thereby interfering with its action. Were it not that wine and spirits are rapidly absorbed, the introduction of these into the stomach, in any quantity, would be a complete bar to the digestion of food, as the pepsine would be precipitated from the solution as quickly as it was formed by the stomach.”

Hence, observes Dr. Munroe:—

“It is an error to suppose that, after a good dinner, a glass of spirits

or beer assists digestion; or that any liquid containing alcohol—even bitter beer—can in any way assist digestion. . . . If after a substantial dinner, two or three glasses of spirits were drunk, the gastric juice would be neutralised by the alcohol, and the albuminous portions of the meat would be charred and solidified, so that the pylorus would turn back the undigested mass, thereby protracting its stay in the stomach beyond the natural time; or should any of the half-digested food force its way into the intestines, it would only act as an irritant upon their delicate mucous tissues, and probably the result would be, that the system, to get rid of it, would set up a brisk diarrhœa."

Thus, without unnecessarily accumulating authorities, we may authoritatively announce the conclusions which all competent inquirers have arrived at—that the introduction of alcohol into the stomach tends to destroy the solvent properties of the gastric juice; that as long as alcohol remains in the stomach, perfect digestion is impossible; and that so hostile is the whole vital economy to the presence of so deleterious an agent, that its presence in the stomach instantly arouses the vital power of the system to effect its expulsion.

Now, while alcohol is utterly devoid of any alimental value—of any health-sustaining property as a nutriment, it has what chemists distinguish as an "elective affinity" for the *brain* and the *liver*; that is, its immediate as well as its permanent effects are more potent and observable on those great vital organs than on any others. While the brain and liver are thus peculiarly susceptible to the influence of alcohol, it must be observed, that the influence so exercised is essentially deleterious—*always*, more or less, *narcotic and poisonous*. Its action, as the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy demon-

strated, is, in every essential particular, precisely analogous to the action of chloroform, sulphuric ether, and amylene, as anæsthetic agents, and this incontestible fact is, as we have seen, conclusive against the supposition that alcohol can be rationally placed in the same category as *food*. As Dr. Chapman observes:—

"There is not a single point of difference in their actions, which can justify their being placed in different categories. Their special affinity for the substance of the brain and of the liver, is a most striking point of conformity. Whether alcohol be taken into the stomach, or the vapour of chloroform or ether be inhaled through the lungs, no sooner has it been received into the circulating current than it is treated as a substance altogether foreign to the body, which is to be removed by the excretory organs as rapidly as possible. Those organs continue to eliminate it until the blood has been entirely freed from it, and then, but not till then, its perverting influence upon the nervous functions ceases to be manifested.

"There is no more evidence of alcohol being in any way utilized in the body than there is in regard to ether or chloroform. On the other hand, from no definition that can be framed of a *poison*, which should include those more powerful anæsthetic agents whose poisonous character has been unfortunately too clearly manifested in a great number of instances, can alcohol be fairly shut out."—*Westminster Review*, January, 1861.

Such is the decisive verdict of science, and no physiologist whose opinions are acknowledged to be authoritative — no physiological chemist of established repute as a scientific inquirer—no medical practitioner, who ranks as learned and accomplished, could now be found to seriously impugn that verdict.

Professors Lallemand and Perrin, having demonstrated, as Dr. Percy had previously done, that alcoho

is eliminated from the system without any decomposing or combustive change having been effected in its substance, and having thereby conclusively established its non-nutritive character, they pronounced their verdict in the following decisive terms:—

"Facts establish, from a physiological point of view, a line of demarcation between alcohol and foods. These latter restore the forces without the organism betraying, by disturbed function or by outward agitation, the labour of repair, which is accomplished silently in the woof of the tissues. Alcohol, on the other hand, immediately provokes, even in a moderate dose, an excitement which extends through the entire economy."

Liebig, it is most important to note, whose erroneous hypothesis we have referred to as having led to a vast deal of vicious misconception, and furnished alcoholic dispensers with a plausible pretence for persisting in their pernicious practice, virtually retracted that hypothesis, for he subsequently proclaimed conclusions totally inconsistent with its truth. Thus he declared alcohol was poisonous to the blood, and furnished no element capable of entering the living organism. In his *Letters on Chemistry* he uses this emphatic language:—

"Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element capable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle."

This is fatal to the notion that alcohol becomes in any conceivable way an alimentary agent, but this distinguished chemist, with more matured experience, became even more emphatic in his repudiation of the hypothesis that alcohol sustains as food sustains. Referring to the use of alcohol by a labourer who

seeks to supply by its aid deficiencies in food and clothing, he says:—

"Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up the deficient power at the expense of his body—to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later. He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because, for want of means, he cannot take it up: he consumes his capital instead of his interest, and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body."

Now, if alcohol is food, why should it not be capable of supplying the place of food and fulfilling its purposes?

Among others who instituted a series of experiments to test the character of alcohol, Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., has the credit of having established some very important conclusions, among which we may notice the following:—

"Alcohol does not increase the production of heat by its own chemical action.

"The action of the skin is lessened, and the sensation of warmth increased.

"It greatly lessens muscular tone.

"There is no evidence that it increases nervous influence, whilst there is much evidence that it lessens the nervous power, as shown by the mind and muscles.

"For all medicinal and dietetic purposes, the dose only affects the degree, not the direction of the influence.

"Alcohol is not a true food, and neither warms nor sustains the body by the elements of which it is composed."

In his *Physiological Chemistry*, speaking of the influence of alcohol among other substances, Professor Lehmann, after noticing their immediate effects, observes:—

"We cannot believe that alcohol, theine, etc., which produce such powerful reactions on the nervous system,

belong to the class of substances capable of contributing towards the maintenance of the vital functions."

As the result of his microscopical experiments on the blood, Professor Schultz, of Berlin, says:—

"Alcohol stimulates blood discs to an increased and unnatural contraction, which induces their premature death. The decolourization of the vesicles is gradual, and more or less perfect according to the quantity of alcohol used."

In his treatise on *Hygiene*, Dr. Michel Levy states his experience to be, that:—

"The influence of alcohol upon the nervous system, and particularly upon the brain, is manifest by a progressive, but constant series of symptoms, which, in different degrees of intensity, are reproduced in all individuals. These constitute a true poisoning."

Dr. W. Beaumont in his *Experiments on Digestion*, the result of ocular demonstration, in the case of St. Martin, declares:—

"The whole class of alcoholic liquors, whether simply fermented or distilled, may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects on the system."

In his *Principles of Medicine*, which is a work of standard authority in medical schools and colleges, Dr. C. B. Williams thus refers to the destructive non-nutritive character and tendency of alcohol:—

"Besides many disorders directly excited by it, it predisposes to attacks of fever, erysipelas, dysentery, cholera, dropsy, and rheumatic and urinary diseases; and if it do not increase proneness to inflammatory disorders, certainly disposes such affections to unfavourable terminations, and causes many a victim to sink after accidents and operations which would have been comparatively trifling affairs in more sober subjects."

"Nor can we wonder at the pernicious effects of this kind of excess, when we consider the weakened state of function and structure which stimulating drinks induce, especially on the organs which they most directly affect, the stomach, liver, kidneys, blood, heart, and brain. The unsound state of these organs thus induced, peculiarly impairs the powers of the body to resist or throw off disease."

Dr. James Edmunds in an able lecture on *Alcohol as a Medicine*, gives the verdict of science and experience in these emphatic words:—

"Alcohol, never forms part of the healthy body; it always goes through a man as water would through a sponge; every particle that he has taken passes out by his lungs, his skin, and is expelled by every scavenging organ with which the body is furnished. If that be true, alcohol cannot act as a food, because food never goes out as it came in. If a man eats a piece of meat, you know that when he has digested it no other man can eat it; whereas, if a man drinks half a pint of brandy, he can not only be made drunk with it, but if you put him into a still you can recover the alcohol, and make other men drunk over again with it, while every one who has a nose can smell the alcohol coming out in his breath."

Dr. Brinton, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, in his work on *Dietetics*, declares that alcohol not only reduces the physical power of the healthy, but also impairs the mental faculties even when taken in very moderate quantities. He says:—

"Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would, in most cases, at once diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift, to something below his teetotal standard. . . .

"Mental acuteness, accuracy of perception, and delicacy of the senses, are all so far opposed to the action of alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the indigestion of any moderate quantity of

fermented liquid. Indeed, there is scarcely any calling which demands skilful and exact effort of mind or body, or which requires the balanced exercise of many faculties, that does not illustrate this rule. The mathematician, the gambler, the metaphysician, the billiard player, the author, the artist, the physician would, if they could analyze their experience aright, generally concur in the statement that a single glass will often suffice to take, so to speak, the edge off both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below what is relatively their perfection of work."

Dr. T. R. Chambers, in his excellent work *The Renewal of Life*, says:—

"It is clear we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out as it went in, and does not, as far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it."

Dr. Lionel Beale, F.R.S., of King's College Hospital, London, who has attained eminence as a microscopist, says:—

"Alcohol does not as food; it does not nourish tissues; it may diminish waste by altering the consistence and chemical properties of fluids and solids. It cuts short the life of rapidly growing cells, and causes them to live more slowly."

Dr. Henry Munroe, F.L.S., in his excellent little work *The Drink we Consume*, says:—

"I deny the assertion that alcohol in the form of ale, wine, beer, or spirits can aid the stomach to digest food; and from numerous experiments made upon myself and others—and on food out of the stomach as well as in—I come to the conclusion that alcohol does not digest food, or aid gastric juice to digest it; but, so long and so far as it operates at all, *protracts that process.*

"That alcohol, even in a diluted form, has the power of interfering with the ordinary process of digestion,

I cannot doubt; that alcohol has the power of precipitating the whole of the pepsine, I will not affirm; but that it has the power of diminishing the efficacy of the gastric juice as a solvent for food, is sufficiently demonstrated in my experiments."

Dr. Peaseley, already quoted, says:—

"Physiologically considered, alcohol is a stimulant and a narcotic, and is not food. Alcohol is not digested at all. It is absorbed with the blood from the stomach and portions of the alimentary canal, without undergoing any previous change."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in his *Manual of Physiology*, says that "Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues." And in his *Prize Essay* he proves that alcohol, so far from having the properties of food, irritates and corrugates the healthy tissues, impels the solidification of fibrin, produces changes in the red corpuscles of the blood, and causes a temporary exaltation of the nervous power which is followed by injurious depression. He also says in his *Physiology*:—

"Water serves as the medium by which all alimentary material is introduced into the system; for until dissolved in the juices of the stomach, food cannot be truly received into the economy. It is water which holds the organizable materials of the blood either in solution or suspension; and thus serves to convey them through the minutest capillary pores into the substance of the solid tissues, etc.

"No other liquid can supply its place, and the deprivation of water is felt even more severely than the deprivation of food. Alcohol cannot answer any one of these important purposes for which the use of water is required in the system; whilst on the other hand, it tends to antagonize many of those purposes by its power of precipitating most of the organic compounds whose solution in water is essential to their appropriation by the living body."

We might multiply authorities that would fill a folio volume, all to the same effect, for, as we before observed, no physiologist, of any authority in the scientific world, is now to be found who will sanction the notion that *Alcohol is food*.

Thus the conclusion that science and experience irresistibly forces on us is, that alcohol is not food in any sense. It is not digested. It does not nourish. It forms no constituent of healthful blood. It does not assimilate itself to the tissues. It does not impart nutritive heat or force to the body. It does not repair natural waste, or sustain the vital economy in any known way. It cannot be *proved* that alcohol does any of these things; but, on the other hand, it

has been demonstrated, over and over again, as conclusively as any fact in science can be, that alcohol, while powerless to serve any good permanent purpose, has an all-powerful and ever-active tendency for evil.

Such being the case, we conclude, for the present, with a protest against alcohol being administered, so plentifully as it is, in hospital and private practice, on the totally false assumption that *it is food*—that it possesses any nutrient properties whatever. Thus the hypothetical foundation on which the whole system of Alcoholic Medication has been based, and justified, is swept away, and alcohol must be considered and valued on its own merits.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY JAMES PURVES.

THE most dismal reading in literature is the errors and failures of authors; the loss of good intentions; the bankruptcy of good nature; the desertion of happiness; the black ruins of youthful aspiration. The charred chapters in their lives rise before us as weird and eerie spirits from an unfriendly region. There is nothing for one to feed on; there is nothing invigorating; there is no nobility, and little true manhood. A pensive, sad depression of thought, a heavy, heart-felt pity creeps through us, making our whole frame shudder as we gaze on the huge shipwreck lying at the bottom of the rugged, death-inviting cliffs, to be broken up as the waves of time ebb and flow. The roaring, foaming breakers, which swept a short time ago across the ocean, are nowhere visible; the sea is musically quiet; the sun breaks out with its cheering rays, but, as the days brighten, the wreck is only the more ghastly. As day by day advances, fragments of the wreck are washed ashore, sometimes far and many miles from the fatal rocks. Gatherers, friends and foes, diligently collect the spoil; the wreckers, to gloat and rejoice over it; the friends and sorrowing, simple inhabitants gather a few relics to hang over their firesides, or wear near their hearts. Some travel far to the scene to obtain and bury some beloved mortal remains.

The most depressing shipwreck of any is not of water, but of mind;

the ruined life of a son of genius; one of Nature's teachers, but himself untaught; possessed of vast knowledge, yet deficient in will.

One of the greatest calamities that can befall an author is to have the facts of his life perverted and falsified. A false biography is almost as bad in its results and impressions as a record of bad actions. Long after all that was mortal of the man has mouldered into dust, the gross lies hang over his memory, as a great malady over a town, frightening many from partaking of its hospitality and enjoying its beauties. The evil is not so great if the untruths were told in one's own lifetime, and had damaged for a time his reputation, for his friends would have laughed the statement to scorn. It becomes more serious, and the evil is even more reprehensible when the author has gone to that bourne from whence can come no defence or explanation, when many readers would only willingly become his defenders but for the charges against him, which they feel in their consciousness to be false. Some are so horror-struck at the heinousness of the alleged offences, their ordinary ideas are so completely revolutionized and overthrown, that they at once credit the fictitious accounts; the statements seem so terrible that they never hesitate in believing them; the heinousness of the charges chill and benumb their critical faculties. They travel at a marvellously rapid rate through literary circles, as leaping

tongues of fire through a wooden erection, consuming and destroying everything they touch. A blaze is seen, and the complete structure falls to the ground, a mass of black, smouldering ruins. It is only after the slow, burning flames have been doing their work for a long time that any one thinks of investigating into the facts, when the result is announced that it was all the work of an incendiary!

How the heart throbs, and the pulse beats with feverish joy when the glad news are passed from eager lip to eager lip that the ship has not been wrecked, and that the report was false! These false rumours do a world of damage; damage incalculable. They live, it is true, only for a few short years; but yet in these few short years how many lives have they saddened! how many heart-hopes have they blighted! The truth comes sooner or later; and, when it comes, it is eternal. A strong reaction sets in; the slanderer made an outcast from society, and the slandered one recompued with interest.

The vague ideas which, somehow or other, have crept through our mind regarding many men we have read about in a desultory manner; the strange, mystic thoughts that often weave themselves over us, as ivy creeping over an old gable end, are solved and set at rest when we read an accurate life of the man. Around many, indeed most, of our authors, there is hung a thick veil of sorrow. Their lives were one continued struggle, and very powerfully illustrate the old truism, that he who increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow. The heavy waters were too much for their strength; they perished in the deep, black waters of sorrow within the reach of friends, or close by outstretched arms, which, in many cases, were outstretched in the

wrong direction. The bold, rugged grandeur of their lives resembled something that of the solitary mountains, or the towering rocks, which are too bold and too rugged for a profitable crop to take root, far less grow. Their poems were but fragments of their own selves; weak echoes from a prison-house; rivulets which burst from the mother stream, lying concealed beyond a thick, huge, unpenetrated forest. Yet, as popular representation goes, they are the smallest among the great! Fame (every life we read repeats the story) has got its detractions, as well as attractions; and that it is—

“More sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!”

Few men have had their hearts so cruelly torn out at glory's temple-gates before the crowd than Poe. For many years the mere mention of his name has called up opprobrious names, epithets have been flung at him by the score; his name has been trampled in the mire, and flung outside society, as a child throws aside its besmeared and broken toy. A strong voice has now called, hold; and a man appears to refute the accusations brought against the poet. We give our hearty welcome to any man who preaches the truth; we give a more hearty welcome still to him who clears up the lives of our sons of genius. The task is a heavy one, and the man deserves every encouragement. Mr. John H. Ingram is engaged editing and collecting Poe's complete works, they are to be the first complete collection yet

published. Of his memoir we can speak in the highest praise.* It introduces us for the first time to the poet in his true light. It is the most accurate life, the truest life of the poet; all other lives for their falsehood now only deserve to be burned. This memoir is the best criticism of his genius that we have yet read. Strange is it not that this first complete refutation of the charges against the poet should be written by an Englishman, and not by an American? Meantime we will devote our space to an examination of his life; and will treat of his writings on the issue of the succeeding volumes.

The man is only now, for the first time, beginning to be understood; the traces of his flight are only now being correctly followed. Poe in the course of nature might have been living yet; he died in the prime of manhood with plenty of work in him. The problem of his life is only at this distant time being satisfactorily solved. The nine days' wonder has long since elapsed, yet he is an interesting study, and will ever hereafter be a more interesting study. Well educated, well furnished with original talents, he failed to turn them into gold as thousands of more unimportant men have done. His poems were but occasional effusions with him; sparks which flew from the fire within; goods thrown overboard to lighten the ship in the storm. They are by far the smallest amount of his writings, but they are the most interesting; they were his soul's effusions, written to relieve it, and not written for money. Into them his life entered. For him the sun never shone; around him merry laughter never played with joyful mirth; the only happiness that

melted into his soul were the precious gains of woman's love. Born of sorrowing, erring parents, he died a sad, sorrowful death, and even at this distance of time the erring man would not appear to have satisfied the law, for lives after lives have been heaped on his stoneless grave, charged with the foulest lies, shrieking vengeance on his memory for crimes he never committed, and never would have committed.

Edgar Allan Poe was descended from an ancient Norman-Irish family, Le Poers or De la Poers. The founder of the family, Sir Roger le Poer, was one of the companions-in-arms of the famous Strongbow. Some of the descendants were valorous and chivalrous, for instance, Sir Arnold le Poer, seneschal of Kilkenny castle, "a knight, and instructed in letters," who rescued Lady Alice Kytler from the hands of ecclesiastics who accused her of witchcraft; and the brave defence of the castle of Don Isle by a lady descendant of Nicholas le Poer, Baron of Don Isle, who, however, perished along with the castle, it having been blown up by gunpowder by Cromwell. The family name underwent changes as its members emigrated. David Poe, Edgar's grandfather, removed from Ireland to America, and became a quartermaster-general in the American army. Edgar's father, David Poe, was the quartermaster-general's fourth son, and intended for the law, but while a student he married a young English actress, Elizabeth Arnold. The father was greatly incensed at the alliance, and for a livelihood the youth threw in his fortune into the life of his wife—the stage.

Edgar, the second of the three

* "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by John H. Ingram. Vol. I. Memoir—Tales. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1874.

children of the marriage, was born on the 19th of February, 1809, in Baltimore. He was named Allan after a wealthy friend. Before that event old Poe had received his son and wife back into the family circle; but the forgiveness had not come much too soon, as the young couple died of consumption, within a few weeks of each other, leaving their children on the cold bosom of charity for provision. The embryo poet was a remarkably pretty, precocious, and agreeable child. At the early age of six, Mr. Allan adopted him, and treated him as his own son. The boy was petted, fondled, and made much of, as all favourites are, which augured badly for the future. He inherited to a great degree the family waywardness, which was only strengthened in his upbringing in place of being well kept under. "When few children have abandoned their leading strings," he truthfully wrote, "I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions."

His adoption by Mr. Allan was, we consider, the first and one of the greatest blunders in Poe's training. It was the most unfortunate thing that could have befallen him. He was not one of those natures that could love because he should have loved; he loved of no will of his own, but because he could not but love. The boy and the man misunderstood each other; the one longed for love in requital of money and care, the other longed to love one unencumbered with much purchase-price. Grateful though the boy was, his sensitive nature shrunk from the exhibitions of affection; each exhibition in place of gaining the boy's heart only drove him the farther into his own. Remember, too, that the boy never knew what it was to have a mother or a father! He could not help thinking occasionally that he was more an object

of pitying charity than of great regard.

In his seventh year Mr. Allan placed him in a school in Stoke Newington, England. This proceeding strengthens our opinion, that Allan regarded the boy in the light of a charitable trust, else he would not surely have left him friendless in a foreign country at so early an age. He could have been sufficiently well educated in America. In that quiet haven the boy spent the next four or five years of his life; it was a kind of spirit-land to him in his after life, whereto memory winged its flight from out the toiling present for invigoration and hope. Fondly he lingered o'er his English schoolboy days; their pleasant recollections was a song he never wearied of singing. Very often in his after years, when full of sorrow, his memory dwelt on these halycon schoolboy days, as one leaves the city, its noise and strife, for the pleasant pastoral scenery of one's youth. "In truth," he said himself in his tale, "William Wilson," "it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town." Years after his childhood he recalled "the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with ineffable delight at the deep hollow note of the church bell, breathing each hour with sudden and sullen roar upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted gothic steeple lay embedded and asleep." No doubt one good result of his training there was the classic knowledge he received, which formed the backbone of some of his writings.

He was recalled to America in 1821, and thereafter sent to an academy at Richmond, Virginia. Mrs. Whitman, in her book, "Edgar Poe and his critics," relates an anecdote of his academy life. Accompanying home a schoolfellow one day his mother, by her gracious words of

welcome, so touched his heart that he was unable to speak. He had then only one hope, "to hear again the sweet and gracious words that had made the desolate world so beautiful to him, and filled his lonely heart with the oppression of a new joy." The lady had great influence with him, but she died very shortly after. That she made a lasting impression on his heart is undoubted; he regularly visited her grave; he lingered longest, and came away most regretfully when the nights were wet and dreary; and it was this lady he addressed in his poem "To Helen," commencing, "Helen, thy beauty is to me," only twelve months before his death. This was the first great grief he encountered, and it made a very great impression on his sensitive nature; it cast a gloom over his writings.

In 1826, at the age of seventeen, he became a student of the University of Virginia. The story up to this date that has been generally told is, that he only spent a few months at Richmond on his return from England, and that he was expelled from the University because of his intemperate habits and "other vices." Both of these statements are disproved. The secretary and president of the University combine in saying that he never fell under the censure of the faculty, and that he took the highest distinction the University could give the one session he attended. He never graduated, there having been at that time no power to confer degrees.

Next year, 1827, aroused by the heroic efforts the Greeks were making to throw off the yoke of the Turks, he started for Greece. The old version was that he had contracted debts which Mr. Allan refused to pay, Poe then wrote an abusive letter and quitted the house. This strikes us as very incredible;

how could a youth, if he was so
y in debt, e p y to

take him to Greece? He was absent nearly a year, but he was very reticent on the subject of his adventurer, and did not even take the trouble to contradict rumours that were afloat concerning the journey. Many stories have been invented regarding his adventure, but no credence can be given to them.

Two years after, 1829, he returned to Richmond. He published that year his first volume of essays, "Al Anroof," "Tamerlane," and other poems. In July in the following year, he was admitted as a cadet into the Military Academy at West Point. This was an ill-judged step. The only thing that could have qualified him for military life was his fine martial spirit. But he was totally unsuited for the matter-of-fact routine of military life. His nature could not bear discipline, while his early life had been wayward. After a few months' experience the gold dust began to fall off, and the bare steel faced him. It was a mistake that many poets have often made, in putting themselves in stations of life for which they were totally unsuited; Poe's imagination had painfully misled him. Need the result astonish one?—"for various neglects of duty and disobedience of orders," he was, in the grandiloquent words of the Academy officials, "dismissed the service of the United States!" It would have been better for him, as Mr. Ingram says, had he then left America, and tried his fortune anew on other shores. But before he was dismissed, and while he was a cadet, he published a volume of "Poems" dedicated to "the United States' Corps of Cadets." The cadets, from General Cullum's statement, "considered the author cracked, and the verses ridiculous doggerel." It is not the first time a poet has been mistaken for a madman, and splendid poems considered "ridiculous doggerel."

Returning again to Richmond to Mr. Allan's house, he formed an attachment to a young lady, but to which Mr. Allan was strongly opposed. A violent quarrel ensued; Poe left with the intention of going to Poland to assist the Poles against the Russians, while Mr. Allan married again. The vilest of innuendoes have been flung at the cause of the quarrel. On this we quote Mr. Ingram's telling remark* :—" Griswold suggests that the poet's quarrel with his adopted father arose from an act of Poe's—'scarcely suitable for repetition;'—but apart from the fact of Poe's subsequent kindly reception by those acquainted with all parties concerned, and looking at the biographer's well-known mendacity, it is sufficient to allude to this tale, unsupported as it is by an iota of evidence, as, in its author's language, unfit for any 'register but that of hell.'"

We know nothing of him for two years; he roamed about, but where, and what he did, we know not. He next appears, in 1833, in Baltimore, as the successful competitor for the best story and poem offered by the *Saturday Visitor*. The cloven hoof, visible in all the statements by Griswold, is here also clearly marked. His statement, and repeated in all the biographies published this side of the Atlantic, was that the adjudicators, to simplify their duty, and facilitate their trouble, resolved that the prizes should be paid to the "first of the geniuses who had written legibly." Poe wrote a remarkably beautiful and distinct hand, and not another MS. was unfolded when they saw his. Now, as usual, the facts were against Griswold, and the adjudicators went out of their usual way so far as to publish a highly flattering award, the concluding sentence of which

ran in these words:—"These tales ("MS. found in a bottle") are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning." The surviving adjudicators, the Hon. John P. Kennedy, and Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe—Mr. James H. Miller having predeceased—at once denied the fictitious story whenever they heard it. It is almost impossible to conceive a viler attempt to defame an author's character, and sad to say it should have been allowed to go uncontradicted so long.

Poe, through the recommendation of Mr. Kennedy, who became his staunch and firm friend, got a connection with a paper called the *Messenger*, he being at that time in great poverty. Again the black, heavy veil of melancholy fell over him, his soul craved for human sympathy, and a human voice to speak words of hope and comfort to his strangling aspirations. He was tottering on the verge of a precipice, from which he was removed by the friendly advice of Mr. Kennedy. His expert pen now brought the circulation of the periodical from seven hundred to as nearly many thousands. On the order of the publisher, he commenced the practice of writing sharp and biting critiques on living little authors, which increased the periodical's circulation, but made him many unknown enemies.

In 1836, a bright sun ray appeared in his marriage to his cousin, Miss Clemar. It lit up the path for a short time, and after it had died away the gloom was denser than before. The girlish, consumptive wife was destined to shed her gleams of sunshine over his soul for a short time; but it brought

* Memoir, p. 28.

him under the motherly care of Mrs. Clemar, an excellent woman.

He left the *Messenger* for the *New York Quarterly Review*, assisting various professors. Griswold here again steps in with his unproven statements. Poe, he said, was dismissed for drunkenness. The facts were, as we have stated, he resigned for a more lucrative post, where his classical knowledge was required; even the *Messenger*, after alluding to the ability with which he had conducted the periodical, stated Mr. Poe would contribute to it "from time to time with the effusions of his vigorous and popular pen."

Unable, however, to earn the independence in New York by his pen that he desired, he removed in 1838 to Philadelphia, to write for another magazine, of which he soon thereafter became editor. Even the salary attached to the office was insufficient to maintain him, so he had to write in what leisure moments he had for other publications. Another false charge has been at this period of his life brought against him by Griswold—plagiarism. The evidence of one undoubted witness, Professor Wyatt, a Scotchman, is sufficient to show the falsehood of the invention. Poe's magic pen again increased the circulation of the magazine with which he was connected, this time from five to fifty-two thousand. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote for its columns many of her shorter poems, and it was due to Poe that her fame in America was won. His prospective notice of "Barnaby Rudge," then newly begun, drew from Charles Dickens an admiring letter. For several years he zealously performed his duties with marvellous success. His steadily added to his reputation as an author, especially for his daring tales, essays, and fascinating tales.

His tale of "The Murders of the

Rue Morgue," on being published, was translated into French, and published as an original story by a Frenchman; on this being repeated in another French magazine, a hue and cry arose that Poe was a plagiarist. Had Poe with his usual indifference to these rumours allowed the matter to rest, it would most likely have been fastened on by his enemies, and paraded as another instance of his want of principle. Fortunately, and it would have been better for his reputation to-day had similar courses in other cases been adopted, a lawsuit was instituted, and it was found that he was the author. These proceedings tended to make him better known in France than he had previously been; the foreigner's tales were highly spoken of by the leading Parisian journals, the *Berue des Deux Mondes* and the *Berue Française*. It is said that he is the only American writer that is popularly known in France.

Another restlessness came over him, an insatiable love of change. Hope with him when realized was chaff. Unsatisfied he ever was. The seeds were sown by Mr. Allen having sent him to England for his education; by his having recalled him when he was settling down, and placing him in the Virginia University. He was born of roving, restless, actor parents; his early childhood nourished the vagabondish feelings; and the training of Mr. Allen was all calculated to root them out. Not only were his parents travellers and seekers after the Eldorado of their hopes, but their parents also had inherited the same failing, if the reader chooses so to call that restless spirit. These feelings towards things external sunk into his mind, and influenced the internal. It is to that we attribute his journey towards Greece, his enlistment, his intention to proceed to Poland, and

also his continually severing himself from the various magazines with which he was connected. He severed his connection with *Graham's Magazine*, another name for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Graham's letter most decidedly proves it was not because of drunkenness, as alleged by Griswold; the reason seems to have been that Poe desired to start a magazine of his own.

Thereafter he had the terrible misfortune to make the acquaintance of his American biographer, Rufus Griswold. Mr. Ingram states that the quotations from letters, purporting to have been written by Poe in the narrative of this meeting, "are fabrications." We follow his hard-working career, his writings for various magazines, his success again for a prize tale, during several succeeding years. Little seems to have been known of his life during these years, perhaps because no lies have been told about him! He appears, however, not to have been too well off, for, in 1843, he went into a daily newspaper office as a sub-editor and "mechanical paragraphist." This he left for another newspaper, the conductors of which record that they were "very reluctant to part with him; but we could not object—he was to take the lead in another periodical."

It was while he was hard at work in a newspaper office, from early in the morning until it went to press, that his best productions were written. It was about this time that he published his *chef d'œuvre*, "The Raven." It first appeared in the *American Review* for February, 1845, under a *nom de plume*. It circulated like wildfire over the whole of the United States, parodies and imitations appeared without number. The strangeness of the subject, the weirdness of the sentiment, and the artistic execution of the poem were everywhere the subject of comment. No one suspected

Poe of being its author, until one evening he electrified a company of men of letters and noted artists by his accomplished recitation. The authorship, the strange and most striking affinity of the recitation with the poet's conception—thus discovered, was everywhere proclaimed, and the author's name attached to the poem. He had now reached the pinnacle of his fame; most hearty words of commendation came across the Atlantic to him from the greatest of the living poets. He was the lion of the season. Yet, it is said, he only received at the height of his fame for this poem, the sum of ten dollars, about two pounds!

He started a magazine himself, but although he had made an excellent editor, he was by nature unfit to be a good financier or a conductor. He had long looked forward to it, but many things were against him. Of assistance in writing for the paper he had equal to none, he was unable to pay for it; to fill up the space, he had to write an enormous quantity; and he was a slow writer, correcting and altering very greatly. He reprinted many of his tales and poems, about the worst thing, we think, he could have done. Ill-health, a dying wife, pecuniary difficulties were reasons surely sufficient to account for the non-success of the undertaking. It was not hope deferred, but hope blasted that made his heart sick. His slashing critiques had long been silently making him fierce enemies; while he did not possess the slightest tact or worldly wisdom to conciliate them. Haughty, proud, and retired, he steadfastly pursued his aims; the opposition he met never made him flinch or swerve from his intentions. So on the occasion of his address to a society, he alluded thereafter to his reception, and the paper he read,—“We knew that write what

we would, they would swear it to be worthless. We knew that were we to compose for them a 'Paradise Lost,' they would pronounce it an indifferent poem."

We quote an anecdote which shows his generous nature, and proves him to have been a true scholar. A lady, noted for her great lingual attainments, wishing to apply a wholesome check to the vanity of a young author, proposed inviting him to translate for the company a difficult passage in Greek, of which language she knew him to be profoundly ignorant, although given to a rather pretentious display of Greek quotations in his published writings. Poe's earnest and persistent remonstrance against this piece of *méchanceté* alone averted the embarrassing test.

Let us pause a little and take a glimpse into his domestic life. Foul calumny crept not only into the sacred precincts of his home, but into his sacred relationship with his wife. His fair young wife sometimes accompanied him into literary circles, where her pleasant, animated face bespoke a happy marriage. The poet was most devoted in his attentions towards her during her slow, consumptive illness. It was for her sake that they left New York for the quietness of Fordham, where, in a little Dutch cottage, he passed the remaining three years of his life. "It was," said Mrs. Osgood, "in his own simple yet poetical house, that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child—for his young, gentle, and idolized wife, and for all who came he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. At his desk, beneath the romantic pressure of his loved

after hour, patient, assiduous, and uncomplaining, tracing in an exquisitely clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts, the 'rare and radiant' fancies as they flashed through his wonderful and ever-wakeful brain." The little cottage was neat, charming in its simplicity of furnishings; although it was but poorly furnished, there was an air of taste and gentility that money could not have purchased. Poe was in the straits of poverty, and his wife, sad, sad to say, lay on a straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat. The poet was too proud to ask assistance. A large tortoise-shell cat lay in her bosom, which seemed to be conscious of its own usefulness. At the top of the bed the poverty-stricken, but passionately devoted, husband stood holding her hands, and warming them with his own, while her mother stood at the bottom warming her feet. The picture is a sad one, but yet a noble one. The two heroic watchers, and the hectic sleeper were drawn very closely to each other. A pure and holy love bound them inseparably together: there existed a stronger love among that poor triad than exists in squares, crescents, or palaces. The lower we descend in the scale of riches, the higher become, as a rule, the affections. "Here," says Mrs. Whitman, "he watched her failing breath in loneliness and privations, through many solitary moons, until, on a desolate dreary day of the ensuing winter, he saw her remains borne from beneath its lowly roof." The young wife looked very young; she possessed large black eyes, and a pearly whiteness of complexion. Her pale face, brilliant eyes, and raven hair, gave her an unearthly look. "One felt," says a brother author, "that she was almost a disrobed spirit." "His love for his wife," says Mr. G. R. Graham, "was

a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes." The strong love that he had for his child-wife is sufficient to prove that his heart was of considerable depth and breadth. Several friends at this stage set about, unknown to the poet, a subscription list, and published a short paragraph in the newspapers. His being thus, as he himself said, "pitilessly thrust before the public," was exceedingly distasteful to him. "My poor Virginia was continually tortured (although not deceived) by anonymous letters, and on her death-bed declared that her life had been shortened by their writers." She died in January, 1847, and was buried on a dreary, desolate day. The sorrowing husband was thrown into a melancholy stupor for some time, and for a year he lived a secluded life with his mother-in-law, to whom he was greatly attached, receiving visits now and then from friends and admirers. A small Scotch critic, and dissenting clergyman, has either been made the dupe of an enemy, or perpetrated a huge joke, when he said that Poe caused the death of his wife that he might have fitting theme for "The Raven." The total absence of reverence is perhaps sufficient to expose the false statement; but the poem was published two years prior to that event! A false statement, as in this instance, is generally found out by some small loop; if the poet had only delayed from some cause or other the publication of the poem during his wife's life, then this falsehood would no doubt have been not only believed by all, but the truth would have been declared false! We are glad to say that this gentleman has been just enough since this memoir appeared, to acknowledge the error of his statement. Poe, although at this time in failing health, was kept up by his strong will—"I have a great

deal to do, and I have made up my mind not to die till it is done."

His inborn restless spirit was soothed and softened by his solitary walks. He found in Nature that secret sweetness of sympathy which lulls one's fiercest passions, and heals the deepest scars in the human heart. An acre or two of clear, smooth, greensward encircled his cottage, shaded by some fine old cherry-trees. Clumps of dahlias and beds of flowers bespoke the taste of the man for flowers. His favourite seat was round an old cherry-tree, while he had a large assortment of bright plumaged birds. A favourite cat enjoyed his company, and often, when writing, it seated itself on his shoulder, "purring as if in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision." Through night and day the poet sat and strolled in his favourite haunts, dreaming fine thoughts, and regretting bygone sorrows,

"In the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

A poetical life that may seem, but it is one of painful teaching to the sorrowing heart, which frets at the terrible visitation of death. He then wrote the poem called "Ulalume," and he himself tells us it was "in its basis, although not in its precise correspondence of time, simply historical." It possessed originally an additional verse, which, on the suggestion of Mrs. Whitman, he suppressed. The final verse thus suppressed read thus:—

"Said we then—the two, then—ah,
can it
Have been that the woodlandish
ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
To bar up our path and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these
wolds—

Had drawn up the spectre of a
planet
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the hell of the planetary
souls?"

He issued the prospectus of a paper he proposed publishing under the name of *The Stylus*; a monthly journal of literature proper, the fine arts, and the drama. Notwithstanding a long and cleverly-written prospectus, and the statement that it was "to be edited by Edgar A. Poe," he could not muster the number of subscribers necessary to start with. In fact, his name now was on the wane, but why we are only left to conjecture, as Mr. Ingram does not make it plain. At all events the potency of his name had gone, and left him poor indeed. The reputation in which he was held at New York is indicated by the fact, that only sixty attended his lecture on "The Universe." The lecture, from Mr. M. B. Field's statement, was not unsuccessful; it was "a rhapsody of the most intense brilliancy; his inspiration affected the scant audience almost painfully."

His frequent intercourse with the beautiful young widow and poetess, Mrs. Whitman, inspired him with love for her. She was wholly unconscious of it, until in the summer of 1848 she received the poem "To Helen; I saw thee once—once only—years ago." No signature was attached, but she knew the poet's handwriting well. The one heart knew each other without further particulars. They loved each other as only two poets love—too passionately—but not happily. They were betrothed in the autumn, notwithstanding the opposition of the lady's relatives. The following excerpts from a letter, written on October 18, that year, give one an idea of his private

letters, and give an insight into his own self:—

"—You do *not* love me, or you would have felt too thorough a sympathy with the sensitiveness of my nature, to have so wounded me as you have done with this terrible passage of your letter—How often I have heard it said of you, 'He has great intellectual power, but no principle—no moral sense.'

"Is it possible that such expressions as these could have been repeated to me—to me—by one whom I loved—ah, whom I *love*?"

"By the God who reigns in heaven, I swear to you that my soul is incapable of dishonour—that, with the exception of occasional follies and excesses, which I bitterly lament, but to which I have been driven by intolerable sorrow, and which are hourly committed by others, without attracting any notice whatever, I can call to mind no act of my life which would bring a blush to my cheek—or to yours. If I have erred at all, and in this regard, it has been on the side of what the world would call a Quixotic sense of the honourable—of the chivalrous. The indulgence of this sense has been the true voluptuousness of my life. It was for this species of luxury that in early youth I deliberately threw away from me a large fortune rather than endure a trivial wrong. For nearly three years I have been ill, poor, living out of the world; and thus, as I now painfully see, have afforded opportunity to my enemies to slander me in private society without my knowledge, and thus with impunity."

These words have a sincere ring, and speak a very correct, crucial self-examination. The engagement between him and Mrs. Whitman was broken off, for what reason is not known. According to Griswold, Poe on the eve of what should have been the bridal morn, committed such drunken outrages at the house of his affianced bride, that the police had to be called to remove him, and so the engagement was broken. Immediately after the

publication of that story, Mr. Pabodie, a mutual friend, wrote to the *New York Tribune* stating, "I am authorized to say, not only from my own personal knowledge, but also from the statements of ALL who were conversant with the affair, that there exists not a shadow of foundation for the story above alluded to." An honest, truth-loving, and truth-seeking biographer would have corrected such a grave mis-statement, but Griswold, in a savage letter to Mr. Pabodie, threatened terrible things if his statements were not withdrawn! Mr. Pabodie, in reply, pointed out several other falsifications of Griswold, who remained "discreetly silent." One of the best facts in favour of Poe is, that Mrs. Whitman has been throughout one of his stoutest defenders. The correct story remains to be told, but it is too much to expect that it will be given us while one of the parties is alive.

The worn-out, brain-wrought man now approached his closing days. He continued to write reviews, but devoted the greater part of his time to the last work of his genius, "Eureka." The quietness of Fordham continued to be his home. That secluded spot was his haven of rest. It was his quiet retreat from the busy street-world. He was

"A stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since * * *
To seek a tranquil death in distant
shades."

The poet, who held the great world at arm's length, now cast his eyes, which had lost their glowing fire, and were dimmed with sad experience, towards his secluded home. In his little Dutch cottage, in the midst of clumps of trees, hallowed with the dear memories of her who was his heart's idol, he sought that "blest

retirement, friend to life's decline." In the rural shades and pastures green, by degrees one's hold on the world falls asleep, as a child with a toy in his hand, which prepares the way for our last long sleep. Even the strong-limbed man, as he lies gripped in the pangs of death, struggles to make known his desire that he wishes to be buried in the churchyard of his native country parish. As the grassy fields and quiet waters keep our hearts green and fresh, so we seem to think our memory will be better cherished if we sleep under the grassy mounds of a secluded parish church.

On the 4th of October, 1849, when in Richmond, on a visit, he left to go home to bring his mother-in-law. Before leaving he complained of indisposition. He left the train at Baltimore, and the next time he was seen he was found some hours after insensible. How he had been taken ill is not known, but he died in the hospital, on the 7th, of inflammation of the brain. He was buried near the grave of his grandfather, but no stone marks the spot. When will an American Burns erect a stone to the memory of an American Ferguson?

We rejoice to know that the reports circulated regarding the cause of his death, and his last moments—he was insensible to the end—are absolute falsehoods.

Here ends our narrative; here the curtain falls. Such is the strange, wayward life, the sad death of one of the greatest of American authors. It is difficult to find in literature another who has been so much maligned. Has there lived one about whom so many untruths have been told? He has met

"The irreverent doom
Of those that wear the poet's crown;"

and has had his name paraded as a

liar, a drunkard; and as having been unprincipled, and guilty of everything that was bad. Saddest of all, he was an author defamed by brother authors.

He died as he lived—alone. His career was a solitary one, without much sympathy from his fellow-beings. He stood alone, like a church, rich in architecture and noble in appearance, standing off the street of monotonous houses. Like a sovereign boarded in a drawer, giving delight to the owner, which would give more if it were circulated, bartered by different people, and rattled among other gold. In this solitariness the man gained force of character, but his gain was overbalanced by his want of sympathy. Among those he lived, and to whom he was known, yet, paradoxical it may seem, he was entirely unknown. He was one of those strange creations that are only known by those to whom he was personally unknown. Of the sweets of friendship he probably had no knowledge, because he did not desire friends. His friends were those of his mind's creation, in them he most assuredly had his being. With man he had little sympathy in common, but with woman and his child-wife he had a close affinity. When his wife died the fire in the hearth flickered out, leaving the hearth cold and cheerless.

The successful manner in which Mr Ingram has refuted the more serious charges against the poet, gains the approval of all admirers of honest biographies. The exceeding boldness of his undertaking, and his intense labour, are worthy of much commendation. He has scraped off the old plaster from the pillars, and we now see them in their original, true state. There are, however, thick blemishes remaining, which no man can smooth over. *reply regret that he has*

not dipped deeper into the stream, and given us the undercurrent of Poe's life. The memoir, as a whole, is too much surface-work; the froth and dirt are taken off, but the liquid is almost left untouched. To many questions—for instance, how he influenced those around him, and the servants under him; his early literary life, its hopes and work; his domestic life; his inner life—we cannot get sufficient materials for answer. The only times we do get glimpses into his own personal life, is, when some charges are brought; to clear them up Mr. Ingram has to take us over new ground, and into the poet's habits. We should have liked to have been introduced to him as he usually lived, and not only when Mr. Ingram was driven to do so to refute serious accusations. In such circumstances one is apt to arrive at inferences which, if the memoir had been fuller, would have been groundless. It treats less of the inner, and more of the outer, man than we care for.

That Poe had failings is undoubted, and beyond dispute, but they have been exaggerated to a very great extent. The poisoned tongue of falsehood has licked the flesh from the fair form, leaving a hideous skeleton. Mr. Frederick Martin's life of John Clare bears a striking contrast to this memoir. In reading that beautifully written life of the poor peasant English poet, who was probably as great, if not a greater erring brother, we feel throughout that the living man is before us on the canvas; we live with him; we seem to have become one of his personal acquaintances; all his weaknesses and frivolities are faithfully set before us, and not apologized for. But a good deal of Poe's life is still buried to us; some one will, we hope, rescue the full-grown statue from the heap of rubbish under which it is presently buried. Why

is no evidence got from Professors Authon, Hawks, and Henry to testify to the poet's conduct while engaged on the *New York Quarterly Review*? What was the enmity "long, intense, and implacable," that existed between Griswold and the poet? It would almost seem necessary to prove the latter before we can understand why Griswold should have falsified the life of the poet. Griswold deserves to be placed in the literary pillory, as a warning to deter others from tampering with truth. There are some points about which we would like to get more extensive information than that given; but probably from the mist which Poe flung over his life, it has been nearly impossible to gather trustworthy evidence. Although this memoir is a most satisfactory defence of the more serious charges, it does not attempt to give us a full-length portrait of the man.

Poe's personal appearance was very striking. His appearance to any stranger distinguished him as a man of work. His features were regular, his forehead, as may be easily seen from his portraits, finely proportioned, broad, high, clear, and beautifully balanced. It has been said he was one of the best realizations of a poet in feature, air, and manner. There was always about him a hauteur, combined with a calmness and earnestness, that impressed all. The man carried the electric feeling of genius wherever he went, and no one met him but was cognisant of the power. There was little or no demonstration of feelings with him; he was always quiet, pensive, and calm. "He was," says an author who knew him well, "a gentleman upon all occasions that I ever saw him; so tasteful, so good a talker was Poe, that he impressed himself and his wishes, even without words, upon those with whom he spoke." The

weird - melancholy which distinguishes his works was seldom met with in his company. None are so loud in his praise as Mrs. Whitman, to whom he was engaged to be married. Mrs. Osgood, a fine American poetess, has thus spoken of him: "I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well-bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitive and delicately-nurtured woman there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect." His voice was very quiet and melodious, and, even in a loud discussion, peace had to reign that he might be heard. Mr. Graham has told us that he was the soul of honour in his transactions, and kept his accounts as accurately as a banker. Do not all these facts go to prove that he was a gentleman, and that he possessed a soul wherein nothing vile, mean, or despicable could grow? Do they not show that his slight excesses arose from circumstances, and not from character?

It is probably useless to refer to the charges of envy brought against him. It was false to say he considered society as composed altogether of villains. That his strange career should not have left some dregs in the cup would have been wonderful. Most men will understand the feelings of a cultured, experienced author, as he wanders in his full manhood from publisher to publisher with his beautifully-written manuscript, finding no market for the wares of his brain, while his beloved ones are suffering not only from disease, but from gaunt hunger. He knows, too, that his writings are infinitely superior to those that are accepted and printed. The greatest misery that can afflict one possessed of the power and the will to work, is to

be in the straits of poverty, while no man will hire his services. Consider, then, the finely-strung sensitiveness of the poet's nature. Is it any crime for a hungry man to envy his well-to-do brother? His nature certainly was not round and genial, but it is easily seen many misconstrued hauteur into envy.

Enemies magnify a speck into a thunder cloud. What one man may do without much injuring his reputation, another cannot do without being heralded as a criminal of the direst hue, over the breadth of the country. It is a proverb, that while one man may steal a horse another can't look over the hedge. Many literary men have committed greater indiscretions than Poe without being heard of to the same extent. The failings of Robert Burns at the festive board to the infirmities; the forgeries of Chatterton; the excesses of Charles Lamb; the errors of Goethe; the riotous life of Byron; the debaucheries of John Clare; the immorality of Shelley; the weakness of Thos. De Quincey; have been more leniently dealt with than the smaller errors of Edgar Poe. The world has accepted the works of their genius as compensation, and it will do the same in the case of Poe, now that his true life is known. Some of these we have mentioned injured not only themselves severely, but their children, their wives, their friends, Poe hurt no one but himself; and it has been justly said, no one has suffered so severely in character in consequence. The man has been looked upon as an incarnation of the ruler of Hades.* The feelings which we experience on reading these fierce criticisms on the false life by Griswold, is like those with which we listen to the summings

up of a judge on a case, which, unknown to him, has been trumped up on forged certificates, and perjured witnesses.

He was a fond admirer of romance, and his life was influenced with her touch. He was a dreamer. He had no tangible ideas of his life; his character wanted firmness, resolution, perseverance. An American born, he yet possessed the Celtic flushed-veins of restlessness. Born a genius, he was an intense lover of intellect; his mind was to him a world, a country wherein he could travel, and yet never exhaust its vast riches. The world was a huge library to him, a place for study, brain work, certainly not a place to make money in. He looked at everything from the standing-point of intellect, and could no more help doing so than most people can avoid looking on the world as a place to acquire wealth, honour, power, position. He lived for literature, but it would be satire to say he lived by literature; from early youth he had to depend on the creations of his brain for the maintenance of himself and family, and insufficient his earnings were to do so in any degree of comfort. "Literature with him," says Mr. Graham above mentioned, "was religion; and he, its high priest, with a whip of scorpions scourged the money changers from the temple." In all else he had the docility and kind-heartedness of a child. No man was more quickly touched by a kindness, none more prompt to atone for an injury. His mind was his greatest companion; the thoughts of his brain were dearer to him than the friendships of life. The world to him was a place to think, and to write in, not for working. An idle or an idle dreamer he assuredly was not, yet his life is

* See the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 208, 1858; and the *North American Review*, vol. 83, 1856.

devoid of much manhood. The love which he had for his girlish wife was noble, pure, and great, but it may be thought his love would have exhibited itself in greater nobility had he provided her with a well furnished home, and clothed her bed in her lingering illness with warm blankets.

Why could he not work and thrive? It was almost impossible for a literary man in his lifetime to live by literature in America. Earning a livelihood by the pen is always very precarious. As the aspirants increase the ranks, there is a tendency to cheapen literary work; and if a man had then alone to depend on his writings for his livelihood, he was to be pitied. It is, no doubt, true that other men lived on the means Poe received; but it is also true Burns could not keep himself on his excise officer's pay any more than John Clare could do on the wages he earned, augmented, as they were, by an annuity. Poets never can properly estimate the value of money until they want it. Poe's writings only appealed to the educated mind, and the channels through which he could do so were few. His tales were not so very popular, nor were his poems so much read, as to induce a publisher to remunerate him more than ordinary writers. Poe did not possess the self-restraint and self-will that a man who lives by literature requires. Could he but have obtained some such appointment as John Stuart Mill's, that he might

not have entirely depended on literature, he might have been living yet, and his pen might have done more valuable work. But, alas! the career of any one cannot be chalked out in one's study, and it is easy to be wise after the man is dead; there's something—call it what we will—that overrules every ones career, "rough hew it how we may."

Any living cur can bark or snarl at a dead lion. The tide has now turned in his favour; the light at last breaks through the darkness of night, which for a long period has reigned over this great American genius. The everlasting truth is now told, and the terrible falsehoods which have hung over the portals of this sanctuary of his memory are now swept away. There are probably no elements of greatness about him; a hero he was not, in Mr. Carlyle's sense. Yet to all lovers of true, honest biography, there is an indescribable feeling of love and sympathy in one's heart towards the much injured, but gentlemanly, Edgar Allan Poe. He was one of the greatest worshippers of the beautiful that has lived in the present century. He was one of those who sought in vain the greatest Eldorado of human happiness, whose life was one endless toil and endeavour, but—

"Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT.

By E. J. CURTIS.

AUTHOR OF "THE FATAL TRYST," "KILLING NO MURDER."

IN the fine old library of Netherwood Castle the young Lord of Netherwood and his tutor, Mr. Herman, were seated at a table covered with books and writing materials; the soft air of the spring morning came through an open window, the sunlight played upon the dark oak fittings of the somewhat gloomy old room, and touched with gold the bright brown hair of the youth who never even for a moment kept quiet upon his chair, and whose attention was evidently not given to the books before him. It must be said, however, that in his companion he found no example for industry; but while the boy's eyes looked restlessly and longingly through the open window, and across the park to the sea, which was visible in the distance, dancing and sparkling brilliantly in the sunshine, the eyes of the tutor were fixed upon the door as though he were expecting some one to enter; once there was the rustle of a dress outside, and the man's face flushed high.

He was rather handsome, but on close and critical inspection his face did not please; and yet, although he was by nature mean and crafty, the expression of his eyes was neither sinister nor furtive, it was seemingly frank and honest enough, but wanting in softness and sweetness; the mouth and nose were simply faultless, but there was a totally indescribable want in the man's face which made even those who liked him for his many attractive qualities conscious of his good

looks gave less pleasure than good looks are generally wont to do. He was a gentleman by birth and education, but not in instinct or in feeling; he was ambitious, scheming, utterly selfish, and heartless; he hated men who were rich and who had an assured position; he hated his own enforced life of dependence; his sensuous nature rebelled against work, and his eyes were ever open watching for the means to advance his own interests. He believed that now the Fates had been on his side, and had placed him in a position more prosperous than his most daring fancy had ventured to hope for; the influence of friends, backed by his own undoubted qualifications, had secured for him the post of tutor to the young Earl of Netherwood, a self-willed and utterly spoiled minor with whom his mother could not bear to part. Between him and the only other child, a daughter, there was an interval of six years, and that daughter, Lady Emily Hare, was now eighteen; but as Lady Netherwood had married late in life, and had after so long an interval given up all hope of having a heir, so now she could not bring herself to send the boy to school, and therefore it came to pass that he was educated at home.

Many tutors had come to Netherwood and had left again within three months; they had invariably been conscientious, hardworking men, who had done their utmost to restrain their wilful pupil, and to keep his precocious depravity within bounds;

but rebellion on his part would quickly ensue, he preferred the company of his mother's grooms and stable-men to that of his equals, the low haunts in the neighbouring county town were well known to him, and his handsome aristocratic young face had already lost much of the innocent expression natural to his age, while his language was a choice combination of profanity and slang. The lad had wit enough, however, to keep the darker side of his character hidden from his mother, and she honestly believed that the tutors against whom he chafed, when they tried to restrain him, were hard upon her "darling Alfred," and so one after another came and went, until at last Mr. Herman appeared upon the scene, and with him the young lord could find no fault at all.

Of course it never occurred to the boy that it was self-interest which prompted this very agreeable tutor to humour the tastes of his pupil, and to connive in the concealment of his favourite, but not very reputable, amusements; enough of study was also gone through to keep up more than a pretence of work, and never had study been made so pleasant to the wayward youth. Herman had tact enough to leave off just at the right moment, while he always contrived not to notice what was not intended for his eyes, so ere long books, hitherto read surreptitiously, were read openly upon wet afternoons when neither boy nor man could go out of doors.

But the young Lord Netherwood was not Mr. Herman's only pupil in the castle; no one knew exactly how it had come about, but Lady Emily had throughout the winter which succeeded Herman's arrival, been taking Italian lessons from him; her mother, an indolent woman of feeble health, was satisfied to let the girl join her brother in the

library during the time given by him to the study of modern languages, but the old lady did not know that five days out of the seven the brother would slip out unchecked by his tutor, and scarcely noticed by his sister, and thus the shrewd and unscrupulous man of the world and the unsuspecting girl would be left alone.

Emily was beautiful, and by nature gentle and impressionable, but she had withal far more strength of will and self-control than the man who looked upon her as an easy victim to his designs ever suspected. He went very cautiously to work to create for himself an interest in her mind, and above all to inspire her with perfect confidence in his truth and honour. He never presumed, and he was never servile, and yet Emily never could understand why neither she nor her mother treated him with the same reserve which they had shown to the other tutors of the young lord; he always joined the family party at dinner, and even when there were guests in the house he made one of the larger circle also. Herman, although perfectly at his ease in society, preferred the family party, for it was then his habit to read aloud after dinner for the mother and daughter—Alfred was always supposed to be engaged with his books in the library—and when the young lady sang or played, he showed his appreciation of her performance, not by profuse admiration, but by criticism which was honest enough to be of value, and yet through which a subtle vein of flattery ran. Little did the beautiful and innocent girl, by whose side he thus stood evening after evening, dream of the wild schemes which were revolving through the restless brain of the man in whom she found so much perilous fascination; she believed that she loved him, and she never allowed herself to dwell upon an undefined feeling of repulsion,

which seemed to run side by side with the liking in her heart. If it were possible to love and hate at the same time, Emily loved and hated the tutor Herman; the truth was, her fancy only not her heart had been caught, but that very fact put winning cards into his hands, and his fate would have been very different had he but determined to play them honestly, and not tried to win by cheating what honourable perseverance might have secured for him.

But Herman had not been brought up in a school which taught faith in women; he did not believe that it was in his power to win from Lady Emily a promise to marry him, in defiance of opposition from her mother and her friends; and the odious scheme in his head was to get her into his power, and so compel her to do by force what in all probability she would have done from love, had he been patient and devoted. Once his, under circumstances which had made marriage rather an honourable concession on his part, than a *mésalliance* on hers, all would go well, and with his wife's fortune, of which no indignant guardian could deprive her, and his wife's rank, he would be able to go through the world triumphantly.

But there was one friend, or rather acquaintance, of Lady Emily's—Sir Everard Wilmot by name—who read Herman's character thoroughly, and who grew more interested than he was aware in the girl, as, during his frequent visits to Netherwood Castle, he watched her becoming more and more entangled in the toils of the schemer. Sir Everard was a man of whose admiration any woman might be proud; he was distinguished not only in his own county, but in the social and political world, his age was about five-and-thirty, and he *had lived*, as we say, all his life, *sown a not very large crop of wild*

oats quickly, entered parliament, and became the pride and hope of his party; he was popular among men, an idol with women, but, strange to say, he went on through his gay and prosperous life without feeling sufficiently in love with one out of the many lovely creatures to whom he had devoted himself during a season, to ask that one to be his wife.

Lady Emily's great beauty had attracted him, and he liked her utter ignorance of the world and its ways, she had never been regularly out in London, but Sir Everard could see that she would by-and-by develop into a most attractive woman, and be able to take her place in society with dignity and ease. But, of course, if she fell a victim to Herman, and married beneath her station, an obscure instead of a brilliant future was in store for her; and at the thought that such a fate was possible, Sir Everard would swear internally, and feel inclined to kick the fellow out of the castle, if only it were possible to do so without compromising Emily. He was not the sort of man to try and influence Lady Netherwood against her son's tutor, but, whenever he came to the castle, and he came often, he kept unceasingly on the watch, and made a few efforts to withdraw Emily from the dreaded influence.

I say advisedly that his efforts were few, for Sir Everard was by temperament somewhat indolent, very few games were, he thought, worth the candle, and as he had not made up his mind to win Emily for himself, why should he bore himself by interfering with her? Moreover, she did not seem to care about talking to him as other women did, so the gay, and hitherto ever-fascinating, Sir Everard, was piqued, and at the same time puzzled, to know why he hated Herman so very much; hatred he

generally looked upon as too exciting and troublesome a sentiment to be weakly indulged in, and when, as sometimes happened, he felt obliged as it were to account to himself for the unwonted feeling of irritation which the mere sight of the tutor aroused in him, he made up his mind that it must be because he believed the man was unfitted to take charge of the young Earl.

The bright spring morning which made Lord Netherwood so restless over his books, Herman, for more than an hour, had been expecting Lady Emily to come as usual for her Italian lesson, and he was as usual anxious that the boy should not go before his sister appeared: Sir Everard was at that time staying at Netherwood, and Herman had no doubt as to his feelings towards the favourite and constant guest; indeed, his frequent presence at the castle made the tutor resolve to bring his plans regarding Emily to maturity forthwith.

It is only fair, however, to the man to say that he did love Lady Emily after his own selfish fashion; he had artistic tastes which were satisfied by her grace and beauty, and he longed to feast his eyes unchecked upon the latter, and to make her acknowledge that she loved him, and then when he grew tired of her, as he knew he should do, to make her minister to his ambition and vanity.

He had been driven that morning almost desperate, from gloating in fancy over the future which he believed was before him; he longed hungrily for Emily's presence; he drew the chair upon which she usually sat closer to his own; he thought how in turning the pages he would touch her hand, and watch the rich blood mount suddenly to her exquisite face; but the morning was passing, and she did not come.

"Will your sister not take her Italian lesson to-day?" he said at length to his impatient pupil.

"Lesson!" repeated the boy, disdainfully; "much she cares for you or your lessons, when she has got Wilmot to spoon with in the conservatory. I say, let's shut up shop; I want to be off!"

"We have done nothing——" Herman was beginning, when the boy broke in again with a magnificent disregard of delicacy,—

"Don't you try to gammon me, old boy. I'm up to your little game, you want to keep me here until Em comes, just to blind the old lady; but Wilmot has cut you out for this day, so you may as well let me mizzle!"

"You can do as you please," replied Herman, harshly—he could have cheerfully knocked the precocious youth on the head—and away the boy darted through the open window.

Early the next morning Sir Everard went back to town, and Emily came in the forenoon, as usual, for her lesson; but by that time Herman had himself well in hand, and treated her with such unusual reserve and ceremoniousness, that she could scarcely hide her surprise at the change in his demeanour; he was altogether the painstaking and exacting tutor; there were none of the half-veiled glances of ardent admiration which, against her better judgment, Emily had been wont to meet shyly, while her heart beat faster as they fell from the handsome, steady eyes, and to no love sonnets were "lent the music of his voice" in that soft, southern tongue, when the lesson was over and they were alone.

So passed several days, and Lady Emily felt vaguely unhappy, and was almost frightened at the persistency with which her thoughts dwelt upon her brother's tutor. And during those blank days, for a

special reason, her brother had even more than usual liberty accorded to him. A company of strolling actors had come to the neighbouring county town, and every night, making the excuse to his mother that he was going to spend the evening with his young friends, the rector's sons, the boy would mount his pony and ride over to the town, returning about twelve or one o'clock to find Herman ready to let him in, and no servant visible to pry upon his movements. This went on for more than a week, and he then confided to his tutor that he was going to give a supper to the actors and actresses, with whom he had become very intimate, on the occasion of the benefit of the "leading lady;" and he told Herman that, as he meant to sleep at the hotel where the supper was to be held, he, the tutor, must manage to make it all right with the Countess.

Herman, who saw in this scheme of the boy's the opportunity he wanted, for leading Emily on to compromise herself with him, assured his pupil that all should be arranged as he wished, and accordingly, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the youth had already been gone more than an hour, he contrived to let Lady Emily know that he wished to speak to her in private: the old Countess was, as usual, dozing over her novel, waiting for the hour to come for her afternoon drive, and Emily went to the library to hear what Herman had to say; when they met, she could detect just a shade more of his old manner.

"I am not happy about your brother, Lady Emily," he said, in his most gentle and winning voice, "and I grieve to say that I fear any little influence I may have had over him for good is fast disappearing. I have not liked to trouble Lady Netherwood upon the subject, she is naturally so anxious about him;

but I think that you, his sister, can do something."

He then went on to tell her about the theatrical company with whom his pupil was so much taken up, and added, that he should at the outset have used coercion to prevent the intimacy, were it not that he feared the wilful boy would have altogether broken loose, and run away to become a strolling actor himself.

Emily was shocked beyond measure, and, eagerly looking up at Herman, asked what she could do.

He explained that it had come to his knowledge that the boy was going to give an entertainment to his theatrical friends that night at the principal inn in the town, and suggested that she should drive in, see her brother and remonstrate with him, and, if possible, induce him to give up the mad project of the supper, and return to the castle with her. Herman added, that he would be at hand on her arrival to find the boy for her, but that it would be better for him if possible not to appear openly in the matter. "As much for your sake as for his, Lady Emily," he said, lightly; but the girl was, as he well knew, too much taken up about her brother to think of herself just then. And yet she inwardly shrank from the part assigned to her with so much apparent unconcern.

Women less delicately nurtured, and who have been early accustomed to go about alone, can hardly understand how, to a girl brought up as are the Lady Emilies of this world, it would seem an ordeal of no common magnitude to go alone to an hotel, even for the purpose of rescuing a misguided brother from the harpies amongst whom he had fallen. But Emily felt that, at any cost, the knowledge of her darling's misdeeds must be kept from Lady Netherwood, so, telling the Countess that she had some business to do in

the town, she started about five o'clock in her pony carriage, with only a servant in attendance.

She had still about half a mile to drive when she overtook Herman, who was leisurely walking in the same direction, and by his advice the carriage was left at an unfrequented inn just outside the town, and escorted by the tutor, in the sight of all the townspeople, to whom both she and Herman were well known, she went on foot to the principal hotel at which her idiotic young brother was to give his grand entertainment that night. On her arrival she was shown obtrusively into a private sitting-room, which had been ordered for her by Herman, and painfully conscious of having made a sensation, and of being stared at, she went up-stairs to take possession of it, and to await the arrival of her brother.

About an hour later the passengers by the afternoon express from London drove up to the hotel, and among them Sir Everard Wilmot, on his way to Netherwood; as he waited in the coffee-room for a carriage to take him on, he saw Herman leave the hotel, cross the street, look up into one of the first-floor windows, and take off his hat with a jaunty air to some person of course unseen by Sir Everard.

"What the devil is he up to, now?" thought Wilmot, in whom a very unusual feeling of curiosity was suddenly aroused.

"Has Mr. Herman, Lord Netherwood's tutor, any friends staying here?" he asked the waiter, carelessly, who came to tell him that the carriage was ready.

"No, Sir Everard," and the man discreetly tried to hide a grin with a cough; "but Lady Emily, his lordship's sister, came here with Mr. Herman about an hour ago, and her ladyship is in a private room up-stairs; his lordship is going to have a great supper here to-night

for the ladies and gents from the theatre."

Sir Everard may have felt surprise at the communication, but he showed none, it was not his way.

"Send the carriage back for an hour or two," was all he said; "I have some business in the town."

The order was given, but it may have struck the waiter that Sir Everard's mode of doing business was somewhat strange, for he stayed on in the coffee-room reading, or pretending to read, the *Times*, but, in reality, keeping a close watch upon those who entered or left the hotel.

It was almost seven o'clock, and the dinner-hour at the castle was eight. "Surely," Sir Everard thought, "something must soon happen."

Meanwhile, Herman returned to the inn at which the pony carriage had been left, and told the groom that his young mistress would not require his services again that evening, so the man re-harnessed his ponies and trotted back to the castle; those who saw him drive into the yard, naturally thought that his young mistress had come back from her drive, and the youth himself, seeing nothing odd in what had occurred, made no remark.

Having thus, in the eyes of the servant, identified himself still more as being with Lady Emily in the town, Herman went to look for his hopeful pupil in some of his well-known haunts; he found him, after some time, in a billiard-room, with his coat off, and his handsome young face flushed with wine, getting well beaten by the star of the theatrical company, a man who swaggered both on the stage and in private life, and who looked what he was, a thorough scamp. Herman, who liked if possible, to be always seen in good company, wondered how his well-born pupil could find any pleasure in such society.

He took the boy aside, and contrived to frighten him thoroughly by telling him that his mother knew everything, and had sent him, Herman, to bring him home; the boy protested, and rebelled loudly, taxing the tutor with having betrayed him, but he finally promised, if he were allowed to attend the benefit at the theatre, to give up the idea of presiding at the supper, the supper itself he could not get out of. Then Herman left him to finish his game, but it was half-past seven before Sir Everard saw him re-enter the hotel, and heard him ask ostentatiously at the bar, if Lady Emily Hare had ordered dinner; no such order having been given by the young lady, Herman quickly made up for the omission, and hardly had he done so, and disappeared upstairs, than Sir Everard ordered the carriage to come round, and set off for the castle.

Herman found Lady Emily in a state of great excitement, if not actual alarm; he told her coolly that if she wished to rescue her brother, she must, for the present, forget herself, and she did not dare to put into words the real cause of her alarm, namely, the strange construction which she knew would be put upon the fact that she had come to the hotel in company with Herman, and remained there alone with him for several hours; but it was too late now to wish that she had acted less impulsively.

The dinner ordered by Herman was served in due time, and Emily went through a pretence of eating; but the false position into which she had so rashly placed herself became every moment more unbearable, and yet, for her brother's sake, she tried to make up her mind to wait on for some time longer; Herman told her that he was expected at the hotel every moment, and she did not suspect that he was deceiving her.

To add to her vague feeling of alarm, she noticed a change in the tutor's manner towards her; there was a degree less of respect in it which made his fascinations sink wholly into the background, and showed him in a light that was horrible to her excited fancy. As for the man himself, believing that his hour of triumph had come, and that not from any quarter was a check possible, he became reckless and audacious; and when Emily, at last thoroughly frightened, and crushed by the dread that somehow she was in his power, and had no means of escape, started up and insisted upon at once returning to the castle, he threw off the mask, and told her his real motive in having brought her there.

"It was to secure myself from the opposition of your friends to my suit," he said, with cool effrontery; "I have loved you, Emily, since the first moment of our meeting, and I believe," he added, trying to take her hand and draw her towards him, "that you love me; I knew we should meet with strong opposition from your mother, and that the only way to secure you——"

He stopped short, silenced suddenly by the expression of her eyes; he read in them scorn and contempt, and something which made him curse his idiotic folly in having tried to win by foul means what might have been his by fair; he saw the half-awakened love which the girl felt for him die out, quenched for ever in her insulted pride. She pointed to the door, and said one word only—"Go."

He smiled faintly, as though he would fain have believed that she was in jest, hesitated for a second, then moved a step towards her; but she never faltered now, and her expression of scorn was unchanged.

"Go," she repeated; "I know the harm you have done me, but that will be easier to bear than the shame of having liked and trusted you."

Before he could speak again, the seriousness of the situation was over, the door was opened, and, to his indignation, and to her surprise and relief, a waiter appeared, and announced that the carriage had come for Lady Emily Hare.

"Stay," said Emily, as the man, having made his unexpected communication, was about to withdraw, "I have been waiting here for my brother, who is at the theatre, but as the carriage has come, I shall leave Mr. Herman to meet him;" and without taking any further notice of the crestfallen tutor, who received his checkmate with many a silent curse, she swept out of the room with apparent dignity, but feeling, with much humiliation, that she had no one to blame but herself for the peril she had been in.

Her mother was waiting alone to receive her, and Emily explained as briefly as possible what had occurred, and, without betraying the audacious attempt of Herman to entrap her, suggested his dismissal, on the plea that he had evidently but little influence over his pupil.

"So Sir Everard says, my dear," responded the Countess; "you did not know he had come back, did you? He saw you at the hotel, heard you were there, I forget which, and suggested that the carriage should be sent for you at once, as he was sure you would not like to stay on there alone—and, indeed, it must have been rather awkward."

And thus it was that Lady Emily learned how her sudden rescue had come about.

With infinite tact Sir Everard, supposing that it would give Emily pain to allude to the events of the

evening to him, left the castle again early the following morning; he was gone even before Herman appeared with his sulky pupil, to receive his dismissal from Lady Netherwood; and so determined was she that he should go at once, that he was obliged to leave without again seeing Lady Emily, although he made every effort, short of asking directly for an interview, to do so.

But, about a week later, as she was walking alone in a wood near the house, the man whom she thought she had loved, but whom now she both feared and hated, appeared suddenly before her, and, with wild, passionate words, appealed to her for forgiveness, declaring that only a life of devotion could atone to her for the wrong he had done.

She stood as though she did not hear, and when he paused she once more told him to go, and he obeyed, muttering threats of vengeance as he did so; and then poor Emily, feeling both lonely and miserable, ashamed to think of the words to which she had listened, and yet assured in her heart that no stain could truthfully rest upon her good name, wandered on through the wood and down to the shore upon which the warm tide was rushing. Sir Everard Wilmot was again at the castle, and she did not wish to meet him until she had recovered her composure. But, an hour later, he found her out by the sea, and there, when he had beguiled her for an hour with pleasant talk, he asked her if she could be happy as his wife. With one backward glance to the love which it had been the dream of her girlish heart, not only to give, but to inspire, she left in his hand he had taken, but the only gladness she felt was in the prospect of leaving the place which had grown hateful to her.

The idea of loving the man who

had won her never occurred to her, she had looked upon him as too old, and too much her superior in intellect; and besides, even now no word of love fell from his lips, and the kiss which he bent down to give her, was as cold as the cheek upon which it fell.

But he did think her very lovely, a woman to do credit to his taste; and if for one moment he wished that she were less cold and full of self-control at that supreme moment of her life, he quickly relapsed into his usual calm content, and Emily never guessed from his manner that he had heard her name coupled with that of Herman, and that he knew nothing could so effectually give the lie to any slanders afloat as her marriage with himself.

But the romance of those two lives were still to come.

And so it came to pass that Lady Emily Hare became Lady Emily Wilmot, and passed at once from her seclusion at Netherwood Castle into the gay and brilliant world, of which her handsome and distinguished husband was so great an ornament; she fell into her place naturally, and was all the more appreciated because she was a novelty.

And then after a season or two, when the inexperienced and romantic girl had learned to know her own power, she found herself a queen of fashion, her name would be given to a head-dress, and her approval was enough to bring a new colour into vogue; invitations to her dinner and evening parties were eagerly hoped for; and for a ball, a concert, or a charitable bazaar to be under her patronage, was to ensure its success.

But in the midst of these social triumphs there was a void in her heart, and a want in her life which no gaiety could satisfy, and no popularity could fill; she had fallen *desperately* in love with her hus-

band, and the conviction that he had married her from pity, and to save her from Herman, made her life, outwardly so bright and happy, a burden to her. He was kindness itself to her, she had not a wish ungratified, and he was very proud of her, but no caressing word ever passed his lips, and not even the intimacy of married life had broken down the reserve between them.

And yet, had she but known it, she had grown dearer to him than his own life, but her excessive coldness and indifference of demeanour sealed his lips, and she never suspected how, in the thickest buzz of conversation, the low tones of her sweet pathetic voice were listened for by him, and that the mere touch of her dress in passing would thrill through him, and set his heart throbbing like a girl's. Popular, and admired as she was, no action of hers caused him the slightest uneasiness; but, he was jealous of the past, he had made up his mind that the worthless adventurer, Herman, was dearer to her than he had suspected, and he had a maddening suspicion that, in a carefully-guarded locket which she always wore, the likeness of the tutor was treasured. Once, half in jest, he had tried to see what the trinket held, but with a force in her slight fingers, which he could not resist, except by equal force on his side, Emily had withstood him, and, too proud to ask twice, he had turned coldly from her, and the incident, trivial as it was, widened the distance between them.

It was autumn, four years had passed since their marriage, and they were at Sir Everard's home in South Devon, the house was full of guests, and the host and hostess spared no pains to make the time pass pleasantly. One afternoon some of the party, being weary of badminton and croquet, went for a row on the river which flowed

through the grounds ; and Sir Everard and Emily were in the same boat—indeed he was never far from her when he could be near. A merry girl of the party had been singing to her guitar, and when it became almost time to land, she was entreated for just one song more, something plaintive to accord with the hour, for it was late in the afternoon, and the shade of the fine old trees which grew on the bank made twilight upon the water.

The song began, a pretty, slow air with a pathetic melody in it which dwelt upon the ear ; the singer was supposed to enumerate all the things which make up the happiness of life, and each verse ended with the refrain—*But there is nought in this world like love.*

Sir Everard, who was watching his wife's beautiful face, saw a quiver, as of pain, pass over it when the words fell first from the sweet singer's lips ; at the end of the second verse her eyes filled with tears ; at the end of the song she looked up suddenly, met her husband's gaze, but failed to read in it the secret of his heart. But his resolve was taken, he had everything which the world could give except love, and he determined, if possible, to win that supreme blessing from his wife by showing her how dear she had become to him.

That evening she had never looked more lovely or been more brilliant ; Sir Everard watched her as she went about among her guests, hardly able to believe that she was his by the closest of all human ties, and full of dread that the barrier of long cherished hopeless love for another stood between them.

And yet, if that were so, why did she look at him so wistfully that afternoon ? was it because she felt that he had come between her and happiness ? Determined once more to try the effect he asked for the same song again, but before the

end of the second verse, Lady Emily had slipped quietly from the room, and ere long her maid came in to say that her mistress was not very well and begged to be excused.

It was past eleven before Sir Everard could escape from his guests, and then he went at once to look for his wife ; her dressing-room was lighted, and the maid who was in attendance in the ante-room, told him that her mistress was there asleep on the sofa ; dismissing the girl, who looked much surprised at his unwonted appearance, he softly entered the room, and went to Emily's side. Her head was half turned from him on the pillow, and he gazed with all the rapture of a lover upon the beautiful white throat upon which there was no ornament, except the velvet ribbon which held the much - prized locket, and it seemed hard to Sir Everard that that obnoxious trinket should obtrude itself just then. Bending down closer, he saw tears upon her eyelids, and oh ! what a jealous bound his heart gave, the locket was not only her sole ornament, but it was open in her hand, so that her last thought waking must have been for its contents.

He took it gently from her relaxed fingers, which even in sleep seemed to resist him, and turned its opened side towards the light, to find confronting him, not Herman's hated face, but a likeness of himself.

What did it mean ? did she then love him after all ? the emotion which shook him from head to foot communicated itself to the sleeper, she awoke with a start, and found her husband kneeling beside her.

"Emily, my darling, there is nought in this world like love," he said softly.

He read her answer in her eyes, as she flung her arms about his neck.

A PAPAL RETROSPECT.

(CONTINUED.)

IN a tenebrious age, when no sunshine of intellect was visible—when ignorance and superstition overshadowed and repressed intellectual aspirations—when Christian Europe was sunk in semi-barbarism and vice, that for enormity threw ancient Paganism into the shade; at this time Lothario Conti, a poor noble, but a cardinal-deacon, a man of great ability and unbounded ambition, despotic, cruel, and unscrupulous, was elected Pope, A.D. 1198, and, as a protest against the so-called anti-pope, who bore the name some twenty years before, took the title of Innocent III.

Innocent was not less distinguished for his superior mental capacity, than for his haughty, tyrannical disposition, his avariciousness, and insatiable lust for dominion. He aspired to rule Europe with a rod of iron, and scourge refractory subjects with a scourge of scorpions. By his daring audacity, seconded as it was by favourable concurring circumstances, he achieved a signal triumph over King John of England; the result of his contest with that pusillanimous monarch having established the supremacy of the

popes over England and Ireland, and made those kingdoms tributary to Rome.

John degraded himself and his crown by signing a legal instrument prepared by the Papal envoy, Pandulph, in which he testified that, as an atonement for his offences against God and the Church, he, not through fear or force, but of his own free will, and with the unanimous consent of his barons, granted to God, to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to Pope Innocent, and Innocent's rightful successors, the kingdom of England, and the kingdom of Ireland, to be holden by himself and the heirs of his body of the Bishop of Rome, in fee, by the annual rent of one thousand marks, in addition to the annual tribute of Peter's Pence. He then took the oath of fealty to the Pope as his sovereign liege; the very same oath which vassals took to their feudal lords. Thus, says Dr. Lingard, the able Roman Catholic historian, "John no longer reigned as a sovereign; he was a vassal."*

Having thus propitiated the Pope, and relying on his support, John thought he could rule des-

* Dr. Lingard, as a Roman Catholic, gives a very fair account of the contest between John and Innocent. He was an Englishman, and could not but feel the degradation of his country implied in the dastardly concessions of John. "This transaction," he says, "has heaped everlasting infamy on the memory of John. Every epithet of reproach has been expended by writers and readers against the pusillanimity of a prince, who could lay his dominions at the feet of a foreign priest, and receive them from him again as his feudatory. It was certainly a disgraceful act."

It is quite obvious that such an unscrupulous Ultramontane as Dr. Manning does not share the spirit and sentiment so honourably manifested by Dr. Lingard. Dr. Manning would exalt John's sublime docility. He would exult in "a foreign priest" planting his foot on the independence of his country; and no doubt he holds John's Charter to the Pope as binding even now, if Pío Nono only had the power to enforce it!

potie, and trample on the liberties of England. But the barons assembled in arms, and extorted from him the Great Charter, which he swore most solemnly to observe. No sooner, however, was he free than he appealed to his "Sovereign Lord the Pope" for protection. He prayed to be absolved from the oath he had sworn to observe the Charter, and for aid to punish his rebellious subjects. The Pope responded promptly and cheerfully. He issued a Bull in which, from "the plenitude of his Apostolic power, and from the authority which God had committed to him, to build and destroy kingdoms, to plant and overthrow," he abrogated and annulled the whole Charter as derogatory to the Holy See, of which England has become the fief, and John a vassal! At the same time the Pope wrote to the barons, stating he was about to assemble a Council at Rome, and exhorting them to submit whatever claims and grievances they had to him for decision and redress.

The barons, however, who were advised and encouraged by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to compromise their rights and independence by submitting the ancient liberties of England to the arbitrament of a "foreign priest."

Whereupon the imperious pontiff ordered Langton to excommunicate the contumacious barons. But Langton had a true English spirit, and had been mainly instrumental in organizing the baronial league that extorted the Great Charter from John; he refused, therefore, to obey the commands of the Pope, holding them to be unlawful. In this extremity the haughty Innocent suspended Langton from the exercise of his archiepiscopal functions, while he also fulminated a sentence of excommunication against the confederated barons by name, and at the same time the City of London was laid under interdict.

But, as Dr. Lingard observes, in language that implies no approval of the Papal policy, "*both censures were equally despised*. They had been obtained, so the partisans of the barons argued, on false suggestions, and for objects not within the jurisdiction of the pontiff. He had no right to interfere in temporal concerns." Thus the Pope's temporary triumph over John only served to make his subsequent discomfiture the more humiliating, for, undoubtedly, in his contest with the barons, the lustre of that triumph was not only obscured, but all his success was converted into an ignominious defeat.*

* The supreme and infallible jurisdiction which such Ultramontane zealots as Dr. Manning now assert for the Roman pontiffs, has no warranty whatever in the facts of history. We see how boldly Stephen Langton questioned the lawfulness of the Pope's commands and refused to obey them, in which course he was sustained by the great body of the bishops and clergy. Many similar instances mark the history of the English Church prior to the Reformation.

Another case occurred about the same time in France, and is equally instructive. Louis, eldest son of Philip Augustus, of France, claimed the crown of England, in defiance of Pope Innocent, who sought to protect his vassal John. The Pope excommunicated Louis and his abettors, and, says Dr. Lingard, "soon afterwards commanded the Archbishop of Sens to fulminate a similar sentence against Philip; but the French bishops, in a Synod at Melun, resolved to disregard the Papal mandate, on the ground that the Pope had not been truly informed." How is liability to error compatible with the divine inspiration and guidance Infallibility necessarily implies?

At all events we have this great fact before us, that at the commencement of the thirteenth century Papal universal Supremacy and Infallibility was not acknowledged by the Western Church, while it had been long previously repudiated by the Eastern. Against such pretensions the whole history of the Gallican Church is a protest.

This episode in English history illustrates, very instructively, the means by which the Papacy was enabled to advance and maintain its ambitious pretensions over the states of Europe. We see at once that, even in the darkest ages of ignorance and superstition, the mere spiritual thunderbolts of the Popes were of little or no avail, unless followed up by the more tangible weapons of temporal power. Thus, Innocent triumphed over John, because universal discontent existed among the English clergy, barons, and people, in consequence of his cruel and infamous rule. The Pope not only adroitly used this discontent against John, but also engaged the French king to prepare for the invasion of England as the champion of the Holy See, and for the enforcement of its decrees. By such means, and not by any mere spiritual anathemas, John was brought to his knees, and degraded to the ignominious position of a Papal vassal.

But when Innocent endeavoured subsequently to uphold his vassal against the wishes of the English, and insolently usurped authority to abrogate and annul the Great Charter, his audacious pretensions were contemptuously spurned, and all his spiritual fulminations only served to demonstrate his own impotency. Even when the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to excommunicate the confederated barons at the command of the Pope, and when the barons took up arms in defence of the Charter and were excommunicated by the Pope himself, his most awful anathemas exploded just as harmlessly, if not altogether so playfully, as children's squibs.

Thus, with all his pretensions to divine power directly committed to him, "to build and destroy kingdoms," "to plant and overthrow," the Pope signally failed in his ini-

quitous crusade against the Great Charter and ancient liberties of England. And so has it always been—save in some very rare and exceptional cases—all the resources of the spiritual armoury of the Papacy have proved utterly unable to uphold its daring pretensions, when not seconded by temporal weapons. Could this possibly have been the case had such a delegation of divine power, as claimed, actually taken place?

Although Innocent was not successful in his contest with the barons, and was powerless to destroy the Great Charter, still his pretensions suffered no abatement, and he boldly claimed for the Papacy a supreme power in Europe. He declared that "*it was not fit that any man should be invested with authority who did not serve and obey the Holy See,*" and affirmed that—"as the sun and the moon are placed in the firmament, the greater is the light of the day, and the lesser of the night, so are there two powers in the Church, the Pontifical, which, as having the charge of souls, is the greater, and the Royal, which is the lesser, and to which only the bodies of men are entrusted;" yet while Innocent thus enunciated doctrines that would, if carried out, have made all the monarchs of Europe his vassals, we find that his authority at Rome, the very seat of his government, so far from being respected, was openly defied.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

and it is curious to observe how the power of the greatest pontiffs has been magnified and strengthened by distance. Long familiarity with the vices and crimes of the Papal court left little room for veneration in the Roman mind; and so while Innocent obtained temporary advantages in his contests with John of England, Philip

Augustus of France, and the monarchs of Aragon, Portugal, and Denmark, his vaunted authority was derided at home. Up to this time, indeed, the turbulent independence of the Romans presented a striking contrast to the gigantic tyranny the pontiffs sought to exercise elsewhere. Innocent regarded this independence as incompatible with the Papal system, and resolved on measures for its destruction. He must be regarded as the real founder of the temporal dominion of the Papacy, though he did not live to perfect his scheme, which required the fructification of three centuries to attain maturity.

In like manner the complete subjection to, and dependence on, the Roman See, of the entire clergy in every country, was essential to the unity of the Church, without which the universal supremacy of the Papacy never could be realized. Innocent was the more deeply impressed with this conviction in consequence of the humiliating defeat he had sustained in England, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, as we have seen, withstood his pretensions. Innocent then discovered the weak point in the Papal system, and resolutely set to work to strengthen it. He insidiously obtruded foreign, especially Italian, prelates into English sees, while he perfected measures to bring all bishops into greater dependence on Rome, and thereby secure their fidelity to its interests. His example was followed, and policy worked out, by succeeding pontiffs, and the facility thus acquired of exciting discontents and rebellions among a restless nobility and superstitious peoples against weak, arbitrary, and ill-organized governments, terrified the boldest monarchs, and frequently led them to sacrifice the future interests of their crowns to the hopes or apprehensions of the moment.

In the year 1215, Innocent assembled the Fourth Council of Lateran, and dictated the adoption of seventy canons, which he had prepared. Among these, three merit special notice. Up to this period the doctrine that passes under the name of *Transubstantiation* formed no part of the Christian faith. Innocent, however, defined and fixed it by a canon, as it is now understood, and to describe it coined the term "*Transubstantiation*"—a word, till then, absolutely unknown to theology or faith!

Again, we have seen that in the middle of the fifth century, Pope Leo I. authorized, instead of the public confession of sin before the congregation, private confession to a priest. But the *duty* of such confession was left optional, it was not enforced as of divine authority, nor received as a doctrine of the Church. Fully alive, however, to the transcendent and inscrutable importance of such an engine of priestly despotism, Innocent framed a canon making *Auricular Confession* an article of faith, and enforced its observance at stated times by severe ecclesiastical penalties. It thus became a dogma of the Church to be wielded by crafty confessors in furtherance of Papal designs: and subsequent history furnishes a fearful catalogue of crime instigated by fanatical directors of conscience.

It was worthy of such a daring innovator as Innocent, who, having imposed *Transubstantiation* and *Auricular Confession* on the Church, should crown his work by establishing that accursed tribunal—the *Inquisition*.

Whatever crimes the pontiffs had heretofore committed in attempting to establish Papal supremacy, their hands had been singularly free from the blood of martyrs. Four hundred years had nearly elapsed since the great controversy concerning Image worship resulted

in an irreparable schism between the Greek and Latin Churches, and during that period the pontiffs had been very rarely disturbed in their ambitious designs by doctrinal dissensions. This was doubtless owing not so much to the existence of tolerant ideas as to the circumstance that, amid the gloom of ignorance and superstition, the spirit of free inquiry slumbered; or if, at rare intervals, a gleam of great truths flashed fitfully across a few exceptionally enlightened minds, the dismal intellectual condition of the dreary ages we are referring to afforded no opportunities for the diffusion of knowledge.

Thus, as dissentient opinions concerning the doctrinal errors and superstitious observances of the Papal system were not promulgated so as to excite alarm, persecution was not called into play for their suppression. Even Hildebrand would not gratify some fanatics by permitting Berenger to be persecuted for denying what Innocent defined and established as the doctrine of Transubstantiation. And when Adrian gave Arnold of Brescia to the flames, it was not so much for doctrinal speculations or imputed heresies, as on account of his declaiming against the vicious lives of the clergy, resisting the temporal pretensions of the Popes, and establishing a temporary independence for the Roman people.

But with the dawning light of the twelfth century there was a faint awakening of intellectual life, which many circumstances served to further. The Aristotelian philosophy, cultivated for seven centuries by the Saracens, was taught in their schools in Spain, which were visited and attended by many Christians. The doctrinal contests between the Greeks and Latins, which were maintained with fierce obstinacy, contributed to the cultivation of

logic and metaphysics. Within the Church there were jarring elements at work, which occasionally give evidence of unusual life. For instance, in the eleventh century, a very angry controversy arose respecting that strange dogma, the Immaculate Conception. Such themes had a peculiar fascination for scholastic divines. This doctrine was fiercely assailed by the "Great St. Bernard." He denounced it with characteristic vehemence as unscriptural and absurd. The rivalries of the Franciscan and Dominican orders subsequently kept up embittered disputations on the subject, and the natural effect of such controversies and contentions was to excite emulative zeal, stimulate inquiry, and give an impetus to the cultivation of scholastic philosophy.

While these and other causes were operating to create a revival of learning, numerous sects sprang up in various parts of Europe, who protested against the vices and corruptions of the Church, and yearned after a purer Christianity. And though the majority of these sects were headed by weak enthusiasts, deficient in learning and in judgment, which betrayed them into many errors and extravagances, still the boldness with which they attacked ecclesiastical abuses and the received theology of Rome, while fearlessly proclaiming their own religious convictions, brought up the dreadful apparition of *Free Thought* before the startled vision of the pontiffs, and effectually disturbed their long and confident repose.

Persecution, of course, followed, and, during the twelfth century, many unfortunate enthusiasts, who had obtained a dim glimpse of what were subsequently enunciated as great Protestant truths, expiated their profession by cruel deaths.

In the valleys of Piedmont dwelt

a few simple peasants, secluded from the world, and comparatively unknown until the twelfth century. They had, as their enemies testify, preserved among them the vital purity of Christian faith from the Apostolic age. Some members of this primitive body carried its doctrines into the south of France early in the tenth century. It was deplored at the Synod of Arras, A.D. 1025, "that certain persons coming from the borders of Italy had introduced heretical doctrines." Under the protection of the powerful Counts of Toulouse, these doctrines spread throughout the cities of Languedoc, and their profession became so general that, in a Council held at Tours, A.D. 1173, Pope Alexander III. issued a decree against "a damnable heresy that for some time has lifted its head in the parts about Toulouse, and has already spread its infection through Gascony and other provinces." He followed this up by further edicts against heretics in 1179; but mere paper bullets were of little avail, and it was reserved for Innocent III. to enact the murderous Papal Code for the extirpation of heresy—a code that never has been abrogated or annulled—a code that exists to this hour as the rule and duty of the Church—as part and parcel of that atrocious system to which every Roman Catholic bishop takes an oath of allegiance, and swears to uphold!

The foundation of this infamous code is the third canon of the Fourth Council of Lateran, assembled by Innocent. After anathematizing every heresy, the canon proceeds to declare it compulsory on "*the secular powers to extirpate all heretics marked by the Church of Rome from their respective territories, under pain of excommunication*"—that, should the secular powers refuse to carry out the bloody decrees of Rome, "*the Pope*

may declare their vassals absolved from allegiance, and bestow their lands on faithful children of the Church!"—and that any person affording sustenance, protection, or asylum to those lying under the anathema, shall incur the penalty of excommunication.

It will be observed that it was not left to secular powers to judge of heresy, as some mercy might, in that case, be shown to persons who, if they erred at all, erred merely in harmless matters of opinion and belief. To guard against the exhibition of any mercy, the right to judge of heresy was expressly reserved to the Church; those whom the Church marked and denounced as heretics, kings, princes, all secular powers were compelled to extirpate with fire and sword. This was made even more explicit by Innocent in his decree to enforce the canons of this Council: he says, "We strictly command all potentates, &c., not to take judgment of heresy; or if they shall act contrariwise, let them know that they are struck with the edge of excommunication."

Thus, all potentates, all secular powers were made nothing more nor less than blind executioners of the sanguinary decrees of Rome, under penalty of being dethroned, their subjects released from allegiance, and their lands bestowed on the faithful children of the Church! Such is the diabolical code of the Papacy for the extirpation of all who dare dissent from the tyrannical supremacy it aspires to assert over the souls and bodies of all baptized Christians. And in all subsequent history we do not find one solitary instance in which, when the Papacy could employ fire and sword to extirpate dissent, it did not do so—when it *could* command the secular power to carry out its bloody decrees, it did not insist on their remorseless execution.

Innocent framed the code which his successors perfected, and set an example which they too faithfully followed, as the sanguinary records of Papal persecutions abundantly witness. The principal body of alleged heretics, who enjoyed liberty of conscience under the protection of the Count of Toulouse, early in the thirteenth century, were known as the Albigeois, or Albigenses, from Albi, a city in Languedoc, where they were numerous and prosperous. Innocent resolved on their destruction, to accomplish which he knew the empty thunders of the Church would not alone avail—he should command the lightning also.

Accordingly, he published a crusade against the Count of Toulouse and his subjects. He exhorted Philip Augustus, King of France, whom he had previously excommunicated, to take up the cross, and in order to incite the superstitious fanaticism of the age, he proclaimed all the indulgences such as were held out to entice crusaders to embark in the wars for the recovery of the holy places in Palestine. Philip refused to undertake the crusade, but a vast number of reckless, marauding knights and mercenaries, who lived by plunder, assumed the cross, led by priests and the first barons in France. The command of this impetuous expedition was given to Simon de Montfort, described by Hillem as "a man like Cromwell, whose intrepidity, hypocrisy, and ambition, marked him for the hero of a holy war."

Languedoc, for that age, was a country civilized and flourishing. Its inhabitants are thus described by one of the ecclesiastical fiends in human shape who were actively engaged in their ruthless extermination: "They have a show of piety in their life and conversation, they repose their belief in God and in all the articles of the creed, and

only blaspheme the Roman Church and clergy!" They repudiated Rome's vices and corruptions—that was their blasphemy! They refused to acknowledge the imperious pretensions of the Popes—that was their crime! And so the decree of extermination went forth.

It was upon such a prosperous country, and such a pious, peaceable people, that Pope Innocent let loose the demons of fanaticism, numbering some 500,000 strong, to carry out a crusade of fire and sword. The "holy war" thus instigated by the pretended "Vicar of Christ," was prosecuted with every atrocious barbarity that superstition and ruthless ferocity could inspire. The country was laid waste, towns and cities burned to the ground, the inhabitants swept away, hunted like wild beasts—and all this was done in the sacred name of religion, as expounded by one whom we are now taught to regard as an infallible, unerring guide, the representative of the Almighty on earth, and privileged to speak with his authority!

It was at the commencement of this awful war, when the city of Beziers was about to be stormed, that some "soldiers of the cross" inquired how true believers were to be distinguished from heretics in the massacre that was about to take place? Whereupon one Arnold, a Cistercian abbot, one of the chiefs of the crusaders, cried out, "Kill them all! God will know his own!" and so all were mercilessly slaughtered—some 60,000 persons having perished by the sword! The Pope, however, did not live to witness the consummation of his infernal crusade, as he died in 1216, while the "holy war" he proclaimed raged for years after.

To detect, pursue, and punish heretics—to mark them with the brand of the Church as doomed to destruction by secular powers—

Innocent established the *Inquisition*. A Spanish monk, Dominick, the founder of the Dominicans, was first intrusted with the authority of head Inquisitor: but it was not until a subsequent period that this terrific tribunal was perfected in organization, endowed with judicial powers, and enabled to exercise a devilish ingenuity in contriving tortures and perpetrating cruelties at which very fiends might have felt remorse.

Such were the main incidents in the Pontificate of Pope Innocent III. which extended from 1198 to 1216. He powerfully contributed to increase and consolidate the aspiring supremacy of the Papacy, and left, indeed, little for his successors to achieve, but to perfect and strengthen the fabric he had laboured so strenuously to raise. Out of Innocent's policy emanated one of the foulest abominations in the way of political or ethical doctrine that the Papacy ever brought forth—the doctrine that *faith is not to be kept with heretics to the detriment of the Church*. This doctrine has never been authoritatively repudiated by the Papacy, and in so far is now just as much a governing principle of its policy as ever it was, only it cannot be conveniently carried out. It naturally results, indeed, from the dogmas of spiritual supremacy and infallibility.*

Honorius III. succeeded Innocent, but his Pontificate was not very remarkable. He followed the policy of his predecessor, promoted

a crusade to Palestine, and applied to the Emperor Frederick II. to have the persecuting canon of the Fourth Lateran Council inserted among the constitutions of the Empire. This was done, and Honorius ruled till 1227, when a man of different metal assumed the tiara. Gregory IX. was nephew of Innocent III., and cast in the mould that produced a Hildebrand. He was imperious and perfidious. He embroiled the Church in a war with the Emperor Frederic II., whom he excommunicated, because he had put off for a year his promised departure for a foolish crusade against the Saracens. Frederic, however, did depart for Palestine, A.D. 1228, whereupon the Pope, taking advantage of his absence, declared war against him, invaded his territories, seized several places in Italy and Sicily, and exerted all his authority and influence to form a European league for his destruction.†

No sooner, however, did the Emperor hear of the violent proceedings of the Pope, than he concluded a hasty peace with Saladin, immediately returned home, defeated the Papal forces, retook all the places the Pope had captured, and compelled him to sue for peace. A hollow truce followed, which was shortly after broken by the Pope, whose headstrong violence could brook no restraints. He again excommunicated the Emperor, whom he publicly accused of the most flagitious crimes, and sent copies of

* Innocent, among other politic devices for rallying support round the Papacy, established the Mendicant or begging friars. "He was the first of the Popes," observes Mosheim, "who perceived the necessity of establishing such an order; and accordingly, he gave such monastic societies as made a profession of poverty the most distinguishing marks of his protection and favour." But subsequently this order became a terrible nuisance in Europe.

† Gregory extorted vast sums from the English clergy to support him in his aggressive wars against the Emperor. In 1229 he exacted a levy of *tenths* with so much severity that even the standing crops were anticipated, and the bishops had to borrow money at high interest to meet the exactions demanded. His audacious and insatiable avarice at another time made him require a contribution of a *fifth* part of the ecclesiastical revenues of the whole kingdom!

his accusation to all the monarchs of Europe.

Frederic was successful in the field, and retaliated also with the pen. He complained of the boundless avarice of the Pope, his insatiable ambition, and flagitious perfidies. Writing to Henry III. of England, he says :—

“The Roman Church so burns with avarice that, as the ecclesiastical revenues do not content it, it is not ashamed to despoil sovereign princes and make them tributary. You have a very touching example in your father, King John; you have that also of the Count of Toulouse, and so many other princes whose kingdoms it holds under interdict, until it has reduced them to similar servitude. I speak not of the simonies, the unheard-of exactions, which it exercises over the clergy, the manifest or cloaked usuries with which it infects the whole world. In the meantime these insatiable leeches use honeyed discourses, saying that the Court of Rome is the Church, our mother and nurse, while it is our stepmother and the source of every evil. It is known by its fruits. It sends on every side legates with power to punish, to suspend, to excommunicate; not to diffuse the Word of God, but to amass money, and reap that which they have not sown. And so they pillage churches, monasteries, and other places of religion, which our fathers have founded for the support of pilgrims and the poor. And now these Romans, without nobility, and without valour, inflated with nothing but their literature, aspire to kingdoms and empires. The Church was founded on poverty and simplicity, and no one can give it other foundation than that which Jesus Christ has fixed.”

Such was the description given of the Papacy in the thirteenth century by the Emperor Frederic II.; and though replete with graphic force, it nevertheless is far short of the full truth; for, as Mosheim observes, “however numerous and deplorable the corrup-

tions and superstitious abuses were that had hitherto reigned in the Church, and deformed the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel, they were, nevertheless, increased in this century, instead of being reformed, and the religion of Christ continued to suffer under the growing tyranny of fanaticism and superstition. . . . The Roman pontiffs could not bear the thoughts of anything that might have the remotest tendency to diminish their authority, or to encroach upon their prerogatives; and, therefore, they laboured assiduously to keep the multitude in the dark, and to blast every attempt that was made towards a reformation in the doctrine or discipline of the Church.”

The contest between the Emperor and Gregory only terminated with the life of the latter. The victorious arms of the Emperor had reduced the bellicose Pope to direful straits, in which extremity he convened a Council to assemble at Rome for the purpose of having a sentence of deposition solemnly fulminated against the Emperor, and absolving his subjects and feudatories from all allegiance to him. A great number of the cardinals and prelates who were summoned to attend this Council met together at Genoa, and embarked on board the Genoese fleet; but the Emperor foiled the Pope's intentions, and reaped a rich booty by seizing all the prelates, with their suites and treasures, and committing them to close confinement. This disaster, attended with others, which gave, as Mosheim observes, “an unhappy turn to his affairs, and blasted his most promising expectations, dejected and consumed the promising pontiff, and contributed, probably, to the conclusion of his days, which happened soon after this remarkable event.”

Gregory left his contest with the Emperor as a troublesome inherit-

ance to his successor, Innocent IV., who assumed the tiara in 1243—a pontiff, says Mosheim, who “yielded to none of his predecessors in arrogance and fury.” Afraid to assemble a Council at Rome, he made his way to France, and summoned one to meet at Lyons, and commenced the proceedings by conferring the *red hat* on his cardinals, the selection of that colour being for the purpose of reminding them to be ever ready to shed their blood in the service of the Papacy.

But the main purpose of the Council was to proclaim the deposition of the Emperor Frederic, who was already under the ban of the late Pope's excommunication. Innocent proceeded, “to the astonishment and horror of all who heard him,” to pronounce the final sentence against Frederic. He declared him deprived of the imperial crown, with all its honours and immunities, and of all his other states; he absolved his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and forbade their further obedience under the penalty of excommunication; and as the throne was thus made vacant, he commanded the electors to the Empire to assemble forthwith and choose a successor. He even went so far as to recommend a nominee of his own for the imperial crown, while for the kingdom of Sicily, of which he had also deprived Frederic, he would himself, “with the counsel of his cardinals,” undertake to provide a sovereign!

When Frederic received intelligence of the Pope's proceedings he was at Turin, and turning to his barons, who were with him, indignantly exclaimed, “The pontiff has deprived me of the imperial crown—let us see if it be so.”

He then ordered the crown to be brought to him, and placing it on his head, said that “neither Pope nor Council had the power to take it from him.”

A war was thus wantonly kindled by the Pope, that caused great devastation and misery. His subjects and feudatories, for the most part, remained faithful to Frederic, despite the anathemas of the Pope, and his crafty intrigues also. But the pseudo-Emperor, set up by the Pope, had also many partisans, and thus a fierce war raged for years. “The Pope's genius and activity,” says Waddington, “suggested to him the most refined arts to ensure success, and his principles permitted him to adopt the most iniquitous. He even departed so far from the observance of humanity, and the most sacred feelings of nature, as to employ his intrigues to seduce Conrad, from the service of his father, into rebellious and parricidal allegiance to the Church. That virtuous prince, rejecting with firmness the impious proposition, replied he would defend the side he had chosen to the last breath of life, and neither the Pope nor the Church gained even a temporary advantage by an attempt that covers them with eternal infamy.”

At last the Emperor Frederic died somewhat suddenly in 1250, and when the intelligence reached the cruel, perfidious, and remorseless Innocent, he, in a frenzy of exultation, addressed his clergy, exclaiming,—“Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be in festivity, for the thunder and the tempest with which a powerful God so long threatened our heads are changed by the death of that man into refreshing breezes and fertilizing dews.”*

* In a similar vindictive, implacable spirit, Innocent hailed with joy the death of the great and noble Grossete, Bishop of Lincoln, one of the most illustrious pioneers of the

The death of Frederic did not, however, advance the ambitious designs of Innocent. His great desire was to annex the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples as, in fact, provinces to the Papacy. But in this he was foiled by the sons of the late Emperor, who took arms in defence of their rights, and the Pope was signally defeated as well in the field of arms, as in that of crafty intrigue, and died in 1254 without having attained any of the great objects of his ambition. "He displayed," says Waddington, "all the qualities which consummate an artful politician, and which disgrace a bishop and a Christian."

Innocent received a very signal rebuff from the Sultan of Egypt. In striving to work out his crooked policy, he sent a letter to the Sultan replete with his usual pretensions and cajoleries. The reply was—"We have received your epistle, and listened to your envoy; he has spoken to us of Jesus Christ—whom we know better than you know, and whom we honour more than you honour him." "What a taunt," as Waddington observes, "for a Mussulman to address to Christ's Vicar upon earth!"

Alexander IV. succeeded Innocent, A.D. 1254, and appeared to have inherited all the vices of his disposition without his daring ability. He only ruled for six years, and was notable for the patronage he bestowed on the Mendicant orders, and for the establishment of the Inquisition in France.

Urban IV. was elected to the tiara, A.D. 1261, and reigned for three years. He was not distinguished for any great qualities, and his pontificate is most remarkable for the addition he made to the

already overwhelming mass of superstitions that corrupted the Church, by instituting "The Festival of the body of Christ."

He was succeeded by Clement VI., whose reign was equally short, but much more wicked, for he was the prime mover in great crimes, calamities, and iniquities. He intrigued with Louis IX., King of France, to dethrone Conradin, King of Naples, then a minor and the last descendant of the Emperor Frederic II., against whom the hatred of the Popes appeared to be hereditary and implacable. He committed the great crime of soliciting the French to invade Italy, and offered the crown of the dethroned Conradin as the tempting prize to Charles of Anjou, brother to the King of France. The consequences were most calamitous, both to France and Italy.

In compliance with the Pope's invitation, Charles invaded Italy in 1266 with a large army and a numerous body of knight-adventurers, who were inspired by the prospect of rich booty. Manfred, King of Sicily and regent of Naples, met the invaders, sustained a great defeat, and was slain. The Pope raised aloft his holy hands, blessed the successful invaders, and placed the crowns of Naples and of Sicily on the head of Charles of Anjou.

But the Pope was not altogether disinterested in so doing. He had his own purposes to advance, and he insisted on his own terms. This is what makes the whole transaction the more iniquitous.

The conditions the Pope exacted from Charles, in exchange for the crowns of Naples and Sicily, embraced the free and full acknowledgment of Papal supremacy in

Reformation in England. "I rejoice," he said, "and let every true son of the Church rejoice with me—that my great enemy is removed." Innocent had sent his nephew to be installed as a Prebend in the Lincoln Cathedral, but Grossetete refused peremptorily to give institution to a foreign priest, even though he was a Pope's nephew.

temporals as well as spirituals. All matters that had been in dispute between Kings and Popes, all claims to appoint to vacant sees, all rights of custody over temporalities during vacancy—in fact, all supreme authority—Charles acknowledged to be divinely vested in the Pope; and beyond this farther concession was at once impossible and unnecessary.

While these events were taking place, Conradin, quite a youth, was in Germany, but two years afterwards, in the sixteenth year of his age, he resolved to make an attempt to recover his inheritance. Accompanied by a faithful body of knights and followers, he entered Italy, and was enthusiastically received by the Ghibelline party, and also by the Romans, who were greatly enraged at the perfidious policy of the Pope in bringing French marauders into Italy to murder and desolate.

“Alas! that might should conquer right;” but in this case it did. The Pope and Charles met Conradin in battle, and obtained a complete victory. Conradin and his young friend, Prince Frederic of Baden, escaped from the field, but were subsequently taken prisoners, when, to the eternal infamy of the Pope, his tool Charles was permitted to have them publicly beheaded in the market-place of Naples, October 28, 1268, when they were only sixteen years of age! Such is the merciful Christian spirit, the divine commission, and infallible wisdom of the Papacy!

But Papal Infallibility was for once at fault, and could not read the fearful retribution looming in the future—the natural result of its own action—the reaping of the harvest it had itself sown. A remorseless and terrible retribution overwhelmed the French in Sicily. Sixteen years only had elapsed when a merciless, though we cannot say an unjust, massacre, known as the *Sicilian Vespers*, took place, by which the Pope's protégé, Charles of Anjou,

lost his usurped kingdom of Sicily, and all his French followers were exterminated. This was retribution—short, sharp, thoroughly thorough, and highly deserved.

On the death of Clement, in 1268, the Church—the whole Western Christian world—remained for some *two years and nine months* in the somewhat anomalous position of a headless trunk—a body without an animating soul—and Infallibility, who knows where? All this was owing to dissensions that raged vehemently among the elective conclave. Strange, is it not, that such fallible peccant instruments should wrangle with one another for years over the election of an Infallible! The scheme, we think, falls through. The myth is not altogether feasible or consistent.

This interregnum of Papal Infallibility is suggestive of very serious questions. How came it to pass that such a protracted disagreement took place among the members of the elective conclave? If divinely guided in electing an Infallible head for the Church, could such prolonged discord have taken place? Here we have the perplexing fact of the electors continuing at loggerheads for nearly three years, depriving the Church all the while of Infallible guidance. How is this reconcilable with the pretensions on which the whole system is based?

However, the mysterious and inexplicable disension in the conclave at last subsided, and in 1271 Gregory X. was elected. He immediately signalized his pontificate by instigating another crusade for the conquest of the Holy Land. He also summoned the second Council of Lyons, and sought to remove some of the gross scandals and corruptibilities that had prevailed in the Church; and to t

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boldly as any of his predecessors. He proclaimed in all its plenitude the odious maxim of Gregory VII. that the Bishop of Rome was lord of the universe!—and in a more especial manner supreme sovereign of the Roman Empire! In this presumptuous spirit, he interfered in the affairs of Germany; set aside the claims of Alphonsus, who had been nominated Emperor; ordered the electors to proceed forthwith with a new election, threatening, if they did not, that he would immediately exercise the authority of his divine commission, and appoint an Emperor himself!

Gregory died in 1276, and was succeeded by Innocent V., who only lived five months. He was followed by Adrian V., who died in five weeks. Then succeeded Vicedominus, who died the day after his election; John XXI. followed, who ruled for eight months, and then made way for Nicholas III., who, as Mosheim observes, was distinguished for “ambition, arrogance, and constancy of mind. He augmented greatly both the opulence and authority of the Bishops of Rome, and had formed vast projects, which his undaunted courage and his remarkable activity would have enabled him, without doubt, to execute with success, had not death blasted his hopes, and disconcerted his ambitious schemes.”

After a brief reign of little more than two years Nicholas departed, and was succeeded by a Frenchman in the person of Martin IV. He attempted to carry out the high and audacious policy of his ambitious predecessors, and did so with some success. He excommunicated the Greek Emperor; also the King of Aragon, whose dethronement he pronounced, released his subjects from their allegiance, and conferred his crown and possessions on the son of Philip, King of France. It was during this pontificate that the terrible retribution of the Sicilian

Vespers overwhelmed the French in Sicily.

Martin died suddenly in 1285; and after the unimportant pontificates of Honorius IV. and Nicholas IV., we come upon another momentous interregnum of *two years and three months*, during which Infallibility lumbered in abeyance!

This interregnum led at first to a rather ludicrous episode, but with somewhat of a tragic termination. It is one of the many romances of the Papacy, that serve to illustrate how “truth is always strange, stranger than fiction.” In a mountain cave, far removed from the haunts of social life, and in which, according to tradition, a ravenous dragon formerly had its abode, a visionary recluse, inspired by fervid fanaticism, took up his residence about the middle of the thirteenth century. He led a life of extreme mortification and austerity; and, as was natural in that age, ignorance and superstition attributed to such religious eccentricity, if not frenzy, a supernatural origin, and clothed the poor zealot with miraculous powers. Accordingly the fame of the heavenly-gifted recluse of Mount Morrone—of his transcendent virtues and holy life, his sublime sanctity and miraculous gifts—spread far and wide, and lost nothing thereby.

It was on this venerable ascetic—weak-minded, ignorant, and wholly unaccustomed to, even if acquainted with, the usages of such civilized life as then prevailed—that after disgracefully wrangling for two years and three months over the election of a Pope, the choice of the divinely inspired conclave fell! And it fell, too, with such a suddenness and spontaneity, that the authorities of the period represent it as supplying undoubted evidence of divine intervention!—in fact, as Waddington puts it, “the sudden and ardent unanimity was attributed to the immediate impulse of the Divinity!”

It was with extreme reluctance, and distrust of himself, that the Hermit-Pope was persuaded to leave his cave, and assume the tiara under the name of Celestine V. He was, with his simple habits, uncourtly virtues, and absolute ignorance of life, about at once the most virtuous and pitiable object that ever sat in the Papal chair. "The austerity of his manners," says Mosheim, "which was a tacit reproach upon the corruption of the Roman court, and more especially upon the luxury of the cardinals, rendered him extremely disagreeable to a degenerate and licentious clergy; and this dislike was so heightened by the whole course of his administration—which showed that he had more at heart the reformation and purity of the Church, than the increase of its opulence and the propagation of its authority—that he was almost universally considered as unworthy of the pontificate."

Celestine had the merit of soon perceiving his own utter disqualification for the office he was so "miraculously" thrust into. He longed for the peaceful enjoyment of his mountain solitude, and keenly felt how much out of place he was amid the glowing magnificence, the gorgeous displays, the splendid ceremonials, and inexhaustible luxuries of Papal Rome. He fled from them, and took up his abode in an obscure residence in the Neapolitan territory. There he sought for peace, and had a cell built in his house, in imitation of his Mount Morrone cave, whither he could retire for meditation and prayer! What a Pope for Rome!

The simplest duties of his office were, from the first, irksome to Celestine; but they became more so as sycophants surrounded him, took advantage of his weaknesses, played on his virtuous simplicity, and largely made him a tool to serve their own purposes. Thus

acted on, Celestine committed some grave errors, and soon became aware that his administration was exciting great discontent, more especially among the clericals of all grades. Deeply sensible of his own absolute incapacity, he frequently gave mournful expression to the painful perturbation under which he laboured. "I am told," he said, "that I possess all power over souls in this world. Why is it, then, that *I cannot assure myself of the safety of mine own?* . . . Does God require from me that which is impossible; or has he only raised me in order to cast me down more terribly? I observe the cardinals divided; and I hear from every side complaints against me. Is it not better to burst my chains, and resign the Holy See to some one who can rule it in peace? if only I could be permitted to quit this place and return to my solitude!"

Ambitious cardinals encouraged the idea of abdication, and foremost among them was Benedict Cajetan, who intrigued to take his place, and did succeed him as Boniface VIII. At last, worn out by the anxieties and vexations of his position, Celestine resolved to resign the Papacy, though his pontificate had extended little beyond a period of four months. As it was held by some to be a doubtful point whether a Pope, once legitimately elected, could resign, Celestine was advised to publish a general Constitution, declaring that it was lawful for a Pope to resign. He then published his own abdication:—"I, Celestine V., moved by sufficient causes—by humility, by the desire of a better life, by respect for my conscience, by the feebleness of my body, *by my deficiency in knowledge*, by the evil disposition of the people; and to the end that I may be restored to the repose and consolation of my past life—resign the

Papacy freely and voluntarily, and renounce that office, and that dignity," &c.

Celestine was not, however, permitted to end his days in peace. His successor, Boniface, regarded him with jealousy, and made him the victim of cruel persecution. Placed under surveillance, and not allowed his personal freedom, he made his escape, but, finding he was pursued, he endeavoured to reach the sea-coast to take refuge in Greece. But he was arrested, and strictly confined in the Castle of Ferone until he died in 1296. Boniface had many crimes to answer for, but his persecution of Celestine is the foulest blot that rests on his memory.

Such is one of the most suggestive and instructive episodes that tinge with high romance the history of the Papacy. How are all the circumstances of Celestine's pontificate reconcilable with the theory of Papal Infallibility? Assuming that he was Infallible, what then are we to say about one of the reasons he gives for his abdication—"my deficiency in knowledge!" How is such deficiency compatible with Papal pretensions to a divine commission?—to divine guidance?—to a Vicariate established on earth by Christ in the persons of the Roman pontiffs?

Among the apostles, as recorded, were homely, illiterate men, as simple and deficient in knowledge as Celestine, yet their divine commission enabled them to perform the duties of their calling and mission. How, then, are we to account for the astounding anomaly, that a *Pontifex Maximus*, who, according to the pretensions of Papal Infallibility, had centred in himself the whole apostolic succession and divine commission, could, by the advice of his cardinals, "freely voluntarily resign the Papacy,"

doing his deficiency

in knowledge, his ignorance, his mental incapacity to perform the duties of his divinity-inspired office! Is not this incomprehensible? Here we have Celestine, in sheer despair, abdicating his great dignity and high functions, because he confessed himself mentally incapable for the position; he "freely and voluntarily" admitted his deficiency of that very knowledge, divine guidance, and Infallibility, which the present Pope and his Council, in the light of the year of grace, 1870, declared to be an essential inheritance and attribute of all pontiffs, as successors of Peter and Vicars of Christ on earth!

Was Celestine a Pope in this sense? Assuredly not, if we take his own "free and voluntary" abdication as evidence. But, to our mind, he was something much better—a mistaken enthusiast, no doubt, but a simple-hearted, truly good man. What, however, becomes of the whole scheme of Infallibility when viewed in connection with the facts of his pontificate? He most piteously laments his own fallibility, his ignorance, his deficiency in knowledge, his mental incapacity; and he committed grave errors in administering the affairs of the Church—how, then, can all this square with the decree promulgated in 1870 concerning Papal Infallibility?

This is a point that, perhaps, Dr. Manning might profitably discuss. It is certainly one that is surrounded with mystery—that is, simply incomprehensible, and no Papal authority has yet attempted to grapple with it.

The pontificate of Boniface VIII., though it did not extend beyond nine years, A.D. 1294-1303, was most eventful in itself, and important in its bearings on the subsequent history of the Papacy. The insane extravagancies of this pon-

tiff's ambition and arrogance knew no bounds. "We may say with truth of this unworthy prelate," observes Mosheim, "that he was born to be a plague both to Church and State, a disturber of the repose of nations, and that his attempts to extend and confirm the despotism of the Roman pontiffs were carried to a length that approached to frenzy. From the moment that he entered upon his new dignity, he laid claim to a supreme and irresistible dominion over all the powers of the earth, both spiritual and temporal; terrified kingdoms and empires with the thunder of his Bulls, called princes and sovereign states before his tribunal to decide their quarrels, augmented the Papal jurisdiction with a new body of laws—in a word, exhibited to the Church and to Europe a lively image of the tyrannical administration of Gregory VII., whom, perhaps, he excelled in arrogance."

"The pride of Boniface," says Waddington, "seemed to acknowledge no limit; and no consideration of religion, or policy, or decency, could repress his violence." The Bishop of Rome, he declared, is the supreme lord of the universe, and neither princes nor bishops, civil governors nor ecclesiastical rulers, have any lawful power in Church or State, but what they derive from him! "This extravagant maxim, which," as Mosheim remarks, "was considered as the sum and substance of Papal jurisprudence, the Roman pontiffs maintained obstinately, and left no means unemployed, that perfidy or violence could suggest, to give it the force of a universal law."

Among the notable events of this

pontiff's reign, we may mention his declaration of war against the illustrious family of Colonna, because they questioned his title to the pontificate. In so doing, they were not solitary, for, even after the publication of the Constitution by Celestine, declaring it lawful for a Pope to resign, many authorities doubted the canonicity of Celestine's abdication, because the canon of the Church could not be so tampered with, and also because his abdication had been brought about by fraudulent means.

Boniface was the first who introduced the *double* crown to be worn by popes, as signifying the union of all spiritual and temporal power in their persons; but, nearly seventy years later, Urban V. instituted the *triple* crown, which still remains the symbol of an authority and majesty that have become things of the past.

It was this pontiff who instituted the Jubilee, which, while favourable to licentiousness and corruption, yet served vastly to enrich the Papacy. This institution was at first fixed to be held at intervals of one hundred years, but it proved so lucrative a superstition that other popes desired to profit by it, and so the periods were gradually reduced to fifty years, then thirty, then twenty-five, till now the Pope may publish a Jubilee whenever he pleases, as the present Pope has done.

Boniface also involved the Papacy in contests with various European powers, which we will see contributed greatly to overthrow the pretensions to universal supremacy his successors sought to maintain.

(To be continued.)

SHE LAUGHED, AND —

She laughed, and there did gently ring
Sweet music in mine ears,
Such redolent tones of joy
Will cling to me for years.

She laughed, and on her lips there fell
A wild, tormenting hue,
Like roses in a deep red bloom,
And overwashed in dew.

She laughed, and o'er her face there spread,
As wavelets cross a lake,
Soft rays of sunshine gliding to
The shore and tender brake.

She laughed, and entrancing was the
Light that flashed in her eyes,
As streaks of an ethereal light,
Or twin stars in the skies.

She laughed, and in her full dark eyes
A joyous light did gleam,
As into a rich cathedral,
Glances a bright sunbeam.

She laughed, and her little figure shook,—
Her bosom rose and fell,
As the rose kissing the spring breeze,
And mirrored in a well.

She laughed, and o'er her snow white brow
A lightness swiftly stole,
Which flushed my brain with madness,
And tenanted my soul.

She laughed, and I stood enraptured
At laughter's merry trips,
Such joyfulness inspired each tone,
I fain would have kissed her lips!

JAMES PURVES.

NOTES ON THE DRAMA.

THE present aspect of the London theatrical world is undoubtedly encouraging for the legitimate drama. Shakspeare is once more in the ascendant, and other old and standard dramatists are undergoing the process of revival. At the Opéra Comique, where not long since the extravaganza of "Ixion Re-wheeled" was produced, such sterling pieces as the "Lady of Lyons," and "She Stoops to Conquer," now prevail. "Hamlet" still flourishes at the Lyceum, and promises an early appearance at some other houses. The Gaiety is given up to legitimacy, and the "Merchant of Venice" is in prospect at a theatre hitherto almost exclusively associated with modern drama, the Prince of Wales's. The failure, positive or comparative, of "Ixion," which we cannot but infer from the briefness of its career, shows a wholesome change in the public taste. So-called classical burlesque has had its day, and the spectacle of Olympian divinities vulgarized and prosaized out of all identity, and imitating the slang and breakdowns of nigger minstrels and "star comiques," has ceased to charm a paying majority. The combined weight of public opinion and authoritative mandate is being effectually directed towards the suppression of those unseemly exhibitions on the stage which were becoming a crying evil. Burlesque must assume a purer and better form before it can hope to regain its once powerful influence, and even opéra bouffe is sensibly on the wane.

To Mr. John Hollingshead the thanks of the more refined portion of the playgoing public are espe-

cially due, for in the three theatres now under his control, he seems determined to do his utmost to uphold the classical drama, even to the extent of producing such works as Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy."

Even the numerical predominance of such revivals is a matter of congratulation. Well-known masterpieces like "Hamlet," by a long run at a leading house, can do much to foster a taste for the higher and older forms of dramatic art; but still more can be done by a succession of plays belonging to the same golden period of our literature. One will assist another in that full comprehension of all which is not otherwise to be expected from audiences so long accustomed to dramas of contemporary life only.

It is true that there are obstacles to these revivals, being complete. Modern and ancient tastes cannot be blended without some sacrifice of the latter to the former. The present is an age of adornment and lavish display in all artistic matters, and modern accessories are often so plentifully added to ancient subjects that these are apt to lose much of their original character. Shakspeare would scarcely know his own works could he rise up and see them as now produced, with our gorgeousness of binding, splendour of imaginative design, graphic and photographic illustration, and voluminous notes, criticisms, glossaries, and explanations. Still more does this apply to their representation on the stage. At the time when they were written, the scenic resources of the public theatre were of the most meagre description, and though

there were often much magnificence, art, and ingenuity displayed in court masques and spectacles, nothing was ever seen approaching to modern elaboration. Now-a-days, to use professional language, "Shakespeare, to go down, must be well mounted;" of "good mounting" he is certainly as deserving as our contemporary manufacturers of realism and "sensation." Within limits, and in its proper place, spectacle is not only allowable but commendable, and money can always command the artistic resources for producing it, although the same agency may not be equally potent in calling forth the highest order of dramatic genius. We can, in fact, "mount" any play to perfection, if we cannot so perfectly act it. In our minute historical correctness of costume, we surpass every previous age, including that of Shakespeare himself, who was in no way afraid of anachronism, and whose Danes and Romans could not have looked their parts so thoroughly as ours. Still, we should not forget that the very advantages we possess, combined with the expansion and condensation found necessary in dealing with old plays, remove us far from our originals. To fit "the bard of all time" for that in which we happen to exist, he cannot be dressed quite "in the habit as he lived." Shakespeare, as we see him, is never Shakespeare pure and simple, but it is decidedly better to have him somewhat disguised and over-gaudily tricked out, than never to have him at all.

Many of the above remarks will be found particularly referable to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," recently running at the Gaiety, with a powerful cast, and an announcement in the programme that in addition to gorgeous mounting, and wily composed music, modern prices would be so far considered, the dialogue would be "puri-

fied from all obsolete and objectionable expressions." In this sentence lies the respect in which the playgoers of to-day differ most from their progenitors. It is always to be regretted that the wit and humour, the poetry and pathos, the plot and passion, of the old masters of our drama are often not only associated with, but mainly turn upon, what are now considered forbidden themes. This fact presents difficulties which have shut out many of the most noble products of genius from those who would otherwise enjoy them. We are deprived of the benefits of a rich gold mine, through the impossibility of separating the pure metal from the dross. It is found, however, that it is the curs, rather than the inner moral sense, of audiences which must be most studied, and so long as the words of the *dramatis personæ* do not travel out of a certain line of decorum, their actions and intentions are of less consequence. Thus we have had persons complaining that, in spite of the announcement quoted above, the "Merry Wives" at the Gaiety yet retains much that is offensive in the matter and manner of speech.

For our own part, we cannot but think that the expurgation has been most judiciously done, and considering the plot and motive of the piece, could not have been carried further without injuring it.

The acting and manner of production of the play deserve great praise. The two Merry Wives themselves are impersonated with much spirit and vivacity by Miss Rose Leclercq and Mrs. John Wood. With all the sprightliness of these matrons, there is still the necessary distinction preserved between the demeanour of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford and that of the less refined Dame Quickly. In the character of Mrs. Page, Mrs. John Wood is not free from the fault of a too

rapid utterance, particularly observable when she comes to blank verse, which, by her method of delivery, is indistinguishable from prose. The fine lines beginning,—

“There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,” &c.

should, we think, be given with the lowered voice and air of impressive mystery suitable for a ghost story or weird legend. But in the present case, not only are two of the lines (without any apparent reason) omitted, but the whole is spoken in a rapid and colloquial tone quite unsuited to the subject. It has often been remarked that modern English performers, among their other alleged shortcomings, are seldom able to deliver blank verse properly, but the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” being written almost entirely in prose, is not a fair criterion by which to judge of the truth of this complaint.

A very able impersonation was that of Sir Hugh Evans, by Mr. Righton; and the character of Dr. Caius gave Mr. Arthur Cecil an opportunity of especially distinguishing himself. His broken English and highly demonstrative gestures were thoroughly continental, and we were often reminded of M. Marius, to whom this character would be eminently suited. “*Mine Host of the Garter*,” who seemed to have imbibed his own liquors most liberally, was impersonated in a rollicking and exuberant manner by Mr. Gresham, whilst Mr. Fenton gave us “the swaggering vein of ancient Pistol,” with the requisite bravado. “*Sweet Anne Page*,” and her lover, Fenton, have little to do or say, even in the entire play, and still less in excised versions. The only noticeable feature in their performance was the interpolated song, sung by Anne, in the words of which the Swinburnian alliteration

was conspicuously apparent. Mr. Hermann Vezin is well fitted for the part of Master Ford, and by his quick and petulant speech and actions, portrayed in a life-like manner the excitable nature of the jealous husband.

The new music, composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan is pretty and suitable, though scarcely so effective as that he wrote for “*The Tempest*,” in which Locke and Mendelssohn were so closely followed.

In the last scene is a dance of fairies, who, being mostly children, presented more the appearance of real fairies, and less that of the conventional ballet troupe, than is usually the case. This interlude, with characteristic music, has a most charming effect, and deservedly commands an encore.

The scenery is good, and especially the view of Windsor Park, seen from an eminence. We look down over a moon-lit glade, with the castle in the distance, and the effect is beautifully picturesque. Herne's Oak has, however, not enough of the weird and blighted aspect appropriate to a haunted tree.

The excisions in the early portions of the play are few, but become more numerous towards the end, which is somewhat hurried, and some very excellent dialogue is thus sacrificed. Another quarter of an hour devoted to the piece (which would even then play in three hours), would be a decided advantage.

With regard to the principal male character, the name of Mr. Phelps is a guarantee of many excellencies, which were duly apparent. We noticed, especially at first, traces of that tendency to a certain hardness and monotony of tone, which has of late characterized the veteran actor; but with this deduction, the impersonation was admirable throughout, and the humours of the immortal “fat knight” were

reproduced to the life. The make-up was so excellent that the identity of the performer was quite lost. It might, perhaps, conduce to the realistic effect if Falstaff appeared somewhat changed in dress after his adventure in the buck-basket, and subsequent immersion, through which a white doublet would scarcely pass completely undamaged. This is, of course, an unimportant matter, but not quite unworthy attention.

In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which has now succeeded the "Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Gaiety, Mr. Phelps returns to the character of Bottom, the Weaver. This embodiment, though a consistent and finished performance, does not seem to us to have been conceived in the right spirit. Bottom we take to be a fussy, conceited, and hare-brained individual, with a prodigious idea of his own powers, who imagines himself to be sublime when he is only ridiculous. Mr. Phelps makes him a stolid, self-possessed, and somewhat ponderous personage, and sometimes imparts to his demeanour a degree of real dignity. The irrepressible weaver should be pompous and swaggering, rather than in any way dignified, and his mock heroics should be self-evident in their futility. The dry, quiet humour of the character has been carried almost to excess in Mr. Phelps's representation. His way of delivering the famous speeches without stops, appropriate action, or any modulation of tone, is highly amusing; but, throughout, we imagine that more of the farcical or burlesque element introduced into the character, would place it more in accordance with the poet's intention. The "Midsummer Night's Dream," brought out with all the scenic and musical accessories of which it is so capable, and with a *cast supplemented by some eminent members of Mr. Hollingshead's*

other theatrical companies, is naturally a great attraction, and bids fair to meet with a success rivalling that of its predecessor.

Passing from old to new comedy, we must mention a piece called "Stage-Land," recently produced at the Vaudeville, through the tentative medium of morning performances, with a success which would warrant continuous representation. The author, of whom the piece is said to be a first effort, is evidently a disciple of Robertson, but has avoided that excess of the "idyllic" element which subjected the late dramatist's works to the disparaging epithet of the "cup-and-saucer school"—a term significant either of tea or the still milder beverage milk-and-water. There is a certain vigour and robustness about "Stage-Land," and some very pretty love-making, which never becomes maudlin or melodramatic. At times we are reminded of "London Assurance," particularly in the characters of Sir Harold Trefusis and Mrs. Dashway, who bear a strong resemblance to Sir Harcourt Courtley and Lady Gay Spanker. There is, however, no complication inimical to connubial bliss, it is all pre-nuptial affection: and even the machinator of the piece, a Mr. Truculent, despite his sinister name, indulges only in a very mild form of villany, and turns out to be made of very creditable stuff. Mr. Lin Rayne's love-making deserves the highest praise; with considerable tenderness of manner and a beautifully melodious voice, it is manly, and natural, and dignified. There is none of that perilous hovering upon the boundaries of the ridiculous which sometimes provokes us to a smile when the situation is supposed to have become most touching. Maurice Lawley pleads his cause in a manner certain to win the immediate sympathy of the audience, as well as ultimately the heart of the lady, and

in one impassioned speech, in which modern and mercenary courtship is contrasted with the chivalrous affection of ancient times, he soared quite to the poetic, and was deservedly applauded. Muriel Hepburn, a part which might have been written for Mrs. Bancroft, is impersonated with much grace by her sister, Miss Augusta Wilton. Miss Eleanor Bufton puts much spirit and vivacity into the character of the irresistible widow, Mrs. Danvers Darling Dashway, who retains the names of her three defunct husbands as trophies of past victories. It cannot be said that "Stage-Land" introduces us to any type of character absolutely new to the boards, and though the dialogue is excellent throughout, many of its points owe their effect rather to novelty of rendering than to originality of conception. Still there is much individuality in the characters, and ingenious effectiveness in the situations. Mr. Platitude Potter is a very entertaining personage, and the part of that fussy and loquacious M.P. (who is also F.R.G.S. and F.S.A.) is enacted by Mr. Collette, who, like most of those engaged, belong to the Prince of Wales's company. In "old men" parts Mr. Collette has given many proofs of his excellence, and his Platitude Potter, although at times rather too extravagant in gesture, was even in advance of his previous efforts. The "comic man" of a piece, if ably pourtrayed, is always sure of a liberal share in the honours of the occasion, and this Mr. Collette undoubtedly obtained. "Stage-Land," like many another excellent piece, has a good title inappropriately bestowed. Instead of presenting, as it might naturally be supposed to do, a picture of the life of an actor, and the difference between the world before and that behind the footlights, there is nothing in it relating to "Stage-Land" at all,

except that some amateur theatricals are arranged to take place, but are only partially rehearsed in the presence of the audience. The only tableau seen on the temporary stage is when the sudden drawing under of the curtain discloses the scientific and sentimental Mr. Potter on his knees making love to the mature Miss Trefusis. His ludicrous confusion at being thus caught in the fact forms a diverting wind-up to Act 2. We overheard some severe critics censure as unnatural the sudden sobering of Maurice Lawley after an outburst of boisterous inebriety, but we took the liberty of differing from them, inasmuch as the intoxication in question seemed to be more owing to the joy of a sudden accession of wealth than to the potency or amount of material stimulant taken.

The piece was well received, and on the second occasion, the author being called for, Mr. G. R. Douglas appeared, and received the congratulations of the audience with commendable modesty. He is apparently a very young man, and his play is a most promising production, giving hopes that, however long we may have to wait for the "coming man" in the higher and more poetical walks of the drama, refined comedy of modern life, with such authors as Messrs. Byron, Gilbert, Albery, and the aspirant whose maiden effort we have been considering, is at least far on the road towards a standard and classic level of excellence.

The comedy was followed by a farce, also new, and entitled, "While It's to be Had." It is styled a "romantic extravagance," but while the extravagance is undoubted, there is little of the romantic element in the surroundings. The hero, Plantaganet Smith (Mr. C. Collette), is a troubadour, but more of the "Jem Bags" than the "Manrico" order, and combines with this melodious occupation those of cheap Jack,

itinerant photographer, and vendor of nostrums of universal efficacy. His volubility and impudence could scarcely be surpassed by the combined resources of Plumper and Captain Patter himself. In exhibiting a scientific specimen, called the *Cryptoconchoidsyphonomata*, and explaining its properties, he pours forth such a torrent of recondite terms that the amused audience can scarcely follow him. To commit to memory so many outlandish words is of itself a feat which may well surprise the uninitiated. The story of the life of this erratic genius, commencing, "You may not be aware, Mr. Toddlepost, that I had two parents," is a most diverting piece of absurdity, and so is the burlesque eloquence devoted to a compound warranted to remove stains of all kinds. A patter song to the banjo displays the same astounding volubility. A burlesque Italian operatic bravura was also excellent of its kind. In the end, this wonderful exemplification of "the gift of the gab" is successful in its purpose of overwhelming the worthy grocer, Mr. Toddlepost, and inducing him to

consent to the marriage of his romantically-disposed daughter Polly to her versatile lover.

Mr. Collette was the life and soul of this piece of extravagance, and kept the audience in an ecstasy of mirth from beginning to end; the gravest could not resist the power of comicality so ably supported. In characters of this kind there could be little difficulty in Mr. Collette attaining an unrivalled position; we should very much like to see him as Jeremy Diddler, or have an opportunity of comparing him with Charles Mathews in the presentment of some other of those rattle-pated personages with whom the latter has been so long identified.

Should the farce attain the popularity it deserves, we venture to prophecy that the title and catchword—"While It's to be Had," so frequently repeated in it, will prove to be one of those sayings which, originally emanating from theatres, take the fancy of facetious street-boys, and ultimately obtain everywhere a circulation by no means proportioned to their sense or significance.

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THE FINE ARTS IN RELATION TO RELIGION AND MORALS.

WHILE on all hands the question and the accidents—and chiefly the latter—of a ritualistic and æsthetic *cultus* are being discussed, we propose to examine a few facts of the past, and to lay down a few principles which, as principles, are of all time, that may help to exhibit the true position to be taken whenever the introduction of sensuous beauty into divine worship is agitated. It is not our purpose to make exhaustive or even frequent allusion to writers who have lately treated this subject, even when they have been such able special pleaders as the late Cardinal Wiseman. We would approach the subject independently, and without prejudice; and endeavour to discuss it with a philosophical indifference. If on this account some opportunities of picturesque effect are lost, this loss may, we trust, appear more than compensated by the freshness and independence of a method in which the weight of evidence and argument dominates over every kind of prepossession.

It is a condition of vision that only a single image can occupy the retina of the eye at any one time. It may be that the intervals are so infinitesimal in their littleness as to leave it a matter of difficulty to discover the succession; and yet it must be that the comparison of two or more objects of sight is effected only by means of their orderly and consecutive presentation. The same necessity is found to operate where the perception is that of the intellect, and where its objects are qualities and abstractions. Every idea demands concentration and exclusion.

The several attributes which constitute the perfection of God can be conceived, or proximately conceived, only *seriatim*; to realize them simultaneously is the prerogative of the one Substance whose divers forms and manifestations they are. Sequence is inseparable from the efforts which the finite makes after the apprehension of the infinite; and the unvarying method of such a whether the object of them be

infinite of time, of space, of a property, or of a power, is to think away, one after another, the terms of an increasing series of hypothetical and tentative limitations.

Thus it is that the ideas which we group together under the collective names of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, however they may be absolutely identical in time and substance, are, as we apprehend them, different and consecutive. Upon the fact of their essential unity and their factitious diversity, religion and philosophy have concurred in founding that system or process of education which ennobles the mind by training it to discover in the many the varied operations of the one; by making the concrete the guide to the abstract; and by attracting the finite to the contemplation and the apprehension of the unconditioned.

So long as we profess ourselves disciples of the doctrine that God is the source, and, so to speak, the basis, of the true, the beautiful, and the good, we can, of course, expect to arrive at only one goal by whichever of these three luminous roads we choose to travel. We would at present, however, leave the consideration of their final convergence, in order that we may more readily and particularly attend upon their ramifications and intersections.

Our subject divides itself so happily and spontaneously into the historical and the speculative, that we shall not attempt to intrude a foreign and less natural distinction. Rigidly respecting the limits which we find already existing, we wish to treat of the empirical part separately from the part which is more exclusively conversant about principles. And if, in our historical *résumé*, it happens that a principle is enunciated, such enunciation will be regarded as incidental rather

than ultimate; and the principle will be presented again in its due position and relation to others.

History, now as ever, will be performing its proper office if it affords us facts and *συναίτια*; and we shall assign it its fitting subordinate place if we use its particular and passing instances to illustrate theory, which is all-embracing and eternal. By the limits we have prescribed to our remarks, we are warned to selection; and our choice falls unerringly upon examples furnished by the Greeks. Their pre-eminence above all other nations to whose records we have equally facile and abundant access in their devotion to the beautiful, makes their efforts after its embodiment in music, poetry, painting, and sculpture, and the influence of the culture of these on their morals and religion, representative of the universal efforts and influence of unbaptized art.

The connection subsisting between the true, the beautiful, and the good, must be regarded neither as one of correlative generation and descent, nor of mutual creation, nor of identification. It is the connection rather of mutual assistance, of interpenetration, and modification. Each is sensitively alive to the honour paid to the others; and, so long as a just proportion is observed, each flourishes best under a cultivation not altogether engrossed by itself.

Being, then, of collateral descent, and independent in their existence, they sympathize closely with each other. They do not healthily and symmetrically allow one to absorb the attention which ought to be distributed amongst all; and still less do they countenance that deplorable offence against all principles of religion and taste which is the result of confounding one with another. Art and religion are seated, each on her own throne;

and rule each over her own kingdom. Art points God-ward with her own finger; and for an index needs not to uplift that of religion or morals. The fine arts cannot give a creed; they appeal to the emotions, the passions, and the affections, but are not ratiocinative or logical. That part of them which seems made up of sentiments akin to religion, is precisely that part which is not *per se* artistic.

We shall see that the cardinal sin of the Greeks was their not distinguishing the difference we have attempted to establish; and that it consisted in a deliberate resolve to promote art to the throne of religion, whom for that purpose they forced to abdicate. Religion amongst them was confounded with art, as amongst the Romans it was identified with a selfish patriotism. This wilful error of elevating art into a goddess, resulted, as was perhaps natural, in her shameless prostitution. It was the converse fault to that more noble one which the mediæval times of Christianity saw, of ignoring, even in works of art, the artistic, in the absorbing appetite after the religious. The legend of Dædalus and the Minotaur is but a history in allegory, of which the main features were afterwards fully developed by men of kindred race and genius. We know not well how to make any stronger or more lamentable assertion.

It will be proper, in a few words, to give such a summary of the rise and progress of polytheism, as will allow us to observe when and how the influence of the arts made itself felt upon the religion and morals of its professors. In the course of this outline we may seem to be guilty of unfairly ignoring men who have enjoyed the tributary respect of successive ages, as most remarkable for wisdom and moral elevation. *The neglect, however, is only appa-*

rent. It is such men, indeed, who give point to the accusations we bring against the general average principles and practice of their respective communities. The delay will not be great if, before proceeding further, we vindicate the representations we find it incumbent on us to make, by a few citations from men whose words prove at once their own nobility, and the obtuse perversity of those to whom they were addressed.

Xenophanes, of Colophon, whom Timon praised for being

“not much a slave to vanity,
The wise reprover of the tricks of
Homer,”

spoke plainly against the anthropomorphism which was countenanced by the fables of the poets, and the handiwork of the statuary. He taught that “one God only is supreme among men and gods; neither in external shape, nor in spirit, to be compared with man.” “But mortals think that the gods are begotten, are like themselves in mind, voice, and body.” And he complained that “Homer and Hesiod attribute to the gods all that is disgraceful and base among men, theft, adultery, and mutual fraud.”

Heraclitus, of Ephesus, who flourished about the sixty-ninth Olympiad, used to say, “that Homer deserved (for those things to which Xenophanes referred) to be expelled from the games and beaten, and Archilochus likewise.”

Socrates, addressing Euthydemus, has beautifully given an inferential *à fortiori* argument for the majesty and the incomprehensible nature of God, and a fine implied rebuke to those who would familiarly describe or represent Him. “Consider,” he says, “that it is in an unseen way that the great gods indicate their will; for even the lesser divinities,

when they give us blessings, do not present any of them by coming forth to manifest view. And so, the one God, who formed the universe in which are all things beautiful and good, and who holds it together, and ever giveth to those who consult him, perfect, wholesome, and undecaying intimations, which, quicker than thought, unerringly assist us;—he, I say, is mentally seen by his performance of the mightiest actions, but is unseen by our bodily eyes, while he administereth them. The sun, which appears so brilliantly to all, submits not himself to be precisely seen by man. Also the ministers of God are unseen; the thunder is launched from above, conquers everything it meets with, but yet is itself unseen, when it cometh, when it striketh, and when it departeth. The winds are unseen, although their effects are manifest to us, and we perceive their coming."

Plato has equally reprehended the fictions of Homer and Hesiod. And Cicero, also, later and in a purer country, complains that the "poets have introduced the gods both inflamed with anger, and raging with lust."

It will suffice if we add to the notices of these distinguished protesters against the faith and morals of the people, a quotation from Plutarch's "Life of Numa," the pious second King of Rome, who, being of Tuscan blood, may be fairly supposed to reflect some of the better features of Etruscan theology. "The laws of Numa," says Plutarch, "relating to the gods, are entirely in accordance with the dogmas of Pythagoras; for as the latter assumed that the Original of all things is neither palpable nor capable of suffering, but invisible, unmixed, and spiritual; so Numa forbade the Romans to make to themselves images of God, in the likeness either of man or of beast.

And in former times there was among them neither picture nor statue of God. In the first hundred and seventy years of the state, they built indeed temples and sacred chapels, but always without statues, because it was considered profane to represent the Most High by anything lower; and because men can approach the Deity only by their thoughts."

We may by such references, which are only units taken from a whole cloud of authorities, safely arrive at two conclusions; first, that men generally had in the beginning a knowledge of the purity, power, eternity, and nature of God; and second, that in the midst of overwhelming corruption, this knowledge—apart from that nation who were its proper conservators—was perpetuated in the hearts and minds of successive honest and truthful seekers. The foregoing examples are valuable besides as bearing testimony to the truth of that account of polytheism, in its causes and its results, which is given by St. Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

Unity characterizes the deity of revelation and of reason; plurality, the deity of ignorance and of passion. Where revelation has been recent, or where reason has been in full and impartial exercise; or, again, where the matter of the direct communication of the one, or the conclusions arrived at through the painful operations of the other, have been committed to honest keeping, the witness, whether immediate or traditional, has always been in favour of the oneness of the Divine. But where passion has led man to a deification of the impure and the unholy, or where ignorance has embruted his noblest powers, either lust has led him, or abject fear driven him, to wrest from the multiformity of nature the doctrines of Divine limitation.

in attribute and indefiniteness in number.

In tracing up the theologies of all nations, we are pretty sure to come upon indications that monotheism was the doctrine of their remote progenitors. Whether our investigations lead to the "Great Summit" of the Chinese; the "Time-without-bounds" of the Persian Zendavista; the invisible, incomprehensible source of light and life, the "god without a name" of the Egyptians; or, to the hoary mazes of Indian pantheism, we recognize in each a distorted revelation of the one God to the common ancestor of the human race. And, again to narrow the application of our remarks to the Greeks, we find Sophocles thus recording the true patriarchal cosmogony as distinguished from the false cosmogony that obtained in later ages:—

"There is one, in truth but one God,
Who made the heaven and spacious
earth,
And azure waves of sea, and blasts
of winds."

Plato records a tradition, which even in his day was ancient, to the following like effect: "Once it was reported that one God governed the universe; but a great and extraordinary change taking place in the nature of men and things, infinitely for the worse—for originally there was perfect virtue and perfect happiness upon earth—the command devolved upon Jupiter, who had many inferior deities to preside over departments under him." This change, "infinitely for the worse," was, according to our hypothesis, brought about by the wilful oblivion of revelation, the abandonment of reason, and the deliberate surrender of whatever was noble and spiritual in man to the dominion of the corrupt and sensual.

We fortify this position by a passage or two, which may suffice to show that the same opinion upon this matter was held by writers whose testimony is of weight in any Christian estimate of idolatry.

Athanasius says in his "Apology": "Inasmuch as the soul, through devotion to sensual lusts, overspread the mirror which it has, as it were, in itself, and by which alone it could discern the image of the Father, it now sees no more what the soul ought to see. It turns itself in every direction, and sees barely the objects of sense which come in contact with it. Now, in this condition, filled with fleshly lusts, and moved by carnal thoughts, nothing further remains but that it seek for itself the God whom it has forgot, in corporeal and earthly things, assigning the name of God to visible things, and imagining only *that* in regard to Him which is pleasing to itself. Thus moral corruption leads, as the prime cause, to idolatry."

Philastrus, in his "Book of Heresies," remarks: "God nowhere commands to worship angels, nor the elements of the world, nor any creature, nor the idols which the debased will of man would rather invent, that they may have liberty to practise their infamous deeds and abominations; in order that, through this worship, they may venture to enjoy this unbounded licentiousness in sinning."

In the earlier stages of their worship of the many, by the Greeks, their representations of the gods were symbolical rather than imitative; the boldness of their anthropomorphism grew with the numerical increase of their divinities. The gods of Greece became in the Brazen age so multiplied, that it was declared that "nobody could undertake any longer to say how many there were not." In addition to Juno, Vesta, and Themis, who

were incorporated with the principal divinities derived from the banks of the Nile, every Grecian mountain was fantastically peopled with its Oreades; every wood with its Dryades; every fountain was under the guardianship of its Naiad; the sea boasted its Triton and its Nereides, and every river claimed its god.

Multiplicity means, of course, finitude of the individual—and finitude invites to description and imitation. A few lines of Wordsworth will connect for us the ideas of polytheism and the fine arts that ministered to it:—

"The lively Grecian in a land of hills,
Rivers and fertile plains, and sound-
ing shores,
Under a cope of sky more variable,
Could find commodious place for
every god,
Promptly received as prodigally
brought
From the surrounding countries, at
the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled
skill,
As nicest observation furnished
hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand
bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;
Metal or stone idolatrously carved."

We have before declared that the connection subsisting between the true, the beautiful, and the good, is not one of mutual creation, or of correlative generation and descent. There is, however, a certain necessity, too evident to require anything beyond mere assertion to substantiate, in virtue of which religion has the priority over art in its development in the human mind. The arts, we have said, do not give a creed; their religious and moral influence, although in some cases it may seem *articulative* of some system having only a rudimentary existence, is to be regarded rather as *alterative*,

either by sympathy or opposition, of forms of doctrine and codes of morals already established. The arts must be judged as they take part *with* or *against* corruption. As they win our respect if, finding religion degraded and morals polluted, they declare with firmness and dignity for the elevation of the one and the purification of the other; or if, in the midst of religious and ethical purity they countenance nothing but what may perpetuate and increase the same; so do they secure our contempt and abhorrence, if, into a healthy state of feeling, they introduce disorder, or bring to a morbid one aggravations of disease.

We do not bring against the poets and artists of Greece the charge of *originating* the unworthy fables which they invested with the novel interest of beauty of diction and delineation; but of stamping these with their approval, and of procuring for them a wider acceptance and a grosser apprehension; since to them it was owing that the allegorical and moral elements were lost in the carnal and material. It is unnecessary here to enlarge upon the character of the gods; it will be sufficient if we repeat, what no well-informed reader will hesitate to allow, that there was no crime which the most wayward and ingenious sinner could conceive, that might not be excused by a precedent afforded by some member of the Olympian community. Plato, of whom Augustine says that he, seeing well "the depravity of the Grecian gods, and seriously censuring them, better deserved to be called a god than those ministers of sin," accuses Homer and Hesiod of encouraging vice by their theology. The following are as nearly as possible his words, and certainly his sentiments, as adapted from the Sixth Book of his "Republic:"

"Especially are the greater falsehoods of Homer and Hesiod to be censured; for it is the worst species of falsehood, when any one, in his discourse, represents the nature of the gods and heroes in an unworthy manner. This may be compared to the undertaking of a painter, who would paint a likeness, and yet paints nothing like.

"For, first of all he, indeed, has told the greatest lie, and in the most important things, who says that Uranus did what Hesiod makes him do, and then also tells how Saturn punished him. But the deeds of Saturn, and the deep disgrace received from his son, even if they were true, ought not, as it appears to me, to be so thoughtlessly related to the simple and the young, but much rather to be kept in silence. But were there an existing necessity for relating them, it should be in so secret a manner, that as few as possible might hear, and only such, indeed, as had offered not barely a swine, but some greater and more rare victim, so that it might be possible for only a very small number to witness it.

"Such traditions ought by no means to be divulged in our state—at least not before a young man—who, if he should in turn in any way chastise his father, by whom he had been offended, might thus be led to think he had done nothing uncommon, but had only practised what had been done by the greatest and best of the gods.

"It is also by no means either becoming or true, when it is said that the gods make war upon the gods, lay snares for each other, and fight; that is, if we are to regard as most abominable, a reciprocal hostility between those who are bound to guard the state; and still less shall we dare to relate and chant the fables of the wars of the giants, and many and various other hostilities of the gods and heroes against their relatives and kindred. Much rather, indeed, when we are in a situation to persuade them that one citizen was never a foe to another, (and, indeed, this can by no means be right,) ought the greyheaded, the matrons, and all adults, to declare this at once to children, as of para-

mount importance; but they ought also to compel the poets to sing in the same strain.

"On the other hand, how Juno was chained by her son; how Vulcan, when he would have come to the help of his mother, was hurled down from heaven by his father; and all those contests of the gods related by Homer; these we dare not receive into our state, whether they may have a hidden sense or not.

"But now, if any one were to ask, of what nature or kind such fables ought to be, what should we answer to the question? Such descriptions must ever be given of God, as exhibit God truly as He is; whether one present Him in epic, lyric, or tragic song. One truth will therefore serve as a guide, as well for all orators as for all poets: God is the author, not of all things, but only of the good."

To the same purpose are the words of Seneca in his treatise on the "Blessed Life:"—"I bear your injuries," he says, "just as the great Jupiter does the follies of the poets, one of whom attributes to him wings; another, horns; again, another, adultery and nocturnal revelling; one delineates him as fierce towards men; one, as the stealer of beautiful children, yea, as the seducer of his own relatives; while, finally, another describes him as a parricide, and the conqueror of a foreign kingdom belonging to his own father—from which altogether, no other effect could possibly be produced, but that all shame on account of sin should be taken away from men, if they believed in such gods."

So, again, Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks: "I know, indeed, that many persons excuse the immoral fables of the Greeks on the ground of their being allegorical. . . . But the great and unphilosophical mass are accustomed to receive these narratives rather in their worst sense, and to learn one of these two things; either to

despise the gods as beings who wallow in the greatest licentiousness, or not to restrain themselves even from what is most abominable and abandoned, when they see that the gods also do the same."

Such strictures of the more pure-minded among the heathen upon the evil tendency of poetic teaching, abundantly establish the complicity of the worthiest of the arts with a debasing worship and depraved practices; and this without referring to those poets—as Anacreon, Bacchylides, Sappho, Ibycus, Archilochus—who were pre-eminently the prophets of the voluptuous and the sensual. A passage from Professor Tholuck's "Moral Influence of Heathenism," may fittingly close our notice of Greek poetry in its relation to religion and morals. It is as follows: "If we look at the influence of the poets on Greece in general, we must remark to our astonishment, that, strictly speaking, they were the persons who gave a direction and a character to the life of the people. The sciences, the arts, the civil life of the Greeks, all developed themselves through their Homer. Homer was the counsellor in all the exigencies of life. Homer was the teacher of the young, and the enlivener of the old. What an influence on morals must have gone forth from this deification of Homer! No one has known how to pourtray all the vices, and especially sensuality, in a more alluring manner than he; no one has formed a lower conception of the import of life. With good reason, therefore, did Plato deeply feel the ruinous tendency of a merely poetic education, when he banished all poets from his ideal state."

The history of music, the attendant art, itself an inarticulate poetry, presents the same characteristics. It will be enough here to observe that all the beauty and

tenderness, all the softness and pathos of modulated voice and instruments, were pressed into the same service, and countenanced the same immorality, as that to which Greek poetry was so often and so habitually consecrated.

As we have seen that poetry not only accepted, but beautified and elaborated fables and theogonies which depravity had originated or perverted; and that music was equally prompt to throw around them the tremulous charm of her most voluptuous harmonies; so we are about to see that painting and sculpture—arts less worthy than the others, because more directly imitative—were guilty of the same unfaithfulness, and with their sisters took their indicial stations along the slope that led precipitously downwards through blasphemy and intellectual profligacy to the unredeemed abominations of the *καλληφέρεια*, and other transactions fouler still. Every writer of antiquity might be cited as an authority; and we do more than is necessary when we mention such names as Athenæus, Herodotus, Plato, Plutarch, Lucian, Seneca.

Much of the foregoing is generic; equal in propriety of application to all or to any of the fine arts; and sometimes what has been predicated of one, may, *nomine mutato*, be declared concerning another. We shall, on these grounds, be spared the necessity of devoting any great amount of space to a particular consideration of the religious and moral influence of painting and sculpture. Tholuck, to whom we wish to confess frequent obligations, and from whose work on "Heathenism" we have before extracted, says, "Among the Greeks, there was not only this disadvantage, that the minds of men were generally turned away from what is holy; there was also another source of corruption, viz., that

since ungodly-minded artists used religion as a material for the exercise of their art, and since even this religion itself presented objects and excitements of sin, sin itself was rendered attractive by means of art, and thus came even to be pronounced holy." And thus it was, that "the grossest sensuality was often connected with the images of the gods." "Painters and sculptors," as Theodoretus remarks, "represented Europa on the back of the licentious Jupiter; Bacchus was exhibited as an effeminate and sensual monster; Pan and the Satyrs were represented as wild beasts and asses in the most immodest of dispositions; Jupiter, as an eagle, accomplishing the shameless apotheosis of Ganymede; or in the shape of a swan, or falling as a shower of gold, compassing the degradation of Leda and Danaë."

Considering that our information about the times we have been, in one phase of them, depicting, is, for the most part, given of men in the mass, we have thought it better to individualize as little as possible; although it would not be difficult to mention many men—beginning with such artists as Parrhasius and Apelles—whose characters and lives would have illustrated and exemplified our assertions. The national, collective influence of the arts, religion, and morals, we have seen; the influence of the first upon the last two in particular cases will be understood if we perform a simple act of distribution and individualization. For as the national, within certain limits, is but the generalization of the personal; so, conversely, the personal is but the epitome of the national; and in nothing is the character of the one to be more readily estimated from the known character of the other, than in those things which appertain to the ethical and religious.

We are little careful to defend

ourselves if any objection should be taken to the declaration that art was to be blamed for the degradation of Greek, and, finally, of Roman society. We believe we have sufficiently shown that the opinion of some of the best among the heathen upon this subject, is in perfect accordance with that which we have advanced. More than this, we have the Apostle of the Gentiles tracing the same connection of irreligious art with moral obliquity; and declaring the following of the one upon the other to be not a sequence merely, but a judicial and providential consequence. Romans i. 18—32.

In turning to the second or speculative part of our subject, we remark that it is one of the conditions of our bounded faculties that we are obliged to render the abstract into the concrete—the universal into the individual. A man is intellectually noble or vulgar, in proportion as he is able or not able to apprehend truth in a general proposition without the intervention of a particular. The deductive, though often less safe, is always a grander process than the inductive. Whatever conducts through the latter to a point where the former may be safely used; whatever is faithful to the idea running through the analogies of the universe, of the diversity and mobility of parts, co-existent with the oneness and repose of the whole; whatever leads from the finite to the infinite, and through the one recognizes the other; whatever, in short, conducts through the material and created to the spiritual and self-existent, answers the true end of education, and honours the teachings of religion.

Grecian art, as we have seen, egregiously failed to do this; or, rather, it was successful in leading the soul in quite another direction. The question then arises, whether

this failure in the performance of the proper work of all true educative processes, and this sinister success in fostering false ones, be necessary to art in general? Is it essential to the embodiment of the beautiful, that its forms should partake of the profane and the unholy? Are the fine arts, in the very nature of them, unlawful?

An affirmative answer to these questions would commit us to an absurdity easily stated, and upon statement refuting itself. Greek art was degraded by its adoption of the systems which Greek religion and morals had respectively propounded and practised; it was, from the nature of things, the last in the order of time to offend. Its fall was certainly not lower than that of the other two; for it was, at least, unrivalled in the production of beauty of that sensuous kind to which, for the most part, its efforts were restricted; whilst *they*—religion and morals, to wit—were false to those things trusted directly to their keeping. Is religion, therefore, essentially irreligious? Are morals necessarily immoral? Of each of the triad we say, *Corruptio optimi erat pessimum*.

Disposing thus of any objection to the propriety of the fine arts arising from their misapplication to evil purposes, we proceed substantially to repeat the question to which we have just given an analogical answer. This time we do not fetter ourselves with reference to Grecian or any other perversion; and for this reason, as we do not ask apologetically, we drop the negative form and demand, Are the fine arts lawful? Or further, making an assumption of their lawfulness, inquire how it may be shown?

We have collected all the manifestations and attributes of the infinite into three groups, which we have named with Cousin and others, *the True, the Beautiful and the*

Good.. The beautiful is true, not *the true*; the true is good, not *the good*; goodness is true and beautiful, not *truth or beauty*. These, having a common basis or substratum, have yet independence, without confusion, of existence.

Through the ages God has been revealing Himself in qualities and in operations which we arrange specifically under these as genera. The creation was one of a series of analytical processes by which He evidences "his eternal power and Godhead;" and through which He invites dependent intelligences to a regressive synthesis, that so they may approximate to a conception of Him. His own acts have been the steps of a glorious ladder which He has let down from heaven to earth, and assisted by which the half-fledged thoughts of man ascending, penetrate the region of the stars, and attain to the heavenly abodes.

His manifestations have been progressive. The earth witnessed to his glory, when under the influence of his moulding words, it symbolized, as Philo-Judeus, in the spirit of Plato, observes, the completeness of the Divine idea, according to which it was fashioned, when form and beauty were produced out of chaos, and earth became meet to receive man.

If then, as we contend, God is a God of beauty as well as of truth and goodness, his worship, to be perfect, must so recognize Him. Nothing can be complete that wants any of its parts. If any one of these methods of access be closed, an opportunity is prevented of approaching God in the wholeness of his character, and by all possible forms of worship; even by all those which the constitution of man leaves open for him. Whilst we seek, therefore, to embody the true in the creeds, confessions, and observances of religion; the good in

rules for the conservation of purity and charity of thought, of word, and of life; we will also look to the fine arts to embody the beautiful, and to make us familiar with its forms and manifestations.

We thus seek to establish the lawfulness of the fine arts upon the broadest possible basis—a basis which they occupy in common with religion and morals—one, therefore, which seems to us to be most suitable, considering the connection in which we are now about to view them. Coming at once from the essential connection of the qualities they represent, to the co-relation of the objects of our inquiry, we would, in the first place, examine how that which provides theoretically for the entireness of the homage paid to God, practically secures and quantifies the worship offered by the individual. Be it observed, that we know of no beauty—and, without explanation or epithet, speak of none—but that which David calls the “beauty of holiness,” and which the Stoics, with much natural sanctity of character and sentiment, called “the flower of virtue.”* We have now, therefore, nothing to do, unless exceptionally, with deliberate abuses of the fine arts.

Happiness is the harmonious working of unimpeded energies. Completeness of an organism is the perfect and free play of all its parts, prepared for common action by previous development as wholes. Symmetry is a great security for equilibrium; and for the uniform distribution, as well as the economical collection of force. On the other hand, the suffering of one member is the suffering, by sympathy, of all, and the derangement of the whole system. The breaking of a single commandment is the

infracture of the integrity of the law. These instances are particular and, in part, physical; the laws, however, which they illustrate are not confined to them, but obtain universally, whether in the material or in the immaterial world.

Now the three approaches by which man is brought to realize his personal relation to God, the true, the good, and the beautiful, have for their respective ministers and guardians, religion, morals, and the fine arts. These appeal to man variously. Without professing to define them with a scientific exactness more precise than our purpose demands, we observe that they may be considered to be severally intellectual, practical, emotional; and to have as typical ideas, belief, duty, love. Religion and morals do not lay in the emotions their deepest foundations; the fine arts, again, are not ratiocinative or logical. Yet, by the generosity of the impulses to which the last give rise, they are calculated to endue with warmth the speculations of the first, and to elevate by their benevolence, the motives of the second. However vigorous the strength of reason may be within a man, and however loud the voice of moral obligation, he will be thankful for those aids which art supplies; for the affections, except those which are instinctive, are nourished by similes and symbols. Each of these, in itself imperfect, is perfectly adapted to supplement the others, and to give completeness to the worship paid by the individual. From this fact, then, we recognize an important influence which the culture of the fine arts is calculated to exercise upon religion and morals. For, as we have just stated, the greatest security for stability is in symmetry and equilibrium; the

* *Εἶναι δὲ καὶ τὴν ὡραὶ ἀρετὴς ἀρετῆς.* Diogenes Laërtius. Zeno. 68.

greatest strength of a whole is in the perfect development and adaptation of its parts. And the greatest habitual safety is the most impatient of danger, or the appearance of it; the greatest strength is the most intolerant of weakness. The nearer the approach to perfection, the greater is the jealousy of anything which may prove destructive or detrimental to it.

Again, art is the resolution and reconstruction of nature; and is, indeed, as it were, a man-created nature. Whatsoever, therefore, the message spoken by God to man, through nature, may be, it is uttered afresh and re-echoed by art. Whatsoever the one enunciates of love, beauty, power, beneficence, the other also proclaims; and it does this immediately at times and in places where it would be impossible for the message at first hand to penetrate. The fine arts, enforcing the injunctions and interpreting the teachings of nature, lead also by their culture to a methodic investigation of her phenomena beyond what a mere desultory admiration of herself, without reference to artistic representation, could secure.

Art, seizing the combinations of nature most imposing for their beauty, sublimity, and moral effect, brings them home to man, leisurely to instruct him, when a thousand accidents of time or place would preclude the possibility of such a process by means of the original scenes. Thus every note in the manifold hymn which nature, in her infinite variety, is calculated to elicit; every feeling induced by the contemplation of her ever-changing *personæ*, may at will be approximately renewed. By the gentle magic of art we command at will the features most characteristic of all times, all places, all seasons—the sterility of winter; the budding, chequered hopes of spring; the strength and warmth of summer;

and the mellow fruition of autumn. All the religious and moral ideas which these are able to furnish are by art made ours at any time, in quickest possible succession, reproduced in a manner so graphic and vivid as to mark the outstripped efforts of memory, lagging unassisted.

Making a set study of certain forms of nature, and especially of such forms as, *for utilitarian purposes only*, are unnecessary, fills the soul with a psalm of joy and gladness, and is a great encourager and enlivener of faith and love. It is the mission of art—always remembering that the one to which she of set purpose devotes herself is the production of the beautiful—to give utterance to those exhortations and encouragements, which are set forth in the words of Christ, used by Him to convey instruction through a consideration of the “lilies of the field.”

We took love as the distinctive motto of the beautiful, and of the fine arts, naming it as the representative affection, because all the others find in it their culmination, and all repose within its bosom. And when we remember that the desire of possession of the object loved, in a manner sullies the purity of the passion with which it is regarded, we shall see that the fine arts promote an unselfish projection of the soul, which in itself partakes of the nature of religion. Now, if art cherish love, it cherishes also enmity against those qualities and actions to which love is antagonistic. Love is a flower of celestial planting, and cannot flourish perfectly amongst the briars and thorns of earth. It languishes in “an unweeded garden.”

We pay homage, then, to art as the cultivation of a quality that demands as a condition of its existence, elevation, and purity of soul, chastity of thought and desire,

ungrudging obedience and submission of will, and constant communication, by faith, with God as a father. We respect it, again, as the cultivator of a quality known amongst men for its long-suffering, kindness, humility, gentleness, unselfishness—a quality named the all-bearing, all-believing, all-hoping, all-enduring, eternal.

The ground we are now treading upon is seductive; and we seem walking along what Lord Bacon, in his essay "On Gardens," calls "whole alleys of flowers, which, being crushed and trodden upon, perfume the air most delightfully." These, however reluctantly, we quit, and proceed, for we are more solicitous to settle the basis of our argument on demonstration and reason, than upon sentiment and illustration. We prefer the praise of condensation and suggestiveness, to that of a florid diffuseness.

Hitherto we have so confined our remarks that, in making them, we have been able to employ the terms *art* and the *fine arts* interchangeably. It remains for us, very briefly, to bestow particular notice upon particular forms; and we proceed, therefore, to speak specifically of the arts in their order—of poetry, namely, music, painting, and sculpture.

We place poetry at the head of the fine arts, because it is least dependent on imitation, because it has to do with symbols most definite, and at the same time most comprehensive; because, chiefly, it alone of them all, can, by its power of employing negative terms and description, speak directly of God, and make the infinite its theme.

The circle of *verbal* extension is coincident, or only less than coincident, with that of the extension of *ideas*. We might say, indeed, that words, in common with ideas, are *relatively* infinite; for they accompany and describe the flight of

the latter beyond the ultimate term of any finite series.

That which is most illustrious as an art has also the glory of the most exalted influence on religion and morals. The beauty of poetry makes the nearest approach to the spiritual *idea* of religion. By nothing, of all things, only collateral with the grand evangelic message, can a "mind diseased" be ministered unto so skilfully and effectually as by poetry. In no other manner can the heights and depths of religious experience be so graphically and worthily represented. The language of strong feeling necessarily tends to the metaphoric and the rhythmical. Poetry is the fitting vehicle for expressions of penitence and faith, of pardon and praise. Does the soul feel a power to trust God in all disasters, in sorrow, extremity, pain, and death? the vivid language of poetry is: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Is the soul filled with the consciousness of deliverance from the power and the consequences of sin, with the sense of pardon and peace?—poetry, projecting the natural into the spiritual, declares: "As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord that fear Him."

An inversion of the proper estimate of the relation subsisting between the intellectual, the practical, and the emotional, seems to have taken place from the time when Adam exchanged obedience and love for illicit knowledge. Nevertheless, as Cicero remarks, "*Virtus est eadem in hominibus ac Deo.*" Scripture declares it to be the last glory in the character of God, that He is love; and all rightly-governed reason, however humbling the acknowledgment may be, owns that the highest glory in the character of man is not in the intellect, but in the affections. The reason is evident, and told in few words. *The affections are the well-spring of motives.*

The highest functions of poetry—we do not forget, though we omit, lower ones—are:—to give a rhythmical condensation of the highest truth; to foreshadow this by some happy and inspired flight, leaving demonstration to more patient and logical thinkers; and, again, to encourage these more patient and formal thinkers by utterances which may go to their hearts as a solace and support, or which may be interchanged amongst them as watch-words and words of cheer. In saying this, we of course commit ourselves to the assertion that the highest poetry is that which has to do not with the outer and physical world, but with the inner and spiritual. It is not that which sings the praises of nature and material beauty, but that which speaks of the beauty which is the blossom of sanctity; which celebrates the elevation of the affections, the struggles and reverses, the conflicts and the victories of the soul on its way to purification and nobility.

It is just as certain that truth is indestructible, as it is that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." There are the elements of perpetuity in

both the message and the form of beauty in which it is delivered; and when the truth uttered and the words which announce it, appeal to the universal heart of man as highest and most perfect of their several kinds, they bid fair to enjoy a fellowship of immortality. Poetry is faithful to whatsoever has been entrusted to her, and makes others in turn partakers of what she has herself received. All the sentiments that can be expressed, can also be evolved, by poetry.

Of music we have before spoken as of an inarticulate poetry, a poetry which is not *μέλος*, having all the characteristics of the more perfect form, but having them only in a rudimentary shape or degree. It would thus be idle to occupy ourselves with a reiteration of what has been already said, either when treating of the fine arts in general, or of poetry in particular, since music is of the same genus as poetry; is so, at least, according to the distribution which, looking at them in the light of religion and morals, we think it safe to adopt.

Painting and sculpture, the arts of which we have now very briefly to speak, are imitative. Dealing with figure and extension, they have no power of expressing absence or negation. Every stroke of a pencil or a chisel cannot but be positive, and cannot, therefore, be other than limitative. The infinite can find no place in it. If any proof were necessary to establish this, it might be found in the abortive attempts which the arts, restricted to affirmations, have made to illustrate eternity. Their efforts after the expression of this idea have resulted only in the production of unworthy conceits. The favourite images of a serpent holding the tail in its mouth, and the circumference of a circle, may serve as examples. These are simply made by what is, palpably, a succession of points so

disposed that any one of them may be the first or the last. To represent infinite duration by space—and these arts know only such methods as are dependent on space—would require a circle of an infinite radius. If they can possess themselves of such a circle, the barrier to their representation of everything contained in the idea of infinity is broken down, and a delineation of the Divine is possible. But till then, every introduction of God in a painting, or representation of Him by means of statues, is simply and essentially blasphemous. Every such representation “limits the Holy One,” and has resulted, as we have seen, most disastrously to the interests of morals and religion. The Church of Rome, with her characteristic tenacity of many heathen abominations, has not discountenanced these ungodly efforts. At least one painting, a legacy from the times when art was still, in great part, hieratic, representing the persons of the Trinity as men, is to be seen in England. The painting referred to is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; but of course, in naming it, we do not wish to deny that Romanists still preserve, and cherish, and even produce such pictures. In the particular gallery where it hangs, it figures as a relic of a bygone vulgarity of religious and philosophical conception.

It is to the delineation of the most perfect human form that Christian artists properly address themselves—to the expression of the most exalted human emotion. In works of art so suggestive as the *Ecce Homo* of Guido, and in a less degree in the same of Correggio, we are called upon to admire and love the most unselfish suffering. But we see not God on the canvas. This is the one essential qualification which we are bound to make, and the only one which we feel it very

necessary to make, when we speak of the beneficial results of painting as one of the arts.

Of sculpture as a religious and moral coefficient, less can be said; for we cannot detect that *expression* is the strong point of this art, but rather elegance of form and figure. It is on this ground we object—and we believe we have strong negative evidence that the artistic world has generally objected—to statuary representations of Christ. The only one of which we are informed—we refer not to crucifixes and statuary objects of worship in making the statement, but to statues dedicated to him as a sort of hero or conqueror—was at Edessa, and we think it a remarkable instance of depraved taste and feeling.

It would have been pleasant for us to have made a particular notice of the place of each of the arts, in its order in the worship of God; but we find this unnecessary, on account of the unanimous admission of the propriety of music and poetry as modes of expressing spiritual devotion and adoration. And, with respect to the others, generically alike, painting, sculpture, and perhaps architecture, it will be enough if we enunciate a single comprehensive judgment. We may first remark that some little weight may be allowed to the plea that those persons who, from lack of education, are unable to understand the more subtle and rational symbols of language, may be edified by the more grossly represented histories and exploits of good men, their exemplars, by means of the imitative arts. Worship by symbols is the sign of a low state of spirituality; *dependence* upon symbols is a proof of its non-existence. The worship which symbols countenance, is natural, and should be very jealously guarded from intruding into a worship intended to be

as emphatically spiritual as the nature of man allows. Whatever may be said of the pictorial, statuesque, symbolical, or highly ritualistic forms of worship, the form which abjures such intermediaries, and is most direct in coming to God, must be safe. If the natural be cultivated apart, and the spiritual apart, God will be properly honoured in both; they will not confound each other, nor baffle and destroy each other.

Finally, to what conclusions do our observations bring us as to the influence of the fine arts on morals and religion? The imitative arts, not venturing to trespass on the domain of the spiritual, and shunning as blasphemy the limitation of the Divine, are yet invaluable

as aids to their own method of worship—in their power to call up the emotions, which the contemplation of the human in its most noble forms and situations can suggest; whilst the arts in general, as they pourtray nature, appropriate all the lessons which nature teaches, and re-utter them with their own voice; and, as they assist love, encourage all that love accomplishes. Representing one of the three grand methods of communicating with God, they give completeness to the worship paid by the individual; and they are the manifestations of that beautiful, which supplements the true and the good in the universal homage and adoration offered to the God of goodness, truth, and beauty.

THE SONG OF THE STREAM TO THE SEA.

THE stream still sings the song it sang
Softly a thousand years ago,
In pain the weeping willows hang,
Bursting with joy the speed-wells blow.

The stream to Ocean's graveyard flings
Melodious tales of merry deeds,
The requiems of buried kings,
The dirges of departed creeds.

Lo! on the cold sand's vasty bed,
I mark the wash of Ocean's waves;
The foam which veils the shipwrecked dead,
The billows dancing on their graves.

Methinks 'tis Time floats on the stream,
That shadow of a shadow, Time;
I bathe me in a mystic dream,
Of fate supreme, austere, sublime.

Thus all I hear, and all I see,
All movement and all rest impart
Music, mirage, and mystery
To the horizon of my heart.

I hear the long sigh of the wind,
The wild sea moaning on the shore,
I am an atom of the mind
Of man, and ask of God no more.

ROBERT BATSON.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 15.

THE RT. HON. JOHN THOMAS BALL, LL.D., Q.C.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

IN the Right Hon. John Thomas Ball, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose portrait we present this month, our readers will recognize not only the head of the legal profession in Ireland, but one who for the last ten years has occupied a position in public life rarely obtained by a lawyer, and never before so rapidly won.

Called to the Irish Bar in 1849, at the age of twenty-five, and after a most distinguished University career, Dr. Ball brought to the practice of his profession not only legal learning, but gifts and accomplishments of a very varied order. He was early recognized as a high authority on all questions of ecclesiastical and civil law, but practised with distinction in all the courts both of law and equity. He took silk in 1854, and continued still to devote himself exclusively to professional labours. The reputation of the Chancellor at the Bar is associated with some of the greatest cases. In the celebrated trials relating to the great properties of Mr. Edmund Kelly, Lord Egmont, and Lord Hertford, he was a leading counsel. He was also engaged in the Yelverton case.

It was only in 1865 that he appeared in the arena of politics. At the general election of that year, he came forward as a candidate for the University of Dublin, standing as an independent churchman. Foreseeing the storms that were gathering round the Irish Church, he argued that the moderation and practical conservatism of Lord Palmerston, and the friendly disposition of the present Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary for Ireland, offered a favourable occasion for legislation in connection with the Church.

In a speech delivered at a meeting preliminary to the election, he explained that he had been invited to come forward by persons of deserved influence in the Church and University, with a view to such legislation; that Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel being friendly to the Church, and advocates of reform, were more likely than others by their influence with the party in a majority in the House, to accomplish a favourable settlement of the question. On that occasion he pointed out that the penal laws, and the effects of the policy which dictated them, had obstructed the progress of reformation in Ireland, assailing in the minds of the native population the new doctrines with measures unjust and unrelenting; and thus placing their advocates in antagonism with the natural instincts of

love of country and resistance to oppression. The period within which a change had been introduced into the spirit of our legislation was too recent to give a fair trial to the Church, and it was not to be blamed if in the space of a lifetime it had not accomplished what might have tasked centuries. An opportunity seemed then presented for some settlement, which, though it would fail to please the extremes of either party, might procure that repose and peace, without which an ecclesiastical organization could not effectively fulfil its mission.

Whether at the time the Chancellor suggested these views, they were not too late, may be doubted; however, the majority of the electors refused to entertain them. But though Dr. Ball was not elected, his conduct of the struggle at once marked him as a man of no ordinary grasp of political questions, and comprehensiveness of thought.

In 1867, the Chancellor was appointed a member of a Royal Commission, issued by Mr. Disraeli's government to inquire into the Church of Ireland. This commission, presided over by Earl Stanhope, numbered among its members Sir Joseph Napier, and other eminent men, but was limited in its range by the terms of appointment; and being confined to internal reforms, was prevented from recommending, indeed from considering, any measures that could be deemed at all adequate to the emergency.

In 1868, immediately previous to the dissolution of Parliament, and when the access to power of the Liberal party, with a scheme for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, shadowed out by Mr. Gladstone in the early part of the year in Parliament, was imminent, the Irish Government conferred office upon the present Chancellor, and he had the support of the Government for a seat in the University, especially with a view to the legislation on the Church question then impending. On the dissolution, he was returned for the University along with Mr. Lefroy.

When in 1869 Mr. Gladstone brought forward his Irish Church Bill, the speech of the Chancellor on the second reading presented a different view of the question from that suggested by any other speaker in the debate. There were, according to him, in Ireland, three great religious denominations, the Protestant Episcopalian, the Roman Catholic, and the Presbyterian, so pre-eminent in numbers, intellectual cultivation, and social power and influence, that they might be viewed as three churches, co-extensive with three nations, English, Scotch, and Irish in origin, inhabiting the same island. One of these was established, and had property within its own dominion; another received from the State an annual grant; and the third was assisted by it in educating its clergy. All this property, and all contribution from the State to any religion, the proposed Bill took away, and cast the country in its ecclesiastical arrangements altogether upon the voluntary system. Voluntaryism until then had no support from any English statesman; and was equally destitute of authority from the example of European kingdoms. It would fail in securing either permanence or universality of religious ministrations, and lead to a deterioration of the religious instruction given. Under the voluntary system, he urged, each teacher confines his attention to his own flock, and the mass are left uninstructed. "In periods of religious coldness the zeal of its supporters become languid. At all times the minister is coerced rather to reduce his tone of thought to the level of his hearers than to raise theirs to his. Objectionable

second reading of the Bill, but urged various amendments. His observations on the clauses, perpetuating the Ulster tenant right, foretold all the controversies which have since sprung up respecting it. "What usage was to govern its terms? Is it the usage of the holding, of the estate, of the barony, of the county, or of the province? He thought it must be of the holding. If varied from time to time, was it of the last five years, or of the five preceding, or of the remotest period referred to in the evidence? No lawyer could advise a purchaser what were the liabilities of this character to which he was subject. Differences of legal obligations in districts of limited extent had always been objected to by Jurists—what then was to be said of a system, which in a small number of counties made them differ not by parishes or baronies, but by holdings, however diminutive. He doubted the success of the clauses intended to create a small proprietary. Cromwell had issued numbers of land debentures, and created small freeholders of fifty acres or thereabouts. Few remained of them. The profits from small holdings are little; and though the desire to retain the fee simple is great, it is overcome by the consideration of profit, by special pressure, by the necessity of providing for a family, by the ambition of large owners, and by other causes which tend to make the temptation to sell irresistible. It was not proprietors of this class that Ireland needed, so much as men of independent fortune in the middle class of proprietary gentry, educated, enlightened, bringing with them civilization and an example of refinement, and spreading those influences round them."

Having given the Chancellor's views upon two of the three great questions, which Mr. Gladstone proposed in connection with the scheme of an improved system of policy for Ireland, we come to the third—education. Here, again, he took a line somewhat different from that adopted by the general Conservative opposition to the Bill. He observed he was not enamoured of abstract theories in reference to education, not that they might not advantageously be debated by philosophers and thinkers, but that the work of practical legislation should be carried on with reference to times and occasions, before which theories have to bend. When institutions exist, they must be taken into account as they exist, and not as we would desire originally to have framed them.

His objections to the measure were not any general or abstract principle, but the nature of its provisions destructive to the real interests of education. It had not been introduced to meet an educational want. No one denies the high standard attained in Trinity College, and the Queen's Colleges. It was to satisfy a claim to have education connected with some particular system of religion. But the Catholic college would be in no better position after it was passed than it was before; the grievance and the demand would remain. The Bill caused the unmerited fall of great educational institutions, acknowledged and undoubted sources of instruction and enlightenment, to substitute another of defective construction, circumscribed in its range of study, without the faintest pretence that thereby any want was satisfied, any discontent appeased, controversy or agitation terminated. He did not hesitate to make a bold suggestion as to the disposal of the Church surplus—"Why are Trinity College, Galway College, or any other really effective establishment for superior instruction in Ireland to languish, while the large surplus of Church property remains available?" Its present contemplated destination, the use proposed to be made of it for the benefit of lunatics and

idiots, seems conceived in the spirit of scorn with which Swift records he bequeathed his own property for the same purpose—

“ To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.”

The speech closes with an allusion to the success in every walk of life of those who owed their education to Dublin University, and points out that, with an absentee gentry, no manufactures, except the linen, in a small part of Ireland, little trade, and less commerce, there remained for the energy of the country only those employments to which that education opened a path; hence, for England to dwarf or degrade it was to repeat, in dealing with a nation, the policy of the elder brother, who, having robbed the younger of his patrimony, sought to render him unfit to recover it; and, in the language of their own great dramatist, “ undermined his gentility in his education.”

In the same way, on the Ballot Bill, the speech of the Chancellor was remarkable for the knowledge and original views presented. He gave a philosophical analysis of the conditions of modern public life, which will always hold the highest rank in the oratory of the late Parliament.

We have thought these extracts the best means of enabling our readers to estimate for themselves the parliamentary career of the Lord Chancellor. Grouping together the great questions, in the discussion of which he took so important a part, we have left him to present his views in his own language, abstaining ourselves from any discussion of his opinions. The matters to which they refer have now, for the most part, been already settled by the events of history. For instance, the question of higher education in Ireland, to which one of our most remarkable extracts referred, has been placed on an entirely new basis by the subsequent legislation of that same session of 1873. But it is only by reference to the boldness and originality of these speeches that we get a true historic picture of the Chancellor. We must take account not only of his brilliant abilities, but of his independence of character and wide sympathies, if we would understand why his promotion to his present high office has been hailed with such approval not only by his own party and his own Church, but by all creeds and classes of Irishmen.

But the Chancellor is not only a lawyer and statesman. He has devoted much attention to the special subject of legal reform, and has been much occupied with the bills necessary for the completion of the scheme of 1873. Speaking recently at the banquet given in honour of the Lord Lieutenant at the Mansion House, he described the objects of the Bills, in whose preparation he had been associated with Lord Cairns, to be, “ to make law intelligible by requiring it to speak the language of daily life; simple, by relieving it of the incumbrance of a technical system of procedure; expeditious, and therefore cheap, by obliging the continuous progress of each case before the same judge until its complete determination.” In these objects all, of whatever party or creed, are alike interested, and we feel confident that we speak the universal voice, when we heartily wish the Chancellor success in his projects for improving the administration of the law.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

By J. FORTREY BOUVERIE,

AUTHOR OF "HER GOOD NAME," ETC.

THE Earl of Killcullen was a man out of all harmony with the age in which he lived. His nature was a riddle to his neighbours, and because they would not take the trouble of solving it, and lest they should be deemed slow of wit if they said nothing at all about him, they called him a wilfully bad, wrong-headed man. Public opinion often takes such short cuts to judgment, with even less excuse.

The Earl was an old man, and a proud man. This latter fact everyone felt, though had you asked them in what way, they would have been puzzled to answer you. They might have said, perhaps, that the stern cast of his features, his compressed lips, and erect bearing, told a tale of pride and inaccessibility; but, beyond this, they could say little, except that he showed an extraordinary care in avoiding any sense of obligation to his fellow-creatures, and held himself aloof as much as possible from his neighbours. He was scrupulously just in all his dealings; he helped the needy, but never gave an alms without investigation. Yet, where he gave help, no kind words accompanied the dole of relief. His vast estates were managed with justice and mercy, and he spent almost all his time in developing schemes of improvements, and in working out the details of agricultural systems; but, at the same time, he never laid out a shilling on plans that

gave no promise of ultimately proving worth the money expended on them. Sentiment had nothing to do with his conduct in any business matters, so that, however he might have fared among a more practical people, in Ireland his caution and exactness made him thoroughly unpopular. His general principles in business matters were sound enough, but he carried them out so pedantically, and cared so little for other people's feelings and failings, as long as he declared emphatically what he believed to be the truth, that to thin-skinned Irish men and women, with plenty of faults, and a peculiar appreciation of well-bred indifference, he soon became an object of absolute hatred.

But worse even than his pride, his severe bluntness, and his closeness in money matters, were his political opinions, and the odium of his descent. The founder of the house of Killcullen had been a German lord in the army of King William III., who, for his services in the Irish campaign, rewarded him with the title of Baron Killcullen, and a fine slice of territory, the former owner of which slept peacefully beneath the waters of the Boyne with a bullet in his brain. This origin of the Killcullen prosperity was never forgotten by some of those who hated the old Earl, because he would not join the directors of the Killcullen and Bogmore Rail-

"Nonsense; I think the *Killcullen Freeman* will do."

"Well, sir, it might to be sure; but then there's Mr. Freeman, of Bridge Street. He's considered a very peculiar person, and it might be thought we were aiming at him. It's supposed he's the stoutest and the reddest-faced man in Ireland."

"Alliteration is a good thing. Let me see — the *Killcullen Kite* — *Killcullen Courier—Chronicle—Critic*."

"I think, sir, as we are rising, so to speak, from the ruins of the *Irreconcilable*, we couldn't take a more suitable name than the *Moderator*."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Clampit, "as the *Moderator* we'll start. But we needn't be moderate on that account."

Nor were they.

The first number of the *Moderator* appeared, and a column and a half of the most violent personal abuse of Lord Killcullen constituted the leading article. The new editor determined to give tone and colouring to his paper, and ensure it a good sale, by printing plenty of offensive personalities; and his own hatred, and the general unpopularity of the Earl, gave him a rare opening for displaying his peculiar literary power. After calling the Earl "one of those men who were plague-spots in the country, and by whose baneful efforts alone, Ireland was kept back in the path of progress," Mr. Clampit continued: "His factious parliamentary opposition strangled our scheme of a tunnel through the Shrug; and as long as we perform the weary circuit of that hill, which blocks up the entrance to our town, so long shall we remember by whom we are kept from reaching our homes by the shorter and more obvious way. But in this matter of the tunnel we were not unanimous. There were two opinions in the town, and

our peer chose to side with the factious minority. We let that pass, however. Then came another question, the deepening of the bed of the Cull, and the contemplated navigation improvements. As to this we were all of one mind. The very children in the schools knew the advantages of water communication, yet here again the local magnate seized the opportunity of opposing our interests, and, by his flagrant misrepresentations, prevented the Government from granting us the loan, without which he well knew the works could not be carried out. Whatever people at a distance may think of his words, we know what motives prompted him to search far and wide till he found an engineer, who valued his professional reputation so little, as to declare that our river could not be made navigable for barges even, without an impossible outlay in works and locks, if, indeed, it could be made so at all. *Our peer was afraid lest he should be obliged, for appearance's sake, to take a small share in the work.* This is our *début* in the arena of political life. We are not a day old yet, but, nevertheless, we will tell this nobleman, all Earl though he be, that he will find the Radical infant more than a match for his mature malice. We take our stand upon the broad basis of public right, and no considerations of self-interest, or aristocratic menaces, shall be able to make us withdraw one inch from our proud position. Let the representatives of effete systems of vindictive oppression take heed; and, above all, let the descendant of the sausage-eating Williamite filibuster know that now, indeed, for the first time, his conduct will be criticized, his movements watched, his designs detected, and their mischievous consequences as much as possible averted."

It would be hard to describe the

feelings with which the Earl of Killeullen read this attack upon his character and conduct, as he sat in his lonely study. He lived for the most part a solitary life. He was a widower, and his only son, Lord Wurstesser, was a guardsmen, and lived in England most of the year. Lord Killeullen could not bear London, but made a pilgrimage there every May, and remained four weeks, devoting very little of his time or attention to society, but getting through a great deal of business, and enjoying a good deal of his son's company—for, unlike the rest of the world, Wurstesser did not find his father a disagreeable man, and showed him an amount of respect and attention not often von heafed by young men about town to old fathers from the country. It was rather a touching sight, this devotion of the polished young guardsmen for his gruff forbidding-looking parent, and the world praised it as something quite extraordinary; but Lord Wurstesser seemed not to notice their admiration of his excellence, and took no credit to himself for loving his old father.

But to return to the Earl in his study. Over the fire-place there was a dim picture of the ancestor of the era of the Revolution, to whom the present Earl bore some resemblance, despite the difference between a few grey hairs and a mass of flowing curls falling down over a cuirass. Over the door, in satin and buckram, sat the first Earl's German Frau, in a stiff, gilded chair, with crossed hands, half-seated in a beautiful painted lace. To her right hung the portrait of her only son, a young man, who, when middle-aged, married an Irish beauty, in this way repairing some of the damage done to his patrimony by a wild youthful career. Ever since the Killeullen stock had been transplanted into

Irish soil, it had flourished more and more; and as Lord Killeullen's eyes wandered over the column and a half of abuse in the newspaper on his knee, he wondered what on earth he had ever done to deserve such hatred. He certainly was rich, but he knew what large sums he had given back to the soil whence he had taken his wealth; he knew also how well housed his tenants were, and how little misery there was on his property. He certainly had thrown the whole weight of his power against what he believed were impracticable schemes; but was he expected to help blind folly to work mischief? The only place where the shoe pinched was when he found himself accused of stinginess. He felt he had not been liberal, but there was no love to his neighbours in his heart to make him so. He had never been fairly dealt with by them. Had they ever listened to his advice, or done anything to induce him to make special sacrifices for them? Absentees were abused, but could any absentee be assailed as he had been? For a moment he felt so angry, he half-resolved to shut up his diary mansion, and migrate to England or the Continent. He crushed the *Moderator* in his hand and flung it into the fire, and his face flushed as he watched it burning, and, when it was consumed, he lay back in his chair and thought deeply.

Then came out the dogged resolution of his nature. He had never been happy in the place where his lot in life had been cast, but that was no reason for him to yield to misfortune. He would not let a wretched newspaper drive him out of the country. Besides, he thought it his duty to remain, and watch those whom he considered perfectly incapable of taking care of themselves; and this idea

settled the matter, for the worst of the Killcullens never forgot the duties of their position.

After about half an hour's painful meditation, the Earl moved over to his writing-table, and wrote a note to the bishop, complaining of the sermons of his parish clergyman. As it was rather a characteristic epistle, it may as well be given :—

"My dear Lord,—I make no apology for troubling you on a matter which I consider of vital importance to the Church. You have appointed a young man to perform the duties of the church where I attend public worship, and that young man is neglecting his business. He receives a certain stipend, and one of his duties is to preach. He is a very ignorant young man, and needs to study much to produce a discourse of even tolerable merit; notwithstanding this, he is taking upon himself to pour forth from his pulpit extempore utterances, remarkable only for their volume and utter want of meaning. This sort of thing is becoming common in your lordship's diocese, and I, for one, beg leave to protest against it. The other evening, when our young 'pastor,' as he styles himself, suddenly and unexpectedly found himself at a loss for something to say, he made the astounding assertion that the ocean was full of water. Can absurdity go farther? Is it a compliment to his congregation to treat them like this? Does your lordship imagine that extempore effusions are better than written sermons, the result of, at any rate, deliberate composition? Does a writer who wishes to write convincingly, talk volubly, and get a short-hand writer to take down his words? I wonder what a publisher would say to such a proceeding?"

The bishop disposed of, the Earl unlocked a drawer, whence he took out his bank accounts, and set to work hard at sums in which the cyphers out-numbered the digits by more than ten to one. Then he wrote another letter, referring very often to his sums, and copying

some of them. In his whole life his face had never looked harder or more resolute than while he wrote that letter.

As soon as it was finished and sealed, he returned to his arm-chair, and lapsed into a brown study. To judge by his face, he might have been devising a scheme by which to ruin his enemy, Clampit. As a matter of fact, however, the old man was thinking of some low marshy lands called the Inches, just outside the town of Killcullen. While he was still absorbed in his reflections, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of a deputation from Killcullen. Something like a groan escaped from the Earl's lips as he rose slowly from his chair.

The deputation was introduced by Mr. Spiler, the Earl's attorney and man of business, and consisted of the most violent and radical members of the town council. Among them stood Mr. Clampit, perfectly unabashed, and not one whit ashamed to meet the man whom he had denounced so recently in his paper. The editor stood with his arms folded, gazing defiantly up at another portrait of "the sausage-eating filibuster" that hung on the drawing-room wall. Certainly the editor's insolent sneer was no match for the old Baron's scornful, downward gaze, and the contrast in the appearance of the two men might have made the Earl smile, if his mind had been less irritated. As it was, when he saw Clampit, his colour rose and his brows contracted.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, coldly, with a studied bow.

The members of the deputation, as they had walked down the avenue, had felt pretty much at their ease; they had sauntered slowly along by twos and threes, and had expressed their opinions of the Earl pretty freely,

as only his high elms and deer could hear them, but now, once they felt themselves in his actual presence and under the shadow of the lordly walls of Knocknabarron, an uneasy awkwardness fell upon them. In vain they held their hats before their chests or behind their backs; in vain they cleared their throats, patted their waistcoats, and looked at one another. Not one man among them, except Clampit, could resist the influence of the place or the Earl's stern, forbidding glance, as he looked from one to the other of them, mutely desiring them to begin their statement.

Clampit alone looked quite at his ease. He worked his feet about on the velvety crimson carpet, till the thick pile was beaten down and stuck together by the damp mud from his rough boots; and he met the Earl's look wholly undaunted. Mr. Spiler introduced the deputation in a few words, in which he disclaimed any share in their objects or deliberations.

"My lord," the Mayor began, nervously, "you are aware of the matter respecting which we have waited upon you to-day?" The Mayor would have wished to be more obsequious, but he felt that Clampit's eye was upon him. The Earl made no reply, but nodded his head slowly.

"We have often had occasion to regret," continued the head of the civics, "that your lordship, actuated no doubt by the best motives, has nevertheless found it necessary to oppose the expressed wishes, and—a—the cherished projects of our town. We have been, in some cases, obliged to yield to your lordship's adverse opinion and influence, but on one subject we feel solemnly bound to urge upon your lordship a reconsideration of your decision.

We are aware that what appears to us no more than the conscientious discharge of our duties may seem

to your lordship presumption and interference, and—a—an undue persistence in wishing to have our own way; but however this may be, we beg your lordship to do us the favour of discussing with this deputation—which represents the intelligence and enterprise of our community—the question of the improvement of the navigation of the Cull."

The Mayor pulled up, quite out of breath, and a gratifying murmur of "Hear, hear," greeted the end of this speech.

The Earl rubbed his chin with his hand, and said slowly, and very disagreeably, it seemed to his hearers,—

"Gentlemen,—I have no objection whatever to discuss this matter with you, if there is any chance of my being able to prove to you the impossibility of your projects, and I thank you for your recognition of the fact, that however much I may at different times have found myself compelled to oppose your wishes, I have always been actuated by honourable motives."

It might have been fancy, Mr. Clampit afterwards thought, but he could almost have sworn he saw a satirical expression in the Earl's eyes—his eyes only—at that moment. The deputation winced.

"You are aware," continued the nobleman, "that when Mr. Jones was over here last year, I requested him to report to me on the scheme. How hopelessly adverse his ideas were to your wishes, I need scarcely remind you."

"But Mr. Magrath, brother to this gentleman here," expostulated the Mayor, pointing to one of the deputation, "has also examined the river, and pronounces favourably as to the project. One engineer's opinion may differ from another's. Engineers can't always agree, no more than doctors."

"Mr. Magrath will pardon me,"

said the Earl, whose harsh, strident voice lent no softness to a somewhat hard speech. "Though I have every respect for his brother's opinion, his eminence in his profession is not quite that of Mr. Jones, or such as to warrant me in acting on his unsupported opinion in a matter of such consequence. Mr. Jones is, in England, universally admitted to stand at the head of his profession, and his mere opinion in this matter cost me a considerable sum, but the advice was cheap if it prevents us from committing an act of folly. At the same time I wish to do full justice to Mr. Magrath—it is quite natural he should favour a project that would bring a good deal of employment to different persons in the town."

Again the same curious gleam shot from under the Earl's shaggy eye-brows. The deputation grew uncomfortable, and might perhaps have withdrawn in confusion but for Mr. Clampit, who asked, with some violence in his manner,—

"Are we, then, to understand that your lordship declines to discuss the matter further?"

"Certainly not. If there is anything you wish to say to me, I am quite ready to listen."

Maps were then produced, and an animated discussion ensued, in the course of which one of the deputation contrived to overturn and break a vase of Dresden china. The Earl worsted his opponents at every point, though he spoke very little, and the deputation was at last fain to desist from an attempt that had plainly been hopeless from the first.

"I am sorry your lordship is not able to arrive at a different decision," said the Mayor, heated and flushed from the vehemence with which he had argued, and showing his annoyance pretty plainly on his face.

"It is so seldom that all creeds and parties can be unanimous in recommending a line of action," said the mildest man of the party, a Quaker.

"Yes," added the Mayor, "for I beg to assure your lordship that we are actuated by no religious motives whatever."

"That I can quite believe, Mr. Mayor," said the Earl; and for the third time, Mr. Clampit noticed the sarcastic expression of Lord Killcullen's eyes.

"Before you go, gentlemen," said the Earl, "I should like to say something to you about a project that I cannot help thinking of far greater importance than that upon which you have again consulted me in vain. If I have destroyed your activity in one direction, allow me to point out another field in which it will find ample scope. You all know the Inches? They are a constant source of disease to the town. The unfortunate poor, who live beside them, are annually decimated by fever—and some of your own dwellings, gentlemen, are not one yard too distant from the source of infection. Your house, Mr. Clampit, if I remember right, is very near those Inches, and I would be understood to warn you especially of their danger. Another matter which I beg you to consider, is the water supply."

We need not follow the Earl in his long address; suffice it to say, he spoke disagreeably and sensibly as usual, and, as usual, produced no other effect on his hearers than to make them impatient and angry. He wound up with a proposal to provide funds for the undertaking, the principal to be repaid in instalments of 4 per cent., in thirty-five years.

This he said to test their enterprise, and desire for the well-being of the town. With a few ambiguous words of thanks, the de-

putation withdrew; and as Mr. Clampit passed out of the house he ground his teeth, and muttered to the Mayor, "How nicely he told us we were jobbing!—but I'll pay him off in the paper."

A special meeting was soon held to consider the Earl of Killeullen's offer, and though it sounded fair enough to some, the general feeling was against it, and so many difficulties were raised, and the word *debt* used with such alarming frequency and significance, that distrust of the scheme seized the assembly, and the very men who had talked cheerfully of great loans from Government, and of gigantic engineering schemes, shrunk timidly from the far smaller outlay suggested by the Earl. Lord Killeullen's proposal was finally rejected by nine to two.

When the Earl heard the result of the meeting, he said very little, but, like a few silent men, he thought the more. He had been a curious man, in one respect, all his life, shrinking from the idea of laying himself under an obligation to any one. Certainly it could not have been because he cared for the poor, it must have been from sheer obstinacy of disposition that, at this crisis, he departed from the inflexible custom of a lifetime, and went to each of the men who had been at the meeting, and implored him, as a personal favour, to accept his terms. His self-humiliation, however, was all in vain. The town was very much obliged to his Lordship, but they could not "see their way" to accepting his generous offer. They liked to "see their way" before backing in any enterprise, and snubbed him to his face. Behind his back they ridiculed and sneered at his ungainly efforts to be a redeemer and persuasive. Small minds sometimes feel themselves exalted by the mere fact of having been rude

to a person above them in position, and so it was with the corporation of Killeullen on this occasion. They had snubbed and thwarted a lord, and felt immensely proud of themselves in consequence.

When the Earl returned from his canvass, he felt more crest-fallen than he had ever done since the last time, as a little boy, he had been whipped at school. Never before in his life had he so humbled himself—perhaps, also, he had never been less disagreeable; certainly he had never been so snubbed. If he had been trying to pick the pockets of those to whom he had spoken, they could not have received him more suspiciously, and it had cost him grievous pains to keep his temper under control. But he had not failed in his resolve, he had not betrayed by word or deed how he had suffered; why, as he drove home rapidly from his weary round of calls, the very recollection of the mortification he had endured bathed his forehead with moisture, and made him clench his hands together, while over his haughty features there passed a spasm of exquisite torture. The Earl could not bear to ask a favour—but to ask one and be refused!

In spite of this failure, Lord Killeullen continued to do his duty as before, without any particular regard for the feelings of those about him. Twice every week, too, the *Moderator* scourged him mercilessly. Not only his character but his family, came in for scurrilous abuse, till every limit of what was endurable seemed to have been passed; but still he showed no outward signs of annoyance. He continued to pay a double subscription to the *Moderator*, and on Wednesday and Saturday mornings it was laid regularly on the breakfast-room table, with the other journals of the day.

About two months after the affair of the deputation, Mr. Clampit devised a new mode of attack, and made his paper the means of spreading innumerable false reports about the Earl. One exasperating rumour he worked in the following way.

Lord Wurstesser was expected at Knocknabarron for a few days on leave. He was a quiet, sleepy young man, and an utter contrast to his father in every respect. He had apparently none of the family pride, and would talk and laugh with any one who cared to talk and laugh with him. On his way home, at the station next before Killcullen, despite the efforts of the guard to prevent him, Mr. Clampit entered the carriage, and seated himself opposite the young lord, who did not know him. Eton, Cambridge, and his military service, left Lord Wurstesser unacquainted with the countenances of the inhabitants of Killcullen.

Just as the train began to move, Mr. Clampit began to talk, and after a few moments' gossip on the news of the day, the editor remarked,—

"You have, no doubt, my lord, heard of the Earl's generous offer as to the water supply and drainage works for the town?"

"Yes," assented Lord Wurstesser, a little surprised at finding himself recognized. "Some hitch, I believe—thing couldn't be got to work."

"And can you tell me, my lord, is there any truth in the report that, in consequence of the impracticability of the scheme, Lord Killcullen not to allow himself to be deprived of the pleasure of doing a generous act, is going to forgive all the tenants on the property their arrears, and lower all their rents?"

"I'm sure I don't know," drawled the young man. "Dare say it's

very likely—shouldn't wonder at all if he did. He's wonderfully good about paying my debts, I know."

Next day the following paragraph appeared in the *Moderator* :—

"We are informed, on the best authority, that the Earl of Killcullen, not to be deprived of doing a generous act, has determined to forgive all the tenants on his property their arrears, and materially to reduce their rents. His lordship arrived at this noble determination on the failure of negotiations between himself and the corporation relative to certain benefits he proposed conferring on the town of Killcullen. If it has sometimes been our painful duty in this journal to pass severe censure on public acts of his lordship's, we are glad to seize this opportunity of expressing our admiration of his conduct on the present occasion, and to show that we are only anxious to do him justice. Such a graceful act of generosity as that to which we call attention is well worthy of the imitation of landlords throughout the country."

Perhaps no surer way of incensing Lord Killcullen could have been devised, for the announcement appeared just a week before he had determined to appear in the light of a public benefactor, by undertaking the drainage and water-works at his own expense. He had only proposed a loan to test the sincerity of the corporation, and, in a few days' time, he had resolved to make his generous intentions public. But just at this crisis the vile paragraph appeared in the *Moderator*, and took the wind out of his sails. With rare bitterness of wrath in his heart, he sent for Mr. Spiler.

"This is intolerable, Spiler," he said to his man of business. "Can I do nothing to punish the scoundrel who treats me like this? I can bear it as long as they only throw mud at me and my acts, I a notice like this will unsettle mind of every tenant on my tate."

"Yes, my lord," growled Spiler. "Undoubtedly, my lord, and a very great deal of trouble it will give me, too, my lord. Ever since the morning, my office has been besieged. I think the whole barony of Monatrim has been in already. But I don't suppose your lordship would get much by taking an action against Clampit. He'd apologize, of course, my lord, and contradict the notice."

"And insult me afresh in doing so," muttered the Earl, frowning. "Do you think I could buy up the ruffian, Spiler? I would pay anything to be free of him."

"Of course he might be got rid of, my lord," said Mr. Spiler, meditatively.

"I wish to heaven I were rid of him," said the Earl.

As Henry II.'s rash wish to be rid of Thomas à Becket produced evil consequences, so Lord Killeullen's lamentations and aspirations after freedom from Clampit's persecution brought about a disaster, for they gave his angry subordinate an excuse for carrying out a piece of spite he had long meditated.

There was to be a ceremonial in the town of Killeullen on the Friday following, and the Earl was to lay the foundation-stone of a new and enlarged institute for the blind. One of the greatest worries of the inhabitants of Killeullen was that, on all important public occasions, the Earl's position and rights could not be ignored. On the Saturday morning following the ceremonial, there would, of course, be a full account of the proceedings in the local papers, and the *Moderator* was expected to come out strong, and give something racy.

On the day of the ceremonial, Lord Killeullen appeared on the ground at the appointed time, received an address, read his reply, and, with the usual silver trowel,

performed his trifling masonic duty. The blind children of the old institute were ranged in front of him, and among the ladies who were busy marshalling them, the Earl's keen eyes, not much given to looking in women's faces, espied a countenance that, somehow or other, reminded him of one whom, in a time long past and gone, he had loved and admired. The poor Earl might have been a more popular man if the face of the girl, standing among the blind children, brought back so vividly to his recollection, had not faded so soon out of his life. For the short time that he was under the softening influence of his Countess, his inflexible justice and rigid adherence to his own ideas had appeared with less of the disagreeable alloy of his harsh and obstinate manner. But after a few all too short years of rare happiness, he lost his wife—he worried her to death, said the evil-speakers—and under the burden of his bitter hidden grief, he became twice as stern and unbending as before. It may have been that he was a trying man with whom to deal, but he certainly loved his gentle wife with all the force of his heart, and she knew it, and valued his rugged tenderness, discerning the vein of gold that ran through his nature.

The girl whose appearance fascinated the Earl so strangely, did not seem altogether unconscious of his scrutiny; while the bishop offered up the closing prayer, Lord Killeullen's deep set grey eyes peered out yearningly from beneath his heavy, bushy eyebrows, and never wandered from her face for an instant. And yet she did not seem disturbed. There was nothing repulsive in his gaze, for she was bringing back to his sore heart recollections of youth, brief happiness, and love.

When the "Amen" was spoken,

the Earl asked a bystander who the girl was who had attracted his attention, and learned that he owed his emotion to Mr. Clampit's daughter. He turned quickly away, and left the ground.

The morning after the ceremonial all the papers of the day, save one, were laid on the Earl's breakfast-table. The *Moderator* only was not there. It had become a habit with the Earl to take the physic of Clampit's abuse with his coffee, and when he did not see the paper's hated title-line showing between the *Standard* and the *Dublin Express*, he imagined at once that the paper contained some more than usually violent and scurrilous attack, and that his servants were keeping it from him.

"Bring me the *Moderator*," he said, fixing his eyes angrily on his old butler.

"It has not come to-day, my lord."

On no breakfast-table that morning did the *Moderator* shine. The whole printer's staff, instead of appearing at their work overnight, had been discovered blind drunk by their employer in their several favourite public-houses. In vain, with the aid of the sub-editor, he tried to get out the paper, but the type had been all thrown into confusion, and the thing was simply impossible.

This disaster was the result of Mr. Spiler's clumsy plots. The officious fool could think of no better plan by which to deliver his patron from the editor of the *Moderator*. Before ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Clampit was quite aware to whom he was indebted for such a serious loss and interruption to his business. By two o'clock a special issue had appeared, giving a full account of the way in which the Earl of Killcullen had tried to injure a citizen

of the town from which he took his ill-gotten title, and destroy the liberty of the press. As was only natural, before this attack on the Earl all previous onslaughts paled and faded from memory.

When the Earl received the special issue he was completely thunderstruck. Of course he thought the statements before him false, and that it was only Clampit's malice that blamed him for the drunkenness of the compositors. He sent for Mr. Spiler at once.

But Spiler's conscience was uneasy, and he was terrified at the easy detection of his manœuvre. He feigned illness, and sent an excuse to the Earl, and took to his bed as he did so. But the Earl was too sharp for him; and almost as quickly as Clampit had detected the Earl, the Earl detected Spiler. Before two days the attorney's connection with the Killcullen property had been severed.

But the Earl's name was not cleared thereby. Mr. Spiler gave it out that he had been made a scape-goat, and he was spoken of in pitying terms by the *Moderator* as "the victim."

As may be imagined, after such a local storm the Earl's generous declaration regarding the Inches and water supply fell flat on the public ear. A short seven days before, the announcement might have gained him credit, and improved his position with his neighbours, but now it was only considered as a bid to recover ground lost by his shameful treatment of Mr. Clampit. People said, too, that there had been something fishy about the contradiction of the "arrears and rent" report—the old fellow was known to have been meditating a disbursement of "conscience money" for some time past, and only abandoned the plan when he found it

too dear. Now, however, it was necessary to be whitewashed a little, so he had taken up a cheap scheme. If he had intended to carry out the water and drainage works at his own expense, could he not have said so at once?

It was May, and the weather was just growing warm. The spring was unusually mild, and the water supply, wing to along drought both bad and insufficient; the Inches, as it is spite the drainage operators, and have their last fling of mischief, exhaled their most noisome vapours, and fever of a very bad type began to appear.

The Earl appealed to the present state of things as his justification, but the *Mediator* took another view of the matter, and just as the Earl one morning laid down his paper, after plodding through a long regular, in which Clampit tried to prove that the fever was due to Lord Killendine's opposition to the improvement of the navigation of the Inch, the door of his study opened, and his new man of business entered. The first piece of news that the Earl heard from him was, that Clampit's daughter was stricken down by the fever.

Next day there was sorrow and confusion in Mr. Clampit's house. The *Mediator*, now trusting its spy-pens might do not pay its printer over well, and some specimens that had turned out not calculated to embarrass him. He had no wife to help him with his business, and even on his eldest daughter—only eighteen years old but the "little mother" of the house—was laid low, the writer said. He did not know where to turn for help. The fever was typhoid, and his first act was to send the younger children out of the reach of infection.

Early in the afternoon, as he was drinking a report to a, after returning from a hasty visit to the *Mede-*

rator office, a servant entered the room hastily.

"Plaze, sorr, there's a strange gentleman wants to see ye."

"I can't see any one," answered Clampit, moodily.

"Plaze, sorr, he says he's a doelither, and he looks that same; he have black clothes and specs."

"A doctor—what do ye mean?"

"And that he'll be thankful if you'll come down and spake a word to him."

Hastily swallowing his tea, Clampit went to the hall-door, where he met a grey-haired, wiry-looking man, a doctor all over, and the "specs" firmly seated on his nose.

"I have been requested by a friend of yours, sir," said the doctor, after Mr. Clampit had made himself known, "to call and render you any assistance in my power. The person who requested me to offer you my services takes the entire pecuniary responsibility, and only begs that you will not endeavour to discover who he is. Here is my card."

Mr. Clampit, like a man in a dream, took the card, and read, "Dr. Powder Gray, 121, Merrion Square South." No wonder Mr. Clampit was surprised; Dr. Powder Gray was a man whom crowned heads consulted—whom fifty guineas would not bring very far. But the doctor's fear for his daughter made him take wonders very easily, and with some muttered thanks to his unknown benefactor, he led the way up-stairs to his daughter's room. Before the doctor took his departure, he remarked casually that Mr. Clampit's unknown friend had requested him to bring with him from Dublin a trained nurse, and that she was at the hotel, and would take up her abode at Mr. Clampit's house as soon as convenient. The doctor also observed that he would return to Dublin in an hour, and run down

again to Killcullen on the next day but one.

The nurse came accordingly, and with her a gigantic hamper, carriage paid, and with a note inside containing an invoice of the goods, and a laconic announcement that the goods had all been paid for, and were forwarded as per instructions. The hamper contained simply everything that was needed in the house at such a crisis.

Under such circumstances the girl had all the help possible to fight the fever. Ice reached the editor's house every day from Dublin; and as the patient grew gradually better good things poured in only more abundantly. The girl recovered, and certainly Mr. Clam-pit thought it was due in a great measure to the mysterious kindness lavished upon her. He was never tired of praising his anonymous benefactor, and quite believed his friends when they told him he owed the benefits to some public man who had been inspired with an interest in the editor through admiration for the high-spirited manner in which the *Moderator* was conducted.

One sad morning, just when his daughter was beginning, as he said, to "get round the corner," poor Clam-pit himself fell ill. In his case, the disease assumed even a more malignant type than in his daughter's case, and his anxiety and care for her had so far reduced his strength, that he was unable to fight against the disease. In vain Dr. Powder Gray did all that human skill could devise—the poor editor grew worse and worse, till at last, after a weary struggle with death, he breathed his last.

After poor Clam-pit's death, a few of his friends at once started a subscription for him, but somehow or other, the corporation did not come forward, as might have been

expected. When the wretched state of the dead man's affairs was known, such words even as "culpable negligence," and "reckless want of foresight," were heard; and there seemed a very good chance of the whole family of children being ultimately reduced to find shelter in the workhouse.

In the meantime, however, their wants from day to day were satisfied in the same anonymous manner as during the time when fever was among them; but of course they were in momentary dread of a failure in these strange supplies.

Greatly to the public surprise, when the result of the public subscription was known, Lord Killcullen came forward and said he would be responsible for the support and education of the entire family of orphans.

When, two years after Mr. Clam-pit's death, the marriage of Lord Wurstesser, and Miss Clam-pit of Killcullen, was announced in all the papers, the whole of Ireland was profoundly astonished, and many matrons were disconcerted even in the greater island; but there were great rejoicings in Killcullen, and nothing was ever afterwards heard of the old Earl as an unpopular man. His relations in England used to hint that he was in his dotage, and said nothing else was to have been expected from his folly in taking a girl out of her proper place, and making such a fuss about her, and having her constantly in the house with his foolish and impressionable son. At the same time, it is only due to the old Earl to remark that the corporation of Killcullen, the bishop, and functionaries in general, never could conscientiously say that, in transacting business with him about this time, they were aware of any failure in his intelligence or shrewdness.

A PAPAL RETROSPECT.

No. III.

WHEN Boniface VIII. ascended the pontifical throne, A.D. 1294, the whole Western Church was sunk in a most deplorable state of vice, superstition, and degradation. "The legates," says Mosheim, "whom the pontiffs sent into the provinces to represent their persons, and execute their orders, imitated perfectly the avarice and insolence of their masters. They violated the privileges of the chapters, disposed of the smaller, and sometimes of the more important, ecclesiastical benefices, in favour of such as had gained them by bribes, or such like considerations; extorted money from the people, by the vilest and most iniquitous means; seduced the unwary by forged letters and other stratagems of that nature; excited tumults among the multitude, and were themselves the ringleaders of the most furious and rebellious factions; carried on, in the most scandalous manner, the impious traffic of relics and indulgences, and distinguished themselves by several acts of profligacy, and more heinous than the practices now mentioned."

On the 23rd of January, 1295, Boniface was consecrated, and crowned in *St. Peter's*, Rome. He then proceeded to the *Lateran* to be enthroned. The procession is represented as the most magnificent that papal pride ever marshalled on such an occasion. Seated on a white horse, which gleefully carried so noble a lord, he had the crown on his head, while the g of Aquila and the brill-

on his right hand, and the King of Hungary on his left—both walking as lackeys on foot! On his return from the church he dined in public, and the two kings waited upon him behind his chair. No wonder, when kings could bring themselves so to degrade their high office, through a superstitious reverence for pretensions that had no foundation, save in forgery and imposture—no wonder, we say, that the ignorant and besotted multitude should follow in their wake, and imitate their contemptible self-abasement.

Boniface no sooner felt himself in the firm possession of power, than he gave rein to his arrogant, ambitious disposition, and commenced to embroil the Church with the European powers. Albert of Austria, in compliance with the superstitious custom of the age, applied to the Pope for confirmation of his title as King of the Romans; whereupon the meek "Vicar of Christ" seized the Crown, placed it on his own head, and grasping a sword, flourished it, exclaiming, "*It is I, who am Cæsar; it is I, who am Emperor; it is I, who will defend the rights of the Empire!*"

But in 1304, the proud Boniface found it expedient to eat his own words. He made terms with Albert, acknowledged and confirmed his title as "King of the Romans," while in return the Pope got from Albert an acknowledgment of his usurped authority. This acknowledgment ran thus:—
"I acknowledge that the Roman

Empire has been transferred by the Holy See, from the Greeks to the Germans, in the person of Charlemagne; that the right to elect a King of the Romans, destined to be Emperor, has been accorded by the Holy See to certain princes ecclesiastical and secular; and that the kings and emperors receive from the Holy See the power of the sword."

The reason why the Pope made peace with Albert was a desire to get him to declare war against Philip of France. He offered him the kingdom of France, and urged him to undertake its conquest, which, he said, could be easily accomplished, as the French were highly discontented with Philip, and ready to revolt against his authority. At the same time he wrote to the King of England, and the Earl of Flanders, pressing them to carry on the war against France with fresh vigour and spirit, and promising to support them with all the power and authority of the Holy See in the possession of such places belonging to France as they should conquer. Such were the wicked machinations of this ambitious, passionate, and vindictive pontiff.

"Boniface claimed to be lord of the whole universe. In 1295, Ruggiero di Loria, having taken possession of Gerba, and some other islands near the coast of Africa, he was induced to surrender them to the Pope, from whom he again received them to hold as a vassal of the Holy See, on payment of an annual tribute. These conditions having been agreed to, Boniface issued his Bull of Investiture, to confirm Di Loria as the possessor of his African islands."—*Raynaldus*, Ann. 1295, s. xxxvi.

"On the authority of this precedent, subsequent Popes claimed a supreme lordship over all the undiscovered portions of the universe, continental or insular, and no matter

by whom discovered. Thus, two centuries afterwards, Alexander VI.—the infamous Borgia—bestowed the whole extent of *terra incognita* on Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, by simply drawing a line from pole to pole on a map."—*Giannone*, lib. xix. c. 5.

In this spirit of boundless ambition, we find Boniface insolently asserting his right to depose the sovereigns of Europe, and confer their kingdoms on whomsoever he pleased. In this way he disposed of the kingdom of Sardinia and Corsica, in fief to James of Arragon, on condition that he should do homage and pay tribute as a vassal of the Holy See!

In 1300 he had the singular audacity to claim the kingdom of Scotland as his rightful inheritance, and he sent a message to Winchelsea, primate of England, to be delivered personally to Edward I., in which he was ordered to withdraw his troops from that kingdom, which, said the Pope, "*did, and doth still, belong in full right to the Church of Rome.*"

It is almost unnecessary to observe that this was the first time such a daring pretension had been advanced; it never had been heard of before. Hume characterizes it as "a claim which had not once been heard of, but which, with singular confidence, he asserted to be full, entire, and derived from the most remote antiquity. The affirmative style, which had been so successful with him and his predecessors in spiritual contests, was never before abused after a more egregious manner in any civil controversy."—*History of England*, c. xiii.

Edward claimed the crown of Scotland, and sought to make good his claim by force of arms. Walsingham, of St. Alban's, does not attribute the Pope's intermeddling to the purest of motives, and as he

was a Benedictine monk, surely his evidence ought to be faithworthy. "About the beginning of this year, 1300," he says, "*The Scotch, knowing all things to be saleable at Rome, sent over rich presents to the Pope,*" praying him to interfere and prevent Edward from prosecuting further the war against them; whereupon Boniface thought the best excuse for his intervention would be to claim Scotland as his own lawful inheritance.

The primate Winchelsey, in delivering the Pope's rescript to Edward, advised him in grandiloquent style, to render prompt and cheerful obedience to the papal commands, because, he said, "Jerusalem would not fail to protect her citizens, and to cherish, like Mount Zion, those who trusted in the Lord." Edward replied contemptuously, that "neither Mount Zion nor Jerusalem should prevent him from maintaining what all the world knew to be his right."

Edward then summoned a Parliament to assemble at Lincoln in January, 1301, laid before it the Pope's mandate, and asked its advice. An able and very spirited reply was unanimously adopted by 104 peers of Parliament who were present, and sent to the Pope in the name of the barons of England. In plain and resolute terms they told him he had no rightful claim whatever to the kingdom of Scotland, and utterly repudiated his pretensions, while they firmly maintained the claim of Edward as lawful. They declared that although they made their representations to the Pope, he must understand that they did not acknowledge him as judge or arbiter in what concerned the right of the King—that the Crown of England was free and sovereign; they had sworn to maintain all its royal prerogatives, and would not permit the King himself, were he willing,

to relinquish or impair its independence.

"The Kings of England," they go on to declare in noble language, "have never pleaded, or been bound to plead, respecting their rights, before any judge, ecclesiastical or secular. Wherefore, after discussion and deliberation respecting the contents of your letters, it was our unanimous resolve, and by the grace of God shall in the future remain such, that with respect to the rights of his kingdom of Scotland, or other his temporal rights, our aforesaid lord the King *shall not plead before you, nor submit in any manner to your judgment; nor suffer his aforesaid right to be brought into question by any inquiry; nor send agents or procurators for that purpose into your presence.* For such proceedings would be to the manifest disherison of the rights of the Crown of England and the royal dignity, the evident subversion of the kingdom, and the prejudice of the liberties, customs, and laws,

which we have inherited from our fathers—to the observance and defence of which we are bound by our oaths; and which we will maintain to the best of our power, and with the help of God, will do with all our might." *Æd. vol. ii. p. 927.*

Edward also wrote a preface to the Pope, but he showed that his object in doing so should not be misunderstood. His letter, he says, is not to be considered as an appeal to him, or as "in the form or shape of a judicious pleading," but merely for the purpose of putting him in possession of certain facts which render it "plain and notorious that the said kingdom of Scotland belong to us, in full right." Thus the astounding claim of Boniface was firmly met and successfully resisted. But was he *infallible* when he made it? Did he speak with the voice of

veracity when he declared that his claim to the kingdom of Scotland was "full, entire, and derived from the most remote antiquity?" This is not an unimportant point, but it is rather perplexing.

The Pope's next exploit was to claim the Hungarian crown as at the disposal of the Holy See, and having conferred it on a minion of his own, the Hungarian nobles ventured to protest against such outrageous proceedings, and gave their allegiance to a prince of their own. Whereupon Boniface addressed his legate in Hungary thus:—"The Roman pontiff established by God over kings and their kingdoms, sovereign chief of the hierarchy in the Church militant, and holding the first rank above all mortals, sitteth in tranquillity on the throne of judgment, and scattereth away all evil with his eyes. You have yet to learn that St. Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary, offered and gave that kingdom to the Roman Church, not willing to assume the crown on his own authority, but rather to receive it from the Vicar of Jesus Christ, since he knew that no man taketh this honour on himself, but he that is called of God."

This is a good example of the reckless manner in which Popes falsified history whenever it suited their ambitious purposes, and this they could do with an assured impunity in benighted and illiterate ages, when there were few to challenge their assertions. No such gift of the kingdom was ever made by Stephen, who was the founder of the Hungarian monarchy, A.D. 997, and, having established Chris-

tianity, received from the Pope the title of *Apostolic King*, which is still borne by the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary.

The severest and most humiliating contest in which Boniface became involved, was with Philip IV. of France, who in violence of disposition, and determination to resist papal aggression, was admirably qualified to cope with such an antagonist. The liberties of the Gallican Church had grown up under the *Pragmatic Sanction*, published by Louis IX., A.D. 1269. The sixth article of that celebrated ordinance is directed against the right claimed by the Popes to levy tribute and taxes in all the states of Europe. It says: "We prohibit any one from, in any manner, levying and collecting the pecuniary exactions and heavy charges which the Court of Rome has imposed, or may hereafter impose, upon the Church in our kingdom, and by which it has been miserably impoverished—unless it be for a reasonable and very urgent case, or by inevitable necessity, and with the free and express consent of the King and the Church."—*Fleury, Hist. Eccles.*, liv. lxxxvi., sec. 1.

The Kings both of France and England claimed the right to tax the Church for State purposes, and Boniface having heard that they had levied contributions on their clerical as well as their lay subjects, published in consequence the celebrated bull known as *Clericis Laicos*,* in which he anathematizes and excommunicates all who shall hereafter exact any contributions from ecclesiastical persons or property, whether they be

* The edict of a Pope is called a bull, from *bullæ*, the seal, which is either of gold, or silver, or lead, with the heads of Peter and Paul on one side, and the name of the Pope and year of his pontificate on the reverse. The bulls are always in Latin, and the names by which they are distinguished and known are taken from the first words, generally, one, two, or three. Thus, we have the famous bull, known as *Unigenitus*; another as *Unam Sanctam*; and another as *In coena Domini*.

kings, princes, or magistrates; also including all who shall pay them.

Philip shortly after published an edict prohibiting the export of money, jewels, and other articles from France. This was effectually cutting off the supplies from Rome, and the Pope was driven to the expedient of publishing an explanatory letter to the Archbishop of Rheims, which had the effect of patching up a hollow peace between the belligerents.

But the contest was speedily resumed. Philip would not act in obedience to papal policy; whereupon the Pope sent Bernard, Bishop of Pamiers, with a letter commanding him to make peace, and forbidding the clergy in any way to contribute towards his war expenses. The bishop—who had formerly been Abbot of St. Aniane, which was erected into the bishopric of Pamiers by the Pope without consulting the King—bearing he was safe under the protection of the Pope, proceeded to execute the letter, and Philip was great indignation. He threatened him with excommunication, but he did not heed him, and he came to the council of Bourges. He asked, says Rancière, that the consent of Philip was sufficient to the King, he retaliated by giving any advantage to his enemies which justly belonged to the Pope, and what advantage that was upon the other side, he was ready to give. He was, however, with a certain reserve, and he did not go so far as to declare against Philip, and he did not do more than to advise the Archbishop of Narbonne, M. de Lamoignon, to write to the King, and to inform him of the Pope's conduct. Philip, however, did not heed him, and he came to the council of Bourges. He asked, says Rancière, that the consent of Philip was sufficient to the King, he retaliated by giving any advantage to his enemies which justly belonged to the Pope, and what advantage that was upon the other side, he was ready to give. He was, however, with a certain reserve, and he did not go so far as to declare against Philip, and he did not do more than to advise the Archbishop of Narbonne, M. de Lamoignon, to write to the King, and to inform him of the Pope's conduct.

The answer of the Pope—identical with the letter in the ex-

treme. He decided that laymen had received any power over the clergy, and he commanded the King to release the prisoner, to make full restitution of all his property, declaring that for having laid his sacrilegious hand on the sacred person of a bishop, he had incurred canonical punishment.

The Pope then published a constitution called *Salvator Mundi*, the purpose of which was to withdraw all the favours and privileges that previous Popes had conferred on the kings of France, and also to render them null and void in the case of persons who aided and abetted Philip, whether lay or clerical.

This was immediately followed by the publication of the Bull *Avernales*, in which the Pope exorted Philip as a son to bow his neck with due docility, and receive the papal yoke. "God," he said, "is set over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out the royal dominion, to destroy and to bring down, to build and to pull, and his name, and his obedience, let no one presume to think that you have no superiority, or that you are not the head of the Church, as he is the head of the Church." He then says that opinion is so general, and that he that obstinately maintains it is an infidel, separate from the Church, and the good of the Church. He then exhorted Philip that he should not allow all the superior clergy of France to assemble in Rome for the purpose of deliberating on the state of the Church.

Philip, irritated by such a treaty, not only did not his adversary with reluctance. He immediately assembled the Parliament of the king, and by his directions the council of laymen, William de Nogaret, a traitor, late and intrepid opponent of papal pretensions, who was now Chamberlain of France for his services—drew up a bill of in-

dictment against the Pope, in which he was publicly charged with heresies, simony, and many other vices, and demanding the assembling of an œcumenical council to depose so disgraceful a pontiff.

The Pope's bull was then burnt publicly in Paris, and the fact made known over the whole city by sound of trumpet. Philip, in a spirited address to his Parliament, repudiated with scorn and indignation any temporal allegiance as due by the kings of France to the Roman See, and in this he was enthusiastically sustained by his barons.

The clergy, on the other hand, were in a delicate position. They desired to keep in with both King and Pope. They professed an ardent desire to maintain the liberties of the kingdom, and prayed to be allowed to obey the Pope's summons, and repair to Rome. But this the King and barons indignantly refused.

In this extremity the clergy wrote to the Pope, praying that they might be released from the obligation of obeying the papal summons, because they feared that if they should run counter to the national feeling, not only a rupture between France and Rome would follow, but also between the clergy and laity. "The laity," they say, "absolutely fly from our society, and repel us from their conferences and councils, as if we were guilty of treason against them. They despise ecclesiastical censures, from whatever quarter they may come, and are preparing and taking precautions to render them useless." (*Fleury, Hist. Eccles.*, liv. xc. sec. ix.) The Pope replied, upbraiding the clergy for their want of courage and devotion to the Holy See, and persisted in commanding their attendance at Rome.

The barons also wrote to the College of Cardinals, complaining indignantly of the insolent pre-

tensions of Boniface, to whom they imputed all the responsibility for what had taken place. In reply, the cardinals did not affirm that the title of the King of France to his temporalities was derived from the Pope, but they declared "that no man in his senses can doubt that the Pope, as chief of the spiritual hierarchy, can dispense with the sin of every man living."

The Pope held his council at Rome, but only a very few of the French prelates attended; he nevertheless availed himself of the occasion to promulgate the famous Bull *Unam Sanctam*. The great political proposition announced and enforced by this audacious decretal, is the complete subordination and subserviency of the temporal, or civil power, to the supremacy of the spiritual. Christ's Vicar has two swords—one, *spiritual*, he wields himself; the other, *material*, he confides to temporal potentates, who are to obey his behests. Thus the spiritual sword is supreme—it rules over and directs the material, while it is not answerable for any of its deeds to human judgment or authority—it is amenable to God alone! And this grand audacious declaration winds up in the following astounding words: "*Wherefore, we declare, define, and pronounce, that it is absolutely essential to the salvation of every human being that he be subject to the Roman pontiff!*"

On the very day that this blasphemous bull was issued, Boniface fulminated a sentence of excommunication against all emperors, kings, princes, or other persons who should dare to impede or prevent any one who desired to visit the Holy See. It was well understood that this was directed against Philip, for putting a prohibition on his clergy, but such a *brutum fulmen* commanded no respect.

After some negotiations for peace, which were altogether thwarted by the insufferable violence and pretensions of Boniface, Philip resolved on a measure the Popes always dreaded—to call a general council of the Church, to take the Pope's proceedings into consideration, and pronounce judgment thereon. At that time the general belief of the Church, was, that the Pope was only amenable to a general council. No one then imagined that a Pope was *personally* infallible. Such an outrageous doctrine had no acceptance whatever. It was reserved for the boasted intelligence and enlightenment of the nineteenth century to perpetrate such a scandal—to proclaim a doctrine so dishonouring to God, and so revolting to common sense.

As it was deemed necessary that the Pope should attend the general council of the Church summoned by Philip, and as it was certain he would not do so voluntarily, a plan was arranged to capture him.

Boniface had persecuted certain members of the illustrious Colonna family, who had fled to Paris for protection. The great De Nogaret, Chancellor of France, conceived a scheme in his bold and intrepid mind to secure the attendance of the Pope at the council by kidnapping him! Accordingly, he engaged the members of the Colonna family, who were in Paris, to further his views, and they entered heartily into the plan. Some of the family passed into Italy disguised, collected partisans, and, it is alleged, corrupted some of the papal household.

The Pope did not generally reside in Rome, but at his birth-place, Anagni, some five-and-forty miles to the south-east of the imperial city. In September, 1303, in his residence, he was zealously engaged in putting the finishing touches to an awful bull that was

to astonish the world, and confound his enemies. He had resolved to publish it on the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, the 8th of September, and in it he declared "that, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, *he had the power to govern kings with a rod of iron, and to dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel!*" But his daring and glowing dreams of universal supremacy were rather rudely interrupted.

Never was a more adventurous and hazardous expedition undertaken. De Nogaret collected a tried band of some three hundred, with whom he set out from Paris, entered Italy, and made his way to the vicinity of Anagni, where he was joined by the Colonna, and the partisans they had collected.

The portentous bull was to be promulgated on the 8th, but early on the 7th the citizens of Anagni were aroused by a great commotion outside their gates, and before they could ascertain the cause, the streets were swept by a body of three hundred horse, followed by a number of partisans on foot, with the banners of France floating aloft, and shouting "Success to the King of France!" "Death to Pope Boniface!" On they rushed to the papal palace, and after a brief struggle, a very faint show of resistance, all the papal attendants fled, and left the Pope to the mercy of his enemies.

In this dire emergency, Boniface is represented as having manifested a spirit and fortitude worthy of all admiration. Deserted by his cardinals, household, and guards—thus surprised and abandoned, he exclaimed, "Since I am betrayed, as Jesus Christ was betrayed, I will at least die like a Pope!"

He forthwith put on his pontifical robes, placed the crown of Constantine on his head, grasped the keys and the cross, and seated himself in the chair of St. Peter.

He was then in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and as he thus sat in state with all outward calmness, he presented a most venerable and imposing appearance.

The first who burst into his presence was Sciarra Colonna, who, it is alleged, intended to slay him, but was awed by his dignified composure, and grandeur of deportment. De Nogaret, however, followed, and, without hesitation, informed Boniface that he must attend the general council about to meet at Lyons, and submit himself to its decision.—"William de Nogaret descended from a race of heretics," replied the Pope, "is it from thee, and such as thee, that I can patiently endure indignity?"*

Thus, observes a contemporary writer, Bernardus Guidonis, "Boniface, who had made kings, bishops, religious, and the whole clergy, as well as the people, fear and tremble, was himself seized with fear and trembling, and, thirsting too much after gold, lost his treasure, that prelates may learn from his example not to rule proudly over the clergy and people, but to cherish them, and strive to be rather loved than feared."

Meantime, the French and their Italian partisans, wild with exultation, broke from all the restraints of discipline, scattered themselves in greedy search of plunder, and the day closed on a scene of riotous debauchery. This gave the inhabitants time to recover from the panic that had, at first, seized and paralyzed them. Observing, too, the weakness of the invading force, they felt shame at having given way before it, and urged by some leaders,

they flew to arms, and then ensued a fierce hand-to-hand contest, which resulted in the massacre of nearly all the French and their allies. De Nogaret, seeing the disastrous termination of his daring exploit, and how impossible it was to carry off the Pope, rallied a few of his followers, cut his way out of the city, and made good his retreat to France.

Humiliated and infuriated by the indignity he had endured, the imperious spirit of the insulted pontiff gave vent to its anguish in paroxysms of rage and imprecations of vengeance. He repaired at once to Rome, and found some relief in thundering a sentence of excommunication against Philip of France, De Nogaret, and all who aided or abetted in the foul outrage on his sacred person. But with intense sensitiveness, he brooded over the disgrace he had suffered, till the vehemence of passion violently affected his mind, when at last, physically exhausted as well as mentally prostrated, death mercifully terminated his turbulent career on the 10th of October, just thirty-one days after the attack of De Nogaret.

His last hours were sad and extreme. "He was attended by an ancient servant, who exhorted him to confide himself in his calamity to the Consoler of the afflicted. But Boniface made no reply. His eyes were haggard, his mouth white with foam, and he gnashed his teeth in silence. He passed the day without nourishment, the night without repose; and when he found that his strength began to fail, and that his end was not far distant, he

* "The ancestors of Nogaret had atoned for their errors in the flames. But the expression of the pontiff was not prompted by any offence he felt at that barbarity; not by any consciousness of the iniquity of his own aggression, or any sense of the justice of the retribution; it proceeded simply from the sectarian hatred which swelled in his own breast, which he felt to be implacable, and which he believed to be mutual."—*Waddington's Hist. of the Church*, vol. i. p. 439.

removed all his attendants, that there might be no witness to his final feebleness and his parting struggle. After some interval his domestics burst into the room, and beheld his body stretched on the bed, stiff and cold. The staff which he carried bore the mark of his teeth, and was covered with foam, his white locks were stained with blood, and his head so closely wrapped in the counterpane, that he was believed to have anticipated his impending death by violence and suffocation." — *Waddington, Hist. of Church*, vol. i. p. 410.

Thus, miserably departed the perturbed spirit of one of the most ambitious, imperious, vindictive, cruel, and avaricious pontiffs that ever added to the corruptions of the Church, increased its superstitions, and by audacious meddling with temporal matters created strife between nations, and disturbed the peace of Europe. Though his rule did not extend over eight years, yet were they years of great activity in evil-doing. His pontificate was thus depicted by a versifier of the day:—

*"Ingreditur Vulpes, regnat Leo,
sed Canis exit;
Re tandem vera si sic fuit, ecce
Chimæra!"*

In contemplating the conduct of Boniface, and similar popes, how is it possible for papal apologists in the present day, like Dr. Manning, to assert, with any regard to historical truth, that the pretensions of the popedom never extended, and does not now extend, to a universal supremacy both in spirituals and temporal, over Christendom? No doubt we treat with ridicule and supreme contempt such monstrous pretensions at the present day; but though the papal "snake is scotched," it obviously is "not killed," for it is a most remarkable fact that the

pretensions so audaciously and murderously urged by Gregory VII., Innocent III., Boniface VIII., and other Popes to a supreme temporal dominion, have never been authoritatively repudiated or renounced down to the present time!

So far, indeed, from any manifestation of a desire to renounce pretensions to a divine right of interference in temporal concerns, what does the policy of the present Pope disclose?—why, a perpetual, most audacious, and impertinent interference with the temporal policy of States. He has had the extreme arrogance to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, by whose generous commiseration he exists. In the same senseless ban he included the illustrious Cavour, and the most eminent men who contributed to establish Italian Unity, and out of petty principalities to build up and consolidate a great Italian nation.

There can be no disguise or mistake about the fact, that the policy of the present Pope—even in the pitiable decadence and absolute impotence of his power—has still the smack of Hildebrand about it! He, secure in his utter helplessness, can vent his anathemas at pleasure, for no one now minds them. He has declared laws passed by the Italian Parliament null and void, and prohibited obedience to them. The impunity with which he has done this, solely arises from the fact that the Italians do not now mind the cursings of the old man in the Vatican.

In other States it is different. In Germany, for example, he has most audaciously assumed the right to accept or reject laws passed by the Imperial Parliament! It is impossible to imagine anything to transcend the fatal infatuation of the Pope and his advisers, in the policy pursued towards Germany. All they have hitherto done has only

had the effect of bringing the pretensions of the *infallible* Pope, and his authorities, even among orthodox Catholics, more and more into derision and contempt.

Boniface was succeeded by Benedict XI., who was in every respect the exact counterpart of his predecessor. On his accession to the pontificate he repealed, without solicitation, the ban of excommunication which Boniface had fulminated against Philip of France, and his dominions; but no entreaties or influence could induce him to pardon De Nogaret, for the outrages he had committed on the ghostly majesty and sacred person of Christ's Vicar!

But De Nogaret was made of stern stuff, and his sovereign supported him. In contemptuous disregard alike of papal curses and papal absolutions, De Nogaret preferred at Rome his Bill of Indictment against the defunct Boniface; and demanded that he should be adjudged guilty, and his memory branded as infamous.

While these proceedings were going on, Benedict, having only ruled a few months, died suddenly, under circumstances that excited suspicion of his having been poisoned—a suspicion, we must remark, that in those dark and ignorant ages was commonly excited whenever the sudden demise of any prominent person occurred.

On the death of Benedict, the *fallible* electors of an *infallible* Pope spent eleven months divinely wrangling over the election of an infallible successor! Was ever human credulity so taxed? At last the influence of excommunicated De Nogaret prevailed, and he obtained what was considered a great triumph for France in the election of a creature of his own, who, on assuming the tiara, took the name of Clement V.

Clement was a mere puppet of Philip of France, to whom he solely owed his elevation to the popedom. Mosheim says, that in his intense hatred of Boniface, Philip insisted that his dead body should be dug up and publicly burned; "but Clement averted this infamy by his advice and entreaties, promising implicit obedience to the King in everything else."

With Clement's pontificate commenced what papal writers deplore as *The Babylonian Captivity*, because the papal residence was removed from Rome to Avignon, and remained there for some seventy years. But during those years grave events took place, that throw great light on the pretensions of the Papacy, and make us wonder while we deplore the superstitious infatuation of mankind.

The pontificate of Clement was otherwise remarkable for the sanction he gave to the suppression and persecution of the order of Knights Templars, on charges that were scandalously false. He also ordered a new crusade to be preached for the recovery of the Holy Land. He reversed a great deal of what Boniface had done, and canonized Celestine V., whom he had so barbarously treated. During the greater part of his rule Italy was a prey to contending factions, and after occupying without honouring the "Chair of St. Peter" for nearly nine years, he died in April, 1314. In 1359 his body was translated to a magnificent monument of alabaster that had been designed and erected by his nephew at St. Lucia, in France. The coffin was of pure silver, richly adorned with precious stones, and cost an immense sum. In 1577 the monument was broken into, plundered, and destroyed, and the Pope's remains burnt by some followers, it is alleged, of Calvin's.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CONNAUGHT CIRCUIT.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER VII.

A.D. 1786.—AMONGST the varied accomplishments of the Connaught bar, during the latter years of the eighteenth century, one of the most remarkable was that of duelling. No gentleman would then think of going circuit until he had "smelt powder;" scarcely an assizes passed without a number of duels; and many members of the bar, practising ninety years ago, owed their eminence neither to their powers of eloquence, nor to their legal abilities, but to a spirit of daring, and to the number of duels they had fought. Though traceable back to the early days of chivalry, this practice did not become general in England until the barbarous custom of wearing swords, as a part of domestic dress, was introduced in the sixteenth century. Previous to the reign of Henry VIII., swords were girt on the knights and men of war, when they were arrayed for the deadly struggle; and we find amongst Montfaucon's "Monuments of the French Monarchy," only one example of a person under the rank of knight, previous to the time of Charles VIII., wearing a sword. The duelling mania does not seem to have commenced in Ireland until after the wars of William III., nor to have come down farther than the year 1829. The effect of the wars of William was to disband, by the dissolution of the Irish around, numbers of military

men, who wandered about the country without employment or means of living, yet who adhered with tenacity to the rank and feelings of gentlemen. They were naturally susceptible of slight or insult, and ready on all occasions to resent such by an appeal to their familiar weapons, the sword or the pistol. Their opponents the Williamites had likewise been soldiers, and were not likely to treat with due respect ruined and defeated men. These causes, acting on temperaments naturally hot and irritable, brought on constant collisions, which became, so to speak, the fashion, and soon extended to all classes.

In the list of single combats, and they are many, that took place in Ireland, during the century and a half following the revolution, there are not half-a-dozen that deserve a place in the history of the country—judges, barristers, doctors, and country gentlemen, were all fighting one with the other. In the history of other countries the fate of people has more than once been decided by single combat. Without running the risk of being called pedantic, let us ask, who can read of the duel between Achilles and the Trojan Hector, or, in the succeeding century, between David and Goliath, without feelings of admiration—and who can compare those men, or the causes for which they fought, with the petty squabbles of which we speak? Instances there

are, and they are many—we have already noticed some of them—where the opposite counsel settled, at the point of the sword, a legal argument raised in the course of a trial. Not to travel out of the Connaught circuit, we find that Lord Clonmel, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, fought Lord Tyrawly; that Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought George Robert Fitz-Gerald; and that Sir Harding Gifford, who had frequently gone on that circuit, and who was afterwards Chief Justice of Ceylon, fought, and was wounded by the unfortunate Bagnel Hervey, a barrister, who was in aftertimes celebrated as a rebel leader.

The practice of duelling had become so stamped on the face of society during the last century, that a regular code of laws to regulate its practice was drawn up at the Galway Spring Assizes of 1777, and was adopted at the Clonmel Summer Assizes in the same year, by delegates from Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Roscommon, and Tipperary.

The rules adopted at this solemn conclave are twenty-five in number, and are signed by the president, Mr. Ryan, and countersigned by the secretaries, Mr. Keogh and Mr. Bodkin. These were in full force for many subsequent years, and were accepted as the laws of honour by the highest notabilities of the state. This singular national document is still extant, though happily now never appealed to—would that it had never seen the light! How many young and thoughtless men have perished, owing to the barbarous custom from which it sprang, and to which it gave a sanction!

The summer circuit of 1786 immediately following the trial at the adjourned Spring Assizes of George Robert Fitz-Gerald, pre-

sents but few features worthy of notice. The assizes for the counties of Roscommon and Sligo were maiden ones, so also were those of the county of Leitrim. Free from crime as this last-mentioned county was, there yet occurred an unhappy difference between two gentlemen attending the assizes at the county-town of Carrick-on-Shannon, which caused subsequently the murder of the one and the death on the gallows of the other. The facts are shortly these. Mr. Robert Keon was an attorney practising in the county of Leitrim, and Mr. George Nugent Reynolds was a gentleman of fortune and position in the same county. Some contradiction having taken place between them, the former horsewhipped the latter outside the court-house, in which the judge of assize was at the moment administering justice. Magistrates, too, were present, yet neither party was arrested—for no Connaught gentleman would have then, for an instant, thought of putting a stop to an encounter, by so ignoble a proceeding as binding over the parties to keep the peace. For the moment this affair terminated with the horsewhipping, but later on sad events occurred, which we shall relate subsequently in chronological order.

This was the only incident worth remembering at the Carrick Assizes, and the judges continued their circuit. In Castlebar, one James Foy, who had been acquitted at the adjourned assizes but two months before, at Castlebar, of the murder of Patrick Randal McDonnell, was now put on his trial, at the Ballinrobe Assizes, for having been an accessory to the same murder. The prisoner pleaded that he had already been tried and acquitted (*autre fois acquit*), and that being acquitted of the principal offence, he could not now be tried as an

accessory. The Crown insisted that he could, and that the offence for which he had been acquitted, and that for which he was now arraigned, were different substantive offences. The presiding judge, Mr. Justice Bradstreet, considered this a very nice question, but said he would direct the jury to find for the Crown, although he felt he was wrong in doing so. He admitted, however, that he differed from other learned judges, and declared that he would, therefore, be glad that a writ of error were taken, and the law finally settled on the point. The jury then found as directed, a writ of error was brought, and judgment was finally given in favour of the view taken by Sir Samuel Bradstreet.

The Crown lawyers on this occasion, were Messrs. James O'Hara, Patterson, and St. George Daly.

Counsel for the prisoner, were Messrs. Charles O'Hara, Ulick Burke, George J. Browne, Blosset, Stanley, Williams, and Whitestone.

This was the last of the trials for the murder of Patrick Randal McDonnell. Scotch Andrew (our readers will remember his connection with that crime) died soon after of a loathsome disease in the gaol of Castlebar; so loathsome, indeed, that even the hospital nurses feared to approach him, as he lay accursed with the *morbis pedicularis*. Left alone on his last night, he was found dead in his bed—the rats having gnawed into his vitals, it was said, even before life was extinct! George Robert Fitz-Gerald's wife saw him dead; she then left Ireland, and, retiring to a convent in a Catholic country, found there—let us hope—that peace which she had failed to find in married life. She had had no children; but her husband left one child, a daughter by his first marriage, who went to reside, while yet very young, with her uncle Mr. Con-

nolly, at Castletown, in the county of Kildare. She there received from Lady Louisa Connolly, his wife, all that fond attention that her peculiar position required. Several years passed over, and she still knew nothing of her father's tragic end; it was a sad chance revealed it to her. Blest with talents, youth, and beauty, her society was courted by the highest in the county of Kildare; amongst them there was one—it is again the old story—who passionately loved her, and whose love was returned. On an evening when he was expected at Castletown, and while she was yet awaiting his arrival, she almost unconsciously mounted the library ladder, and, taking down a book that lay buried under a heap of papers, turned over its leaves. The name of George Robert Fitz-Gerald caught her eye; she read there the story that had been concealed from her—the story of his crimes and of his end; read them with feelings who can portray? To her lover she told the secret that had been hidden from both, bade him farewell for ever, and never more entered into society. The bloom soon faded from her cheek, a rapid consumption set in, and she sank burdened with sorrow into an early grave.

The lawless acts for which the gentry of the province of Connaught were remarkable in the last century, were far from being brought to a close by the death of George Robert Fitz-Gerald. In the same year a Mr. O'Connor, who assumed to be the descendant of the ancient line of the Connaught kings, took upon himself the state of prince, and, collecting a force of a thousand men, fortified himself in an island or oasis in the centre of a vast bog, and at once proceeded to dispossess many Cronwellian proprietors of their estates worth thousands of pounds a year. He did many other

acts in opposition to the laws, and in defiance of the local magistracy.*

A.D. 1787.—The judges for the Connaught circuit at the Lent Assizes of this year were Prime Serjeant Fitz-Gerald and Serjeant Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, two of the greatest lawyers of their day. The Prime Serjeant was never known to give up a case while he had a single point to rest upon. Toler was in extensive practice, and possessed great aptitude for judicial functions. On the 23rd of March, the assizes commenced at Carrick-on-Shannon amid great excitement. On the 18th of October previous, George Nugent Reynolds was murdered by Robert Keon—we have spoken above of both of them—and it was expected that the latter would be put on his trial.

The grand jury, by their foreman Thomas Tennison, found true bills against Keon and others, who, when brought to the bar, pleaded severally not guilty. The Clerk of the Crown then proceeded to call a jury; but, a sufficient number of jurors not having answered to their names, the trial was postponed (*pro defectu Juratorum*) until the next assizes. Robert and Ambrose Keon were remanded, and all the other prisoners were admitted to bail. Serjeant Toler, we may remark, fined the sheriff £500, and the non-appearing jurors £50 each.

The counsel for the Crown on that occasion were Christopher Stone Williams, K.C., John Kirwan, of Castle Hacket, in the county of Galway, John Geoghegan, of Bunnowen Castle, in the county of Galway, George J. Browne, of Brownestown, in the county of Mayo, (author of the published report of the Keon trial,) and

George Moore, of Moore Hall, in the county of Mayo, Esquires.

The counsel for the prisoners were Ulick Burke (of the Clanrickarde family), John Kelly, John Blosset, Toby Molloy, Francis Patterson, John Dillon, John Peter Owen, Edward King, James White-stone, Edmund Stanley, afterwards Prime Serjeant, Charles McCarthy, St. George Daly (afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench), Edward Carleton (grand uncle of John William Carleton, Q.C., now on the Connaught circuit), and Alexander Boyd. Of these Blosset was, perhaps, in the most extensive practice on the circuit. No suitor was ever satisfied who had not Counsellor Blosset for his advocate; and no landed proprietor was content without his opinion on his title. Every purchaser of property should have Blosset's sanction for his speculations.

Owing to the excitement the above case caused in the county of Leitrim, the Attorney-General, John Fitz-Gibbon, applied on the 19th of May, 1787, for a *certiorari* to be directed to the Judges of Assize and the Clerk of the Crown for that county, to remove thence to the city of Dublin the indictment for murder, and the court granted the motion.

On the 19th of June a conditional order for a Habeas Corpus was granted to bring up to the Court of Queen's Bench the prisoners, Robert and Ambrose Keon, for trial at the bar of the court, that is, to be tried by the full court and, as the law then stood, by a jury of the county of Leitrim, summoned for that purpose to Dublin.†

On the 23rd of June, 1787, the

* "Irish Parliamentary Debates for 1786," Mr. Ogle's speech.

† "Blackstone's Commentaries," vol. iii. p. 352, book iii., ch. 23.

Prime Serjeant applied to the court to discharge these orders and to remand the record to the Clerk of the Crown of the county of Leitrim, which motion was refused, and the case was set down for trial on the first day of the ensuing Michaelmas term.

On Friday, the 16th of November, accordingly, Robert and Ambrose Keon were brought to the bar of the court, when John Peyton, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Leitrim, handed the pannel to the Clerk of the Crown, whereby it appeared that the names of 360 jurors were returned.

The Prime Serjeant (Fitz-Gerald) then rose to ask, on the part of the prisoners, for a postponement of the trial, on the grounds that a widespread prejudice prevailed against his unhappy client Mr. Keon, who for thirteen months had been the most oppressed, traduced, and misrepresented man living. The minds of men were poisoned against Robert Keon, and this feeling was intensified by the fact that the Attorney-General had succeeded in changing the venue from the county of Leitrim to the Court of King's Bench in Dublin. The prisoners might have been tried by the same jury in his vicinage, and here 360 jurors appear at the bar one hundred miles distant from their county. Inflammatory ballads were circulated through the county of Leitrim, wherein the prisoner's name being Keon, he was compared to Cain who committed the first murder; and now on the night before this trial, the streets of the city of Dublin were disturbed by the singing of the same ballads, which are republished and scattered broadcast and sung before the jurors, whose minds must be inflamed by such productions. He (the Prime Serjeant) would ask for a postponement until the next term, which would take place early in January,

1788. In the interval the excitement would have died away, and the public mind would have time to cool and subside into a temperate disposition and calm spirit of investigation and inquiry.

This application was refused; the Chief Justice observing that it might be difficult to bring up at another time so large a number of freeholders from the county of Leitrim.

The trial then commenced, Lord Earlsfort (afterwards Earl of Clonmel) presiding, and the other judges being Mr. Justice Henn, Mr. Justice Bradstreet, and Mr. Justice Bennett.

Of these judges, Lord Clonmel was the most distinguished lawyer and the best shot; he had argued more cases and fought more duels than any of the judges of the King's Bench.

Mr. Justice Henn was an excellent private character, and full of fun and humour. On one occasion he assumed the appearance of being dreadfully puzzled on circuit by two pertinacious young barristers, who flatly contradicted one another as to the law of the case. At last they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point.

"How, gentlemen (said Judge Henn, wrinkling his brow in apparent thought), can I settle between you? You, sir, positively say the law is one way, and you (turning to the opposite party) as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Jack Harris (turning to his registrar, who sat underneath), I knew what the law really was."

"My lord," replied Jack Harris, most sententially, "if I possessed that knowledge I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure."

"Then we will save the point, Jack Harris," exclaimed the judge.

The third judge, Sir Samuel

Bradstreet, had been Recorder of Dublin for several years before he was raised to the bench.

Mr. Justice Bennett was for several years on the Connaught circuit, but does not appear to have been in very extensive practice.

The counsel for the Crown, eight in number, were Serjeant Duquerry, M.P., John Philpot Curran, Gerald O'Farrell, and the other barristers, whom we have already named as having appeared for the Crown at Carrick-on-Shannon.

Counsel for the prisoner, ten in number, were the Prime Serjeant (Fitz-Gerald), Serjeant Hewett, the Hon. Simon Butler (who had shot Counsellor Burrowes in a duel), Dennis George, Recorder of Dublin, Luke Fox, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Michael Smith, afterwards Master of the Rolls, Toby Molloy, Edmund Stanley, James Whitestone, Charles McCarthy, and Edward Carleton.

The jury were sworn, the Clerk of the Crown had read the indictment, and the prisoner had been given in charge to the jury, but it was then nearly five o'clock in the evening; the whole day had been consumed with the arguments of counsel, with the challenging of the array, with demurring to the challenge, and with lengthened judgments from the bench; and so the court was adjourned.

On the morning of the following day, as the clock was striking nine, the Chief Justice and his brother justices in their long robes of scarlet faced with ermine, and preceded by their mace bearers, entered with the usual formalities, and took their places on the bench.

The audience rose to receive them, and the bustle occasioned by their entrance was hardly composed when Robert Keon was brought forward, and placed between two sentinels with drawn bayonets, as a prisoner at the bar, where he was to abide

his deliverance for good or evil, according to the issue of the trial.

The Crown counsel (Mr. Duquerry) stated the case. The circumstances of this unhappy transaction, he said, were shortly these:—The late Mr. George Nugent Reynolds thought, upon what grounds he (counsel) would not undertake to mention, that he had received some injury from Mr. Keon, for which he was entitled to redress. Reynolds therefore sent a message to Mr. Keon to meet him, according to those rules of honour to which our laws give no sanction. The message was delivered by Mr. Plunket, and it was agreed between him and Mr. Keon, and Mr. Keon's friend, that the pistols should be charged with powder only. Singular as it may seem, it will be clearly proved that the two principals and their friends knew that no balls were to be brought to the field on the day of meeting. The only object of this meeting was to preserve the appearance of adhering to those maxims of honour, which it was conceived on that occasion to be necessary to observe; but on the part of Mr. Reynolds, or of his friend who attended him, there was no idea of doing, or attempting to do, an injury to any person.

On the faith of this agreement Mr. Reynolds, attended by Mr. Plunket, came to the place appointed on the morning of the 16th of October, 1786, and Mr. Reynolds, alighting from his horse, advanced to Mr. Keon, who was on the ground before him, and who was attended by three or four other persons. Mr. Reynolds had in his hand a slight whip, and on coming up to Keon, he took off his hat, and said, "Good morning;" and Keon immediately replied, "Damn you, you scoundrel, why did you bring me here?" and presenting a pistol which he held in his hand, close to his forehead, fired at Mr.

Reynolds, and shot him through the head. The unfortunate man instantly fell and expired.

These, continued the learned counsel, are the singular circumstances of the fact you have to try; and let me ask to what motive in the breast of the prisoner can we ascribe this deed? Is it to the heat of passion, which the law in tenderness to human frailty will sometimes allow as an extenuation? He had the whole of the preceding night to compose his mind. Fear for his own life there could be none; and he (counsel) lamented to be obliged to say to the jury, that a deep and settled malice had urged him to take away the life of his fellow man—that life which the God of heaven alone could bestow.

The first witness for the Crown was Mr. James Plunket. He swore that he called on the Keons on Sunday night, the 15th of October, 1786, and that he had been sent there by Mr. Reynolds; the Keons had all said that Reynolds had used them very ill, and that he had written most insulting letters to their brother Robert, and that things had gone too far. One of the brothers, Mr. Edward Keon, appeared more inclined to settle than the rest; and the witness called him aside and begged of him not to load the pistols with ball the next day, the day upon which they, Robert Keon and Reynolds, were about to fight the duel. It was finally arranged that they were to meet next morning, and that the pistols were to be loaded with blank cartridge. They met accordingly, on the following morning, on the hill of Sheemore, in the county of Leitrim; the Keons being first on the ground. Reynolds had no pistol, but Robert Keon had a pistol in his hand, and his two brothers were also armed. Witness observed much preparation, and felt astonished at the change that had

taken place in their manner since the previous evening. He heard Mr. Reynolds say, "Good morning, Mr. Keon." Keon replied, using the words *rascal* or *scoundrel*, levelled his pistol at Reynolds, and shot him dead on the spot, without even waiting for the ground to be measured for the duel. He added, that Keon had showed, while standing by the corpse of his antagonist, no contrition for what he had done.

This evidence was corroborated by another witness, and the Crown closed their case.

William Keon, the first witness examined for the defence, deposed that the mock duel was a pretence, that Reynolds told him that there must be a duel, and that the parties went to the ground with the full determination of fighting. That Reynolds carried in his hand a horsewhip, and made three successive blows at Keon, and that the third and last of the blows struck the pistol which he (Keon) held in his hand, and that it then accidentally went off and shot Reynolds in the head. Other witnesses were examined with the view of proving the case made for William Keon.

Lord Clonmel then proceeded to address the jury, and he did so briefly and distinctly. He said that, on an occasion like this, he had but few observations to make. There could be no doubt that Reynolds was killed; there could be no doubt that he fell by a shot fired by the prisoner at the bar, and there could be no doubt that this meeting was in consequence of a deliberate appointment.

He then commented on the difference between the testimony of Mr. Plunket and Mr. William Keon. If the jury believed the former, then there was to be no real duel, but a mock one; while, on the contrary, Keon seems to say that his purpose was to bring about a duel. But Plunket swore directly

the opposite. As to the agreement that the pistols were not to be loaded with ball; if that were true, then that Keon should have had his pistol so loaded was a work of shocking baseness. If they believed that several blows were struck by Reynolds at the prisoner, that one of these blows struck the pistol, and that it went off by accident, then they must acquit the prisoner. It was for the jury, however, to say whether or not it was probable that Reynolds, himself unarmed, would make three blows at a man who was, and whose two brothers were, armed with pistols. This was all a matter of probability, and the jury were the judges of probability. If the jury believed that there was this agreement between the parties to which Plunket had sworn, then Robert Keon became the assassin of the deceased, and the unfortunate man was murdered—cruelly and barbarously murdered. The Chief Justice—he had himself fought Lord Tyrawley—told the jury that it was his opinion, “that if one in a deliberate manner goes to fight a duel, and he falls, it is murder.” The defence, he said, got up, was a good one if the jury believed it; but when the prisoner stood over the corpse, after the deceased fell, did he show any mark of remorse? With these observations he would leave the case in the hands of the jury, upon whose counsels he implored the light of heaven to descend.

Mr. Justice Henn, Mr. Justice Bradstreet, and Mr. Justice Bennett followed in the footsteps of the Chief Justice.

The jury having heard these several addresses retired to their room. It was an hour ere they returned, and they traversed the crowd with slow steps, as men about to discharge themselves of a heavy and painful responsibility. The audience was hushed into profound,

earnest, and awful silence. “Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?” in a voice trembling with emotion, asked the presiding judge; and the foreman replied that they had, and that the verdict was Guilty.

The prisoner was then removed, and on the 28th of the same month, the *Primo Serjeant* moved in arrest of judgment, and relied on many objections, which though interesting in the extreme to those learned in the law, would be wholly uninteresting to such as are not so. Suffice it here to say, that the court refused the motion.

The Clerk of the Crown then, addressing the wretched man, told him to stand up at the bar, and hold up his right hand. Lord Clonmel, addressing him, said:—“Prisoner at the bar, it becomes my duty, and a painful duty it is, to state some of the circumstances of the black crime of which you have been found guilty by a jury of your own county, and, in truth, as respectable a jury as any other county could produce. You have been found guilty of murder—the most horrible offence that is to be found in the catalogue of human crimes—and in this case attended with circumstances of aggravation. You are an attorney, an officer of the court, who from your age and your situation must have been aware of the consequences of your act.

“It seems that the unhappy victim of your resentment had used some aspersive language with respect to you, and you took the most summary and most violent method of satisfying your own anger, and of vindicating your feelings of false honour. You, an attorney, sought the most public place, the county town, Carrick-on-Shannon, during the sitting of the judges, publicly to beat him. One would think that human wrath could go no farther!

One would have thought that the person who tamely received such an insult, could have excited no other passion but pity!

"To satisfy the world, to satisfy the false appearances of honour, Mr. Reynolds sent a mutual friend to you, who apprised you that you might appear as an adversary without any fear of danger to yourself, for that Mr. Reynolds would have no weapons to do you mischief. After such a proposal you went—the next day—after having laid your head upon your pillow—after having, we may suppose, addressed the Almighty in prayer—you rushed in the most brutal manner on the object of your rage, and deprived him of his life; nor even then satisfied; while his lifeless body lay bleeding at your feet, you continued to express your unmeasured resentment.

"See, too, what you have done—you have brought down your own family and his to the most wretched situation, and all by the indulgence of your uncontrolled passions. You have been defended by able men, and everything that human ingenuity and learning could do to save you has been done by them. Nothing now remains for me but to pass upon you the sentence of the law"—here the Chief Justice was interrupted by the efforts of a female, who struggled to get a place under the bench. She was dressed in widow's mourning, and was closely veiled, but her mourning was travel-soiled, and she appeared like one who had come from afar. No remark was made at the interruption, and the Chief Justice resumed—"and that sentence is, that on the 16th of February next, you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." At that moment—while the voice of the judge was still lingering on the ear—the lady rose, and lifted up

her veil, and smiling the smile of a maniac, said—"I have fled from my home. I have travelled on foot a hundred miles to hear this sentence. The blood of my murdered husband cried to heaven for vengeance, and its cry is heard!" The emotion that followed, who can describe? Those who saw that sight stood still! her moans went to every heart, and when at last the spell was broken, and the excitement found utterance in motion and in words, she escaped from amongst the crowd, no one knew whither.

At last it came, the morning of the 16th of February. At eight o'clock, Robert Keon, attended by his clergyman, stood on the gallows. He was about to address the multitude, when suddenly he saw appear before him, in an open window hard by, the widow of the murdered man. She stood there, pointing her hand downwards, as if to hell! The wretched man spoke not, but fell on his knees, and in a moment was a corpse!

Thus ended this tragedy. A change of scene restored in time the poor widowed wretch, who had not yet reached her five-and-twentieth year, to her reason; she then returned home, and spent her few remaining years with her children. There was one son who bore his father's name, George Nugent Reynolds, and who, it is said, was blest with poetic talents of no ordinary degree. He wrote many poems, and to him has been—with what justice we know not—attributed the authorship of the "Exile of Erin." Affidavits upon affidavits have been made to support the truth of this position, but the great majority believe Campbell was the author.

A.D. 1793.—From the execution of Keon, in 1789, to 1793, there is little to be met with on the Connaught circuit to arrest attention.

In that year W. Crofton was high sheriff of the county of Roscommon, and he, from what motive we are ignorant, did not take those oaths which would fix a stigma on his Catholic fellow-countrymen, which, it was supposed, were required to be taken by the statute of Anne. The judges named for the circuit at the summer assizes were Chief Baron Yelverton and Mr. Justice Downes, afterwards Lord Kilwarden. On Monday, the 22nd of June, the circuit commenced at Roscommon, and the grand jury were summoned in the usual course by the sheriff, but the legality of their constitution was at once called in question by the counsel for the several prisoners. The assizes were then postponed until the 12th of October following, when they were opened by the Chief Baron and the Prime Serjeant Fitz-Gerald. After the new grand pannel had been called over, the counsel for the prisoners tendered a challenge to the array to the following purport*:—"That W. Crofton, who empaneled and returned the same, was not qualified to act as sheriff of this county, as he had not performed the requisites by the statute of the 2nd of Queen Anne required of all officers on their several appointments and admission into office. Wherefore it prayed that the array might be quashed." The above statute enacts, that all officers who do not qualify for their office according to the modes specified therein, are incapable of acting in or of holding same, and the office is thereby declared vacant.

This challenge having been received, the Crown lawyers demurred thereto *ore tenus*, whereby they admitted the want of qualification in the sheriff; but after a long argu-

ment the court disallowed the objections, and thenceforward many sheriffs all over Ireland declined to take the oaths that the "doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome were idolatrous and damnable."

The criminal business then commenced, and, in truth, there was little in the calendar to call for a passing remark; but owing to what occurred in the jury-room, and before the discharge of the jury, we have no hesitation in placing before our readers the case of the King v. McDiarmad.

McDiarmad was indicted for having, on the 21st of May, feloniously, with several persons unknown, broken open the house of Thomas Tannisson, Esq., and thereout stolen several articles of plate, wine," etc., etc. To this he pleaded not guilty. The following gentlemen were professionally engaged: the Solicitor-General, Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, Hon. Edward Stanley, John Blosset, and James Whitestone, for the prosecution; while the counsel for the prisoner were John Geoghegan, Charles McCarthy, William Boyd, and Owen McDermott, Esqrs.

The indictment was opened by the junior counsel for the prosecution, and the Solicitor-General stated the case, we are told, with great ability and ingenuity. Several witnesses were examined on both sides, and a very able and discriminating charge was delivered by the Chief Baron. The jury retired about ten P.M., but as it was not probable that they would agree, the court was adjourned until the following morning, when they reassembled; and as an agreement was still unlikely, they were informed by the court that carts would be ready at three o'clock to cart them to the

* Walker's "Hibernian Magazine," for Oct. 1793, pp. 96-380.

bounds of the county, fifteen miles off, there to be discharged. Now, the weather was cold and cheerless, and the majority were determined to enforce their arguments upon the minority in some way likely to ensure their coming to an unanimous decision. The foreman, accordingly, insisted that those differing from him, four in number, should give way, and find the prisoner guilty. They, with equal determination, resisted all persuasion. A hand-to-hand fight ensued. Fortunately, the only fire-arms in the room were the fire-irons, but even those were too freely used. The uproar reached the ears of the judge; the halberdmen rushed up-stairs, and broke open the door, and, with the aid of the military, succeeded in dragging the jurors, all battered and bleeding, into court. Each party swore that "they'd have the other's lives." His lordship then read them a severe lecture, and they were led down to the carts, three in number, which were ready to receive them. On they moved, attended by the sub-sheriff, on horseback, and by a troop of the 14th Light Dragoons. As the jury were leaving the town, those that had been for acquitting the prisoner consented to find him guilty of stealing property to the value of 4*s.* 9*d.*, to which the others assented. The compromise, however, came too late, as the judge had left town, and so they must travel on for hours before those awkward vehicles could reach him; for the rugged roads, up hill and down dale, were then almost impassable to wheel-carriages—and such carriages! The wheels, revolving on wooden axles, which were never oiled, made a detestable half-screaming and half-whistling sound, as they rolled along into ruts and out of them as best they could! We cannot say that either

in their jury-room or in their equipage we envy these twelve men!

A.D. 1789. The fighting propensities of the Connaught gentry at the close of the last century were not lessened by the melancholy examples furnished by George Robert Fitz-Gerald or by Robert Keon. In vain were the principles of Christian forbearance preached from Protestant pulpits and from Catholic altars. In vain did priest and parson inveigh against a state of society bordering upon savagery. The laws by which duelling was punishable were then as severe as now, but such was the spirit of the times that they remained a dead letter. No prosecution ensued, or if it even did ensue, no conviction would follow. Every man on the jury, as well as the judge, was himself probably a duellist, and would not find a brother duellist guilty. After a fatal duel, the judge would leave it as a question to the jury whether there had been any "foul play;" with a direction not to convict for murder if there had not been such. Mr. Justice Mayne was the first who, at the close of the last century, and at the commencement of this, dared to raise his voice against this practice by which fame was not to be won, and immortality not to be purchased!

Cold must be the heart of one who reads without emotion of the deeds of valour of the crusaders who fought and who died for the cross on the plains of Palestine. They have been immortalized by the pen of Tasso; but what poet could condescend to celebrate the drunken glories of the duellist of the last century! A case of duelling came before Mr. Justice Mayne on the Connaught circuit, accompanied by some unusual circumstances, which in the disturbed state of the moral feeling of the time, were, considered, an alleviation. An acquittal

was, therefore, expected as a matter of course. The judge, however, took a different view of the case; he laid it clearly down as one of murder, and charged the jury to find a verdict accordingly. His severity, as it was called, was the subject of universal reprobation, and his efforts to put down this class of murders were considered acts of heartless cruelty.

Though the bar practising on the circuit was, previous to 1793, bound by certain rules, yet no record of those rules has reached our time. The rules of the Connaught Bar Society, as we have them, first appear in the Connaught Bar book of 1793, but in the pages of this book there is no record that the Connaught Circuit lawyers were then for the first time to join in one society or brotherhood; on the contrary, it would appear that these rules were framed for a society then in existence.*

From 1793 to 1797 few cases of interest occurred on the circuit. Fighting and duelling went on between judges, squires, counsellors, attorneys, and doctors. A sensational duel, however, did occur in the month of October, 1797, the merits or demerits of which, and of the acts from which it arose, and to which it led, became a subject of investigation on another circuit, as well as at the bar of the Irish House of Lords; but as the actors,

Lord Kingsborough, Lord Lorton, and Colonel Fitz-Gerald were all of them from the province of Connaught—and as Sergeant Stanley, who presided as the judge of assize, and as Mr. Blosset and Mr. Lynch, who acted as counsel in the matter, were all members of the Connaught Bar Society—we have no hesitation in giving the history of this Connaught case as if it had been actually tried on the Connaught circuit.

Sir John King, Knight, whose ancestors had been resident for many generations in the county of York in England, came over to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, fought against the Earl of Desmond, and was rewarded for his attachment to the principles of the Reformation by having a grant of the Abbey of Boyle, and of the Rockingham estate, in the county of Roscommon, made to him; and from him, after four generations, was descended Sir Edward King, Baronet, who was born in 1726, and who served in the parliaments of 1749 and 1761 as member for the county of Roscommon. In 1762, he was advanced to the peerage as Baron Kingston of Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon. In 1766, he was created Viscount Kingston of Kingsborough; and in 1768, was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Kingston. He had

* The first recorded meeting of the Connaught Bar Society was held in 1793. The following members being present:—

Blosset, John (Father of the Connaught Bar)
 Blakeney, Robert
 Boyd, Abraham
 Browne, George J., Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*.
 Conmee, Francis
 Clancy, James
 Daniel, George Robert
 Darcy, James
 Darcy, John
 Digby, T. G.
 Dolphin, T. D.

French, George
 Fox, Peter
 Guthrie, John
 Hillas, Robt. W.
 Johnston, Robt. (afterwards Justice of the Common Pleas)
 Kelly, Dennis
 Kirwan, John
 Lynch, Martin F.
 Lea, John
 McCarthy, B.
 McDonnell, James J.

Mahon, James
 Moore, John Hubert
 Moore, Thos.
 Plunket, William
 Smith, William
 Stanley (afterwards Prime Serjeant)
 Vandeleur, Thomas B. (afterwards Judge of the K. B.)
 Webber —
 Whitestone, William
 Williams, C. L.

married, in 1752, Jane, daughter of Thomas Caufield, of Donamon, in the county of Roscommon, and left at his death, in 1797, several children, the eldest of whom was Robert, second Earl of Kingston, who bore during his father's life the title of Lord Kingsborough. He was married, in 1769, to his cousin, the only daughter of Richard Fitz-Gerald, of Offaly, in the county of Kildare, and she, on the death of her only brother became heiress presumptive to her father, for her only brother had never married; her brother, however, left at his death a son born with the stamp of illegitimacy affixed to him, and his name was Henry Gerald Fitz-Gerald. Lady Kingsborough was, therefore, his aunt, and she brought him up with as much care as if he had been her own son. He lived in her house at Kingston Lodge, near Boyle, and was the constant companion of her children, the eldest of whom was George, afterwards third Earl of Kingston; the second, Robert Edward, afterwards Lord Lorton, and several other sons. There were daughters, too, and one of them was the Honourable Mary King; and it was for the better education of those children that Lord and Lady Kingsborough spent the greatest part of the year in the neighbourhood of London. The Honourable Mary King had a pleasing expression of countenance, her figure was graceful, her manners were artless, and she was remarkable for the beauty of her hair, which grew so luxuriantly as to attract the notice of all who saw her. She had conversational powers of no ordinary kind, and could entertain by her ceaseless and varied anecdotes the many who crowded to her father's receptions in London.

Fitz-Gerald obtained, through the combined influence of the Earl of Kingston and Lord Kingsborough,

a commission in the army, and soon rose to the rank of colonel. In London he continued to enjoy, as he had done in the county of Roscommon, the unaltered friendship of those to whom he owed his position in society. And yet, forgetting all that they had done for him, he, after long persuasions, induced the Hon. Mary King to leave her father's house and elope with him, though he was then a married man. On the morning of her disappearance (she was then but eighteen), a note left on her dressing table, informed her parents that she had fled from her home with the intention of drowning herself in the Thames. No time was lost in dragging the river near the house, and, as her bonnet and shawl were found on the bank, the family in general was convinced that she had committed suicide. Lord Kingsborough could see no grounds for such an act, and he accordingly caused advertisements to be published in all the London journals of the day. With matchless effrontery, Colonel Fitz-Gerald affected to join in the search, and when all had proved fruitless, no one was louder in lamentation than himself, but he had "his misgivings that she was yet on the land of the living." He was admitted to their councils, proposed plans, sympathized with them in their regrets, and acted the part of a loving relation admirably. One day, the darkness which shrouded the disappearance of the young lady in mystery, was dispelled, and in this way. It was the custom of Colonel Fitz-Gerald to call about noon upon his daily mission of condolence; now it so happened, that one day, a girl of the lower class of life, waited on Lady Kingsborough with an intimation that she thought she could give her some information that would lead to the discovery of her missing child. She was, she said, a servant at a lodging-house

in Kennington, to which place a gentleman had brought a young lady about the time mentioned in the advertisements, and this gentleman was a constant visitor at the house.

Whilst the girl was thus speaking, the door was flung open, and in walked Colonel Fitz-Gerald. She recognized him at once, and said, "Why that is the very gentleman that visits the young lady." So completely was the Colonel taken by surprise, that, without uttering a syllable, he dashed downstairs, and in a moment regained the street.

The game of deception was now up, and Colonel King (afterwards Lord Lorton) at once sent the ruffian a hostile message, and on the following morning they met near the magazine in Hyde Park. Seven shots were exchanged before they separated, nor would they have even then separated, had not Colonel Fitz-Gerald's ammunition been exhausted. He then made an effort to address Colonel King, who cut him short by saying, "You are a damned villain, I won't hear a word you have to say!"

On the following day the parties were again to meet, and in the same place, but, before the appointed time, both were put under arrest by the police. The young lady was now recovered by her father, and conveyed first to Kingston Lodge, in Roscommon, and next to Mitchelstown Castle, in the south of Ireland, far, as it was supposed, from the influence of Colonel Fitz-Gerald. But his plans were already laid. He had bribed one of the maid servants who had accompanied her to Ireland, and through her got the most accurate information concerning the young lady. Disguising himself as best he could, he came over to Ireland, and put up at the hotel in Mitchelstown, for the sole purpose of again carrying off his

unhappy victim. Information was at once furnished to Lord Kingsborough of the stranger's presence, and of the danger his daughter was in. The stranger had left that morning for Kileworth. Lord Kingsborough and Colonel King followed him, and they arrived just as he had retired to his room for the night. Lord Kingsborough sent the waiter to him to say that two gentlemen wished to see him most particularly. The door was locked, and the stranger answered in loud tones from within that he was not to be disturbed. The moment that Lord Kingsborough and Colonel King heard the well-known voice of Colonel Fitz-Gerald they smashed open the door. Colonel King rushed at him as he lay in bed. The villain begged for mercy, but his cries of agony were stifled in his blood. They left him a mangled corpse.

For this act Lord Kingsborough, Colonel King, and an accessory named John Hartney, were arrested and committed to stand their trial at the assizes for the county of Cork then approaching. Serjeant Stanley, one of the most distinguished lawyers on the Connaught circuit, was associated with Mr. Justice Finnucane, one of the justices of the King's Bench, in this commission, and presided in the Crown Court for the county of Cork.

The grand jury at once found true bills against the accused, and the trial commenced. The following paragraph from the *Freeman's Journal*, gives the only information we are able to gather on the subject:—

"Cork, April 11.

"The Honourable Colonel King was this day arraigned and acquitted of the murder of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, as likewise was John Hartney, a person connected with the Kingston family. Counsellor Blosset came across from the Galway

assizes, during the most inclement weather, to defend the Colonel, as also did Counsellor Martin F. Lynch. When the Colonel came first into court, he was visibly agitated and embarrassed, and seemed to feel, with lively delicacy, the situation in which he was placed to-day. The court was crowded. The fact of the murder was not brought home to either of the prisoners."

The Cork assizes then terminated, but before the discharge of the grand jury, the following address was presented to the great ornament of the Connaught circuit, Serjeant Stanley, by the high sheriff and foreman:—

*"County Court Grand Jury Room,
"April 21st, 1798.

"We, the High Sheriff of the county of Cork, at the spring assizes assembled, return our warmest thanks to Mr. Serjeant Stanley for the firm, patient, and humane conduct evinced by him during the long and painful execution of his office as Judge, and the dignity with which he supported order and decorum in his court.

"SAMUEL TOWNSEND,
"For self and fellows."

Serjeant Stanley replied, "I am extremely happy to find that my conduct in discharge of my public duty, upon this very important occasion, has met with the approbation of so respectable a body as the high sheriff and grand jury of the county of Cork, and if I wanted anything to animate my exertions in support of the laws and constitution, and in restoration of public tranquillity, this kind testimony which you have been so good as to bestow upon me, would afford me a

very strong additional incentive indeed."

The Honourable Robert King then proceeded to Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon, and was received by all classes with an enthusiasm that caused him to forget for a while the wrongs he had endured; but his father's trial had yet to come off. True bills had been found against him by the Cork grand jury, but he had on the death of the first Earl of Kingston, which took place on the 13th of March, 1797, succeeded to that title, and he consequently applied by his counsel, Mr. Blosset, for an order to stay the proceedings, for the purpose of removing them by *certiorari* into the High Court of Parliament, there to be tried by his peers.

On the 18th of May, 1798, the trial took place in the Irish House of Lords. By an order of the House† no stranger was admitted without tickets. Early on the morning of that day the streets in the neighbourhood of the Parliament House were lined on both sides by the military. The carriages commenced to arrive at ten o'clock, and at eleven the peers marched two and two in slow and solemn procession, followed by the twelve judges, into the House. Lord Clare then advanced to the woolsack, and the commission appointing him as Lord High Steward having been read, one of the officers of the court read the writ of *certiorari* removing the proceedings and the return thereto. Next the indictment before the grand jury, and the finding of the bills, was read. The Clerk of the Crown then called on the Serjeant-at-Arms to do his duty, and, in the quaint language of centuries long past, cried with a loud voice—

"Oyez—oyez—oyez—Constable

* *Freeman's Journal Library*, T. C. D.

† Walker's "*Hibernian Magazine*."

of Dublin Castle, bring up Robert, Earl of Kingston, your prisoner, to the Bar of the House of Lords.—God save the King.”

The Earl was then ushered in by the Constable and sub-Constable of Dublin Castle, followed by his counsel, John Philpot Curran, K.C., Mr. Saurin, K.C., Mr. Blosset, K.C., and Martin F. Lynch, the two latter of whom were distinguished members of the Connaught circuit.

The noble prisoner then knelt before his judges, and was directed by the Lord High Steward to rise. He rose, and Lord Clare thus addressed him:—

“Robert, Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer for the most serious charges that can be made against any man—the murder of a fellow subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may therefore not be improper to remind your lordship that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection of innocence, and punishment of guilt alone; and it must be a great consolation to you to reflect that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candour you have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolable obligation of their honour. It will also be a consolation to you to know that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into three classes. If it arises from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advan-

tage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the House to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular.”*

The prisoner's counsel then pleaded “not guilty,” and the Clerk of the Crown made proclamation “to all manner of persons to come to the Bar and give evidence against Robert, Earl of Kingston, and they shall be heard, for he now stands upon his deliverance.”

Lord Clare demanded of Mr. Curran whether notices had been served on the widow and next of kin of deceased, of the removal of the indictment into the High Court of Parliament. Evidence was then read by the junior counsel, Mr. Lynch, of the services of the notices. Proclamation was again made requiring witnesses for the Crown to come in, but no witnesses came, and no counsel for the Crown, or for the widow or next of kin appearing, the peers unanimously found him *not guilty*. Lord Clare then broke the white wand asunder, and declared that the commission was dissolved.

The Earl of Kingston then retired to his seat at Kingston Lodge, in the county of Roscommon. The acclamations of his tenantry rent the air as they drew his carriage to his home; but his reason was gone. The sufferings he had endured, in one short year; the loss of his favourite child; her disgrace. The dreadful duel between his son and the man he had educated from childhood. The bloody affair at the Kilworth hotel—his trial—and the trial of his son for wilful murder. These were too much for him to bear. He had not yet completed

* “Lords’ Journals”—*Freeman’s Journal*.

his forty-fourth year, but a premature old age was upon him, and he sank into an untimely grave at Kingston Lodge, within a few months after his return, in 1799.

The Honourable Mary King, who brought so much sorrow upon her kindred, lived ever after an exile in Wales. A clergyman had received her into his own family, where she became in 'a short time a great favourite; but they knew neither her position, nor her real name, nor her misfortunes; neither did they know that she was the actress in the events which had lately occurred in the Kingston family, with which they were familiar. For who at that time was not so? Shining in conversation, she on an evening carried away her hearers, as she depicted the sorrows and the wrongs which she had read of the Honourable Mary King. Her young host, the clergyman's son,

could not refrain from tears as he listened, and burst into loud exclamations of horror at the barbarity of the betrayer. In the heat of the moment she cast off all prudent reserve, exclaiming, "I myself am the person for whom you express so deep an interest—and now, I suppose, you will drive me from your roof." "No," replied the clergyman, "you will find in this family, a home and a shelter. I have observed that my son already loves you, and, if I mistake not, would be a partner who would cause you to forget your sorrows in this life, and lead you to that happiness that never ends in the next." On that evening the young people were engaged, and were soon after married. They lived long and happily together. Who can read her story without emotion?

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A HUNDRED years ago, an Englishman made his will before he came to Ireland, and a very necessary precaution it seems to have been. It took him four days to get to Holyhead, and one day and a night to sight Howth; besides, he ran many risks on the passage; it might happen to him as it did to the unfortunate passengers on board the *Hillsborough* packet-boat, which left Holyhead on the 8th of March, 1780, at 11 o'clock in the morning, carrying the mails, and was taken in the channel by the privateers, the *Black Prince* and *Black Watch*, about 6 o'clock that evening, at the same time and place the *Besborough* packet-boat, coming from Howth, was captured by these lawless crews bearing American commissions; the mails of both vessels were thrown into the sea, the passengers rudely handled and stripped of all their valuables, in addition to which a ransom of £1,000 had to be paid.

This would have made an unfortunate beginning, but there was more to come. Once landed in the Irish capital, dangers multiplied for the unhappy tourist who lived a hundred years before "Cook's Itinerary." Footpads invested the by-streets and lanes of the city, and would think little of knocking him down and beating him barbarously if he ventured alone into the "Rope Walk" or Marylebone Lane.

It behoved him, too, to look to his manner of walking the Mall or public thoroughfare, or he might give offence without meaning it, and have a brace of duels on his hands. His friends, if he had such, would in all probability give him

a few hints, for instance, not to walk the streets with a cane or stick *under* his arm, as that might be offensive to a gentleman following him. To be more ready to give the wall than to assert it, for fear of a dirty quarrel, and not to walk arm-in-arm as if the street was only made for him and his friends. To be cautious of staring in the face of those going by; and if he chanced to do so by mistake for a friend, he should at once beg pardon.

The infringement of these rules generally led to a quarrel which ended in the loss of limb or life; the manners of the people were rude; and even in the common Sunday ordinaries, it was not safe to eat without a basket-hilted knife and fork. It is amusing to take a peep into an etiquette book of the period, or, as it is called, "Hints to introduce Decorum at City Feasts and Sunday Ordinaries in Dublin."

From this useful little work, we learn that our grandfathers committed many a solecism against our present code of manners; but then, good Lord! they were twice the men we are, look at the appetites they had. Fancy being told "Not to heap *more* than two pounds of victuals on your plate at *starting*! Not to be too eager to have the first cut. Not to drag the leg of a fowl through your teeth in order to secure your property in it, and then lay it by to *pick* at your leisure. To remember also, that although fingers were made before forks, the latter were substituted for the sake of cleanliness. Not

to throw the scraps off your plate into the dish;" and many other directions needless to give here.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the Irish metropolis repaid the danger of a visit a century ago, far more than in these days of easy transit. If there were disadvantages in getting there, there was plenty of life, wit, and beauty to be found within its walls. People of rank and fortune lived there in those times, and lived with all the elegancies of fashion. Mr. Young, one of the tourists who visited it in 1780, tells us, "that town life in Dublin is formed upon that of London—gaiety, pleasure, and extravagance are the order of the day. Every night in winter there is a ball or a party, and very agreeable society. The state of living may be guessed from the fortunes of the *resident nobility* and great commoners. There are about thirty of these who possess incomes from £7,000 to £20,000 a year." He goes on to say, that "the tables are very plentifully, nay, elegantly spread, but that the venison wants flavour, as do also the vegetables, from the humidity of the climate."

The papers teemed with the record of births, deaths, and marriages amongst the resident aristocracy and gentry, who generally came up to Dublin for these great social events, and resided in streets long since given up to decay, in splendid mansions now converted into public offices.

Henrietta Street, now one of the most deserted streets in the city, seems to have been particularly favoured, it is to be supposed on account of the size of the houses. It was here the Countess of Kingsborough came, and the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth King, and many other ladies of quality, who wanted their knockers tied up, and straw before their doors. Here, also, was married "Denis Daly, Esq., of

Dunsandle, to the Lady Harriet Maxwell, daughter to Lord Farnham." A step farther takes us to Rutland Square, in the centre of which stands Charlemont House, where the "great Earl" lived: round him clustered many of the nobility. The Earl of Bective had his town mansion in this square, and in 1790 gave a wedding breakfast there, when his friend, Mr. Richard Longfield, married Miss Charity Moore. In fact, the marriage list of those days is very full, and one would say that Dublin was an excellent hunting-ground for chaperones. Even then there were complaints, but the slackness was attributed to the war, as the words of an old ballad show,—

"If you are not too proud for a word
of advice
In the choice of a husband, girls, be
not too nice,
What with *manning* our ships, and
protecting our shore,
You cannot get husbands, *as once*,
by the score."

There was a good deal of intermarrying went on between the Celtic and Saxon race. We read that "At Dublin Castle, on the 11th of March, 1781, Armar Corry, Esq., one of the Knights of the shire for Tyrone, married the Lady Harriet Hobart, eldest daughter to his Excellency, John Earl of Buckinghamshire, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and that the young lady was possessed of youth, beauty, elegance of manners, and a fortune of £30,000 a year." It is no wonder that the paper remarks on the alliance, "this gentleman is destined to supreme felicity." This custom of announcing the lady's fortune, which was very general, must have had its advantages. Where there was a good supply of daughters on hand, it was equal to an advertisement, and invited suitors to apply. Of course, like

everything else, it had its reverse side; when no sum was specified, it was reasonable to suppose "no lots" were forthcoming.

If the marriageable proclivities of our ancestors are remarkable from the contrast to our own customs, so is, also, their longevity as compared with our length of days. Eighty-five and ninety was the average age for departing this life, but it was nothing remarkable to pass the century.

Here are a few of these centenarians, out of a number taken from a paper, bearing date 1780:—

Mr. John Casey, in the 104th year of his age.

Mr. Maurice Supple, of Cork, in the 114th year of his age.

Mr. Leaver, of Redmond's Hill, in the 118th year of his age.

Mrs. Eleanor Gibbons, in the 105th year of her age.

Thomas Collins Sovereign, of the town of Tralee, in the 102nd year of his age.

Rev. P. Currier, P.P., in the 111th year of his age.

And Mrs. Sarah Jones, in the 102nd year of her age.

This lady was the "most eminent baby-linen maker in Dublin." A long paragraph is devoted to her proficiency in that department, and general virtues. Such paragraphs and advertisements give a great charm to the newspapers and magazines of the last century. There is a delightful simplicity about them, a tone of friendly gossiping chit-chat, which is very pleasant, and puts us *au fait* of the most domestic matters, as when we are told of a certain lady, living in Great George Street, Dublin, who presented her husband with a fifteenth pledge of affection, the information is kindly added, the fifteen are "all living." It is needless to say the unfortunate father was a clergyman, and in all pro-

bability not possessed of more than £40 a year. We can imagine that his reception of this fifteenth innocent differed somewhat from that of "Mr. Richard Chapel Whaley, of Ireland." This gentleman was so gratified by his wife's presenting him with a "son and heir," that he, being a man of immense property, gave her on the first day of going abroad, the following curious draft on his banker:—

"Good Mr. Latouche,
Pray open your pouch,
And pay my soul's d'rling
One thousand pound, sterling,
For Dick Chapel Whaley.
Witness—Joe Bailey."

Most ladies will think this an example worthy of imitation by their lords and masters. Mr. Dick Chapel Whaley was evidently a man of mark in his day, for here we have him turning up again. "On the 17th July, 1790, Mr. Dick Chapel Whaley arrived in Dublin, from his journey to Jerusalem, by this he wins a wager of £20,000."

In those days the theatres were crammed nightly, when Kemble played, and the "little devil" danced on the high rope at Smock Alley. This performer must have been quite as adventurous as Blondin; the persons who sat in the pit complained bitterly of his somersaults, as likely to endanger their *own* safety. One old gentleman writes feelingly on the subject. He says, addressing Mr. Jeremiah Spy, "that he is an old bachelor, and has sat for twelve years, *every evening* in the *fifth row*, in the *very centre of the pit*. His comfort now is quite gone, as the rope upon which the little devil exercises his skill is stretched immediately over *his* head, and one false step on the part of the performer would endanger *his* life." It is to be supposed that the old

gentleman's complaint met with just so much attention as letters and remonstrances of the kind experience to-day. In Crow Street, a rival attraction was drawing full houses. "A woman was dancing the rope"—this, like our *female Blondins*, called for much animadversion. The churches were to the full as crowded. The fashionable preacher, Rev. Walter Blake Kirnan, drew large audiences, and the receipts were never under £500. Money was, indeed, to be had for every purpose a gentleman could want it but for paying his debts—that was not to be thought of. Reckless high play was the order of the day, and estates changed hands daily and nightly at Daly's. This club, a place of fashionable resort, was exactly opposite to "the House," hither came all the "young bloods" and "swells" of the day. Mr. Lever, in his "Knight of Gwynne," has made "Daly's" the scene of one of his most dramatic incidents, where "the Knight plays with Lord Drogheda," his last remaining estate, *the stake*, and loses it. Such sad scenes were things of frequent occurrence. Many a duel cropped up at Daly's, as can be easily imagined when hot Irish blood was well heated with wine, and most of these meetings ended fatally. We are glad, however, to think there are pleasanter associations connected with Daly's. On Tuesday, June 6, 1780, the gentlemen of this club gave a grand masquerade ball at the Rotunda, in Great Britain Street—although we are told that "the characteristic wit and humour of the people of this island are acknowledged to be superior to that of other nations in entertainments of this kind," still it would seem that up to this period the national wit and humour had only been exhibited in London, where these masquerades were very general. The gentlemen of Daly's,

therefore, had the honour of making the first venture, and their ball was universally allowed to be "the most numerous and splendid entertainment ever given in the city, 1,500 tickets being distributed on the occasion; the doors were opened at nine o'clock, and the company entertained one another till three o'clock, when the supper was *laid out* in the supper rooms, and opened to the company."

It is to be supposed from this that the little *entr'acte* usual to us of tea and ices was left out, and that there was neither eating nor drinking until the grand *laying out*.

This masquerade was honoured by the presence of the Countess of Buckinghamshire, wife to the Viceroy, on whom the following "elegant" verses were made:—

"Let others in this various scene,
Feigned characters put on,
Of goddess, priestess, vestal, queen,
Or awful Amazon.

To you no fancy'd form or garb
New dignity imparts,
They're *real* charms, which wing the
barb
Unerring to our hearts."

It is hoped her ladyship was pleased with this prettily turned compliment. Some of the masks are very quaint, and original, and differ much from the stereotyped flower girls, duennas, and banditti with which our fancy balls are crowded. I think, however, our matrons would have rebelled against the introduction, no matter how humorous, of a lady in the situation all wives ought to be who "love their lords;" the danger, too, must have been imminent, as she was hunting everywhere for Doctor Jebb, the famous practitioner in that line. Doctor Slop was also present, handing about his cards. Very few ladies of this generation would know him to be "Mrs. Shandy's medical

attendant," but our grandmother read Mr. Sterne's books, although they did pop them behind the sofa-cushion when an admirer came in. The doctor was *a very good figure*, we are told, as was also an excellent *Mock Doctor*, by Captain Monck. It would seem that these *Masqueraders* were not content with assuming the clothes they undertook to be the people they represented for the nonce, but they were exposed to severe criticism, and were expected to give even the nicer shades of character, as when "a Caliban" was reproached for only recollecting "the savage" traits of that individual.

Amongst so many good masks it is difficult to make a selection, but the following seem the most original. We also give the criticisms, as they are worth recording.

- Two Spanish Slaves { LORD AND LADY
ANTRIM.
(Elegantly dressed and fettered in the
chains of Hymen.)
- A Whey Woman . MR. MAGUIRE.
(Nature itself.)
- A Sixpenny Doll . LORD GRANARD.
- A fille de Patmos . LADY GRANARD.
(A most beautiful Mask.)
- A Tancred . . . { LORD STRATH-
EVEN.
(Superb.)
- A Beautiful Nun . LADY DE VESCI.
(Universally admired.)
- A Patagonian Venus }
and her little Cupid } MR. CORDOT.
(Enormously amusing.)
- A Leaden Mercury MR. HEWIT.
- The Scrapers . . . { MR. COLE and
MR. HALL.
- An Innocent Pretty }
Quaker, "Moved } LADY HARRIET
by the Spirit" } CORRY.
- An Old Ballad }
Singer . . . } CAPT. ATKINS.
- (Who, accompanied by two curious
fiddlers, formed an excellent group,
and played their parts with enter-
taining humour.)

A Portrait Painter . MR. WILSON.
(Original and amusing, though very
satirical on a certain celebrated Pre-
sident of the R.A., distributing the
following card:—

Sir JOSHUA CARMINE, R.A.,
London.

A Bayes MR. QUIN.
(Curiously decorated with all the en-
signs of literature, and the rates of
authorship.)

A Double Face . . MISS CAYENDISH.
(Very good.)

The Fair Quaker of } The beautiful
Deal } MRS. MATHEWS.

The critic is hard enough upon any who do not come up to his idea of how the characters should be supported; as when he tells us of a jockey, represented by a Mr. Holmes, "who had no knowledge of either Newmarket or the Curragh" and of a magician — Mr. Burrows — "who without his wand would not have been taken for a magician;" but when he comes to speak of the ladies, "our chronicler" fairly loses all control of himself. He assures his readers, that "it was a glorious sight of female charms." "In this assemblage," he goes on to say, "the cestus of beauty was united with grace, harmony, and elegance; eyes—such lucid eyes!—were displayed, that the heavens seemed to illuminate this mansion of the graces." He concludes by "praying the genial powers of almighty Love to protect the grave historian of the night's triumphs from such dangerous exhibitions of beauty!"

It is to be hoped that, with such an ardent appreciation of female charms, the poor man had a pretty wife at home to keep his senses together. But although this gentleman's pen may have been dipped in hyperbolic ink, still there is no doubt that the Irish women of a hundred years ago possessed no ordinary share of beauty. At the

Dublin Exhibition of 1872, there was a collection of paintings called "the National Portrait Gallery." A little handbook, by Mr. Fitzgerald, supplied much interesting information upon each picture. A stroll through this gallery bore testimony to the truth of "our enthusiastic chronicler's" statement as regarded the female loveliness. Many of these fair dames have been famous in story, such as the sisters Gunning, the Duchess of Tyrconnell, and others. Later on came Lady Clare, Lady Cork, and Lady Denny—a famous triumvirate of beauty, who made the town ring with their eccentric freaks, which nowadays would have been ranked under the term "fast;" in fact, some of our grandmothers went the pace very rapidly indeed.

"Romping bouts" would astonish even our American cousins; and these were much the vogue in the seventeenth century. They took place in the evening, after tea, when a given number of ladies attacked a corresponding number of gentlemen. It is needless to add that the fair antagonists issued forth in a rather dishevelled state from these "bouts." It was fortunate that the style of dress was in some measure suited to these hoydenish amusements.

Listen to "Mr. Jeremiah Spy," the universal censor, congratulating his fair readers "that the mountains of false hair have disappeared, those hotbeds wherein different vegetables seemed to vie with each other, and have given place to an elegant simplicity of flowing ringlets." Does not this attack remind one of the crusade only just concluded against "the chignon?"

In truth, the more we go back to former centuries, the more we find that there is nothing new. The world, or, rather, "human

nature," is for ever repeating itself. There have been "fast men" and "fast women" since the time of Ham. Here is an example for those ladies who ape manly sports, and it would be something newer than skating. "In June, 1790, Madame Masson, the celebrated female tennis-player, entered the lists against Colonel Tarleton, and actually beat him. The lady is rather short of stature, and may be about thirty years of age. She plays in petticoats, and with great dexterity."

A beautiful woman in the last century was held in great reverence. She was put upon a pedestal to be worshipped, and much nonsense, in prose and poetry, was addressed to her. What belle of the present day would have such verses made for her as were offered to the beautiful Lady Craven?

It is an address to her heart, and is in a serial form, the first part beginning—

"No wonder, little fluttering thing,
That you so soon should leap and spring,
To Craven's fair and beauteous breast."

The second is to "Lady Craven," on dreaming she saw her heart at her feet, and is in the same elegant style of compliment. The third is the gem. Lady Craven's heart is now supposed to be lying on the floor, ruthlessly torn from its lovely shrine, viz., her ladyship's body:—

"Return thy native bosom grace,
Where charms unnumbered play,
Fit rival to its kindred face,
So beautifully gay.
Once more, oh, let the trio meet,
Never again to part,
Of all the sex who boasts so sweet
A bosom, face, and heart."

After this, Lady Craven and her heart retire, and we are heartily glad of it. This lady was rather celebrated, as later on she married the "Margrave of Anspach."

These epigrams were much used a hundred years ago, when verse-making was a perfect trade, and condolences and congratulations were offered in neatly - turned rhyme. Epigrams were flung at the Ministry unceasingly. We will close this paper with one adapted from the song of "Pass round the Glass," in Sheridan's "School for Scandal." It introduces the different members of the Cabinet, and goes on through numberless verses, from which we have selected the two following:—

" Here's to great North at the helm so
serene,

And to Mansfield unmatched in twice
fifty;

Here's to Lord Minden, at fighting so
keen,

And here's to Lord Talbot the thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the ass,

And, zounds! do not make a wry face
at the glass.

Here's to the courtier who catches a
prize,

And here's to the gaper with none, sir,

Here's to Sir Fletcher, with black
scowling eyes,

And here's to Lord Rochford with one,
sir.

Let the toast pass,

And drink to the ass,

And, zounds! do not make a wry face
at the glass.



KATHLEEN'S REVENGE.

By E. J. CURTIS.

THE county of Sligo is one of the most picturesque in Ireland; it has mountain, wood, and water—the three graces of landscape, and if it has not attracted much attention from the mighty host of tourists whom we meet going to and fro upon the earth in search of crumbling ruins, inaccessible mountain peaks, sourceless rivers, and the like, it is because fashion, the irresistible, has turned the tide to the cabinet pictures of Killarney—gems in their way, no doubt—and has left the wide canvas of the west, with its rugged outlines, and bold lights and shadows, unnoticed.

Sligo and the adjoining county of Mayo afford, or rather did afford, for the trade has considerably diminished of late years, considerable advantages for the illicit distillation of whisky. High up in the mountains the “stills” were secretly and constantly worked by men who were enabled, by the sale of their contraband produce, to live far better than the really hard-working inhabitants of the valleys below. Wild and lawless in the extreme were these mountaineers, they lived entirely apart from their fellows a sort of gipsy life, keeping at defiance alike the laws of God and man, and a raid made upon them by the revenue officers was a work of both danger and difficulty; such raids were, however, sometimes effectual, so far as the seizure of the “still” was concerned, but rarely without loss of life on both sides; the men would, when driven to bay, defend their property with extreme

ferocity, obliging the police to fire upon them in defence of their own lives.

Many years ago, the family of one of the most determined of these law-breakers, by name Donovan, had built for themselves a cottage in a secluded glen upon one of the Curlew mountains; it was by no means a comfortless abode, considering the wildness of its surroundings, for although thoroughly well screened from observation, it was, to a good walker, within comparatively easy reach of the town of Sligo. The Donovans had prospered in their illicit trade, having worked at it with an amount of energy and skill worthy of a more honourable enterprise. The family consisted of the father, who was a man of almost gigantic proportions, wild and rather ferocious in aspect, but by no means ill-looking; on the contrary, to see him on the rare occasions when he was dressed in his best clothes, which consisted of knee-breeches of cord, long stockings of blue-grey worsted, a long dark blue coat with a double cape, and a tall napless hat, he was a remarkably fine specimen of the “finest peasantry in the world.”

His two sons, Phelim and Ross, were like him in being tall and well-proportioned, but the soft and even kindly expression which was sometimes to be seen in the dark blue eyes of the old man was wholly absent in those of the brothers, who had grown up in their mountain home strong in limb, ready of resource, full of the stealthy

courage of the tiger, and without one gentle, or, it might be said, one human feeling in their hearts. Mrs. Donovan had been dead for many years, and the remaining member of the family was a daughter, a girl of great beauty; in face and figure she was really remarkable—tall, and faultlessly made; she walked erect, with a grace and dignity of movement which no posture mistress could impart; her small head was perfectly set upon her slender neck and sloping shoulders, and even her ill-made dress could not disfigure the beautiful round waist which had not been made, or marred, by tight lacing.

She had but rude and rough training, poor girl, but she knew that she was beautiful, and instinct had early taught her the powerful magic of her eyes, which could both "melt and burn," supplemented by the pathetic sweetness of her voice, which never sounded half so full of music as when she uttered some word of endearment in her native tongue. As a child, she had been contented to stay in her mountain home, never seeing any one but her father and brothers; but as she grew up, a longing came upon her to see more of the world which lay below—a wide world to her, and one in which she found soon enough temptation, in the gratification of her vanity. Being the idol of her old father, she was always able to coax money from him to spend in dress, and she made many an excursion to Sligo to buy finery, and when satisfied that her clothing would not suffer in comparison with that of other girls, she began regularly to attend mass at the nearest chapel—not, I fear, from any desire to spend Sunday in a profitable manner, but because she could there see and be seen.

Her road from the mountain, either to Sligo or to chapel, led her past the "grand gate"—as it is

the custom to say in Ireland—of Inane, at that time the residence of Edward O'Brian, a gay and handsome gentleman of five-and-twenty. When he and Kathleen Donovan—then a beautiful girl of twenty—met for the first time upon the high road, not half a mile from Inane, he was on horseback returning from a hard day with the hounds. His white breeches, so spotless in the morning, were covered with mud, his red coat also showed that he at least had not watched the brilliant run from the top of a hill, his handsome face was flushed with exercise, and his eyes were still sparkling with the excitement of the day's pleasure.

He was walking his horse along, and softly whistling, when, coming round a sharp turn of the road, he suddenly met Kathleen Donovan; so close was she that he had to pull in his horse with a sharp jerk to avoid riding over her. A flush, half of fright and half of surprise, was quickly added to the flush of exercise upon her beautiful face; the hood of her cloak fell back from her head, and her splendid hair fell with it over her shoulders.

O'Brian dropped his whip, a thing often done as an excuse for lingering, or to bring about an introduction; but in his case there was no acting, the whip fell from his fingers, and before Kathleen could stoop for it, he was off his horse, had picked it up, and was searching for a handkerchief with which to wipe off the mud. Kathleen took up her apron and said, "Let me, sir, an' don't dirty yer white hankercher."

"With a *cead mille afatha*," he answered, gallantly, "if I may thank you in my own way." The road was lonely, and Kathleen's rosy lips were a strong temptation—at twenty-five!

"I don't want yer thanks," she answered, with a saucy toss of her

head; and when she gave back the whip O'Brian made no attempt to kiss her, but he asked her a great many questions, and finally, slipping his arm through the bridle of his tired horse, he turned and went with her fully a mile upon her lonely road towards home. When they parted, it was with a silent hope on her part that they might—and a strong determination on his, that they should—meet again.

It was then just the beginning of spring; the hunting season was almost over, and Kathleen Donovan had not occasion again to spoil her apron by wiping with it the mud off Edward O'Brian's whip; but she and he met again—not once or twice, but times without number—not by accident, but by prearrangement, and the result was—well, happily, not quite, the old, old story. She very soon loved him with all her heart, and would have trusted him implicitly had he demanded trust from her, and it never occurred to her that in his position it would be impossible for him to make her his wife. He was not nearly so much to blame as men too often are under similar circumstances; he admired Kathleen's extraordinary beauty immensely, but he was neither selfish nor unprincipled, and when he found how the girl was beginning to care for him, and to cling to him with the total disregard of consequences, and the want of self-control inevitable from her undisciplined life and nature, he would gladly have at once broken off the hitherto harmless intercourse which had for some time gone on between them. He was not the man to betray a girl like Kathleen, and to drag her down to misery and shame; but being only human, and young, it was hard to read in her beautiful eyes the deep devotion she felt for him, and to remain self altogether unmoved. So

he took what seemed to him

the only course open to him—he went away, and went, too, without bidding Kathleen good-bye.

He had known her just a year, and when it came to the point it was hard enough to go without just one more meeting; but he felt if he told her that it was his intention to travel for a time, which meant that he intended to be absent from Inane for a year, if not more, his resolution would stand a fair chance of being shaken if Kathleen showed any grief, or if she asked him to stay. Never before did discretion so plainly show its better part. Edward O'Brian was attached to his home, and country life had many charms for him—far more, it must be confessed, than Kathleen's bright eyes possessed; but he saw, if he stayed, entanglement for him of the worst kind which could befall a young man in his position, and ruin for her, which included the vengeance of her lawless relations, to whom, as to all Irishmen of their class, the honour of their women is very dear; so he went. I may here mention that O'Brian did not know of the trade in illicit whisky carried on by the Donovans; Kathleen was incapable of betraying her people, even to him.

When it began to dawn upon her that O'Brian had actually left Inane, her feelings were a wild mixture of anger, misery, and despair—anger at his cruelty in having gone away so abruptly, misery at the thought that she was nothing to him after all, and despair at the conviction which took possession of her that she should never meet him again as she had been in the habit of doing. Her untutored heart rebelled hotly against her hard fate in being thus deserted and made little of; and with the rebellion mingled some half-developed sentiment of womanly shame at having lavished so openly such devoted love upon one who had, as she thought, proved him-

self indifferent. She was wholly incapable of appreciating the self-denial of O'Brian, and the honourable feeling which had, before it was too late, prompted him to withdraw from the pitfall which he had seen yawning before her feet and his own.

O'Brian went abroad for a year, and made new friends for himself; it was not a difficult matter for him to do so, for he was rich and handsome, and his sweet manner and musical Irish brogue carried all before them. The second winter of his absence from Ireland he spent at Cheltenham; he sent to Inane for his horses, and soon became as well known for a bold rider in Gloucestershire as he was in Connaught; and at Cheltenham, at one of the numerous balls for which that gay town is famous, he fell in love with a girl who, if not possessed of the *beauté de diable* of wild Kathleen Donovan, was very lovely, and fulfilled, moreover, O'Brian's ideal of what he wished his wife to be. There were no difficulties to surmount, the handsome and popular young Irishman had been looked upon as a "catch" by all the wary chaperons of Cheltenham, so everything was soon arranged, and by the end of May the O'Brians had finished their honeymoon, and were about to start for Ireland, and their future home, Inane.

The young bride was full of happy anticipations. Surely the country to which her handsome, good-tempered, and altogether fascinating husband belonged must be a charming place. Edward himself was not less happy; a wilderness would have been a paradise to him if only he could have his pretty young wife there with him; how perfect, then, would be his own beautiful home when it was her home also!

Once or twice, as they came towards the end of their journey, the thought of Kathleen occurred to

him, and he hoped most sincerely that by that time she was the wife of some stout young farmer, or that she had emigrated. He had not much to blame himself for regarding her; on the contrary, he felt conscious of deserving praise, for he had behaved as not one man in fifty would have done under the same circumstances; but remembering the wild, passionate nature of the girl, he hoped she had outlived the folly of two years ago.

However, by the time Sligo was reached, he had forgotten all about her; his own carriage was in waiting at the principal inn in the town, an open barouche, one of his most recent presents to his bride, and with many "God save yeess," and "More power to yeess," from the beggars who crowded about the hotel door, they started for Inane.

As they drove along, O'Brian pointed out, with great pride, to his wife the beautiful, and to him familiar, features of the country; and then, as they drew near the house, he showed her a concourse of people assembled upon the road, evidently waiting to bid the travellers welcome.

"You must not be frightened," he said, "if they run along beside the carriage to have a good look at you; I think I can say that I am a favourite with them, and I know you will be popular for your own sake—there is nothing Paddy likes better than a pretty face!"

Her arch reply, "As if I did not know that already," was drowned in the shouts of "Welcome, yer honour," "Welcome, me lady!" which met them from the crowd of men, women, and children upon the road; the men flung their hats into the air and hurraed, the women courtesayed, the children shouted shrilly, and all pressed about the carriage.

"Whethin good luck to yer honour, but ye brought us home

a rare beauty anyhow—the heavens be her bed!”

“Shure isn’t it himself ’ud have his pick an’ choice iv the best?”

“Musha, thin, she’s purty enough for an Irishwoman!”

“Good luck to the pair of ye, and may we soon be at the christenin’!” and then there was a rush and a scramble for the money which Edward flung out liberally amongst them.

Leaving the excited crowd behind, the carriage passed on to meet at the entrance gates another expectant group, but it was less demonstrative than the first; and standing out well in front, with her eyes fixed upon the advancing carriage, there was a figure which O’Brian remembered only too well. It was Kathleen Donovan, looking as if ten years had passed over her head instead of two since he had seen her last. She was beautiful still, but there was an expression in her eyes which made him wince, and he instinctively caught his wife’s hand. The carriage stopped for a few seconds to allow the gates to be opened, and the crowd to fall back; and, as it drew up, Kathleen made a step or two forward, and then, falling on her knees, she raised her hands high above her head, and invoked an imprecation from heaven upon the heads of the young man and his bride.

Before she could finish her evil prayer, two women seized her, and actually forced her upon her feet again. “Is it mad ye are, Kathleen Donovan?” cried one of them, while the other put her hand over the girl’s mouth. “Is it mad ye are? or is it that ye want to make us b’lieve that his honour ’ud ever have demaned himself wid lookin’ at the likes iv ye; go home an’ chate the revenue wid the thievin’ set that owns ye, an’ don’t come here makin’ a disturbanes before the young mistress.”

With such angry comments Kathleen found herself assailed on every side as the carriage passed out of sight; but she shook herself free from the women, and with black thoughts of vengeance in her heart, started for her mountain home.

“Is that poor thing mad, Edward?” whispered little Mrs. O’Brian, nestling up close to her husband when they were out of earshot of the commotion raised by Kathleen’s outbreak.

“Mad? I should think so, indeed,” replied Edward, who was both angry and startled at the tragic element which had intruded itself into the midst of his triumphal progress. “She is a half sort of gipsy, and I believe her people live a wild sort of life up in the mountains. I know nothing about them, and I’m sure I don’t know why she should break out into a fury all at once and curse like that; I never did her any harm.”

“Of course not; she must be mad,” replied the young wife, happy in her ignorance, and quite ready to assert before all the world that her adoring husband had never looked, with even momentary admiration, at any pretty face save her own. “Of course not,” she repeated, decidedly; “I dare say you never spoke to the creature in your life.”

“Welcome to Inane,” was O’Brian’s answer, as the horses galloped up to the door; and leaping out of the carriage with a bound, he almost lifted his wife across the threshold of her new home.

For many weeks after she had forced herself to see the home-coming of the O’Brians, Kathleen was ill with a kind of low fever, and her poor old father was distracted lest he should lose her, for she was the one being on earth for whom he cared. Religious

observances were by no means in his way, but, like the majority of his class in Ireland, he was superstitious, although not religious, and his belief in spells and charms, and the wonder-working power of saints, was great in proportion to his ignorance.

He therefore resolved to make a pilgrimage to a holy well in the neighbourhood, and there to offer up prayers to the patron saint for the recovery of his daughter. The astonishment of the old crones who frequented the holy place to tell their beads, was unbounded when Donovan suddenly appeared amongst them, and went down on his knees before the rude cross which marked the starting point of the pilgrims.

"Was ever anything seen like the devotion of Black Donovan all on a sudden?" whispered one old woman to another, as she took a rest from her "beads."

"Glory be to the saints, it's wonderful," muttered the other; "but shure he must have hard work afore him to make up for lost time; isn't myself at it hammer an' tongs every day, an' I have a dale to make up yit."

"Musha, thin, my tongue's wore as thin as a sixpence wid them for prayers," returned the first speaker, as she dropped down and prepared to move round the well on her bare knees.

"I wish we had a light for the pipe, anyhow, avic," whispered her companion, evidently seeing no reason why she should not lighten the road to heaven with her chiefest earthly comfort. "It's a great help intirely; I'll ax Mr. Donovan iv he has one about him, afore he begins his second round."

But they might as well have addressed the stones under their feet as "Black Donovan" while he was praying, as he believed,

for the recovery of his favourite child.

Kathleen Donovan recovered, but whether her restoration to health was owing to her father's prayers at the holy well, or to her own good constitution, it is not for me to say; still she was never again the bright, high-spirited girl she had been the day she met Edward O'Brian for the first time; neither was she so handsome—or rather, she was handsome still, but not beautiful. She made no second attempt to molest O'Brian or his wife, but the former lived for some weeks in a state of perpetual dread lest she should contrive to meet Mrs. O'Brian alone, and frighten her with threats and menaces, but she was never seen in the neighbourhood of Inane; she even, to a great extent, gave up her visits to Sligo and her chapel-going, and lived on an uneventful life with her father and brothers, helping them in their work, and daily growing more hard and more unwomanly.

Within the first year of her marriage, Mrs. O'Brian gave birth to a daughter, who quickly became the idol of her father, and not even the arrival of his son and heir, when little Norah was about two years old, could deprive her of the first place in her father's heart. These additions to the happy household at Inane were all known to the sullen and disappointed Kathleen, whose wild dream of being lifted, through the love of O'Brian, into a sphere far beyond her birth and station, and for which she was wholly unfitted by habits and education, had been so roughly broken up; she would willingly have gone with him from one end of the world to the other, had he said "Come;" but her firm belief had been that he would make her his wife, and the sight of another woman in the place she had aspired

to fill, almost drove her mad, and she swore a fearful oath to be revenged. But time went on, and no way of carrying out her designs against the peace and happiness of the O'Brians ever presented itself. Unseen by any member of the family, she made herself acquainted with all their ways and habits; she watched little Norah grow from a pretty baby into a merry sprite, able to run about and play alone, then into a dignified little maiden of six, with sunny hair curling upon her shoulders, and her father's eyes and smile.

During the seven years which had passed since O'Brian had brought home his bride, the Donovans had not prospered; the Government had been considerably on the alert, and constant searches were being made in the wildest part of the Curlews for illicit whisky, and more especially for "stills" actually at work. The *sheeling* of the Donovans had hitherto escaped detection, in spite of the vigilance of the revenue police; it had been so judiciously placed, in a secluded glen, not very high up upon the mountain, that the searchers actually passed it many times, not thinking that any one would venture to carry on the dangerous trade of illicit distillation in so apparently open and unprotected a spot. But although they were as yet undiscovered, the Donovans found that the sale of the "mountain dew" grew very slack, people became cautious of meddling with contraband goods, and so the family got gradually poorer and poorer.

"We can't stan' this much longer," said Pheem one night, as a scanty supply of strab-out and sour butter-milk was served out for the supper of the party. "Them damned gaugers passed within a stone's throw iv us ag'in not an hour ag', an' O'Brian iv J wid them, as a magis-

trate, iv coorse; I think the likes iv him might find better work nor hunting poor cratures that's d an' no harm."

"O'Brian of Inane?" repeated Kathleen, who had not been listening very attentively until the name struck her.

"Ay, just O'Brian, an' a fine-lookin' chap he is too, although I don't like a bone in his shen. Ross, there, saw him as well as me, an' I prayed that his horse might come down on the mount an' road an' break his neck, but shure prayers is only waste iv breath, for they're never answered; I've thought iv a plan though, which would be a dale better for us nor his bone' kilt, for he's not the only magistrate in the county; if we could get boult iv that child iv his, the colleen wid the yalla hair, we might make terms wid him afore we'd give her up, an' shure iv all failed, five minutes' dale do for her at any time."

Kathleen's apathy had now quite passed away, and she was sitting erect, listening intently; the old man was dozing, with his feet stretched out into the turf embers, and paying no attention to what was said.

"It's asy sayin' get boult iv her," said Ross, who was by no means so daring as his brother, "but how are ye to do it? an' iv yer catch, where 'ud ye be?"

"In Sligo gaol," replied Pheem, "but we may as well hang for a sheep as a lamb. I have reason to know that them revenue chaps have got information about us, an' are huntin' for us up and down the Curlews every day; iv we could get the child here afore they find us out, we'd be able to make our own terms wid O'Brian, for they say he thinks the like iv her never was born. What's Katty starin' at, wid the eyes startin' out iv her head?"

"Listen," she answered, "there's

some one at the door, and I hear a child cryin' ; don't ye hear it now ?"

"Ay, faith," cried Phelim, as the wailing sound of a child's voice was heard outside. "Who's there?" he called out.

"Let me in, Mr. Donovan;" it was a woman who spoke. "I'm Molly Murphy, yer neighbour there beyant, an' I've a poor little crature here I found out on the mountain, lookin' for her dada, she says, an' she's perished wid hunger and cowl, an' I can't carry her a fut farther, me poor old back's so stiff." This long explanation was shouted through the closed door at the top of a shrill old voice.

"Begorra, then she's come to the goat's house to look for wool," returned Phelim, as he got up to let the speaker in; half expecting some trick, he pulled the door open but a little way, but pushing it before her as he gave way, an old woman staggered in, carrying a burden under her cloak which was evidently too heavy for her. Kathleen jumped up to relieve her, and placed upon the floor a daintily-dressed little girl, who was crying bitterly, and calling out every moment, "I want papa." The Donovans looked at each other, and Phelim felt inclined to retract his statement about the futility of prayers.

The child was Norah O'Brian.

"I found her," the old woman explained, "near a mile higher up, where I was lookin' for some herbs to make a drink for the rheumatics, which is terrible bad on me this while back, an' when I axed her what tuk her so far from home, she said she come to look for her dada, who went out ridin' early in the mornin'—shure I seen him meself, goin' by wid the polis—an' she couldn't find her way back, the crature, and her *dayney* little boots was all cut wid the stones, an' she's

as tired as a dog, an' meself had to carry her every fut here, an' I as stiff as a stake; so I thought I'd come an' ax one of you boys to carry her down to Inane, an' shure it's a fine reward ye'll be afther gettin' from his honour an' Mrs. O'Brian, when they see her safe an' sound. Don't cry, me lanna," she added, to the frightened child. "Shure Mr. Phelim 'ill take ye home as nate as ninepence, an' ye won't forget to tell yer dada that ould Molly Murphy found ye on the side iv the mountain, cryin' yer purty eyes out?"

"I want papa," sobbed little Norah, looking from one to the other of the strange faces about her.

"An' ye'll have him afore no time, me jewel," answered Molly, soothingly. "Don't cry, avic, shure no one 'ud hurt ye at all, at all;" and then with a kindly "God save ye all," Molly went out, but, secretly, she much regretted her inability to carry the child all the way to Inane herself.

"Hould yer whist, will ye," cried Phelim, with an angry stamp of his foot, as Norah set up a still louder cry when she saw the woman who had been kind to her disappear; "nobody's goin' to ate ye, although we're hungry enough for that same. Ye see we have her idout any throuble," he added, in Irish, to his brother and sister, "an' we must hould her fast."

Kathleen made no reply, but drawing the little girl gently to her side, she took off the pretty hat, with its long feather, and smoothed back the tangled hair from the sweet little face. Calmed for the moment, Norah looked at the girl's face with the lovely blue eyes, so like her father's, and, as she did so, a mighty rush of recollections, sweet and bitter, rushed back upon Kathleen; she remembered how she had sworn to be

revenged upon the man whom she had loved, and who had, as she believed, loved her; and here now, close to her hand, she had found the means to make him feel pain more keen than she had herself endured; and yet, in spite of herself, as she looked again and again at the lovely, innocent little face, with the full red lips quivering, and the tear-stains upon the soft cheeks, a more womanly feeling stole into the hard, resolute heart. Could she bring herself to harm, or could she let another harm, that helpless little creature? Could she bear to see the father's grief when the wrong was done past recall? The plan of her revenge had never taken a very definite form in her mind, but always, in fancy, she had seen herself gloating over O'Brian's despair as he looked upon his little daughter lying dead before him.

Kathleen's expression, at first both hard and cruel, gradually relaxed into softness; with the quick instinct of childhood, Norah perceived the change in the dark, handsome face, and nestling close to the girl's side, she whispered, "You take me home." Her fear of Phelim was shown by her emphasis upon "*you*."

"You won't see home this night, avic," Phelim was beginning, when Kathleen interrupted him in Irish, and then ensued a long and angry discussion between the brother and sister in that tongue, during which Norah stood frightened, and looking from one to the other, wondering what the, to her, uncouth sounds could mean. But she was, by nature, a brave little thing, and she had made up her small mind that crying would only "vex the big man," and that it would be better to keep silent if she could. Old Donovan and his son Ross had long before gone to their beds.

Apparently Kathleen had the

best of the argument, for when it was over, she put on the child's hat again, and Phelim, taking his hat and coat from a peg, prepared to go out.

"Me brother will take ye home to yer dada, darlin'," Kathleen said, as she put a shawl of her own over the child's shoulders. "Don't be afraid, he'll carry ye every foot, an' ye'll be asleep in yer own little bed in no time."

"It's a fine warm night, but as dark as a bag," said Phelim, as he looked out. "If we don't break both our necks down the road through the glen, the devil's in the dice. Come along, missy." Kathleen lifted up the child, and put her into the young man's arms. "Begorra, you don't live on stir-about and sour milk, anyhow," he said, as he felt her weight. "You may bar the doure, Kitty," he added, "I'll sleep in the *sheeling* to-night, as I want to be at work early in the mornin'."

The "*sheeling*" was a half cave, half hut, about a quarter of a mile higher up the glen, in which the Donovans had their "*still*," and in which the young men not unfrequently passed the night.

It would not be easy to describe the consternation which pervaded Inane when it was ascertained that little Norah had not been seen by any member of the household for several hours; not since she had dined with her mother at luncheon time. Mrs. O'Brian was under the impression that the child was in the nursery with her little brother, the nurse thought she was with her mamma, but the little thing had contrived to slip away unnoticed by every one, and had set out boldly to follow her father, whom she had seen on horseback taking the winding road which led to a shooting lodge he had built upon the mountain, the fact being that he was on his way to join the

revenue police in their search for illicit whisky.

The child had been several times at Curlew Lodge with her father, and she fancied that she knew the way and could walk the distance; but she wandered on and on, getting more bewildered at every step, and I have already told how she was found by old Molly Murphy, thoroughly tired out, and taken to the cottage of the Donovans.

O'Brian found a wild search going on for her in all directions when he came back to Inane after his fruitless search for the illicit "still" of the very people into whose hands she had fallen, and it may easily be imagined with what vigour he joined in this, to him, far more exciting quest. But all was in vain, the child could not be found, and no one could make even a probable suggestion to the distracted father as to her whereabouts; he did not allow himself to think of the lake which was within the grounds, about half a mile from the house, and which had always a strong attraction for the children. Poor O'Brian! he had a vision of his sweet little daughter lying dead amongst the weeds and water-flowers she was always longing to be allowed to gather, and he at length nerved himself to start, with men carrying ropes and lanterns, to see if the horrible reality were awaiting him. But there was no trace of Norah at the lake, no mark of her little feet upon the soft sand at the edge of the water. Evening passed and night came on, the warm, dark night of early summer, but still Norah was missing; Phelim Donovan had played his sister false, he had not taken the little wanderer to her home.

She was hidden in the mountain "sheeling," and out of the sovereign which he found in her little toy purse—both purse and money had

been a birthday present from her doting father a few days before—the young ruffian bought food for her and for himself, and he could but trust to the chapter of accidents for a fresh supply if she were not "ransomed," when his present store was exhausted.

Three days passed, and then O'Brian gave up his darling as lost; no one who did not know what the child had been to him could have believed how bitterly he grieved for her, or how fervently he longed even to find her dead, that he might know what her fate had been; his wife tried to comfort him, but she was herself too broken-hearted to do anything but echo his grief.

Four days Norah had been missing when old Molly Murphy exerted herself to hobble as far as Inane to tell "his honour" how she had found the child, and to claim some reward from "himself an' the mistress."

The message that a woman had come "about Miss Norah" gained old Molly speedy admittance to the sorrowing father and mother, and it would be difficult to describe their astonishment when they heard that the old woman had actually found the child and had given her up to the Donovans, not being herself able to carry the little thing past their cottage, nor the indignation of Molly when she heard—for the first time, of course—that Norah had never reached Inane.

"Och, the villains! the thieves iv the world!" she cried. "What come over me at all at all, to trust the darlin' in their hands? Oh, Mrs. O'Brian, ma'am jewel, shure I wouldn't wish it had happened for a mine iv gould! Oh, the darlin' little crature, how could they have the heart? iv it was only the boys that was in it I mightn't wonder so much, but shure Kathleen might have stood betune

the crature an' harm, an' she a woman."

"Kathleen?" repeated O'Brian, half mechanically, as the remembrance of the beautiful country girl from whose too seductive charms he had fled some years ago came back to him; if it were the same Kathleen of whom old Molly spoke, would she not be capable of revenging herself upon him for the past, by the murder, it might be, of his child?

"Tell me exactly of whom you are speaking," he said to Molly. "Who is Kathleen?"

"Kathleen Donovan; shure yer honour knows her well, be sight iv not be name; she's the daughter of ould Black Donovan, the giant, they call him. Don't they live up there in the mountain beyant, how is best known to themselves, but I'll go bail iv the gaugers could only come across them it's not long they'd be in the country, bad luck to them, axin' yer ladyship's pardon for cursin'."

"Donovan?" cried Edward, "why, those are the very fellows the revenue men have been hunting for for days. Come, my good woman, direct me where to find them, and if they have—" but the thought that his little Norah had fallen into such lawless hands was too much for him, and he got up hastily and walked about the room to hide his agitation.

Old Molly was too indignant to be stayed by the thought that she was actually turning informer, as she gave O'Brian the directions necessary to enable him to find out the lair of the Donovans, but when she left Inane she determined to go at once and pour out all her wrath upon Kathleen for having deceived her. With much difficulty she dragged her rheumatic old limbs up the glen, and was lucky enough to find Kathleen alone; her father and Ross were

in Sligo, and Phelim never now spent an hour away from the "sheeling."

Kathleen's astonishment and indignation were so genuine when she heard the angry old woman's story, that Molly felt convinced she knew nothing of the child.

"Thin it's that limb iv the devil, Phelim, has med away wid her; but never mind, his honour's on the right scent now, an' iv yer not put out nick and crop, it won't be his fault. Where is it yer goin'?" she added, as Kathleen flung her cloak about her, and almost pushing old Molly out of the cottage, she locked the door.

"Go home, an' never heed me," she answered, for Molly did not know of the existence of the "sheeling" higher up the glen. "The child is not here, you may take my word for that." And, as she spoke, she started at a quick pace up the mountain path.

Phelim was standing in front of the hut, smoking; when he saw his sister coming towards him, he went forward a step or two to meet her, saying, gruffly, "Well, what brings you here? Yer not wanted."

"I want Norah O'Brian, dead or alive," she answered. "It's only a while ago I found out the trick ye played me about her; give her up, I say, or it will be worse for ye if her father comes here to look for her."

"An' for you iv ye bring him," Phelim returned. "I have her now, an' idout an oath from O'Brian that me an' mine gets off fair an' aisy to America, or is never looked after by the revenue men, he may whistle for her, for a finger he'll never lay on her—living. It's transportation for the whisky, and I'd sooner twenty times be hanged any day. There, now, I've said me say, an' be off wid ye."

Kathleen looked at the door of the

hut, as if she were meditating a bold stroke for the rescue of the child.

"Try it, agra!" said Phelim, derisively, as he made a step or two backward. "I know every turn iv ye, an' why ye've turned soft all at onest about the child: don't I mind the time when ye were a slip iv a girl ye used to meet O'Brian every blessed day, an' I had me eye out in case he done ye a bad turn; may be he did, an' may be he didn't, but I put a tilly in *this* just to sarve him out," and he drew a heavy pistol from his pocket as he spoke.

Kathleen turned without a word and went away, but she was determined, even at the risk of her own life, to save O'Brian's child.

As she expected, he came the next day, accompanied by a body of the revenue police, to search the Donovans' house, ostensibly for illicit whisky, but to rescue his child was O'Brian's real object; Kathleen was still alone; she met him at the door, and there was not a trace on her handsome face of the feelings which made her tremble from head to foot as she once more stood before him face to face: as for O'Brian, the folly of seven years ago had altogether faded from his mind, and he was hardly conscious that the girl who *now* stood aside to let him enter her father's house was the same beautiful creature who had fascinated him *then*.

"Tell yer men to stan' back," she said. "There is not one drop of whisky here, inside or out, but I want to spake to yerself."

Edward went in, and she shut the door behind him, then standing before him, and looking in her excitement almost as beautiful as of old, she said, "There was a time, Edward O'Brian, when ye've said ye wouldn't refuse me anything I axed, an' I'm goin' to ax ye a favour now. It was only yesterday I knew where yer child was, an' that them

I trusted her to hadn't tuk her home at all; iv I take ye to her now, will ye let them off that done the wrong? They're me own flesh an' blood, an'——"

"If they were *my* own flesh and blood," broke in O'Brian, impatiently, "I would not spare them for having kept my child away from me in this manner—she may be half dead from hardship and fright. Tell me instantly where to find her, and think yourself very safe if you are not taken up as an accomplice. You need not try to deceive me any longer; I shall find her, if I pull the house down stone by stone."

For one moment Kathleen stood looking at him; was this the gentle, tender-hearted man, the gay and fascinating Edward O'Brian, whom she had worshipped with the full intensity of her almost savage nature? But something, she knew not what, pleaded for him in her heart, cruelly as he had spoken to her; it seemed as though she understood his passionate love for Norah by the force of her own unextinguished love for him.

"Come," she said, "I'll show ye where the child is, an' iv there is bloodshed, on yer own head be it."

She walked up the glen silently by his side; while the revenue men, half a dozen in number, marched at some distance behind them. In about ten minutes they came within sight of the "sheeling;" the door was shut and everything was quiet around, but a wreath of thin blue turf smoke, rising from what was apparently a hole in the roof of the hut, which was half shed, half cave, showed that it was not uninhabited.

"The still is at work," whispered Kathleen, with a bitter laugh, "so the polismen will have something to find too."

Before the little party reached the shed, the door was flung open,

and Phelim came out, and behind him, pale and frightened-looking, with her bright hair rough and tangled, and her white frock blackened with smoke, stood Norah O'Brian. Phelim had a leather strap round her waist, which he quickly fastened to the door-post, and still more to impede her movements, her hands were tied behind her back.

On recognizing her father, the poor little thing gave a cry of joy, but then feeling safe as long as she could see him, and fearing to rouse the anger of her terrible gaoler, she kept bravely silent, and, as she afterwards confided to her mother, "tried to see no one but papa."

"There she is!" said Phelim, pointing at her with his pistol, "an' let the best man among yees take her out iv that idout my lave." He did not notice, or did not care, that his sister had gone slowly forward, and was almost beside him as he spoke. "I have a word to say to ye, Mr. O'Brian, an' to them chaps too—yer work's cut out for ye, boys, for there's the still at work, and lots iv fine poteen about, more's the pity; but iv that gentleman," pointing to O'Brian, "has a mind to have that child of his out iv that spot alive, I must be let get clane off; there, now, I've no more to say; it's for his honour to spake next."

"Close up, men, and seize him!" cried O'Brian, half beside himself with rage at the coolness of the young scoundrel, and, as he spoke, he dashed forward to try and throw up Phelim's right arm before he could take aim at the helpless child.

But he was too late, the report of the pistol echoed through the lonely glen, mingled with a cry of agony which was not in Norah's feeble voice; Phelim made a wild dash forward, and darted off, with the revenue men in close pursuit, while O'Brian, with one hurried

glance to assure himself that his darling was unhurt, knelt down to raise in his arms the bleeding form of Kathleen Donovan, who had thrown herself forward just in time to save the child's life at the cost of her own.

As Edward lifted her up she moaned, and opening her beautiful dark eyes, smiled faintly. "You were hard on me just now," she said, evidently speaking with great difficulty, "but I've saved her for ye, an' ye'll not forget me now, will ye?"

"Forget you," he answered, "it is not likely, and I believe I know why you did this, my poor faithful girl."

"It was because ye war more to me nor any one in the world, and because the child is like ye in the face; I tried to curse ye both, the day ye brought her mother home, only the women stopped me, but you'll forgive me, I'm—very—sorry."

There was a short interval of pain and laboured breathing, then she spoke again. "Lay me down, an' go to the child; shure the life must be frightened out iv the crature," but even as she said the words, her eyes closed, and she was gone.

Phelim was eventually taken and executed, but his father and brother escaped to America, and it was many months before either O'Brian or his child fully recovered from the effects of the fearful scene which had ended the life of the hapless Kathleen Donovan. As time went on it gradually faded from brave little Norah's mind, but, to the last hour of his life, O'Brian never forgot the noble self-sacrifice of the woman whom in an idle hour he had led on to love him so unwisely and so well, and the country people still talk of the tragedy which broke up the home of the Donovans, and the victim of which is supposed to haunt the lonely glen to this day.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

CHAPTER III.

ALCOHOL, as we have seen, cannot be classified as a food, and does not possess any alimentary properties whatever, yet surely, say the advocates for its medicinal use, it must have a certain value as a therapeutic, because it unquestionably does act on the system as a *stimulant*. Dr. Edmunds has observed that:—

“Writers upon *materia medica* say some very singular things, and they have had to invent several hypotheses, which would never have been required in therapeutics, had it not been for the remarkable effects of narcotics upon the human body.

“They all admit that alcohol is a narcotic, and that alcohol in large doses kills as every other narcotic poison does; but they say that though when a man is fully narcotised—when he is ‘dead drunk’—you have a paralysis of the brain and limbs, heart and respiration, all the actions by which life is manifested, yet that, in small doses, you get out of the same substance a result which is the precise contrary, of that which you get out of it in large doses.

“And they propound this doctrine; that alcohol, in small doses, is a stimulant, while in large doses it is a narcotic. That is the position which alcohol now holds in the *materia medica* of those physicians who, having been driven from the theory that it is a nutrient, use it as a stimulant.”—*Lecture “On Alcohol as a Medicine,”* p. 10.

Now, like many other noxious substances, alcohol, when taken into the human stomach, acts unquestionably as a stimulant, but before we decide on its *character* and value as a stimulant, let us first clearly

understand—what is meant by the term? The word comes from *stimulus*, which signifies “a pointed staff or stake;” a “goad used in driving cattle;” and thus to *stimulate*, means literally to “prick or pierce with a goad.” Hence the word is properly applied to signify generally whatever incites, rouses, stirs up, and acts as an inducement or incentive to physical or mental action.

But in a scientific medical sense, the term has a more restricted and precise meaning, and implies an *agent which healthfully incites organic action*. It is in this sense alone that the term can be properly used in considering a physiological question.

Observe, then, that a stimulant, in its proper medical sense, must fulfil two conditions—it *must be healthful in itself*, as congenial to the system, and it *must incite to healthful vital action*.

It is necessary to be thus particular respecting the precise meaning of words, because the loose, vague, and unscientific manner in which even some medical writers too often employ medical terms, materially serves to perpetuate old errors and propagate new ones. In the sense that whatever incites is, consequently, a stimulant, all irritant substances must be considered stimulants; therefore it is essential to note, that any substance entering the stomach not healthful in itself, and that is not capable of inciting to healthful vital action, cannot be physiologically regarded as a *salutary stimulant*.

Thus, it will be understood that

the best stimulants for the human economy are those which not only naturally incite organic vitality, but at the same time *supply an increase of power to act*. Popularly, and to a large extent professionally, alcohol is assumed to be a stimulant of this salutary class, but there could not well be a more fatal fallacy, especially when made the basis of medical practice, in the hands of alcoholic monomaniacs of the Todd school. It even now lies at the root of the ignorance, so prevalent in society, respecting the alleged invigorating and strengthening properties of alcohol, which is a perennial source of intemperance, for it converts alcohol into a household duty.

Now, it does not necessarily follow, that whatever may stimulate or incite to action, also *creates* the power essential to action, or that additional vital power is thereby imparted, in any way, to the bodily system. You whip and spur a horse—what for? Is it in the hope of giving him additional strength?—of imparting power to him?—of supplying him with something that will increase his stock of vital force?

Clearly not. Only the grossest ignorance could contemplate anything so ridiculously silly. A horse is plied with whip or spur for the purpose of stimulating him—of inciting him to an increased manifestation of the vital power he already possesses. Thus, such *stimuli* do not impart, but evoke power.

Surely it will not be contended that we whip and spur a horse for the same purpose as that for which we give him oats? Oats digested supply nutriment which, in due course, is assimilated to the system, thereby replenishing waste and sustaining vitality. Oats, therefore, as food, not only maintains physical organization, but increases animal vitality—and vitality means power.

But what does the whip and spur maintain or replenish?—nothing! On the contrary, all such *stimuli* tax both the physical organism and vitality, by evoking power already existent, and inciting physical energy to induce its greater manifestation.

It is a physiological truism, that whatever incites an abnormal or excessive manifestation of vital force is necessarily exhaustive of that force; hence all stimulants of the whip-and-spur class, as they act by taxing vitality, while they supply no compensative nutriment, it follows that the more freely such stimulants are used, the greater is the exhaustive wear and tear imposed on the system—the heavier the tax laid upon the vital power of the constitution.

Now, physiologically speaking, the action of alcoholic stimulants on man is exactly analogous to that of the whip and spur on a horse, in so far as they incite nervous action and elicit vital force, while they never impart additional power to the vital economy in reparation of the waste so caused.

But alcohol does far more in an injurious way, inasmuch as its invariable action is not alone to use up vital force, but also to impair the functional power of the organs whose peculiar duty it is to generate and sustain vitality. It is thus not only exhaustive of vital force, but the tendency of its action is to derange, in a greater or lesser degree, the organism by which the vital economy is replenished and maintained. Hence Dr. T. B. Chambers, in his excellent work the "Renewal of Life," expresses a doubt respecting the alleged stimulating effect of alcohol on the healthy system. In reply to the question—what is a stimulant? he says:—

"It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal to a more

viprous performance of its duties. It seems doubtful if, on the healthy nervous system, this is ever the effect of alcohol, even in the most moderate doses, and for the shortest periods of time. A diminution of force is quite consistent with augmented quickness of motion, or may it not be said that in involuntary muscles, it implies it. The action of chloroform is to quicken the pulse, yet the observations of Dr. Bedford Brown, on the circulation in the human cerebrum during anæsthesia, clearly show that the propelling power of the heart is diminished during that state."

It is, no doubt, a pernicious fallacy to imagine that organic activity is synonymous with organic vitality, or that alcohol, because it acts as a whip-and-spur stimulant—because it increases the heart's action, excites the nervous system, affects the brain, and may cause increased activity in other organs and functions of the system, therefore we are to conclude, that all this organic activity necessarily betokens an increase in the stock of vital power of the individual.

This would be a conclusion, not warranted by science or experience. The piston of an engine works with greater rapidity down an incline than up a gradient, all other conditions being equal; but this does not betoken an increase of power. Take a rapid run for a few minutes, and the heart's action will be increased, but is this an evidence of an increase of vital force? Assuredly not. On the contrary, does not the increase in the heart's action unerringly betoken an increase in the *expenditure of vital force*.

Observe, therefore, this most important truth—that *the increased activity of any part or function of the animal organism, is always necessarily effected by a proportionate waste of vital power*. You might as well expect a candle to give light without burning, as that the

human organism could be stimulated by alcohol, without causing a corresponding expenditure of vital power. This is a physiological axiom which should always be borne in mind; and another of equal importance is, that by *food alone can vital power be replenished*.

We arrive then at this incontestable conclusion, that a stimulant which does not act as food—which does not make blood to nourish and sustain the organism, and replenish the waste of vital power which is perpetually going on, must necessarily act as an exhaustive agent, just as the whip and spur acts in stimulating a horse to increased physical exertion, without supplying anything to replenish the vital power he expends.

When we consider how strong and conclusive the evidence is on this subject, it certainly appears strange that men of high character and standing in the medical profession have been found to countenance the mischievous fallacies on which Alcoholic Medication is based, and which are in direct irreconcilable antagonism to the physiological truths we have stated. For instance, Professor Apjohn, M.D., of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, gave the sanction of his name and reputation to the assumption that alcohol *gives tone and strength to the muscles*!—an assumption calculated to produce much evil, because it not only goes to the extent of affording justification for the administration of alcohol in disease, but would also warrant, if true, its habitual use as an article of diet; yet it is an assumption reprobated by science, and in diametrical opposition to the demonstrations of experience. The Professor says:—

"Alcohol and alcoholic fluids generally, when swallowed by man in

moderate quantity, *invariably produce a greater or less degree of excitement*; that is, they augment the temperature of the body, accelerate the movements of the heart and respiratory organs, *give tone and strength to the muscles*, energy and rapidity to the operations of the mind, and in general call up a train of pleasurable emotions. Nor is this state of temporary exaltation followed by any material subsequent languor or depression."—*Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, vol. iv. p. 235.

This passage illustrates the loose, vague, self-contradictory style, unscientific and illogical, which is a marked characteristic of medical writers who labour to base conclusions on speculative assumptions, rather than on the evidence of verified facts, and the sober deductions of science. What is the "excitement" which Professor Apjohn admits, is *invariably* produced, in a greater or less degree, by even a moderate quantity of alcohol—what is it but a *derangement* of normal organic action as it existed before the alcohol was swallowed? And will it be seriously contended that *any* deviation from normal organic action can have a beneficial tendency—that any "excitement" or derangement produced by alcohol, however fruitful the temporary exaltation may be in evoking pleasurable emotions, is calculated to sustain rather than impair health? Surely no physiologist could be found to deliberately maintain such a proposition?

But if, as Professor Apjohn truly describes, the swallowing of a moderate quantity of alcoholic fluid is followed, in health, by a greater or less degree of organic disturbance, which is evidenced by the accelerated action of the heart, of the respiratory organs, and of the brain, is it not a stultifying contradiction, a physiological blunder, and an abuse of words to assert, as he does, that such "excitement," such dis-

turbance, such derangement of normal organic functions absolutely *gives tone and strength to the muscles!*

Were this true, would it not follow that the greater the "excitement," the greater would be the strength imparted? whereas all experience testifies to the contrary. The error lies in supposing that whatever *artificially* excites muscular action necessarily *gives* strength to the muscles, which is a palpable fallacy. The whip and spur incite the horse to increased manifestation of his muscular strength, but who would be so absurd as to allege that by whipping and spurring we absolutely *create* strength and *give* it to the muscular system? The extreme fallacy of such an assumption is very apparent, and its mischievous tendency is equally so, for if alcoholic excitement is not only an evidence of strength, but is positively creative of strength, why, then, the more alcoholic fluids the labouring population imbibe, the better will they be enabled to get through their daily toil.

The fact is that alcohol, like many other poisons, produces varied effects as similar or different quantities may act on individual constitutions. Thus, like opium, by acting on the nervous system, it produces a temporary exhilaration which is manifested by great buoyancy of animal spirits. In this state—which the physiologist can only recognize as one of incipient or partial intoxication—though no strength is actually given to the muscles, beyond what the vital power of the individual was capable of exercising previously, still by the artificial and abnormal excitement of the nervous system, an idea of factitious strength is called up, and under such circumstances a person may perform a greater feat of muscular strength than he would seriously think of attempting when

not under the influence of such excitement. But a moment's reflection will afford a rational explanation of this, and satisfy the sensible mind that, in reality, no addition to muscular strength takes place, but that vital power, before latent, becomes stimulated to increased activity, and thus there is an increase of muscular *action* only, and not of muscular *strength*.

This is in accordance with a well-understood law—that whatever operates strongly on the nervous system, thereby exercises a corresponding influence over the physical. Hence the popular saying—"A spur in the head is worth two in the heel." Hence also the marvellous, the almost superhuman, efforts of physical energy that have taken place under the influence of *fear*—a purely mental influence which, in this respect, produces results analogous to those caused by the excitement of alcohol, but in a greater degree.* In neither case, however, has there been any increase in physical strength—any addition to vital power, but only a greater manifestation of what the individual system already possessed.

We thus see that physiology affords no justification for the use of alcohol as a medicine, based on the assumption that it acts as a health-inspiring stimulant, or that it possesses any therapeutic properties whatever. But this will be rendered still clearer if we consider that the most eminent toxicologists, instead of classifying alcohol among alimentary substances, place it among *poisons*, in consequence of the deleterious effects it produces on the human system.

CHAPTER IV.

PROFESSOR APJOHN admits that alcoholic fluids when swallowed in moderation produce a greater or less degree of nervous excitement, which is evidenced by accelerated action of the circulatory and respiratory organs; but his graphic and forcible description of the evils that follow, when what he calls "the limits of moderation" have been exceeded, certainly call up no pleasurable emotions:—

"When the limits of moderation are transgressed, and such a quantity of spirituous fluid is used in successive doses as to produce intoxication or drunkenness, the consequences are materially different. The excitement, indeed, just described, is in the first instance observed, but it soon puts on a more formidable character, being attended by suffusion of face and conjunctiva, difficult articulation, giddiness, incoherency of mind, and, very frequently, true delirium.

"An irrepressible drowsiness next succeeds, which terminates in deep and sometimes stertorous sleep, from which, in cases which terminate favourably, the individual awakes affected by debility, giddiness, and head-ache, universal languor, and very often nausea and vomiting. The result, however, is sometimes different. The somnolency just described passes not into sleep, but a state of general insensibility, accompanied by feeble and moderately rapid pulse, stertorous breathing, and dilated and non-contractile pupil—a combination of symptoms from which recovery is seldom witnessed.

"The case just described is an instance of *simple poisoning* by fermented liquors, and many such have been observed. It, however, more frequently

* When the *Queen Victoria* steamer from Liverpool was wrecked in a snowstorm off the Bailey Lighthouse, Howth, in Feb. 1853, and 67 out of 120 on board were lost, some sailors, in the desperation of the moment, performed the astonishing feat of climbing up the face of the Bailey rock, which, in addition to its almost perpendicular steepness, was quite slippery with the snow. Similar instances of muscular strength, called forth by desperate emergencies, might be quoted abundantly.

occurs that life is destroyed either by the occurrence, during the fit of intoxication, of apoplexy in an individual predisposed to the disease, or in consequence of his exposure to extreme cold, or his accidental suffocation during the lethargic or somnolent state.

"Should the spirituous liquor be drunk not in divided portions, but all at once, and in large quantity, apoplectic coma, with stertorous breathing, sets in, almost immediately, and death follows usually within a few hours."

"In habitual drunkards a particular affection, at present known under the name of *delirium tremens*, is often witnessed. Delirium, characterized by constant incoherent talking, is its leading symptom, and is accompanied by tremors of the limbs, particularly the upper extremities. In fatal cases, coma, as in the preceding instance, ushers in death."

"Looking at the preceding history of symptoms, alcohol, it would appear, should be classed with the purely narcotic poisons. Cases, however, have occurred, though very seldom, in which, after the cessation of the narcotic action, symptoms of gastro-intestinal irritation and inflammation have set in, which justify the position usually assigned to it in the arrangements of toxicologists." *Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine*, vol. iv. p. 235.

When a sufficient quantity of alcoholic liquor has been swallowed, its poisonous action may induce death in one of two ways by acting on the nervous system and brain so as to produce a state of coma, or profound insensibility, conse-

quent upon which there is a failure of the circulation and of respiration, with a decided tendency to asphyxia and death; or, from its immediate powerful action on the nervous centres, alcohol may destroy life by what toxicologists call "sympathy," respecting which Dr. Taylor observes:—

"When a poison destroys life without apparently entering into the blood, it is said to act through a shock or impulse transmitted from the sentient extremities of the nerves of the part to which it is applied; and this is the way in which the remote influence of many poisons on vital organs is explained. It is what is termed an action by sympathy."*—*Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 18.

Dr. Christison remarks that when a state of deep stupor suddenly results, without any of the usual premonitory symptoms, from drinking spirits, vomiting and sickness may supervene, and the person apparently recover, but suddenly become insensible and die convulsed.

Sir B. Brodie injected proof spirits into the stomach of a rabbit; in five minutes he lay motionless and insensible; the pupils of the eyes were dilated; there were slight convulsive motions of the extremities; the respiration was laborious, and he finally died at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes. Orfila found proof spirits to be a violent

* Dr. Parry, to whom we have before referred as among the first and ablest of scientific inquirers on this subject, arrived at the conclusion, which subsequent experience has verified, that absorption is generally necessary for the action of alcohol; it must be carried out of the stomach by the absorbents, and enter into the circulation of the blood.

The exception to this rule is, when a sufficient quantity of alcohol is introduced into the stomach, and acts immediately and directly through the nerves, like a blow upon the epigastrium, so as to produce a shock to the nervous centres. In this way sudden death has been caused, which could not be averted, although the contents of the stomach have been evacuated by the stomach pump.

The action of alcohol in this respect is analogous to that of arsenic, for as Dr. Taylor observes, "The same has been observed with respect to arsenic, the symptoms have not abated, and persons have died when the poison had been completely removed from the stomach, partly by vomiting, and partly by mechanical means."—*Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 19.

poison when injected into the cellular tissue, and that it produced the same effects as when introduced into the stomach. Beck says:—

"In what may be styled poisoning by alcohol, apart from the ordinary effects of intoxication, the comatose state becomes deeper and deeper, with dilation of the pupils, and inability to swallow. Apoplexy is excited in some cases. These, however, can scarcely be considered as simple poisoning, but as the result of poisoning, developing a tendency to apoplexy. In those instances where large quantities of spirits are swallowed, as, for example, in wagers for prowess in drinking, coma comes on suddenly. The face, then, is sometimes livid, but more generally ghastly pale; the breathing stertorous, the pupils sometimes much contracted, but more commonly dilated and insensible, and if relief be not speedily obtained, death takes place, sometimes immediately, or at least in a few hours."—*Medical Jurisprudence*, 7th edition, London, p. 1,065.

It is observable, however, that in death from alcoholic poisoning, the stomach seldom presents so deranged and morbid an appearance as might naturally be expected. This is accounted for by the significant fact, that the stomach has so decided a repugnance to the presence of alcohol as to concentrate its energies for the purpose of at once effecting its expulsion.

It is principally through the absorbents that the stomach delivers itself from the pernicious presence of alcohol, and the rapidity with which this is effected is so great that no spirituous odour has been perceived in the contents of the stomach, although the individual died speedily, and a *post-mortem* investigation was instituted six or eight hours after death.

Dr. Geoghegan records a case in which a pint of spirits had been taken, and proved fatal in eight hours; black extravasation was

found on the mucous membrane, but *no trace of alcohol* could be detected in the contents of the stomach.—*Dublin Medical Press*, i. 293.

The case of a chimney-sweep is given in the *Lancet*, vol. x. p. 571. He drank eighteen glasses of rum in quick succession, and died in six hours. On dissection, the brain presented bloody spots; on being sliced, its sinuses were loaded with blood; there was but little serum in the ventricles, *and the stomach was natural*.

The numerous maladies induced by the deleterious effects that follow from habitual tipping, though "the limits of moderation may seldom be transgressed," are totally incompatible with the hypothesis that alcohol possesses alimentary or therapeutic properties. Of these diseases Dr. H. W. Carter enumerates—inflammation of the brain and its membranes; of the pleura; of the stomach; of the liver; jaundice; dropsy; diabetes; gout; mania; dyspepsia, with its manifold miseries—these are among the maladies induced by habitual intemperance; and "several more," he says, "might be added to the appalling recital."—*Cyclopædia of Pract. Med.*, vol. i. p. 510.

Such being the properties of alcohol and the effects it produces, the suggestive question again presents itself—How comes it that all these deleterious properties and evil effects are so well known, while its assumed medicinal virtues, its wonderful merits as a nutriment, as a healthful stimulant, and as a curative agent remain hidden in the deep obscurity of hazy hypothesis? This is an anomaly that certainly cannot be accounted for on the supposition that the alleged merits of alcohol have any existence outside the domain of fanciful conjecture.

There is now, happily, a general

concurrence of scientific medical opinion in reprobation of the habitual and indiscriminate use of alcohol in medical practice; while there is no dispute whatever about its deleterious properties as proclaimed by toxicologists; but who has ever demonstrated the existence of any one of the great remedial virtues that have been so lavishly ascribed to it?—who has proved that what admittedly *weakens*, at the same time *strengthens*?—that what exercises a paralyzing power on vitality, thereby imparts new vigour?—and that what necessarily tends to injuriously affect the bodily organism, and to impair and depress its healthful functions, also possesses therapeutic properties which make it a safe, salutary, and efficient agent in the treatment of disease, and a valuable assistant in convalescence? This is what the advocates of Alcoholic Medication have as yet utterly failed to do; but clearly it is what they should do before hazarding following a practice that involves the administration of an admitted poison as curative in disease.

If Alcoholic Medication is not in direct antagonism to the physiological laws of our being, would it not necessarily follow that the more it is practised, the greater would be the amount of its curative success? This is a test by which no alcoholic practitioner can reasonably object to have his favourite remedy judged, for surely any mode of medical treatment that does not command a fair average of success must be worthless indeed.

Now, we have abundant evidence to show that, in hospital practice, *an increased average rate of mortality always follows, ceteris paribus an increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors*. This has been an invariable consequence, and so admitted by the advocates of alcoholic medication themselves, among whom

Dr. Fraser is remarkable for proving a case against himself, by his published statistics respecting the practice followed in the London Hospital. The *British Medical Journal* (Dec. 9, 1865), supplies summaries of these statistics, which disclose the following startling results:—

First Medical Cases.—From 1854 to 1858 each physician employed 12,803 ounces of wine annually, while the deaths being 11·88 per cent.

From 1860 to 1864 he employed annually 48,136 ounces, and the deaths increased to 12·65 per cent.

Surgical Cases.—During 1854 to 1858 each surgeon employed annually 38,016 ounces of wine; the deaths being 4·48 per cent.

During 1860 to 1864 he employed annually 142,951 ounces; and the deaths increased to 6·65 per cent.

The General Mortality.—In 1862, the consumption of stimulants amounted to 1,281 gallons of wine, 162 of brandy, and 58 of gin; while the general mortality of the hospital was 7·4 per cent.

In 1864 the quantity of stimulants consumed was increased to 1,558 gallons of wine, 359 of brandy, and 62 of gin, and as a consequence the deaths, increased to 10·5 per cent.

Thus, in hospital practice, as testified by Dr. Fraser, and corroborated by a vast body of other evidence it would be superfluous to quote—it appears that *an increase in the administration of alcoholic liquids has been invariably followed by an increased death percentage*. This suggestive coincidence, Dr. Fraser candidly admits, appeared to him most remarkable and altogether inexplicable, for his professional mind, as he confesses, revolted against entertaining a doubt concerning the wisdom of the practice that so magnified the death-roll! He says, "It is evident that a steady

rise in the employment of stimulants is still going on, and whatever be the cause, *we may rest assured that the practice is imperative and needful*; for it would be a *monstrous assumption* that a whole staff could be *blindly following an objectless routine*."

This candid expression of opinion by Dr. Fraser, affords a striking illustration of the prejudiced bias that warps the judgment of some medical minds, and at the same time of the way in which pernicious errors of medical practice are perpetuated. Dr. Fraser assumes that the alcoholic practice of the London Hospital *must be right*, although in proportion as an increased quantity of alcohol is administered, the death-roll is increased. He does not pretend to know the cause, but he assumes that whatever it may be, the alcoholic practice cannot be at fault—it must be "imperative and needful, for it would be a monstrous assumption that a whole staff could be blindly following an objectless routine."

It is perfectly marvellous how any medical gentleman of scientific pretensions could write in such a fashion. As the *British Medical Journal* observes—"Not a single word of comment does Dr. Fraser bestow on the *constant fact of the*

coincident increase of the mortality."

The less alcohol administered, the fewer deaths occurred; the greater the quantity consumed, the larger the number of deaths! Dr. Fraser did not attempt to grapple with this constant and all important fact.*

The same alcoholic treatment which was adopted in the London Hospital with such a remarkable augmentation of the death percentage, is followed, more or less, at this moment, in all public hospitals, infirmaries, &c., throughout the United Kingdom, with only one solitary exception which has come under our notice, namely, the Longford Union Fever Hospital, and County Infirmary (Ireland), which for the last five-and-twenty years have been under the able and enlightened superintendence of Dr. Nicolls.

After an experience of fifteen years of non-alcoholic and vegetarian treatment of fever, he gives the result in his report for 1865:—"This (the fever) hospital is conducted on vegetarian and temperance principles, *not one pound of flesh meat, pint of whisky, or bottle of wine having been used in it for the last fifteen years*; long experience having satisfied me that animal food, wine, brandy, &c., require to be given with great caution:

* If Dr. Fraser had bestowed a moment's reflection on the history of his profession, he would not have considered it a "monstrous assumption that a whole staff could be blindly following an objectless routine." An irrational adherence to the routine of accredited doctrine and practice, and a mental inaptitude to discard the prejudices of schools and of received opinions, has been a marked characteristic, in all ages, of the professional mind.

Thus, Dr. Edward Smith, whom we have already quoted, observes: "All men cling to their early prepossessions, and medical men are influenced by the opinion of the schools in which they were educated; and it is a difficult matter to get those who have been long used to one mode of practice to adopt another."

This credulous, almost superstitious, adherence to early prepossessions, to mere opinion imbibed at schools or colleges, without knowledge, experience and judgment, to test its truth and soundness, necessarily leads to "the blind following of an objectless routine."

Hence, with respect to alcoholic medication, Dr. Markham, when editor of the *British Medical Journal*, declared that "The inhibition of spirituous drinks may be regarded as a kind of *credo*. Men have a sort of belief in it which *supercedes all reason*."

But of this belief, as Dr. Cheyne deplored, medical men have been the principal propagandists.

indeed, I have seen sad results from their use.

"It may be said that the class of patients was unused to good food and stimulants—therefore did not require them. However, such is not the fact, for among them were officers of this house, members of the constabulary force, tradesmen, gentlemen's servants, and others accustomed to substantial food."

The success, indeed, that has attended the wise and humane efforts of Dr. Nicolls to introduce and establish a rational system of treatment for the sick poor, has been in his own practical, signal, and uniform. In a letter to the present writer, under date, Longford, November 26, 1869, he says:—

"I still continue my non-alcoholic treatment in the fever hospital and infirmary under my care, and *with the same satisfactory results*—a much reduced mortality, and a much improved morality; no drunken, quarrelling nurses, the patients well, and carefully attended.

"Since the visitation of cholera in 1866, there have been comparatively few cases of fever. I give you a concise statement of the cases in hospital, from January, 1867, to the present November 26, 1869.

"There were 124 cases admitted to the fever hospital, of which there were—

— "38 cases of measles, *all* recovered.
 — "75 cases of fever, *all* recovered.
 — "11* cases that should not have
 — been sent to the fever hospital.
 124

In a letter dated the 5th of March, 1875, Dr. Nicolls says: "I am happy to state that I still continue the non-alcoholic treatment of disease, with the same favourable results."

The remarkable success of Dr. Nicolls' treatment, extending over a quarter of a century, should engage the deep and earnest attention of the medical profession. He is in diametrical opposition to the accepted and cherished doctrines of alcoholic medication, but if an augmented death-roll follows one practice and not the other, what conclusion does science and common sense dictate? Is it not perfectly clear that a practice which *proscribes* all alcoholic stimulants, as injurious irritants, differs most essentially, in every respect, from a practice which *prescribes* them on the assumption that they are nutritious, healthful, invigorating and restorative? Surely both practices cannot be right, and if so, is it not a reasonable opinion to hold, that the treatment which is followed by the greatest number of recoveries, is superior to that which is followed by the greatest number of deaths?

In all our Poor Law hospitals and infirmaries, with the enlightened but solitary exception of Longford; in every Dispensary district; in our county Infirmaries, Lunatic asylums, Military hospitals, Gaol hospitals, and generally in all charitable institutions for the relief of the sick throughout the United

* Of these eleven cases which proved fatal, Dr. Nicolls says that "they should not have been sent to the fever hospital; but having been sent, they could not be removed to the infirmaries lest they should die in transition." With respect to the nature of these eleven cases he observes:—

"1 was a woman with diseased liver of three years' standing, worn down and hectic.

1 a woman with prolapsed uterus, ulcerated, of long standing.

3 constabulary men from another union, sent a long distance to the county infirmary, and from that to the fever hospital.

1 in the last stage from diarrhoea.

1 another ditto, from whooping cough.

4 brought in such a wretched filthy condition, that they died before they could be washed and cleaned."

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a system of alcoholic treatment is now followed which the voice of science and of reason, as well as the weight of enlightened reflective medical experience, unhesitatingly condemns. In fact, a course of treatment is followed, and paid for out of the rates, which practically has the effect of educating the sick poor in a ruinously false belief respecting the nature and uses of alcohol.

The belief thus inculcated is undoubtedly calculated to promote intemperance, because it virtually teaches the poor and ignorant that, inasmuch as in the deceptive stimulation of alcohol they find pleasurable excitement as a relief in disease, it acts as a curative, is it not natural, therefore, for them to conclude that when in health the same stimulation may be safely indulged in—not only safely but usefully as wholesome in imparting a pleasurable forgetfulness of the ordinary vexations of life, in inspiring the idea of factitious strength to perform daily duties, and soothingly relieve the exhaustion of daily toil. This is an inference quite natural to the ordinary run of minds, and besides it is one that cannot be logically gainsayed.

We must now bring our observations to a close. It has been our desire to awaken public attention to a due sense of the evils that flow from the practice of Alcoholic Medication—to do this by exposing,

simply and briefly, the false notions, gratuitous assumptions, and erroneous physiology on which that practice is based, and by which it is sought to be justified. We hold a very confirmed opinion that the therapeutic virtues falsely imputed to alcohol, as a medicine, lie at the root of national intemperance, and therefore, that it is idle to waste time and energy in attempting to correct effects, while the great cause continues to exist. The flow of evil must be checked at the fountain head.

In this we differ essentially from the policy so popular, among those who generally champion the temperance cause, and preach a crusade against the moderate use of all pure fermented drinks. We believe that, as a rule, those who have resolution to train themselves to the observance of total abstinence, have “the best of the bargain:” but we also know how hard such observance is under the artificial habits of life caused by the exigencies of our civilization. We must also take into account how many are born into this world with constitutions that deviate in various degrees from the normal standard, and it would be unphilosophical to declare that no instances could occur in which pure wines and other fermented drinks might not be pleasurable, if not advantageously, enjoyed in moderation, because, in the case of such *pure* beverages, the small quantity of alcohol they contain is neutralized, as it were, by the preponderating amount of nutrient substances with which it is combined.*

* One of the great evils of our day, connected with the moderate use of alcoholic drinks, is the wholesale systematic adulteration of all fermented liquors, which is practised to such an extent as to render it almost impossible to obtain a pure article, except from a few established houses of high character.

This adulteration is very prejudicial to health. In one of his excellent lectures on *Experimental and Practical Medicine*, Dr. B. W. Richardson has the following observations on this subject:—“We all know how differently we are affected by different qualities of

Generally speaking, the impunity that in a large but comparative degree attends the use of alcohol in various quantities by individuals, is referable to constitution and habit. No doubt it would add vastly to the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of the country if the population could be induced to live more in accordance with the immutable laws of life and health, as regards alcoholic drink, than is now the case, but we contend that individual freedom cannot be safely interfered with in this respect, and that sumptuary laws, of any kind, are false in principle and repugnant to public policy. For enlightened progress in improved social habits we must look to improved parental example, and improved educational training—not to coercive legislation.

However, the two questions of individual habits, and the recognized public use of Alcohol as a Medicine, are "wide as the poles asunder." Individuals must be left to themselves, and we pass no condemnatory judgment on the moderate use of pure alcoholic beverages by those with whom they apparently agree, save in so far as the comparative harmlessness of such use is adduced to justify the administration of alcohol in disease.

It is against the authorization given by the State to Alcoholic Medication that we protest, based as that authorization is on crude assumptions, alike unwarrantable and pernicious—assump-

tions that ascribe an alimentary value to alcohol, and affirm that it acts as a health-giving stimulant, and is, therefore, capable of exercising restorative influences in diseased bodily conditions—assumptions which cannot be justified by an appeal to science, and are alike repugnant to reason and experience.

Here, then, is a practical field, in which all those who are not inclined to accept the extreme doctrines of the Teetotal platform can, nevertheless, usefully labour, and consistently aid the rigid total abstainer in effecting a most desirable and merciful reform, the salutary influence of which would necessarily extend upward through all classes of society, and do more than ever yet has been done to promote the cause of temperance. Here we have a practical matter of vital national importance, which should engage the attention of Parliament. To seek for the withdrawal of State authorization now bestowed on Alcoholic Medication is not seeking for impossible legislation—it is not asking for the enactment of demoralizing Maine Liquor laws, or absurd crudities like Permissive Bills, which are as foreign to the genius of our people as to the spirit of our Constitution. A committee of either House, or a Royal Commission might profitably engage in the investigation of the whole subject, and its evidence and report, we feel perfectly assured, would prove of incalculable value.

Such, we contend, is the truly

wines and spirits, and that irrespectively of quantity. We hardly ever know that from the same alcoholic fluid we shall have the same pleasures or pains, or pleasures and pains, or pains altogether. We take a few glasses of wine to-day, and to-morrow there is no bad result—no headache, no nausea, no coldness, no prostration. We take the same quantity of the same name of wine on another occasion, and all the objectionable symptoms noted above are present. We wonder at the difference, but there is no cause for wonder; we are taking different alcohols in disguise. *The light ethylic alcohol of good wine is comparatively harmless; the heavier alcohols of the common wines are comparatively poisonous.*"—*Medical Times*, March 7, 1868.

practical direction in which the agitative energies and resources of Temperance societies should be employed. Let the baneful notion that alcohol is diet fit for the sick be publicly and authoritatively exposed, and its habitual prescription will soon be banished from all State institutions that exist for the treatment of the poor, as well as from all our public hospitals. This done, Alcoholic Medication will have received its death-blow as regards the

calamitous ascendancy it now enjoys, both in public and private practice, and thus great prolific sources of intemperance will be closed. Alcohol will no longer be enshrined as a deity in the sick-room, in the household, or public institution, and so parental example will be purified, and the rising generation deprived of a great means by which an appetite for spirituous drinks is now acquired, and habits of destructive indulgence formed.

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE.

SATIRE I. i.

How comes it, Undergrads, that no one is
 Contented with the course of life that's his—
 The gift of choice or chance—but now and then
 Each one prefers the life of other men?
 "O happy grinds!"* the boating man will say,
 When forced strict training orders to obey.
 What says the grind—the reading man—well-worn?
 "You boaters under lucky stars were born.
 Your race, a short one, and then all is done;
 Defeat soon comes, or victory is won."
 That college oar will talk about "hard lines,"
 When made to rise at most unearthly times;
 And he who seeks for honours will declare
 That only boating men are free from care.
 No need to tell each cause of grumbling now;
 My readers soon would knit the weary brow.
 So take in brief my meaning. Just suppose
 Some god should come, and with their wishes close.
 "See, here am I; come down of my mere grace
 To right you.† Rower, take the reader's place;
 You, reader, take the rower's; and be off,
 Each to his own. What? Only a slight cough,
 Which means, "You wish that you may get it, friend!
 I'm not prepared to change my labour's end."
 Now, after this, should Jove be brought to book,
 Because he put on such a nasty look,
 And swore that when with prayers they call again,

* Men who study hard.

† Conington.

They shall be sported out*—those naughty men.

Well, to our serious muttons; though I vow,
Why truth cannot be joked on I don't know.

But if it pleases, we will try a bit

To put away all jesting, and submit.

Your scholar here, who ploughs the land of lore;

Your boating man, who now and then feels sore;

Your half-and-half, who takes the wisest way—

The *iter medium*—these all will say

They want to get through life, and so they bear

The labours in this place, the hardships here.

When these are over, then they'll settle down,

And find a wife, and vow their oats are sown.

Just as an ant takes time to get things straight,

And does it, too, although she does it late.

E'en so, few men but want a year or two

To learn the world more thoroughly—then they'll do.

But when the ant has got her heap all right

She'll make it useful, and not keep it tight;

While some of you, my friends, will keep that store

Which nature gave you, making it a bore,

A thorough bore, I say, and nothing less—

The heaping up of riches in excess.

If you are deep in Plato's mystic ends,

And Aristotle's at your finger ends,

Or if with Calculus your brand you vex,

And always write about "*du dx*."

Well, come now, if you can, say what delight

Does all that learning give to mortal wight?

Unless you can impart it, and do good,

You might, for all the world, be so much wood!

And you, my friends, who never cease to row,

That nature's not forgotten you, you show.

Still, tell me, should a man do nothing more

Than feel forlorn, unless he grasps an oar?

Hold rowing and naught else "the thing" for men,

Despising those whose fingers wield the pen?

If you do good, and help the world—all fair!

But, if you don't, why, then, your plea is bare.

There is a limit to our every work,

And all beyond that limit we should shirk.

For craving after more breeds discontent

With all the good that Providence has sent.

But let a man fair moderation choose,

In reading or in boating. He will lose

By not a fraction of his likely loss

When he takes long extremes in his life's course.

And therefore, friends, your motto here below

Should be, "*Tutissimus in medio*."

ALFRED DE L. HAMMOND.

* University term for locking one's door.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

JOHN MITCHEL.

IN May, 1848, nearly seven-and-twenty years ago, one John Mitchel was tried in Dublin under the Treason-Felony Act (11 Vict. c. 12), convicted, and sentenced to transportation for the term of fourteen years.

Since then a new generation has grown up that are imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Mitchel's political history, but now that he has returned to this country with the avowed intention of doing all that he safely can to disturb its peace, mar its rising prosperity, revive a revolutionary spirit, and inveigle dupes to assist in his daring, wicked, and utterly impracticable schemes, it may serve a useful purpose to invite attention to his antecedents—to the atrocious character of his political teaching, and the desperate recklessness of his short but ignoble career that eventuated in his conviction as a felon.

John Mitchel occupied a respectable position in society. He had received a good education. His profession was that of a solicitor, and he had a very good and increasing practice. As a married man, with a young family, he had given what is called "pledges to his country," and being then only in the thirty-first year of his age, he had every hope of living an honourable and useful life, when, most unfortunately, he caught the cursed contagion of so-called "National" politics, and by an infatuation akin to madness, sacrificed his

position and prospects in pursuit of the wildest chimera that ever possessed a mind with any pretensions to rationality.

He, at first, joined O'Connell's disreputable and demoralizing agitation for a "Repeal of the Union;" but soon discovered the utter hollowness of that contemptible sham, and in conjunction with a few ardent spirits who had been excited by O'Connell's baneful demagogism, repudiated his tame, temporizing, deceitful policy, and, consequently, his leadership. They threw the "great tribune" overboard, and formed a party in opposition, known as the "Young Irelanders." This broke O'Connell's heart. He had played a wicked and a senseless game—he had sown the wind, and it was a just retribution when he reaped the whirlwind.

John Mitchel soon found that even among his chosen "Young Irelanders" there were unprincipled trimmers and traders. There were, in fact, very few honest men among them. There was one crafty arch-monkey, who adroitly managed to use other paws than his own to rake the chestnuts out of the fire—a man deepest steeped in treason, but who escaped just conviction and punishment owing to the obdurate conscience of a Dublin hotel-keeper; this man, Gavan Duffy, then assumed to be the guiding genius of the national movement; but John Mitchel found

him out, separated from him, and commenced an agitation of his own.*

However great his faults, John Mitchel had one virtue—*sincerity*. He had no humbug, no deceit, no Gavan Duffy about him. He was politically mad in an honest fashion of his own, and there was no disguise whatever about his purpose. He desired no mere delusive "Repeal of the Union," with the agitation of which O'Connell, and his unprincipled followers, had been feathering their nests for years, while the country suffered. Mitchel had the boldness to declare, at once, that he desired *total separation!*" He would not go in for a "Repeal of the Union." He would not attempt to cheat himself and deceive his followers by putting before them any such folly as "Home Rule on a Federal basis;" he despised all such deceptive makeshifts of demagogism, and casting them aside as contemptible delusions, he boldly declared for total separation from Great Britain, and the establishment of an Irish Republic!

We laugh now at such intense folly, and we treated it then with supreme ridicule and contempt; but John Mitchel in those days was a political maniac,—and he does not seem to be much better now: he had the merit however, of declaring his mind freely, with-

out any reservation. He never attempted to conceal his designs, or hesitated about expressing, in the plainest terms, the revolutionary spirit with which he was animated.

When Mitchel broke from the Gavan Duffy faction, who desired to conduct the agitation for selfish purposes, he started a paper called the *United Irishman*, and this being in opposition to Duffy's *Nation*, of course inflamed the love that was between them. From the first, Mitchel went far ahead of his rival; he left Duffy, whom, in his *Jail Journal*, he denounces as a "*blasphemous traitor*," a "*snivel*," a "*most pitiable sinner*,"—he left him far behind, because Duffy had neither the political honesty nor the manliness to follow him, or follow out what he taught in his *Nation*. One went for reality, the other wanted to trade!

Mitchel's writings in the *United Irishman*, which he started when he separated from the Gavan Duffy shams, prove him to have been a political monomaniac of the wildest character. Considering the personal amiability that distinguished him in private life, it is a physiological puzzle, how so gentle and kind a disposition became perfectly rabid, when political topics were introduced.

After all there was very little "method in his madness," for he laboured under the insane dream

* Of all the men connected with the 1848 treason, there was not one more guilty than Charles Gavan Duffy, a man who enjoyed, from the labours of others, an immensely over-rated literary reputation, and obtained a position in the councils of the petitioners that cannot be more fully expressed than by reference to the fable of the chestnuts, the cat, and the money.

This ill-considered attempt went to Australia, and silly dupes got up a subscription to return him to their Parliament. Some £2,000, we believe, was collected; he got into Parliament, and with his characteristic art, and fatiguing ability in a new colony, became Prime Minister.

The character of the man is shown by one fact. Having by means, we need not allude to, obtained a majority, he carried a Bill conferring on certain ministers a retiring pension of £2,000 a year, and in the enjoyment of this pension, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is now living on the lookout for some Irish constituency capable of returning him to Parliament. For Duffy's career in the Antipodes, see the *Melbourne Argus*.

that Ireland, with its disaffected rabble, could defy England, and conquer in the fight! There was a malignity and a desperate wickedness about John Mitchel's teaching, that has been fruitful in crime to an extent incalculable; and when we now find him, despite all experience, still avowing the same sentiments, we confess our opinion that he should be either in a gaol or a lunatic asylum.

To give an idea of this patriotic maniac's revolutionary opinions, for which he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, we will present a few passages to our readers. He assumes that Dublin is in a state of insurrection, and that the Government troops are about to attack, what then does he say:—

"There is no city in Europe, not excepting Paris or Vienna, so defensible by the citizens as this in which we have the happiness to live. Every house in this city is provided with a mine before it of exquisite construction for the blowing-up of a squadron overhead, and at present used as a coal-cellar. The cellars of houses opposite to each other are often separated in narrow streets by a wall merely; in wider streets they communicate with each other by sewers large and high, running from each to the main sewer of the street. *The owner of one cellar could thus easily blow up the street right across*; thereby, first, making a mine; second, a covered way; third, a ditch in front of a barricade, if he chose to throw up one behind it. Or two citizens living opposite to each other, who fear the attack of troops, could with great ease make an underground passage from one house to the other, to be used, first as a means of communication or escape, and secondly as a mine. Indeed, our city is so strong in this respect, that if we were a lord lieutenant, which God forbid, instead of mining round and under the Castle, building secret passages for the passage of troops, or the construction of mines, as Lord Clarendon is now engaged in doing, we would withdraw into the liberties or the region about

Smithfield, or the Four Courts, select a quadrangle of streets, barricade every extremity and angle, *mine the cellars, pile brickbats and crockery-ware and household grenades on the parapets, and beard the lion in his den.*"

This, we think, is extravagant enough for any Bedlamite, but what can we think of a man who sets up to be the leader of a people who indulges in such wicked suggestions—wicked beyond expression, because utterly impracticable. In the same insane spirit, Mitchel wrote a letter to "*His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's Detective-General, High Commissioner of Spies, and General Subornor in Ireland.*" In this scandalous epistle he says:—

"You have been told that I am mad, a dangerous lunatic, labouring under *cacoethes scribendi*. Do not believe it; I am merely possessed with a rebellious spirit; and I think I have a mission, to bear a hand in the final destruction of the bloody old British Empire; the greedy carnivorous old monster that has lain so long like a load upon the heart and limbs of England, and drank the blood and sucked the marrow from the bones of Ireland. Against that empire of hell a thousand thousand ghosts of my slaughtered countrymen shriek nightly for vengeance—vengeance! To help this grand work of necessity and mercy is my highest ambition upon earth; and I know no better way to do it than to make Ireland armed for battle. So be it. It is a grateful and blessed sound, this cry, "*The people are arming!*" Thank God, they are arming! Young men everywhere in Ireland begin to love the clear glancing of the steel, and to cherish their dainty rifles as the very apple of their eyes. I expect no justice, no courtesy, no indulgence from you; and if you get me within your power, I entreat you to show me no mercy, as I, so help me God, would show none to you!"

We give one more extract from this political madman's writings, to

show that, in our denunciation of the diabolical spirit that actuated him, we have not exaggerated. And what makes matters worse, is the undoubted fact, that hundreds have been led into crime by the detestable teaching of the infamous journal that still claims the name of *Irishman*, and which in a seditious and denunciatory tendency far transcends Mitchel. Here is John Mitchel in full-blown wickedness:—

"In the vocabulary of drilling there is no such phrase as 'Infantry, prepare for window-posts, brickbats, logs of wood, chimney-pieces, heavy furniture, light pokers,' &c.; and these thrown vertically on the heads of a column below from the elevation of a parapet or top story are irresistible. The propelling forces, viz., ladies or chambermaids, or men who can do no better, have the additional advantage of security; and the narrower the street and the higher the houses, the worse the damage and the greater the security. *Bottles, delf, and such missiles, mixed with these, or of themselves, not only knock down and wound infantry, but render the streets impassable to cavalry and artillery.* A horse may dance on eggs, but no squadron can charge over broken bottles. Artillery cannot ride over them, nor indeed can disciplined foot keep the step, or tread among them with ease. These admirable weapons abound in every house; and if any engineering urchin take a soda-water bottle or small flask of thick glass, dry inside, filled with bits of stone or iron or metal of any sort, nails for instance, and with coarse gunpowder thrown into the interstices, cork it tight, and then attach a judiciously adjusted fusee, he will possess a domestic bomb or grenade, by which he can act with deadly effect against cavalry or infantry below, especially against cavalry. To these missiles from windows and housetops revolutionary citizens add always boiling

water, or grease, or better, cold vitriol if available. Molten lead is good, but too valuable; it should always be cast in bullets and allowed to cool. The housetops and spouts furnish this in every city in abundance; but care should be taken, as they do in Paris, to run the balls solid; you cannot calculate on a hollow ball, and that might be the very one selected to shoot a field officer."

Now will any man of common sense—any man who desires to lead a peaceable life with due regard to law and order—will he tell us what punishment would be sufficient for parties who preached such incendiary declamations to an ignorant and excitable peasantry. In this respect John Mitchel, with all his personal gentleness and amiability in private life, was a culprit of the deepest die, for no man ever laboured more earnestly to overthrow law and order, incite insurrection, and involve the country in the destructive calamities of civil war. Who can tell how many young men Mitchel's teaching ruined? how many families he made desolate? and yet we are told to condone all such criminal proceedings, because, forsooth, "he was sincere," whereas his very sincerity rendered him all the more dangerous.

As a convict, Mitchel was sent in the first instance to Bermuda, but afterwards, in 1850, to Van Diemen's Land. He was treated by the Governor, Sir Wm. Denison, with very great kindness, and the return he made was to break his parole and make his escape. The facts of the case are not in dispute. The version given by Mr. Mitchel himself does not differ, in any essential particular, from that given by the authorities, though the conclusions drawn therefrom do differ as widely as honour and dishonour. In a dispatch to the Colonial Secretary, Sir William Denison says:—

"I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that in the absence of any specific directions as regards the prisoner, John Mitchel, I have acted towards him in the same manner as towards the other prisoners who came out in her Majesty's ship *Swift*, having offered to him a ticket-of-leave upon condition that he will not attempt to avail himself of the opportunity afforded him of making his escape from the colony. He has accepted the indulgence upon this condition; and in consequence of the state of his health, which was represented to me by the surgeon superintendent of the convict ship as being such as to render him incapable, not merely of maintaining himself, but of performing those ordinary offices which are essential to his existence, I have allowed him to reside in the same police district with the prisoner John Martin."

For three years Mr. Mitchel continued faithful to his parole, when in an evil hour, and, as he says, by the advice of others, he made his escape in a manner that it is utterly impossible to reconcile with the condition upon which alone he obtained his ticket-of-leave. On the 8th of June, 1853, he wrote the following letter to the Governor:—

"Sir,—I hereby resign the 'comparative liberty,' which is called ticket-of-leave, and revoke my parole of honour. In pursuance of this determination, I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell at his police-office, show him this letter, and offer myself to be taken into custody.—I remain, &c..

(Signed) "JOHN MITCHEL."

As a matter of fact this letter was not received by the Governor till the morning of the 10th of June, after Mr. Mitchel had made his escape. Having made all arrangements to ensure his escape, he presented himself, at about one o'clock on the 9th, before Mr. Davis, the police officer of his district, who gives the following account of what occurred:—

"John Mitchel has just entered my office, and placing in my hands the enclosed communication addressed to the Lieutenant Governor, instantly quitted before I could peruse the note, and mounting a horse, which he had in waiting at the gate, galloped furiously off. Mr. Mitchel was accompanied by a short man, wearing a moustache, whom I have once seen with him at this office before, and whose name I am informed is 'Smith.' (Mr. Smyth, now M.P. for the county of Westmeath.) In a few minutes after this occurrence the Chief District Constable was in his saddle and in pursuit. I feel I cannot pass over the last line in Mr. Mitchel's note where he says, '*offer myself to be taken into custody*,' without stating in explanation that I can only characterise the expression as a deliberate lie."

Now, in his *Jail Journal*, and also in his speeches and lectures, Mr. Mitchel has given versions of the facts that substantially corroborates the statement of Mr. Davis, who is now dead. Mr. Mitchel says:—

"'Mr. Davis,' I said, 'here is a copy of a note which I have just despatched to the governor.' Mr. Davis took the note; it was open. 'Do you wish me,' he said, 'to read it?' 'Certainly; it was for that I brought it.' He glanced over the note; then looked at me. His worship and clerk both seemed somewhat discomposed at this, for they knew the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* very well, as also his errand from New York. I have no doubt that Mr. Davis thought I had a crowd outside. There is no other way of accounting for his irresolution. Then, I said, 'You see the purport of that note, sir. It is short and plain. It resigns the thing called "ticket-of-leave," revokes my promise, which bound me so long as I held that thing.' Still he made no move, and gave no order; so I repeated my explanation. 'You observe, sir, that my parole is at an end from this moment. I came here to be taken into custody, pursuant to that note.'

All this time there was a constable in the adjoining room, besides the police clerk, and the guard at the door; yet still his worship made no move. "Now, good morning, sir," I said, putting on my hat. "The land of Niagara (Mr. Smyth was playing with the handle of his revolver in his coat. I had a pious riding-whip in my hand, besides pistols in my breast-pocket. The moment I said 'good morning,' Mr. Davis shouted, 'No, no; stay here. Rainford, constables!'"

And thus Mr. Mitchel contends that he did not break his parole of honour. He says that the plan of escape had the approval of Mr. John Martin and Mr. Smyth, who, even in Parliament, have assumed the responsibility. But their doing so does not alter the case, though it may excite regret that Mr. Mitchel had not advisers more sensitive to the behests of honour, for we hold a very decided opinion, even on the facts as stated by himself and his friends, that it would be almost impossible to imagine a clearer or graver case of breach of parole than he committed.

What do all Mr. Mitchel's explanations and attempted justifications amount to, but a humiliating confession that he, and his abettors, were successful in playing a *trick* on the authorities? that to *trick* the authorities he took advantage of the "comparative liberty" he enjoyed under his parole, and that had it not been for the confidence reposed by the authorities in his honourable adherence to the conditions and obligations of his parole, *that trick could never have been planned and played*? Honour, we contend, is not consistent with such trickery and the most charitable construction we can put on Mr. Mitchel's conduct is, that he acted under a total misconception of the nature and extent of the obligations he voluntarily assumed when he accepted the ticket of

leave. His own words, in his *Jail Journal*, are his condemnation. He says, "Wrote a note to the Comptroller-General, and placed it in the hands of Emmett, informing him that *I would promise not to escape so long as I should enjoy the comparative liberty of the ticket.*"

Now, the simple question for decision is, do the facts, as stated by Mr. Mitchel, justify the conclusion that this *promise* was honourably adhered to?—that the faith thus pledged was honourably maintained? Could Mr. Mitchel consistently, with the obligations of his parole, withdraw his parole and renounce its obligations without placing himself in the *same position he occupied when he contracted those obligations*? On this point the whole question turns, and we affirm that Mr. Mitchel pursued a course that is not susceptible of honourable justification; because he *was in custody when he gave his parole*—on the faith of his parole he *was* released from custody, and allowed to go at large. It was, no doubt, open to him at any time to withdraw his parole; no one disputes that, but *whenver he did so he was honourably bound to surrender, and return to custody*. Once in actual custody, he might then escape, if he could, without any impeachment of his honour, but the withdrawal of his parole imposed on him an honourable obligation to surrender himself, and thus he did not do.

"I promised," he says, "not to escape so long as I enjoyed the comparative liberty of the ticket." Is it not obvious that, notwithstanding his withdrawal of his parole, he was in the enjoyment of that liberty until he actually surrendered himself into custody? Is honour to be paltered with in a double sense? Is it allowable in such cases to "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope?" It involves, to our

mind, a vast deal of moral obliquity to argue otherwise.

Irish gentlemen have always been proverbially sensitive as regards matters touching honour, and when Mr. Mitchel tells us that two or three Irish members of Parliament hold him exonerated from the disgrace of a breach of parole, we answer—What does that signify?—who are the members? With a deep feeling of humiliation we look at the representation of our counties at the present time, and we find that the two most active members in effecting Mitchel's escape represent Meath and Westmeath; but does such a pitchforking into a parliamentary position qualify those persons to give an opinion we are bound to follow on a question of honour? We repudiate their pretensions to give an authoritative opinion on a code of honour that should be accepted and observed by gentlemen.

In point of fact, the more we consider the matter, the greater does the deviation from honour appear. Mitchel writes a letter on the 8th to the Governor, withdrawing his parole, which letter the Governor could not receive before the 10th. With this fact patent before him, what does Mitchel then do? Why, arms himself and a confederate, provides a good horse, and goes into the police-office, and hands his letter to Mr. Davis. Now, the whole question here is—*Did Mitchel place himself in the custody of Mr. Davis?*—if he did not, as he did not, he broke his parole, and whatever disgrace attaches to that breach attaches, perhaps, less to him than his advisers.

With all his plans matured he enters the office of Mr. Davis, the police magistrate at Bothwell, and hands him a copy of his letter to the Governor. Admitting Mr. Davis was momentarily bewildered

at the extreme audacity of the proceeding, the question is, *Did Mitchel surrender himself?* By the conditions of his parole, we contend, he was bound to *return into custody* when he withdrew his parole. Did he do so? Notoriously not. No man with a proper sense of honour will hold, that the farcical show of surrender, as described by Mitchel himself, was anything else than a mockery.

Then there is another point, which shows how warped and perverted the moral sense must have been of all concerned in this disreputable affair. Mitchel tells us that he, and his friend, went to the office of Mr. Davis, their pockets loaded with revolvers. Now, for what purpose did they go armed? Ostensibly, Mitchel went to surrender himself on having withdrawn his parole—but, on his own showing, he went armed, prepared to shoot down any one who would accept his surrender, and attempt to place him in custody—to place him in that condition in which he was, when in consequence of having plighted his honour, he obtained his liberty!

We are told, indeed, that the Mitchel interview with Mr. Davis clears him. To our mind, it only makes his case worse; because he admits he did not go there honourably to surrender himself, according to the obligations of his parole, but went armed, with an armed accomplice, to shoot down any attempt to arrest; and is it not truly surprising and deplorable, that such a catch-me-if-you-can show of surrender is held by any respectable persons to honourably satisfy the obligations that Mitchel voluntarily incurred.

In his lecture at Cork, Mitchel boasted that his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin, M.P., for Meath, and his accomplice Mr. Smyth, M.P., for Westmeath, highly approved of his

conduct. We answer that two blacks, or a thousand blacks, will not make one white; and although Mr. Smyth, of Westmeath, is reputed to be a "Chevalier" of some foreign "order of honour" that we know not of, we would rather prefer not to belong to that order! We repudiate utterly Mr. Mitchel's vouchers to character, as if they were authoritative interpreters of a code of honour by which we should be bound.

Some of our readers may think that we have bestowed more space on this memorable breach of parole than its importance justifies, and we admit it in one sense; but the case is to a large extent historical, and the next generation—reading as we are now doing of what was done in the past—may want, and will have, facts now placed on record.

John Mitchel in one of those wild outbursts, that incline us to believe he is either a political monomaniac, or a consummate actor, declared at Cork—"I never was a felon at all." And after this astounding assertion he said:—

"I suppose there is not one of those English statesmen who doesn't know that, in 1848, I was carried away from my country in chains under a false pretence of law. They all know that the pretended jury, whose party vote they affect to take as a verdict, was deliberately and ostentatiously packed out of the ranks of my known enemies."

Now, we have no hesitation whatever in stating that Mr. Mitchel is grossly wrong in his slanderous assertions. The Attorney-General of that day was the present Chief Justice Monahan, a man so truly high-minded, so sensitively honourable, that no consideration could induce him to sanction any practice that would place a prisoner at the bar under a disadvantage. This scandalous charge was preferred at the time, and was then disposed of by a simple statement of facts in

the *Dublin University Magazine* of June, 1848. In order to place the whole matter clearly before our readers, we quote as follows:—

"The principle on which the attorney-general founded his instructions to Mr. Kemmis, and upon which, of course, in the exercise of the crown prerogative, he himself acted, we shall state from his own lips—"The only instruction that was given was this," observed the attorney-general, in stating the case against Mr. Mitchel—"Obtain an honest, fair, and impartial jury. Any man who, from your information, you believe not to be a man who will give an impartial verdict between the crown and the subject, that man, and that man alone—without reference to his religion—you are to exclude from the panel." This is a satisfactory vindication of the government, but how does it affect the character of her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, by, through, and for whom, for nearly twenty years, this country has been governed?

"It so happens that, acting upon this constitutional principle of selection, every single Roman Catholic (with the exception of three, to whom we shall presently have to allude) who presented himself as a juror upon these prosecutions, was made to stand aside by the crown. The crown officers, in removing from the jury those whom, in the words of the attorney-general in the same case, 'they had reason to know concurred and coincided in the politics of the prisoner,' happened also, by a strange coincidence (with the exception already mentioned), to exclude every individual Roman Catholic who was called. But there were exceptions. Three Roman Catholics were permitted to serve—two upon the special jury who tried Mr. O'Brien, and one upon that who tried Mr. Meagher. In both these cases the juries unfortunately disagreed, and, upon sifting the matter, it was ascertained, that the only two Roman Catholics upon Mr. O'Brien's jury, happened to be also the only two dissentients from a verdict of guilty agreed to by the other ten jurors. Precisely similar, too, was the result in Mr. Meagher's case. One dissentient there frustrated a verdict

of guilty, agreed upon by eleven jurors, and by a like coincidence it turns out, that that one dissident was also the *one Roman Catholic* in the jury-box.

"The inference from all this is inevitable, aided as it is by the fact, that the *common jury* who afterwards tried Mr. Mitchel, although composed of men of every shade of political opinion, yet *not* containing a single Roman Catholic, *did* find a verdict for the Crown."

Will it be contended, that the law officers of the Crown would have been justified in allowing men who notoriously sympathized with Mitchel's treasonable designs to serve on the jury that was to try him? The law that gave the right of challenge, gave it for the very purpose of enabling "an honest, fair, and impartial jury" to be obtained; and Mr. Mitchel did not attempt to deny the perfect truth of the evidence presented to the jury, and on which their verdict was based. On the contrary, he admitted and gloried in his guilt, and declared that he had acted with premeditation throughout. He did not think a jury could be got to convict, and that even if he was convicted hundreds would repeat his offence, in the hope that no convictions would follow, and the Government be thus placed in an embarrassing position. His last words in the dock were as follows:—

"I shall say no more than that all through this business, from the first, I have acted under a strong sense of duty, and *that I will not repent of anything I have done*. I do believe the course I have opened is only commended. The Roman saw his hand burning into ashes, and could promise for three hundred who were ready to follow his example. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three—"

At this point the Court properly interfered and ordered his removal. He was, however, a false prophet.

There was no rush of self-devoted patriots to immolate themselves as he had done. He left behind him, no doubt, baneful fruits of his evil teaching, the effects of which were largely observable in the Fenian treason that followed, and the responsibility that, in this respect, attaches to him is serious indeed.

It does not speak much for the success of the Gladstone policy—of "Messages of Peace" to conciliate Irish discontent and disaffection—that Mr. Mitchel should have been selected to represent even such a notorious county as Tipperary in Parliament. On a former occasion, the convict O'Donovan Rossa had been returned to represent that distinguished county, but the return was simply set aside by the House of Commons; and in the case of Mitchel a like result was inevitable, unless the House was prepared to court its own degradation. On behalf of the Government, the action of Mr. Disraeli was prompt and decisive. He lost no time in moving the following resolution:—

"That John Mitchel, returned as member for the county of Tipperary, having been adjudged guilty of felony and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and not having endured the punishment to which he was adjudged for such felony, or received a pardon under the Great Seal, has become, and continues, incapable of being elected or returned as a member of this House."

A weak attempt was made to have this motion withdrawn, and a committee appointed to inquire into the subject; and it was not creditable that the new leader of "Her Majesty's Opposition," and some of the late Ministers, sought to complicate the matter by urging its postponement, for which no solid reason was advanced. The House, however, pronounced its verdict emphatically, by rejecting a motion

for the adjournment of the debate by a majority of 167, the numbers being, for the adjournment, 102; against, 269. Mr. Disraeli's resolution was then carried without a division, and the order for the issuing of a new writ carried.

It will be observed, that the passing of this resolution by the House of Commons has practically the effect of a declaration that Mr. Mitchel broke his parole. The judgment of such an assembly on such a point may well counter-balance the opinions of those who hold Mr. Mitchel absolved from any delinquency in this respect, and fully justifies the views we have expressed.

The unmeaning farce was enacted once again of electing Mr. Mitchel; but out of a total constituency of 9,246 electors, only 3,860 could be induced to go to the poll, of whom 3,114 voted for Mitchel, and 746 for Captain Moore, the Conservative candidate, who, of course, will be declared duly elected.

The extreme folly of the policy pursued by the so-called "National" leaders in this matter only shows how utterly wrongheaded and unpractical those leaders are. Miserable pot-house politicians strutted about, and gave abundant vent to frothy declamation about "Parliament having thrown down the gauntlet to gallant Tipperary, and, nothing loth, Tipperary would take it up and accept the challenge!" The "Mitchel Committee" issued an address which, for bombastic nonsense, well maintains the character of our "National patriotic literature." The Committee declare:—

"We have not wished for a second election; it has been forced upon us by the vote of the British Parliament. Theirs is the responsibility and theirs will be the confusion in the defeat when the result shall be declared. We, the delegate electors of the county of Tipperary assembled at the conference

held on Sunday, agreed unanimously that no honourable course was open to the constituency but to re-nominate John Mitchel as the candidate of the people's choice. Conscious of the momentous question at issue, our deliberations lasted for three hours, and they were conducted with the calmness and solemnity which the gravity of the subject demanded. In coming to the conclusion that John Mitchel should be put forward again, we have only expressed the ardent desire of the county, and anticipated the anxious wishes of our countrymen at home and abroad. Had we adopted any other course, we would be slavishly acquiescing in the verdict of the British Government—a verdict we, in the name of all Irishmen, repudiate and protest against, and which you will reverse at the polling booth if a contest should become necessary. If we had not resolved upon a renewal of the fight after the insulting challenge thrown out by the ill-advisers of Her Britannic Majesty, we should have allowed them to escape from the disgraceful difficulty into which they have plunged with a headlong haste remarkable for its want of foresight and for its deep-rooted hostility to Ireland. We call upon all classes, upon the clergy and the laity, upon the electors and the non-electors, upon men of Irish faith everywhere, to sustain us in this struggle, that we may successfully wrestle with despotism, and assert our rights to exercise supreme power in the choice of our representatives. We earnestly appeal to intending candidates to stand back from this contest, because John Mitchel is the elected representative of this county, and we must be allowed to fight single-handed and alone the battle which the English Government have foolishly forced upon us. Whoever now opposes John Mitchel is an enemy to freedom."

But Mitchel far transcends the ridiculous violence of the "Committee" in a letter he concocted for the American market, and which will first see the light in that quarter of the globe in the honoured columns of the New York Herald. He describes the debate on Mr. Disraeli's

resolution in the House of Commons, in his own peculiarly wild and inflated style, as presenting an "extraordinary scene of rage and trepidation." Tipperary, by returning him, had frightened the Imperial Parliament out of its propriety! But he declared that, if returned, and the House would accept his companionship, he never would enter it. Here is his own sketch of the wise policy he had resolved on pursuing:—

"If returned I will not go to Parliament, and I never intended to do so, because I have never seen what benefit Tipperary or any other county has ever derived from being represented in that Parliament. Then if my return is petitioned against, and I am referred to the Court of Common Pleas to decide the question, I will not go to the Court of Common Pleas, I will not defend my return before that tribunal (before Monahan, Keogh, Lawson, and Morris). Counsel learned in the law have warned me that there is no use in resorting to that court in any political case, that these judges are the mere law clerks of ministers, not delivering judgments but only registering the orders received from Westminster; so they will proceed *ex parte*, they will gravely unseat me, and this Mr. Moore will remain the sitting member. That will be the end of the Tipperary election for this time. Tipperary will stand virtually disfranchised, besides being pretty exasperated by the outrage flung upon that fine people.

"Next I mean to turn my attention to some other county, and to get that disfranchised, so on to a third, the great object which I have in view being to show the Irish people the way in which they may gradually shake off the oppression of a pretended parliamentary franchise.

"On the whole I am much pleased with the campaign we have made, and very proud of Tipperary. We have stirred up the pride of more than one county, and have shown the English ministers that the Irish, if they like, can always drive them to more and more lawless precedents and practices,

and at the worst can do without them and their parliaments.

"In the meantime this contest has roused the people out of a kind of apathy which seemed to be creeping over them, and before the present struggle is over I trust every Irishman will understand the right policy it behoves him to follow with the English, viz., to discredit their courts, to spit upon the franchise which they pretend to allow us, and especially to overthrow the whole system of Parliamentary representation, which is not only the most deadly machinery by which oppression is carried on, but furnishes the cunningest excuse for asserting that we consent to and aid in that oppression. JOHN MITCHEL."

Is it not both melancholy and humiliating to find that such rabid absurdity could have any extensive acceptance in Ireland at the present day? It shows how largely the population has been debauched and demoralized by seditious teaching, more especially by the corrupt political and social influences of the returned emigrants from America. These incendiaries, having lost all the virtues of the Irish peasant, have had his vices developed and intensified in their own persons, by the pernicious influences to which they were subjected in America, and their return has been a very great curse to the country. They are scattered principally over the southern, western, and midland counties, and are so many centres of seditious disaffection. They keep alive the Fenian spirit, and render it imperative that, for the protection of society, the Government should be armed with exceptional coercive powers.

Eventually, no doubt, all this Mitchel folly will right itself, for we have a firm faith in rational progress. In the meantime, however, a great deal of mischief will be done in retarding the peaceful prosperity of the country, and in pregnating the rising

with seditious principles and impracticable ideas. In this respect the career of John Mitchel has been one that merits unmitigated reprobation, and no penalty he

could pay, no suffering to which he might be condemned, could possibly atone for the deliberate wickedness of his teaching, and the evil it has caused.

OUR PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.

THE *Irishman*, the other day, informed us that the "Eighty-two Club" had passed a resolution declaratory of a new parliamentary policy, to this effect—that a demand for the Repeal of the Union should be deliberately presented to Parliament, and if rejected, then the Irish members should withdraw in a body! This means, of course, the so-called "National Patriotic Members," and really were this policy carried out, we would be rather inclined to applaud it than otherwise.

We cannot say that those members reflect a superabundance of credit on the country, and we do not think it would be either a national or an imperial calamity, were they relieved from their senatorial duties, and remitted to their original vocations. During this session of Parliament, their character has been brought rather prominently before the public, and we do not think over creditably.

Mr. Sullivan strove, with a singular ignorance of Parliamentary precedent and practice, to make a question of privilege out of some reflections cast by another member on his brother Home Rulers. Mr. Lopes, M.P. for Frome, in an after-dinner speech, said:—

"What was the present position of the Liberal party? (Derisive cheers.) In the House of Commons they were deserted by their chief, who, by his fitful appearance in the House, disappointed their hopes. They were allied to a disreputable Irish band (laughter), whose watchword in the

House was Home Rule and Repeal of the Union."

Now, be it observed, that the question at issue is not one of taste or judgment in the use of language, but simply and strictly whether the words spoken involved a breach of privilege, by imputing disrepute to the "Irish band." This was the sole point at issue, as the matter was presented to the House of Commons, and it is remarkable that, under such circumstances, the House was so ill-advised as to entertain the question at all, for clearly the words involve no breach of parliamentary privilege.

The cases cited by Mr. Sullivan to sustain his position had no relevancy whatever, because *all those cases involved charges of corrupt conduct by individual members, acting in their parliamentary capacity*, and, therefore, touched the honour and dignity of the House itself. But the words spoken by Mr. Lopes implied no accusation of personal corruption or delinquency against any individual member. He merely referred generally to "a disreputable Irish band, whose watchword in the House was Home Rule and Repeal of the Union"—in other words, a dismemberment of the empire. Did Mr. Sullivan want the House to affirm that they were a "reputable band?" Who will affirm that? Surely not his distinguished colleague in the representation of Louth, Mr. Callan, whose exhibitions in our law courts of late have

tended vastly to maintain the honourable prestige and repute of the "Irish band," and who is reported to have said of the Irish members "*that a more demoralized, a more rotten, or a more unprincipled body of men, with some few rare exceptions, did not exist than the Irish members!*" In comparison with this language, are not the words of Mr. Lopes mere milk and water?

If, then, so marvellously sensitive respecting the character of the "Irish band," why did not Mr. Sullivan bring his colleague's language before Parliament?—for though spoken of the members in the former Parliament, they nearly all have seats in the present. He made, however, nothing by his motion, which ought never to have been entertained, for it would be intolerable tyranny to rule that members of Parliament should be exempt from criticism on their personal conduct, their qualifications for the position they fill, and whether they fill it reputably or disreputably. We have no hesitation in saying that what is called the "national" representation, so far from being reputable to Ireland is the very reverse, and the honest intelligence of the country will endorse our opinion.

The greatest authority on parliamentary privilege that ever wrote, Sir Erskine May, has laid it down that *to constitute a breach of privilege libels must concern the charac-*

ter or conduct of members in their parliamentary capacity; and the reason of this is quite apparent and sound—because in the character of its members, *as such*, the honour and dignity of the House itself is concerned.

But between the conduct of members, *as such*, and in other capacities, there is a wide difference. Thus, as the same authority observes, "*aspersions upon the conduct of members as magistrates or as officers in the army or navy, or in private life, are within the cognizance of the courts, and are not fit subjects for complaint,*" as breach of privilege.

The law and usage of Parliament being thus clearly established, the "Irish band" must be content to receive the criticism their principles and policy challenges; and if they imagine that their "repute" is to be whitewashed by such exhibitions as Mr. Sullivan made, they are vastly deceived. Respecting the vast majority of them, or, to use the picturesque Mr. Callan's words, "*with some few rare exceptions,*" we may apply to them the description Pope gives of refuse preserved in amber:—

"——— forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs,
or worms;

The things we know are neither rich
nor rare,

*But wonder how the devil they got
there!"*

A LEGEND OF THE TALMUD.

The Talmud relates:—"How Abraham first came to worship in the midst of idolaters the one irresistible God; how he first lifted up his eyes heavenwards and saw a brilliant star, and said, 'This is God.' But when the star paled before the brightness of the moon, he said, 'This is God.' And then the sun rose, and Abraham saw God in the golden glory of the sun. But the sun, too, set, and Abraham said, 'Then none of you is God, but there is one above you created both you and me. Him alone will I worship, the maker of heaven and earth.'—Article on "Islam." *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1869.

A range of hills,
And a long stretch of yellow desert sand,
Crossed by long shadows, as a setting sun
Went down behind the hills.

The sun went down
Behind the desert hills, and, instantly,*
Over the long, low yellow stretch of sand,
The dark night closed, and in the purple sky
The silent stars gleamed out.

And on this night,
Four thousand years ago, there went forth one
Alone into the desert, sick at heart,
And weary of the world.

A "Bedouin shiek,"
A wild son of the barren desert, he;
Yet after, he in whom all lands were blessed,
The father of the faithful.

Yet this man,
Hereafter called the friend of God, now dwelt
With worshippers of stocks and stones, and he
Had worshipped those with them.

But there was that
Within the great soul of the man, which made
In likeness of his God, did strive and yearn
To find and know its Maker.

And this night
The tumult of his spirit drove him forth
Unto the darkness, and the silent stars.
Till, standing there alone, his very soul
Went out into one long-drawn, bitter cry,
That uttered forth that great want of the man—
To find and know his God.

His cry went out
Into the quiet air, and died away;
And stiller grew the silence, and above,
Through the dark night, the great stars journeyed on.
A man had cried to God—no answer came;
Was, then, the great God cold to his creatures' cry?
Or was there no God to hear?

He look'd up,
In silent anguish—all his passion spent—
To the cold, quiet sky.

* "The sun dipped behind the western horizon in a glory of crimson and orange, green and purple, and in a moment all the land was dark, and the stars leapt out, not twinkling, as in our Jumper climate here, but hanging like balls of white fire in that purple, southern . . ."—Description of an Eastern Desert in Kingsley's "THE HAZARD."

Right overhead
A great star gleamed and moved, more large,
And fairer than the rest.

Its beauty seemed
To soothe his weariness, and speak of peace
Unto his tired head and aching heart.
Then, with uplifted eyes, he cried, "Oh, God!"
And to the great star, stretching pleading hands,
Knelt down and worshipped; and again
Once more the silence deepened, and above,
Through the dark night, the great star journeyed on.

Thro' the night
Came the clear-shining moon of eastern skies.
And the fair presence of her beauty seemed
To rule the night in heaven and on earth;
For all the lesser light of stars waned dim,
And all the yellow stretch of sand grew white,
And long, black shadows deepened here and there.
And Abram lifted up his head from prayer,
And looked, and lo! his star—his God—had paled.
And swiftly onward, through the silent night,
Came the clear-shining moon, and reigned alone.
His God had failed him, and his heart grew faint;
But wrestling down the sudden rising doubt,
"This, then, is God!" he uttered forth aloud,
And once more lifting pleading hands of prayer,
Knelt down and worshipped.

But a ring of pain
Had thrilled his voice, and sharpened all its tone;
For a cold fear had chilled his inmost heart,
Lest that his prayer, his God—yea, he himself,
For aught he knew—were all unreal and false,
Were mockeries like the shadow by his side,
That mocked his movements: kneeling as he knelt,
With long black arms cast on the desert sand,
And clasped hands raised on high.

The doubt was there,
And yet he would not know it, but knelt on,
In silent worship bowing down his head.

A red glow
Flushed all along the length of eastern sky,*
And the still air stirred to the dawning day.
And the sun rose upon the sleeping earth,
And woke it; and the fierce, living glow
Smote out the lesser light of the pale moon.
And when the worshipper raised his head from prayer,
Once more his God was gone, and in the sky
The great sun ruled alone.

The old doubts
Leaped up again to life—a life that seemed
To fill the soul with death; and all his heart
Grew cold within him.

* "The cold wind that fore-runs the dawn."—TENNYSON.

Yet once more,
 Unconquered still, he raised his hands on high,
 And with strong words striving to stifle doubt,
 "This, then, is God!" he uttered forth aloud;
 And as his eyes were dazzled by the glare,
 "This shall be God!" he cried; and yet again,
 As the fierce rays smote hotly on his head,
 "Oh, God! be Thou my God!" and so once more
 Knelt down and worshipped.

Yet within his tone
 More of defiance than of prayer had been.
 And the sun rose, and as it climbed the sky,
 The long flush'd ridges of the morning clouds
 Whitened beneath its light.

And man and beast
 Shrank from the living heat of the fierce rays.
 But Abram, standing there alone, rejoiced,
 And gloried in the great strength of his God.

A red glow
 Flushed all along the length of western sky,
 From end to end; and the great sun went down
 Behind the range of desert-bounding hills.

And Abram stood
 In silence watching, till, as it sank from sight,
 Body and soul and spirit failed the man;
 His God was gone, and he was all alone.
 He turned away,
 Laid himself slowly down upon the ground,
 Stretched out his arms above his head, and laid
 His cheek upon the sand, which yet was warm
 From the sun's parting ray.

The stars came out,
 And slowly journeyed through the silent sky;
 But he, unheeding, lay upon the ground.

Through the night
 Came the clear-shining moon, and on his face
 Her cold light fell, but fell upon closed eyes,
 And silent mouth.

Till as he lay there, lonely, sick at heart,
 And weary of himself and all the world,
 There came the still small voice that clearest sounds
 After the storm is spent.

And Abram heard,
 And listening to that voice with all his heart,
 Clearer than light of sun or moon or stars,
 Upon his soul there dawned the light of God.

And he arose,
 And standing on his feet, he cried aloud,
 "Sun, moon, and stars, I worship you no more,
 But the great God who made both you and me."

And so went home,
 And casting down his idols from their place,
 He hewed them into wood for household use.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN H MACMAHON, M.A., L.L.D.

THE Philosophy of History is an effort to ascertain the full meaning of experience in the widest and loftiest sense. Nothing visionary or hypothetical is here admitted, as we must deal, for the purpose of interpreting them, with facts and facts only. It is like induction, as it leads into deduction where, of course, all inference as regards the phenomena of nature, for purposes of scientific generalization, is worthless, except on the supposition of matter-of-fact observation. In the same manner, as history cannot be separated from facts, but depends entirely upon reality, so the Philosophy of History—which is its spirit or idea, or, as we may say, the abstract expression of events—must be the embodiment of real principles, such as order, development, progress, and over these presiding with controlling, and directing supremacy the great First Cause.

An attempt, therefore, to arrive at reliable conclusions as regards the mutual connections of events, as an organic whole, is what we call the philosophy of history. Now, the mind is so formed, the laws of thought are such that, on view of either a group or chain of events, the human intellect is impelled into forming conclusions as regards historical facts. We therefore are prepared to find, that there has always existed a philosophy of history, for the simple reason that men have obeyed the instinct of those reasoning faculties which are not content with simple phe-

nomena, without tracing out causes, and arriving at a scientific theory of the facts. The Philosophy of History, however, was but in a very imperfect state in the old world, yet it was not entirely non-existent there. Thucydides, for instance, not only relates facts, but reasons from them; that is, he is fond of referring historical effects to their causes, and of drawing general conclusions from his narrative. So far, indeed, history differs from annals which are a mere mechanical record of events devoid of any reflex use towards them, of the mind of the narrator. But it cannot be admitted that a philosophy of history, in its most comprehensive sense, or, in other words, the idea of history as a vast and prolific science of induction, is discoverable among the ancients. The nearest approach to it comes from one who did not write history at all, namely, Aristotle in his "Politics." Of all the wondrous emanations of this wondrous brain, perhaps the "Politics" may be regarded as one of the most striking. Here, this great systematizing mind actually creates subsequent experience, so as to enable him correctly to realize the practical operation of a given system of government. In working out his problem, Aristotle subdivides the vast notion of human government, in the abstract, into the different forms it should afterwards assume in succeeding cycles, and yet this splendid performance falls below the

conception of a philosophy of history.

The rise of such a philosophy was the emergence of light out of darkness, and of order out of chaos. That was a terrible night of fear for the civilized world, when Alaric entered Rome with fire and sword. St. Jerome, from his Bethlehem solitude, shuddered as he wrote: "A terrible rumour reaches us from the West, telling of Rome besieged, bought for gold, sacked once more, life and property perishing in each other's arms; my voice falters, sobs stifle the words I dictate, for now that eternal city is a captive, the metropolis which enthralled the world." In contemplating at this time the crash of the old Roman Empire, the best read or most imaginative amongst us fails to realize the full majesty of that dominion which secured by its legislative enactments, the tranquillity of mankind, by its school of philosophy and law the education of the nations, and, in fact, "kept the world in awe." The ruin of this great city, trampled under foot by the implacable Goths, struck terror into the hearts of men. But the catastrophe, which scared humanity, afforded neither horror, perturbation, nor amazement to one mighty sovereign intellect which then belonged to the Christian Church. The intelligence which startled the courage of Jerome and filled his untamed breast with alarm, merely raised the fine contemplative faculties of St. Augustine, who was moved by the Gothic destruction of the Roman Empire to attempt a solution of the mystery of such desolation, and in his explanation laid the keystone of the arch, on which the Philosophy of History, in the hands of Herder, Hegel, Schlegel, and Bunsen, was afterwards to repose.

St. Augustine is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest and best men that adorn the history of Christendom. The piety of his tender years, the aberrations in theory and practice of his youth and early manhood, his almost clueless wanderings through the tangled labyrinth of heresy and scepticism, his constant burning thirst after God—the only true and living God—his painful moral and mental conflicts in the search of truth, to say nothing of his commanding position as a prelate of the Church, and the author of several invaluable works all this clothes the illustrious bishop's life with a peculiar charm, not only for the theologian, but every one who takes an interest in the history of philosophy and the progress of intelligence.

When, therefore, the clash of arms rang within Rome from barbarian warriors, and when the concussion vibrated even in the distant African town of Hippo, whether it was that his genius had shaken off the trammels of an antique, and alas! too often insincere patriotism, or whether love, only such as Christianity taught, had raised his powerful intellect to calmer heights, he stood erect before the storm, when all else beside him crouched and fell. Lifted thus up above the warring elements of society, this calm philosopher was enabled to measure, with a firmer glance, the portentous events around him. Though thus collected, even when the hurricane of barbaric conquest blew its worst, there was disturbance in that serene bosom, though not from peril, but from calumny, and that not on himself but the Church. The fury of Paganism, when thus fatally wounded, vented itself upon Christianity, which was charged with all the disasters of the empire. St. Augustine, stung to the quick, by such an aspersion, resolved to write in defence of

Christianity the famous "City of God," which constitutes the first real effort to produce a philosophy of history.

This great work, which certainly is Augustine's masterpiece, not only with being the first most systematic development of the idea of a philosophy of history, was an original and genial defence of Christianity from quite a novel stand-point. It is characteristic of the man, that, unlike the other fathers of the Church, he drew upon his own brain for defensive arguments. The apologies of Augustine could in no way be regarded as a mere rehabilitation of the threadbare and almost effete arguments of Justin, Talian, and Tertullian, as given a new dress in our own time by Paley. The truth is, that in undertaking to shield the Christian religion from the polished shafts of Paganism, Augustine felt, and rightly, that what was required of him, was to justify the Gospel to enlightened thinkers and great statesmen. To this end he brought all the treasures of his learning, all those mighty intuitions of a God-seeking soul, and a severe and inexorable logic, to distinguish the religion of Christ from, and show its superiority to, all those forms of truth, philosophical and popular, which then were striving, either for victory, or for standing-room among men. The student in history will at once detect the originality of treatment. Hitherto, the apologies for Christianity had been drawn up to meet particular emergencies; they were either brief and pregnant statements of the Christian doctrines; refutations of prevalent calumnies; invectives against the follies and crimes of Paganism, or confutations of anti-Christian works, like those of Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian, but none of these expand into a really adequate view of the great conflict between Christianity

and its antagonists. It was the extraordinary adaptation of his genius to his own age, and the comprehensive grandeur of his mind, coupled with intense earnestness of character, and the employment of a pure and transparent Latinity, that enabled Augustine to soar above his fellow apologists. He possessed, and was yet unembarrassed, all the knowledge which then had been accumulated in the Roman world. But while he thus commanded the entire range of Latin literature, he had in perfection that, without which, no one ever gains ascendancy over mankind—imagination, that gleam of golden sunshine, from above which lights up the efforts of orator, advocate, or patriot. But, in Augustine's case, the ardent imagination was beautifully tempered by reasoning powers so vigorous, as boldly to grapple with all subjects. But he took captive his own age, because, though owner of a profound and tranquil philosophy, all his best and choicest thoughts emptied themselves into the single channel of deep and absorbing religious feeling, which, with Augustine, was spiritual agitation, not cold and abstract truth, a blaze of enthusiasm, rather than the convictions of laboured, logical investigation. But whatever the characteristics of the *De Civitate Dei*, its author has succeeded in setting before the world's eye a vision of glory, which might justly win the applause and astonishment of those who were dazzled by the fascinating splendour of Imperial Rome.

A theologian would find an agreeable and instructive occupation in explaining the details of the *De Civitate Dei*, but we are here only concerned with one point—that Augustine's work deserves the credit of being the foundation of Philosophy of History. In this respect the work itself is :

ably one of the noblest extant, both in original design and the plenitude of its elaborate execution. He has thus decided for ever—and, in doing so, propounded the leading idea of a philosophy of history—the great question which alone, at that period, kept in suspense the balance between Paganism and Christianity, namely, the connection between the Fall of the Empire and the desertion of the heathen religion in favour of the Gospel. Augustine does not trace the ruins of Rome to the alleged desolating power of Christianity, but to the designed instability of human government. Thus, while the old social system was crumbling under his feet, he looked for and found *terra firma* in the enormous plastic quality of Christianity over social, civil, and domestic life. But he does this by teaching men to take larger and more searching views of history, and that, too, by proving that human history and human destiny are not entirely identified with the autocracy of any earthly power, an idea vividly realized in the history of civilization and of empire, and peculiarly so in Augustine's day. So long as Rome, though only ostensibly head of the world, stood proudly at the helm, St. Augustine's Philosophy of History would be regarded as the mere fantastic vision of a dreamy fanatical recluse. So long as the barbarians swept only over the distant frontiers of the empire, men at Rome closed their eyes to the gradual declension of national sovereignty, so that the fabric of political greatness seemed to them still unbroken. The capture of the Eternal City cured all misapprehension; it struck the world of Rome to the heart, and paralyzed its action; and in the mortal agony of the old social system, when men in despair wildly grasped at any cause which could a count for

the collapse, they tried to fasten the catastrophe upon Christianity, it was the peerless mind of Augustine which dissipated for ever such proud illusions.

From his day the conception of a philosophy of history has been growing in clearness and magnitude during the scholastic age, and more particularly in the school of modern German thought which, we are proud to say, has almost entirely grown out of Bishop Berkeley's Metaphysics, we find a philosophy of history carefully discussed, elaborated, and built up. Such intellectual labours have brought to the surface a most important truth, viz., that the Philosophy of History, as the embodiment in action of the moral and social instinct, as well as mind of man, cannot be adequately mastered without a correct psychology and ethics. And therefore we find throughout the eighteenth century that, while the idea of a true philosophy of history was being elaborated, at the same time the mental and moral sciences were being accurately defined.

But this leads to another observation—the great method of treatment inaugurated by Augustine, as applicable to history (and in being so to the support of the Gospel), was centuries hence retorted in a manner full of supposed destruction for Christianity. The first fruits of this inversion of the Augustinian method are discoverable in Niebuhr; for, whereas the Christian bishop assumed, as true, current facts of history, and reasoned from them, Niebuhr doubted or disbelieved the facts, and substituted a philosophic explanation of what he found written instead of the record itself. This method of treatment was at once snatched up by German critics, and applied to Scripture history. The idealism of Hegel had already tended in the same direction, and the two

influences combined to elicit from Straus his famous "Life of Jesus," a book of surprising power, though obviously to all a sad inversion of the Philosophy of History—in fact, a view into history at the wrong end of the telescope. Straus, and afterwards Renan, in trying to extract their meaning out of our Lord's life, are, however, applying a particular theory to a narrative which not only does not sustain such a method of interpretation, but is so far an account *sui generis*, that, as history, it is the only one which does not yield a philosophy of history, for everything in the Synoptical Gospels depends upon the facts, and the facts only; and the events themselves are their own interpreters.

There are many points connected with and arising out of the present subject, which are worthy of attention, and for this reason. The Philosophy of History, as a scientific analysis of the various elements of civilization, must include investigations respecting the origin of society, the experiential advantages and disadvantages of different sorts of government; the theory of commercial dealings, and of industrial enterprise generally. These and other kindred points open up a wide expanse of speculation which converge into a single focus—the individuality of a supreme purpose somewhere. There has been, as the facts of history fully prove, along with a very strong determining force from events on man's choice, a super-eminent influence (alike superior to external circumstances or even to volition), which imposes its own complexion and line of motion on the entire of human progress. The very pressure from without, which many think tantamount to Fatalism, and as negating all individuality, what is it in the ultimate analysis but the effects of that per-

sonal agency which made and governs the universe? There is therefore one distinctive idea to be culled from history, where the tide of civilization is observed to flow only in a certain given groove, excavated for it irrespective of human design, and where the efforts of man are frequently so completely overruled that the barriers he would oppose to an order of things designed by creative wisdom are swept clean away by a power other than human.

The grand, clear, and terrible word which is written oftener upon History, and indeed Nature, is power; the entire visible creation is a magnificent Hymn of Praise to the power of the Creator; upon the face of Nature God has carved in colossean letters the word Power. By power he made the world; by power he governs all intelligent beings; by power he wields undisputed the sceptre of the universe, and holds in harmony within his grasp the flashing orbs of heaven. The power of the Almighty, conspicuous in splendour, can never sink below the effulgence of any of the Divine attributes. The pale and ghastly spectre of evil may haunt the spheres, but shrinks away affrighted before the power of God. War may rage in heaven, but the power of the Almighty, when his moral nature was impiously despised, quelled the hosts of the rebellious hierarchy. Disharmony, and sin, and bloodshed may revel and run riot amid multitudinous worlds, but the Divine Power remains unshaken. Thrones totter, dynasties are crushed, cities are changed into ruinous heaps, globes yawn and swallow their guilty tenants, plague and famine, and frenzy and remorse range at large with unfettered force—what are all these if they be not messengers from celestial displeasure to those who, only endued with limited faculties, would deem themselves masters

of Nature, or competent to grapple with the crushing force of Omnipotence itself?

The Philosophy of History enables us to attain a most regulative knowledge in regard not only of the Divine attributes, but of man's own nature, powers, and destiny, and so puts together a sort of grammar of Anthropology, and with it amasses materials for universal history.

The intellect has been successful, in almost all its labours, by having developed and perfected our different systems of ethics, law, and politics, and therefore we need not despair of an universal history, because man has not yet exhausted his skill upon everything on and about him. He has undoubtedly achieved wonders. He can analyze the numerous substances that crowd our earth, as well as that of the earth itself: he can rehearse the several orders of the vegetable world; from the towering oak of the forest, to the tiniest flower of the field; he can explain to you the habits and tribes of the various members of the animal creation; he can unlock for you the treasures of the mineral kingdom, and cleave and class the crystals of our globe; he can travel from place to place with an entirely unforeseen velocity of lo-

comotion, and transmit his thoughts from pole to pole with the rapidity of lightning; he can leave the surface of his own planet, soar through the amplitude of space, and so annihilate the distance between himself and the remotest star, so as to count universes and almost geographically survey the glittering orbs of the firmament.

But while the Philosophy of History is the torch that reveals to man his development, so far it also kindles quenchless hope for future progress. There is a touching beauty in those words of the new Saxon Liturgies, *sursum corda*. To contravene the certainty of human progress seems a slander upon Divine Providence. There are those who strain every nerve to stifle improvement, and with strange fatuity oppose all change. But the wisdom of God is greater than the wisdom of men. Society marches majestically onwards in the path of progress. There is from age to age an ever growing accumulation of knowledge, each generation avails itself of antecedent approximation towards truth, while the Philosophy of History makes it sure that we may reckon on the perpetuity of a movement, which is augmented in intensity as civilization advances.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

“— with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature:
O, reform it altogether.”

HAMLET.

THERE are few persons who have not heard something of the “decline of the drama,” and the arguments *pro* and *con* which the subject is continually calling forth. “Praisers of past times,” taking up the cry thoroughly, declare that never was the dramatic art at a lower ebb in England than at the present time, which, in that respect, is to periods preceding it as an age of “lead” to an age of “gold.” Holders of an opposite opinion will point triumphantly to the multitude of theatres, the apparently flourishing state of many of them, the “long runs” of good pieces, the large emoluments of successful dramatic artists, and the interest taken by a considerable portion of the press and the public in theatrical affairs generally. The conclusion, however, must depend upon the manner in which the subject is regarded. If we consider it in its more commercial aspect; if we hold it the province of those engaged in dramatic pursuits to follow rather than lead the public taste; if we assume that whatever is popular must be intrinsically worthy of its popularity, and that large salaries are a sign of great as well as fully appreciated genius, we must admit that the upholders of things as

they are have a good case. But if we take higher ground than this; if we look upon the stage as a moral and intellectual force, which can and should elevate as well as amuse; if we think it more important that a play should be throughout well and harmoniously performed, than that one able actor should monopolize the honours; if we subordinate gorgeous spectacle to good acting, the realism of the stage-carpenter to that of the dramatic artist, we must confess that the present condition of the British theatre is far from meeting our expectations.

Unacquainted alike with the means used to produce the effects he witnesses, and with the canons of professional dramatic criticism, the mere playgoer cannot do better than adopt the simple standard which the great dramatist established in his long-hackneyed but never-sufficiently-followed precept about “holding the mirror up to nature.” Let our view, then, be that the acting is the best which most impresses us with a sense of reality, that those plays are the best which afford most scope for impressions at once natural, striking, and harmoniously combined, and that no mere numerical popularity or com-

mercial success can give claptrap and spectacle the value of genuine art.

It is certain that the taste of a large number of playgoers is sadly in want of elevation. In most theatres there are plenty of people who are ready to go into ecstasies of delight when the comic man in a "screaming farce" tumbles over a coalscuttle, and who applaud to the echo when an attitude is struck, and some trite melodramatism shouted forth in the conventional stage voice; while polished wit, natural pathos, and that refined art which never outrages nature, are apt to pass unnoticed. These, to such persons, must seem tame and spiritless. They want, not a true representation of human nature, but a gaudy, highly coloured caricature. They are of the same mental calibre as the old lady who, on being appealed to with regard to a certain performance, pronounced it "too much like real life to be good acting."

Many influences have of late years been at work to deteriorate the quality of our stage representations. The long reign of barbaquos which constantly degenerated into mere vulgar buffoonery, the growing taste for lavish show and spectacle, the prominence given to attractive faces and figures—whether or not accompanied by intellectual ability—the importation of the more undesirable elements of the French dramatic art, and the ever increasing prevalence of a "star" system, will be powerful subsidiary causes from being adequately filled, have all combined to lower the standard of taste among both performers and audiences, and thus to bring about a decline of the drama.

The defects I am about to notice do not, however, spring so much from recent causes as from the restoration of our traditions and prac-

tices which ought to have been abolished. Throughout the arrangements of the stage, custom has so far reconciled us to a whole host of conventionalisms, that it requires some effort to realize how totally they are opposed to nature and common sense. The more glaring absurdities, such as those of melodrama, with its dagger-and-cloak ruffians, its impossibly Arcadian peasants, and the birth-mark on the arm by which the rightful heir is identified in the last act, have been in a great measure ridiculed out of existence; but there still remains in modern drama much that sets probability at defiance in an almost equal degree.

Truly, the stage is a strange world! The ways of its inhabitants are not as the ways of men. They are to a far greater extent creatures of impulse, of vivid demonstrativeness, alike impressionable and impulsive. They are blown about by a mere breath of passion. The least thing puts them into a furious rage, and they are pacified again by a word. They are apt to believe whatever is said to them, and to admit utter strangers into their confidence without the slightest reserve. They are at times so astonishingly obtuse as to be bound to the most patent facts, and the most transparent deceptions; at other times so preternaturally acute as to comprehend the most complicated circumstances at a glance, and to conceive, on the spur of the moment, schemes such as would cost a Machiavel a considerable mental labour.

In that strange world, the production of a piece of paper at the proper moment, with no investigations as to whether it is authenticated and legally attested, at once causes the fortunate possessor to be acknowledged heir to a princely estate. Melancholy ladies will find a heavy purse to any one who has

done them even a slight service, without dreaming of counting the contents. Love affairs progress with such startling rapidity that a second interview will bring the enamoured pair to a point only reached in real life after a long courtship. Men are able, without even a moment's reflection, to enter into a complete and detailed history of their lives, and this is especially the case when they are in the throes of death. Persons in imminent peril can seldom be prevailed upon to take the only loophole for escape until the very last moment, when the enemy is not only at the gate but actually breaking through it—an unaccountable desire to display their eloquence, seizing the pursued ones at that inopportune juncture. The most secret conferences and compromising confessions are carried on in a loud voice in castle halls with voluminous hangings or open doorways all round, and conspiracies against a despotic king are generally hatched in an ante-room of the monarch's own palace. These are but a few of the many departures from probability to which playwrights, play-actors, and playgoers have long been inured by stage tradition.

Although the increasing prevalence of what is called realism is undoubted, it is not always realism of a right kind, or used in a right degree or direction. It has done little or nothing towards abolishing the conventionalities I have mentioned, even in mere external details.

Reform of the anachronisms so long prevalent in historical costume, and an increase of mechanical resources, are the only really valuable changes the theatre has recently known, and these are not unaccompanied by disadvantages. Theatrical splendour, independent of the instances where startling

effects are almost exclusively aimed at, is now apt to be carried to excess. The decoration of the figure has become disproportionately conspicuous. The personages are bejewelled and adorned with bright colours to an extent that dazzles and oppresses the sight. The magnitude of their diamonds and rubies set us thinking how impossible it is that they should be real. The tinsel is dealt out with a hand so lavish and indiscriminate, that the stage king (for it is a legitimate device, in dressing your characters, to proportion splendour to rank) is often eclipsed by his followers. Glaring hues, and large masses of brilliancy are too prevalent, lime-light is too freely used, and a general want of that harmony which arises from a due admixture of shade, and of subdued and neutral tints, is everywhere observable. This will apply not only to mediæval but to modern subjects. No high-born dame of olden times, no peacock of any time, could surpass in splendour the fine lady of the modern drama. She often looks like the advertising model of some Parisian dressmaker. From the "gay capital" we, indeed, often hear amazing stories of the extravagance of actresses both on and off the boards, but we can only say, that if such dresses are actually worn in real life, it is an instance in which the histrionic mirror will do well not to reflect real life too closely.

Modern male costume, as we all know, is far from being either beautiful or bright, but, on the other side of the footlights, it is often improved to a degree that makes it as far as possible rich and elegant, and sometimes even picturesque. But, in general, the dress worn on the stage has too much an air of spick-and-span newness, is too obviously put on for the occasion, and too little suggestive of the

wear of every-day life. It matters not how far your hero may have walked, or in what weather (unless a snow-storm gives him an opportunity of flourishing his boots), or what wild adventures and upsets he may have met with, he always contrives to enter the room as neat and fresh as if he had just slipped out of a band-box. The heroine of a recent drama performed a long and tedious walk—I believe it was from Siberia to Moscow—in parlour slippers, which were in excellent repair at the end of the journey. The stage workman scarcely soils his hands or his clothes by whatever labour he may perform, and stage sailors scramble off a wreck all as taut and trim as when on a Sunday morning's parade. The "virtuous peasant" is, as a burlesque puts it, "preternaturally clean," and the stage *soubrette* betrays a coquettish snariness which the hard and prosaic "missus" of real life would nowhere tolerate.

The same over-brightness and necessity for tuning down is observable in stage scenery. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effects constantly produced by the scene-painter, but they are not always sufficiently lifelike to be in harmony with the events represented before them. A fairy transformation scene from the halls of a master can realize our brightest dreams of regions of enchantment. But the same idealization is frequently seen to prevail where the real world should be more closely reflected. There is always a partiality for what is merely pretty and striking, rather than faithful to nature. Trees are too vividly green, skies too intensely blue, and moon-lights unnaturally strong and brilliant. Nature does not paint in such transparent colours as the scenic artist, and if ever auto-chromatic photography becomes an accomplished fact (which, by the way,

would be a great calamity for our future Calcotts and Beverleys), we shall see how great will be the difference. All these, however, are mere external and accessory matters, far more important are those which bear upon the acting itself. There are certain conventionalities of action and of delivery from which even the greatest histrionic artists find a difficulty in wholly freeing themselves. This especially applies to the higher phases of the drama. The apparent ease with which a farce or a comedy of modern life is always acted, contrasts strikingly with the constrained and manifestly laboured effort observable in classical tragedy. In the one, the actor is natural because he is himself—or at least he represents some type of character which may in real life come within the range of his own experience. But the moment he assumes an antique robe he is quite another creature; obviously under constraint, and with a painful consciousness that he is acting a part totally at variance with his own character or that of any person he ever meets off the boards. *Cæsar* or *Othello*, he feels, cannot look or walk or talk like an ordinary man without sacrificing his dignity. He, therefore, feels bound to assume a manner and voice which he supposes to be in accordance not with an actual but an idealized personage. Hence he fails to arouse the sympathy of an audience composed of mere mortals. To deliver sonorous blank verse naturally, and yet with due regard to the requirements of elocution and of poetic expression, is no doubt very difficult, but it is the province of the high artist to overcome such difficulties. A true dramatic genius will seem to talk poetry, as Monsieur Jourdain did prose, without knowing it. Somebody has truly remarked, referring to preachers of the old school, and their stereotyped and monotonous

delivery, that whenever, in the midst of their sermons, they suddenly speak a sentence in their natural tones, the congregation are universally startled by the contrast. There is thus far a parallel between the pulpit and the stage. Let Richard, or Othello, or Macbeth suddenly drop to their natural tones, in the midst of their high flights of declamation, and the change will be most striking.

The tone or pitch of voice adopted on the stage, and especially at the more impassioned crises of tragedy, is generally too much raised. It is of course highly necessary that an actor should make even his whispered utterances distinctly heard all over the theatre, but, *when* heard, it should not *appear* to be louder than would be natural in a room or street. Instead of which, it seems to be the aim of many tragedians to make their voices sound like that of a giant or a Stentor. Now, there is no warrant for connecting the heroic character with a kind of exaggeration. It has become an established fact that, in all ages, men were in the main pretty much what they are now, both mentally and physically. We have no reason to believe that Cæsar or Coriolanus were habitually more vehement in ordinary conversation than are General Garibaldi or Prince Bismarck. Yet, when it comes to a theatrical representation, the reverse is constantly assumed. Take the most choleric officer in Her Majesty's service, and put him into the greatest passion possible, and he will fall far short in violence of the majority of Richards and Othellos in their furious moods. Many otherwise excellent performers of tragedy, if they do not "tear a passion to tatters," at least give it

a violent shaking. This vain waste of power, this needless expenditure of force, is, after all, a mere sacrifice to stage tradition, and makes acting hard work, while it destroys the very result which ought to be aimed at.

It would be a most important and desirable improvement if more naturalness were imparted to soliloquy. In the first place, soliloquy is in itself unnatural. Thinking aloud is an extremely rare habit among sane people in real life, and is at most confined to broken sentences and ejaculations. A connected argument, or sustained course of reflection, spoken audibly by a person to himself, is a thing almost unknown. But, granting soliloquy to be indispensable on the stage, its unnaturalness should be modified to the utmost extent by naturalness of delivery, attitude, and manner. Why should not Hamlet, for instance, say "To be, or not to be," as a person in real life in the habit of thinking aloud *would* say it, gazing thoughtfully into vacancy? Why should he come down to the footlights, and deliver his sentiments directly into the pit?—a proceeding, be it remembered, equivalent to apostrophizing the wall of the apartment.* One of the golden rules of the art, not sufficiently attended to, is, "you must appear to ignore the audience."

In fact, the fear of losing dignity, of becoming commonplace and prosaic, and of transgressing the unwritten laws of stage tradition, which are apt to be more religiously obeyed than those far more important principles which have their foundation in nature and art, is the main cause of the failure of many talented aspirants in the classical drama. I cannot help believing, on the contrary, that the loss of

* In the admirable performance of Mr. Irving, many improvements of the kind here suggested have been introduced with most beneficial effect.

some of the more idealized elements of a character would be amply compensated by the gain in the more humanized elements, which can alone attract the sympathy of the audience. If Shakspeare can only be reached by standing upon stilts, it will be better to lift him down to the level of ordinary comprehensions, where he can be thoroughly appreciated as well as respected. The ideal or historic personage should be a man first, and then, so far as it is possible, a hero or a demigod. The central point of vivifying truth, in all acting, is "a touch of nature." I believe it would make even melodrama seem real and edifying; and the "Miller and his Mill," performed throughout by great artists, might impress the hearts, even if it did not satisfy the judgments, of severe critics. Only make classical and historical tragedy as natural as dress comedy; treat Shakspeare as we treat Sheridan; let "Antony and Cleopatra" be performed as thoroughly and naturally and round as the "School for Scandal" is acted at the Haymarket or the Strand, and the golden age of the drama would be come.

It is needless to point out that it is not so necessary nor practicable for the drama in all its minutely to reflect real life. Nothing is more obvious. Within the space of two or three hours it is impossible to represent the events of so many days or months or years, without a concentration almost unnatural, to concentrate before the eyes so short a time, except by a degree of demonstrativeness as is seen in the old enter-wain. The exigencies of dramatic construction require the constant concentration of incidents, such as might otherwise rare anywhere off the boards. All this is needed, but when a drama is to display its defects, as from the facility of the proceedings are

more than covered by the completeness of the illusion. Spectators come prepared to make certain allowances, provided they are satisfied in other respects. They submit themselves awhile to the laws of an ideal world, provided those laws extend to them also its advantages. They expect to see, not a detailed panorama of real life, but its more characteristic points focussed into a lifelike and striking picture. But when all this has been said, there yet remain a hundred particulars in which the stage might be brought nearer to the realities of life, without any sacrifice of what is really artistic.

It is remarkable, considering the immensely wide range of character and action capable of being brought within the range of the drama, that it should practically be confined by such a narrow round. There are innumerable nooks and corners of life, types of character, and sections of society, highly capable of dramatic treatment, yet seldom or never introduced upon the stage. In the first place, dramatic, like other fiction, generally assumes that society is broadly divided into two classes: the great people and their satellites on the one hand, the poor and labourer on the other. Those infinite gradations in social position which exist in real life are almost completely ignored. Everything goes by extremes, and the scene is far more likely to be laid in some cottage or garret, alternating with the gilded saloons of wealth, than to present any of those intermediate surroundings amongst which the vast majority of us pass our lives. It is throughout gold or dross, silk or rags, the brilliant summer of noon, or the dark winter of discontent. Your hero seldom knows any condition between being "a beggar" and possessing several thousands a year. Middle-class characters and conditions of life

seem too hum-drum, monotonous, and wanting in light and shade for the playwright to dwell upon.

Any persons of the grades of the tradesman or mechanic—represented in a manner typical and true to life—are very rare on the stage. We have plenty of bluff farmers, “virtuous peasants,” sturdy, moralizing blacksmiths, and smart man-servants and maid-servants in comedy and melodrama, and a comic hatter or grocer often figures in the farce. But such characters are generally introduced merely as caricatures, or as foils and stop-gaps to more important personations, and are wholly of a conventional pattern.

Of professional characters, lawyers are the most numerous, because their assistance is so necessary to untie the legal intricacies on which the plot frequently turns. Doctors—despite the bodily injuries and afflictions to which persons on the stage are so liable—are rarer in their appearance; and clergymen (speaking of modern plays, and not the historical dramas wherein monks, priests, and abbots appear) might, without irreverence, be more frequently introduced. The very terms used in theatrical advertisements—“first heavies,” “walking gentlemen,” “singing chambermaids,” “general utilities,” etc.—show that mankind are technically classified in a conventional manner that does not include a tithe of the various types which come under the daily observation of all.

In another respect also the range of character is considerably limited. Of the “seven ages” assigned to man by Shakspeare, not more than three, or four at most, are habitually represented on the stage. The “mewling and puking infant” is clearly inadmissible, except in pantomime; the age beyond that we, indeed, sometimes see, but seldom under natural conditions.

The child on the stage is not a child, but that unpleasant creature called a “Juvenile Prodigy,” who enacts “Richard III.,” or recites “Excelsior.” The succeeding period of adolescence is also an unrepresented one. Our hero and heroine must be—or appear to be—somewhere in or near their third decade, and then we have another gap until we come to the elderly parents, and the venerable courtier or retainer. Female characters are particularly restricted in this matter of age, principally through the standard custom of concentrating all the romance and interest of woman’s life upon the one period of courtship. In years more advanced and uncertain, the ladies are somewhat hardly dealt with on the stage, being mostly shown in a disagreeable or contemptible light, such as a scheming widow, or a decidedly unpleasant mother-in-law, or an absurdly affected maiden aunt.

It is to be somewhat regretted that so little use is made in dramatic art of the vast opportunities for pathos contained in the tender relations between mother and child. Fathers and daughters are plentiful enough; indeed, in almost every case, whether of play or novel, the surviving parent of the surpassingly beautiful heroine is a widower, whose wife has chanced to die at that youthful and interesting age now reached by the daughter who is “her living image.” From the time of King Lear to the present, the one parent has shown a tendency to overshadow, if not to exclude the other. So completely is this the case, that whilst “heavy fathers” (as they are technically termed) are indispensable, “heavy mothers” seem to be considered an incumbrance. Perhaps the plot would be liable to become too complicated if two parents were introduced, as their individual views and actions might not always be in har-

mony. But a more sufficient reason is found in the disinclination of actresses to "make up old," and the prevalent notion that in any form of artistic presentment, women can only be interesting when young and in love. Yet it would be found that other periods and relations of life, if given a fair chance, could be made of at least equal interest. On witnessing "*Il Trovatore*" (and opera is sufficiently new to drama to illustrate our argument), the woes of Azucena, the gipsy mother, inspired me with far deeper interest and sympathy, than the conventional love-troubles of the youthful Leonore.

Thwarted and unhappy love has by repetition come to be a matter-of-course in tragedy; we are apt to get hardened to its pathetic situations, but maternal affection is far more rare, and, consequently, when ably represented, more deeply touching.

Concerning the adolescent period, it would impart much additional interest to Dickens's "*Little Nell*," if she were not compelled by custom or convenience to be "grown-up" on the stage. In the same way the more frequent introduction of boys—I mean real boys, and not female impersonators of the—would be an undoubted advantage on the occasions where such characters have to be represented. Of course, I speak not of youths in that transition period when the voice and appearance are altogether unformed and awkward, but of the age preceding it. As it is, if we wish to behold young Henry Ashton, we generally find some substantial actress of thirty engaged for the part. A "pretty page," or a youthful matchless peasant or sailor-boy, is seldom presented to us except under an unnaturally effeminate aspect. That infusion of the rougher masculine element, which would give completeness to the character, is almost

sure to be wanting. In the last essay, the subject of feminine impersonation of male characters was sufficiently considered, to show that they are in most cases neither necessary nor natural. The principal argument to be advanced in their favour is that, by employing women to enact the part of youths, we can secure adult intelligence, combined with the requisite juvenility of appearance. But in the rare cases where their services would be wanted, it would surely not be difficult to obtain performers of the requisite age, sex, and ability. With regard to subordinate characters at least, the qualifications are not rare. If boys of that age can be successfully drilled as cadets, and trained in choirs, there is no reason why they should not be marshalled as theatrical pages—no reason, that is, if we set aside those discreditable circumstances, already touched upon, to which we owe the introduction of what I have called the "*Epicene Gender*" on the stage.

It is curious how frequently performers undertake parts totally unfitted for them in respect of age.

The most whimsical transformation of old and young into their opposites are constantly seen. Your *jeune premier* is very frequently some "old stager" in a literal sense; the heroine was performing this same character when her present adult audience were children; while the venerable retainer, or tottering old peasant, who tells long stories of the squire's grandfather, is in reality some raw youth of one-and-twenty. Even our nimble and seemingly ever-youthful friend the clown, is often much older than his "lean and slipped" companion. We have seen a middle-aged Hamlet with a mother obviously some ten years younger than himself—an inconsistency very damaging to a natural effect. It is true that there

is often much difficulty in getting rid of these incongruities. Fitness in other respects must of course be considered before that which is merely external, and dramatic talents ripen at various periods of life. The "young Roscius" was, at least in the opinion of his admirers, capable of any Shakspearian part, and but for his juvenile figure and voice, would have been perfect. We know that Madlle. Titiens achieved a great success in the arduous part of the mature Lucretia Borgia when only fifteen years of age.

The talented Mr. Hare, of the Prince of Wales's, had gained a high reputation for his "old man" parts long before he was thirty. On the other hand, we are told that it takes an actor five-and-twenty years to perfect himself in Romeo. Still, I think, that this custom of putting old heads upon young shoulders, and the reverse, is unnecessarily prevalent on the stage. If it could be established as a theatrical rule that performers should only take characters corresponding in age as well as sex to themselves, the advantage would be immense, and while the spectators would be pleased by a more thoroughly natural effect, the actors would be spared the double task of assuming physical as well as mental conditions contrary to their own.

It will be perceived that all the changes I have suggested tend in the direction of realism, but a very different realism to that which consists in introducing a real waterfall, or a real cab-horse. Surprise has been very reasonably expressed at the fascination people are able to find in the counterfeit presentment of prosaic things whose originals they see every day. It is indeed strange that a man can get out of an omnibus—in which vehicle he sees nothing to admire—at the door of a theatre, enter the house,

and then go into raptures of applause when a sham omnibus, as much like the real one as possible, is drawn across the stage. But this is only a form of that craving for the natural which, rightly directed, would go far to reform the drama and elevate the public taste.

To those initiated in the mysteries of the theatrical profession, many of the opinions expressed in the present essay may seem erroneous, and the suggestions uncalled-for and impracticable, but, with all respect for their superior knowledge, I venture to remind them that theirs is not necessarily the point of view from which the disadvantages of conventionalism, and the desirability of boldly sweeping it away, can be most distinctly perceived. The proverbial difficulty of "seeing ourselves as others see us," applies with peculiar force to the professional side of the footlights.

The accounts we have of the decennial "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, furnish a striking example of what mimetic representation may do when untrammelled by mere theatrical tradition, and aiming only to be a faithful reflex of nature. There the actors were not professionals, nor even amateurs of the usual grade, but peasants from the surrounding villages, and they performed not for gain, not even for merely artistic reasons, but as a matter of devotion and religious duty. There were appropriate costumes and accessories, but no paint, no wigs, no lime-light, no garish footlights were used, the performance took place in the open air, under the blue sky of heaven, and with a background of beautiful natural scenery. The stock tricks of the theatre were ignored, the object of the impersonators was not personal display, but a reverent and complete interpretation of a sacred theme. Each person fitted in age, sex, and natural

pearance, for the part he or she had to fill. The consequence was that the religious tragedy was enacted with a completeness, a harmony, an impressive power, and a closeness of resemblance to life, which could not fail to impress both the hearts and the minds of those that witnessed it.

This was indeed theatrical representation in its highest and purest form; we might almost call it Idyllic, or Utopian. The circumstances were peculiar and exceptional, and in localities where the regular drama most flourishes, utterly unattainable. With professional actors, speculating managers, stock "properties," and all the tricks and traditions of the theatre, the surface of such a beautiful crystal "mirror held up to nature" would soon be sullied. We cannot but shudder to think what a pitch of profanity and irreverence such a sacred "mystery" would speedily degenerate to, during a "run" on the London or Paris boards!

But confining our expectations to a lower level, we cannot doubt that much could still be done to elevate, to purify, and to make more natural and beneficial, the various species of entertainment

that are presented to us on the stage. But it is the public—who, after all, are the persons most potent in the matter, as well as most deeply concerned in it—that must initiate the desired change. To encourage high instead of low art will cost them nothing, while managers have too much at stake to risk even taking the lead in the right direction, until they are sure they will be followed. So long as a large proportion among audiences appreciate mere vigour more than artistic refinement; so long as what has been aptly termed "crawling realism" and rank "sensationalism" will fill large houses, while Shakspeare can only be represented with all the distracting accompaniments of over-lavish spectacle; so long as the "star" system continues in the ascendant; so long as the plague of "ballet-girlism" flourishes; and so long as the thousand-and-one useless traditions "of the stage—stagey," which we have been herein considering, are preserved, will the theatrical mirror held up to nature be a dim and distorting one, and the "Decline of the Drama" an expression only too painfully full of meaning.

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NOVELS IN RELATION TO FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE term education, in its most ordinary application, signifies the intellectual development of youth by tuition during a certain definite period. The chief instruments or agents of this tuition are books. In the case of girls, the educational period mostly intervenes between the ages of seven and seventeen years, when they are said to have "finished their education." The current movement for improving the education, or for the higher education of women, aims at reform during the later years of this period, and at facilitating its indefinite continuance for such pupils as are at its close sufficiently educated to doubt the absolute finality of the old limit. To question the wisdom of such reform would be to stultify ourselves; its promoters appear to us as inspired apostles of a nineteenth century revelation.

But, of course, this view of edu-

cation is narrow and perfunctory. While the processes of intellectual development depend on causes and forces far outside the domain of tuition by books, those of physical and moral development during the same educational period pass through their most critical phase of growth. The total of these three processes, whencesoever active and agent, constitutes a complete education. Of physical development, as far as girls are concerned, this present policy of inaction may be acquiesced in as progressive. The fearful tortures of screws, and backboards, and steel springs, that, until a comparatively recent period, constituted the hygienic regimen of ladies' boarding-schools, may be read of by lovers of the horrible in the published experiences of Jane Austen and Mary Somerville.*

Such were the establishments

* "A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well-made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semi-circle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in the stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons."—*Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville.*

where, in Miss Austen's words, "young ladies, for enormous pay, were screwed out of health and into vanity." At the present day every beauty is at least left comparatively free "to sink or swell as Heaven pleases," and we may await with confidence the time when a more enlightened economy shall esteem a regular systematized course of physical training an indispensable adjunct of a complete course of female education. With regard to moral development, the reason why it is not specifically dealt with by the aforesaid promoters of educational reform would seem to be the belief, (1), that it is dependent on personal and domestic influences, and so outside the sphere of books and study; or, (2), that a mental reform would, by increasing intellectual culture and pursuits, in fact, comprehend a moral reform; or, (3), that it does not need reform.

What we wish to point out in the present paper is the important function which, in our day, books fulfil as instruments or agents of moral development, constituting a power which, though by no means subversive of personal and domestic influences, largely mitigates them, and by its mere existence certainly claims attention in any scientific scheme of comprehensive education. If this be so, it is clearly right that we should anticipate the indirect and postponed amelioration (assuming, of course, some amelioration to be feasible) that an improved mental culture is calculated to effect, as the skilful physician aims at applying direct and specific remedies to the seat of the disorder, rather than a dilatory and discursive treatment of the entire system.

Now it is hardly necessary to premise, that the books to which we are referring as potent agents of moral culture are not works on the philosophy or history of ethics,

nor indeed of a kind on which the word "study," meaning intellectual application, could with any propriety be bestowed. Few students of a more advanced age, however enthusiastic votaries of science—moral, mental, physical, social, or political—could point to their own practical everyday life for a consistent and trustworthy realization of their theoretic ideal of the closet, and we could not therefore reasonably expect or desire of a juvenile disciple that she should evolve a course of life and conduct from the immature revelations of the schoolroom. Instincts, habits, customs, physical constitution, the demons of conformity and consistency, purblind imitation, repute, neighbourly love, hatred and envy, indolence, and the self-satisfaction of gross ignorance—all these go to make up the divinity that shapes the ends of our conduct, be the voluntary, *a priori*, rough-hewing of our midnight lucubrations never so exhaustive and sincere. We may therefore relegate (not, we own, without a sense of regret—suppressed, of course, before our lady readers) to Gt. rton or to Gower Street, our Hobbes and Hartley, our Butler and Hume, nor pretend to seek for the solvent of boudoir ethics in the nice subtleties of intuitive or utilitarian philosophies.

No, it is in the scriptures of fiction and imagination that youth finds its ethical codes and ideal types of morality. The enormous numerical increase of this class of works of late years is very significant, whether viewed in relation to its cause or its effect, and the scant attention it has hitherto attracted from sociological critics would seem to be owing rather to its gradual unobtrusive growth, and exact adaptation to the wants of the age, than to any sense of its unworthiness as a pregnant and progressive social phenomenon. A primary cause of

this increase is steam-locomotion. Among all the myriad effects that the introduction of steam-locomotion has directly and indirectly produced, in no sphere do they appear to us more remarkable than in that of literature. Startled, indeed, would the grave Newcastle engineer have been if Aurora Floyd could have been revealed to his eyes as the posthumous evidence of his unconscious paternity, and shocked to have had to own Guy Livingstone as his bastard descendant. Yet these, and such like, are the hatchings of the giant steam incubator, whose first heart-beat throbbed in the consciousness of George Stephenson.

Consider briefly some of the most palpable effects of steam-locomotion on literature.

1. The iron net-work of the railroads in uniting tracts of space has disunited tracts of time. Constant migration is the arch-enemy of continuous application. The desire, daily more apparent in the neighbourhood of towns, to combine urban with rural advantages, is working an important, though silent, revolution in habits and occupations, social, industrial, and recreative. We become increasingly vagabond and nomad. Carlyle finds in Emerson a man, who, "in such a never-resting, locomotive country, too, is one of those rare men, who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still." This continual solution of all continuity of application is subversive of all thoughtful reading. Hence one cause of a fragmentary literature, and a vicarious industry. We have not time to read originals, or think things out for ourselves, and so take our synopses and results from newspaper compilations and magazine essays. Again, the parentheses of life, or the occasional half-hours of travel, intercalated, as it were in the ordinary diurnal routine,

demand a parenthetic literature. Pastime is the correlative of pass-space. This accounts for the enormous diffusion of a literature of unrest—sometimes written expressly for railway reading—whose highest aim is to stimulate at the outset a curiosity vivid enough to last until satiated in subsequent chapters, or to kindle in the first volume a suspense which may not collapse until a final *dénouement* in the third.

2. Steam is a potent agent of deprovincialisation, leavening the ungraceful and engrossing materialism of a Boeotian squirearchy with urbane tastes, and a polite ideality, refining rusticity, and bringing the topics of the club into ploughed fields. "East and west, and south and north," from the great-mother city, the iron "messengers ride fast," scattering broadcast in village mail bags, the advertisement, the journal, the prospectus, the review, and absorbing in one central sympathy multitudinous petty topical interests. Into each paltry burgh, flows "the broad wave that echoes round the world," flushing every dark corner, purifying every close atmosphere with its searching currents. Hence the remunerative vitality of an ephemeral literature, which would perish of inanition, unless sustained by forces extraneous to its birthplace. It is steam-locomotion that renders these forces convergent on every central printing-press, and encourages with a paying popularity, however hollow and brief, an otherwise moribund class of authors.

3. The desire so stimulated, it is the steam-carrier, speedy and spacious, that furnishes the wherewithal to slake it—feeding local libraries and parish book-clubs from the secund stores of politan *official*. A literature thus circulated, frequently by a two-fold revolving agency, affords but little time for that thoughtful meditative appli

tion which worthy authors demand as the price for disclosing the treasure-stores of their knowledge. It is the cheap jewels of pinchbeck craftsmen that are passed lightly from hand to hand, not intellectual gems that have been wrung from Nature's recondite depths by the sweat and lives of men. Of what kind of books nine-tenths of these circulating libraries consist, might thus be predicated *a priori*; but, further, we challenge with the greatest confidence the consciousness of such of our readers as have any experience of their contents in support of our assertion. Again, the tripartite form of the modern novel, and the custom of the most popular novelists of publishing their works by instalments, or in a serial form, are the contributions of publishers and book-makers to this rolling-stone tendency of the age. For to every soul that can aspire to literature as an art, there are hundreds of jejune mouths that must gulp at it as an artifice—a mere food bringer.

"The patronage of English literature," wrote Gibbon, nearly a century ago, "has long since devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success." Are these words less true at the present epoch? Surely, even now, the current quotations in the Book Exchange are no doubtful criterion of contemporary literary taste.

After the great causal force of steam-locomotion, or connected with it only as a co-ordinate branch of that gradual evolution of mind and

matter, which is sometimes called Progress and Civilization, in some or one of its multiform expressions; ever active for the elevation of mankind, comes Popular Education. Education brings a two-fold increment to the fiction-seeking public; first, by increasing the number of those who can read; and, secondly, by acting directly on the realizing faculty, to which fiction pre-eminently appeals. An uneducated person can realize nothing beyond the sphere of his own immediate senses.*

Education trains the fancy to conceive, the intellect to apprehend, and the heart to sympathize with, the situations, the thoughts, and the emotions of the absent. Thus popular education gives to a new and large class, both the power and the desire to read fiction, but there it stops. The faculty of eclecticism belongs to a more sensitive taste, and a higher order of intellectual culture. Now as the power of producing low-class works of fiction, such as are found in the cheap and sensational publications, which form the staple library of this new class of readers, belongs to very inferior organisms,

"As thick as motes in the sunbeams,"

and about as insignificant, one very fruitful source of increase in imaginative literature is at once apparent. The injury that these ill-toned, ill-wrought productions work on dispositions the least qualified to resist baneful influences, is

* This vulgar and illiterate materialism is aptly illustrated in one of Charles Dickens's letters.

"Great excitement here [Brighton] about a wretched woman who has murdered her child. Apropos of which, I observed a curious thing last night. The newspaper offices and journals had placards like this outside. . . . I saw so many common people standing profoundly staring at these lines for half-an-hour together—and even go back to stare again—that I feel quite certain they had not the power of thinking about the thing at all connectedly without having something about it before their eyes of sight. Having got that, they were considering the case, wondering how the devil they had come into that power. I saw one . . . smothered back for the said power the moment he turned away, and bring

—*Forster's Dickens*, vol. iii. ch. 2, p. 37, n.

incalculable. Unworthy images are thus impressed on the mind under most favourable circumstances for exciting envy, or inspiring emulation, and, even failing in this, they stimulate that blind instinct of limitation, which is common to all mankind, to reproduce without reference to a corrective reason, or moral sense, acts generally mischievous, and not seldom criminal. If there were no hope of education being progressive, and adding after a time to the elementary power of reading the refinement of an improved and discriminative taste, we believe that total ignorance would prove, in the aggregate, more than a mere negative bliss. Constantly throughout criminal reports may be traced, in the premature ruin of beardless offenders, the pernicious effects of perusing annals of crime—the gilded and seductive biographies of Turpins and Duvals, the romance of the gaol and the hulks, the flaunting and flippant mock-heroics of the gallows. Among girls, especially in domestic service and manufacturing towns, the trash and ecstatic sentimentalism of the papers they patronize, work boundless evil. Their over-wrought nervous organization, the too-frequent absence of a moral, corrective principle, the want of some adequate guardian influence, the unchecked propagandism of a few naturally vicious dispositions—these are the staple conditions of those on whom hack writers bring to bear all the glow and glitter of their literary pyrotechny. In the gorgeous displays and magnificent effects of these professors of rocketry and red fire, their credulous audience, standing in the gloom, and dazzled by the brightness, see no machinery, realize no art—see only the entrancing colours and colours above and around them and the contrasted darkness of their own positions. On the law-invariable love-making that

romance generally, is engrafted a bye-law in this particular class of romance, that such love-making must be superior to all social distinctions. The mistress must be enamoured of the footman, the heir-apparent woo the maid for her beauty. This transfer from the kitchen to the court, from the basement to the boudoir, mostly depends on a very slight attention to virtue, and a very great attention to dress, the seeds of vice and vanity. Thus every maid-of-all-work, every mill-hand, every milliner, is led to see in herself a potential mistress, and so becoming dissatisfied and disgusted with her actual position in life, eager to welcome any step, however vicious and demoralizing, that may advance her somewhat from her old self. We believe that, in the statistics of crime, an enormous percentage of first causes would be traced to this literary bedevilment.

Again, the breaking down of many sectarian barriers, and the diminution of much puritanic feeling among a cultivated class, has further increased, with divers tributary affluents, the trunk-stream of fiction readers. The number of those who looked with a pious horror on all works of imagination less inspired than the *Pilgrim's Progress*, has notably lessened under the liberal influences of a superior civilization, bringing mind into fertile contact with mind, demagnetizing many old prejudices and musty traditions, and substituting an increasing latitudinarianism, for an obscure and narrow-minded dogmatism. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to perceive in the modern condition the source of certain

in a

the distracting, rushing, shrieking accompaniments of the express train. In nothing is laxity more progressive than in reading. When fiction is once admitted as not incompatible with salvation hereafter, and romance distinguished from eternal perdition, the steps that lead from Mrs. Hannah More to Miss Braddon, and from "once in a way" to a habitude, are of facile descent.

In the decline of household works among women of the higher class, we may trace another stimulus in the same direction. Much that used to be done at home, even by the loftiest ladies in the land, is now done by deputy or abroad. There was a time when queens and princesses did not disdain to spend their lives (not merely their leisure) in covering walls with the tapestry trophies of their royal fingers, when the loom, the distaff, and the spinning-wheel were household furniture, and the sordid economy of the kitchen usurped the elegant distractions of the drawing-room. Then there was nothing derogatory in home-made millinery, and many a wealthy squire, as he superintended in person his broad acres, could point to his home-spun hosiery for testimony to his lady-wife's industry. Now, increased wealth and a larger luxury, the steam-loom and the sewing-machine, make us wonder at those "painefulle" elaborations of a prior generation, whose persistent vitality argues better for the industry than for the intellect of our grandmothers. Even in the customs of purely ornamental work there is a growing change, tending to the same end of diminishing amateur labour. Fancy-work is becoming more and more fancy and less and less work. Until very recent times the patterns and designs, the grooming, and finishing-off, and mounting, were home-work. Now,

after the designs are drawn, and half the work done as a pattern by professional fancy-workers, the interval is brief before the upholstery begins, and the fringes, and tassels, and satin-quiltings, and bindings, *coronant opus*. We blush for the honesty of those who can term such work their own in any other sense than by purchase.

All these causes, with many others, tending to the boundless multiplication of imaginative literature, it is not likely that young girls, to whose natures it is in so many ways congenial, will run counter to the spirit that animates their seniors. In girlhood, from the frequent intervals that divide the intermittent periods of study, the necessity of some element of distraction and amusement is imperative. A really scientific scheme of education would regard these intervals as no less important in the education of youth than the periods of professed study. In the case of boys, the play-ground, the cricket-field, the paper-chase, and the five-court, are the counterpoise to mental exertion, and there are few schools now, public or private, where sports and muscular exercises do not occupy a place in the advantages proffered. How very rarely does the prospectus or advertisement of the girls' school hold forth to anxious, but short-sighted, parents the attractions of the playground or the gymnasium. It is to books that girls turn for that distraction which boys find in their sports; and it becomes important, therefore, to consider what the nature of those books should most wisely be, the necessity for which is so constantly recurring. We shall venture, in the course of this paper, to indicate certain aspects of the difficulties which have to be met, and proceed to suggest a few rules for their explication.

The books, then, that we are to

consider as active agents of moral development are such as the girl would herself choose for relaxation in her hours of leisure, when brain-wearied by the uncompromising fixity of historical dates, or the wanton irregularity of French verbs: not necessarily those that would most commend themselves to many stiff-starved mothers or boarding-school mistresses. We know that there are people to whom it is a matter of astonishment that their children and pupils cannot draw in from such authors as Alison, or Prescott, or Robertson, every kind of nourishment, both in instruction and amusement. But we would remind these uncompromising pedagogues that, just as the body requires different kinds of foods in order to recuperate its ever-wasting forces, and assimilates the special nutriment of each to meet its temporary needs, so does the mind find in change of diet therapeutic properties at once most natural and most effective for producing and preserving a perfect sameness. It is no less absurd to bid the expanding mind of youth to thrive on the unmingled solidity of the fare furnished forth by those aforesaid most grave and estimable historians, than it is to expect a healthy adolescence to result from an invariable diet of animal food. In mind, as well as in body, it is equally one of the prerogatives of a more advanced age to be less dependent on the exact equipoise, or precise proportion, of different sustaining properties in its daily diet. A matured system draws nutriment from foods which would have been found largely deficient in some vital element of nutrition at an earlier stage of being. But to expect this liberality of absorption and assimilation in youth, is fitting only for the conventional credulity of narrow-minded pedagogy. Few mothers,

we think (and, after all, nothing per annum can provide an equivalent for a mother), are blind to the absolute necessity of supervising the literary subjects of their daughters' leisure. Such supervision is to the full as necessary as in the case of subjects of study, nay, possibly more so; for the professed and prerogative austerity of the schoolroom, its preordained course, its presumable honesty of purpose, and necessity of precise definition, would, even if unsupported by authority, bid defiance to aught that shrunk from the most perfect publicity, while, at the same time, strengthening the attitude and power of resistance. The tendency, too, of any incidental element to corrupt a pure mind, or shock an unsophisticated honesty, is neutralized if it lie in the open approach to some worthy acquisition, which is the supposed object of all youthful study. For instance, whatever treats of nations and natures, of men and manners, less refined than our own, the study of Holy Writ itself is unlikely to be at all points unexceptionable. But its tendency to harm is checked, first, by the knowledge of its immediate necessity; and, secondly, by the belief in its mediate utility. But the injury, if aught there be, in the occupations of leisure hours, comes in insidious form, and with seductive accompaniments. It finds its victim clad in no thrice-woven habits of conventional propriety, guarded by no trusty traditions or well-proved principles, but with piled arms, conscious of no wrong, incredulous of harm, at once innocent and ignorant. Pastime is too often a euphemism for passing time ill, and that not wastefully or wantonly, but through inexperience, and a too early independence. Nothing less than the utmost vigilance is required to trace the subtle, serpentine approach of the

principles of evil when they assume the guise of distraction and amusement. Their advent should be stayed, not by reiterated assurances that they are not pleasant, and not amusing, when every stolen taste, or borrowed experience establishes the contrary, but by filling up the place they solicit with worthier occupants, or by strengthening the power of moral criticism, which shall bid them defiance from the portals of virgin purity and truth.

But this parental supervision need not be that of the task-master. To train the mind of the young to find in works of a really substantial and accepted standard, works on philosophy, on science, on literature, in biography, travels, and history, an agreeable pastime, as well as an instructive lesson, is very praiseworthy, and quite possible. For the accomplished swimmer does not shun depths that will float his freighted argosies, and hugest leviathans, because he is swimming for pleasure, although five feet of water would equally serve his purpose. But this must be a progressive process, approached by graduated steps, all leading onward and upward to the same lofty and desirable result. To pursue our former metaphor, though we have heard of professors of natation, whose theory it has been to pitch their would-be Leanders into the deep sea, that they may so learn *ex necessitate* to swim, we believe that, were such a system universally followed, the number of our fellow-islanders capable of saving themselves or others in a tolerably wide ditch would be even less than it is at present. But this capability of assimilating strong meat at all hours, without the frequent alternation of milk for babes, must be acquired by a careful regimen during the hours set apart for study into

all hours. Such course would be purchasing length by a diminution of substance already perilously attenuated. At present, the diet during a girl's school hours is often so wofully valetudinary, that her powers of digestion, though not necessarily suffering from constitutional debility, are impaired for all work alike. To expect such to thrive at command on the food of the robust would be absurd; any attempt to force such an appetite would probably annihilate all that existed of intellectual force.

Again, just as we condemn the absurdity of those who, while they do not in words taboo recreation, do, by prescribing impossible regulations as its conditions, virtually banish it, so do we disapprove the half-and-half, undecided policy of others, who avowedly seek to convey instruction in the guise of amusement. These pretend to act in the spirit of Horace's lines:—

“*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, clementia velint ut discere
prima.*”

But to justify themselves in such a practical application, they must first ascribe to *blandi* a significance in experience and discretion large enough to consecrate into a worthy example for imitation, the precedent of these kind-hearted professors. What amiable masters used to do is scarcely conclusive, or even justificatory, of what wise mistresses should do, and certainly fails signally to show that instruction can be wisely intermingled with amusement during hours which purport to be, and therefore should be, exclusively devoted to the latter. We know no period of life too early in a child's career to lay down the division between the two separate



work from play. The supreme order of study is that which is the easiest, so that it lead to the aim of all study, the acquisition of the desired knowledge.

Habits of concentrating the attention on subjects difficult or distasteful cannot be too early inculcated. Therein lies that economy of time and labour which alone can make a life of work agreeable as well as useful. Lord Bacon defines education as "early custom." Instruction or study should be considered in the light of an invited guest, to be prepared for, and waited for, and welcomed at the front door with some sort of state, to be ushered with lights and lacqueys, with salaams and genuflexions, to the place that is laid for him, not as the casual dropper-in—the *umbra*—for whom a napkin is always ready, and who incontinently walks in, uninvited, unexpected, unannounced, without even the ceremony of ringing the bell, at the side door or drawing-room window. Or to change the metaphor, though we have heard of a donkey being induced to go by the artifice of hanging his supper of greens, on the shafts before his nose, we have never understood that this mode of inducing progress was more efficacious than the fear of a good thick stick behind him. Of course, in the case of a child, the stick should be metaphorical, not material, to be found in prescribed routine, and wisely-adjusted habits, in a strict, yet sympathetic governance, and a demeanour reverend, without being appallingly austere. If these rules be attended to during moderate hours of study, the more complete the change furnished to a girl during the alternative periods of recreation, the better for her progress both mental and physical. Recreation should recreate wearied brain forces; relaxation should relax the nervous tension of the mind. Those guardians who err in either

of the ways we have indicated, are at the same time false to the philology of the words, and prostitute their proper and accepted signification.

We have arrived, therefore, at a point when we are able to predicate of a well-chosen book for a girl's leisure reading, that it will not be of the same nature as she is accustomed to use in her schoolroom, nor, though nominally and formally distinct, virtually identical in its aim and effect. We are aware that this process of exhaustion must necessarily be too incomplete to enable us to give a wholly satisfactory answer as to what a wise choice is, by simply approximating to what it is not, but it will assist us by eliminating elements of undoubted contrariety in arriving at a standard of at least comparative excellence.

Consider some of the physiological, and psychological, peculiarities of the age and sex that we are to cater for. Up to a certain age, except in the natural instinct that makes the miniature mothers cuddle dolls to their tiny bosoms, and clothes the embryo warrior in lilliputian helmet and cuirass, there is little to distinguish in power and pursuits, physical or mental, the two sexes. Then there comes a time, not to be fixed by any arbitrary limit, when Paradisiacal primitiveness ceases, but still the girl may continue to use and enjoy her brother's books, and share in his amusements. But when he goes to school, this identity of tastes and pursuits must be modified. The exclusive companionship of boys, the influence of stronger wills, and older experiences, and more confirmed propensities, the natural antagonism of the school-boy to authority (call it love of fun, if you will), the greater liberty and independence accorded to him by his parents, his more robust physique, all demand and cause the change. Then her frocks are

lengthened, romping is reserved for private exhibition, kissing of male cousins is interdicted, and she is bid pass through the gate instead of climbing over the wall as heretofore. All these are significant symptoms of a change and development in the girl's physical nature, which is accompanied by a corresponding movement in her moral nature;—

"For nature, crescent, does not grow
alone
In thewa and bulk; but as this
temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and
soul
Grows wide withal."

Self-consciousness is the moral analogue of this physical expansion. For obvious reasons we cannot dwell on this duplicate transition, but none can cater conscientiously for a girl who entirely pretermits it. It inaugurates that period of sentiment and sensibility that divides the pure sensuousness of unreasoning childhood from the crucial sense of maturer age. In it lie the source and spring of those passions and emotions, which are no longer the irresponsible unconscious impulses of early years, but moral and mental convulsions largely potent for good or evil, and upon which the health and happiness of youth and womanhood mainly depend.

Now for the first time acts and words which were of mere objective value to the child acquire a new and subjective significance to the self-conscious and sex-conscious girl, as symbols of her personal influence, and meters of her sex's power. Now, amid much introspective questioning and solitary self-communing, come revelations puzzling in their incompleteness, incondite and mysterious symptoms, *new ideas*, a new language, *new vague longings*, new doubtful needs, *new hopes*, *new fears*. To shield a

bud opening thus in the warmth and sunlight of life from the frosts that would nip it, to preserve it from the canker that—

"Galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,"

and works, often the more detrimentally because imperceptibly, through its very heart to its destruction, is the province of the careful guardian. It is cruel to leave a young unformed nature, receptive of every slightest influence, drawing in from its solitary communion with books, ideas and effects, that it requires an exceptionally salutary home, precept and example to modify, to wander without guide or compass in the vast realms of fancy and fiction, to which its tastes and its wants alike impel. The path should in some sort be indicated, the bearings given, careful pioneers should feel or look before, lest overhanging boughs and lateral brambles hurt the delicate flesh, and rough stones bruise the tender feet. We do not say that every step should be prepared beforehand, as the Alpine guide cuts each rung in the ice-ladder for the mountain climber. We do not say that the path should be cut like a trench, undeviating, uniform, allowing no possibility of error. Such a course would be calculated to paralyze that habit of self-defence, which it is the province of all supervision to cultivate against the besetting temptation of after-life. But the distinction between such a preordained course, and a pathless wilderness, or a tangled wood, is self-evident. What parents would allow their daughter to form, without control, a circle of friends?

Southey (in *The Doctor*), addressing himself to young people, gives a series of questions which are to be self-administered by the reader, that she may learn whether its tendency is good or evil. "Examine,"

he says, "in what state of mind you lay it down." Ask yourself a number of searching, moral questions as to the effects of the book. "If," he continues, "you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it into the fire, young man—young lady! Away with the whole set, though it would be the prominent feature in a rose-wood book-case." Now this, as a canon of criticism for censors who are drawing up an *Index Expurgatorius*, or for those, whose age and education are sufficient guaranties for a sound judgment, is very fine teaching. But to tell a young girl to read the book first, and then to throw it into the fire if she finds its tendency is evil, is very like advising a man to marry, and if the resulting connubial happiness is not what he expected or desired, to seek for a divorce and have done with it. Their province of censorship should be exercised wisely by parents over their daughters. It is to save themselves the necessity of such censorship that parents patronize "books for girls." Aware of the danger of a too extended range of pasturage, too much occupied, or too indolent, to guard, or procure a guard against roving, these parents "hobble," their flock, or "picket" them by way of mechanical provision against the dangers of a too catholic appetite. That the area of these "books for girls" can afford but scanty *pabulum* for the hungry, healthy, young appetite, and that the guaranteed harmlessness of their few blades of grass is purchased by the meagreness of the meal they proffer, is evident from the narrow limits of their territory.

Compare, for an instant, "books for girls" with "books for boys."

There are few men who cannot recall with pleasure the interest and avidity of those youthful readings. Many can trace to their influence some momentous crisis in life, some weighty determination founded on their suggestion; some turning-point in thought or belief which they counselled or confirmed. Their effect on a boy's disposition, then most fluent and flexible, is frequently of life-long potency. Biography teems with instances of successful men who have referred their success to their early literary favourites. History, science, biography, incident, imagination, are all laid under contribution to form a good library for boys. The result is a vast variety of pleasant and profitable reading to amuse and instruct.

What is the material furnished to the other sex of a corresponding age by "books for girls?" Mainly tales of domestic or school life, told by lady authors who ring their (for the most part) feeble changes, more or less deftly, on languid and uneventful incidents, quite insufficient to illustrate truthfully and adequately the characters they introduce. The blame is not solely with the authors. That these perpetuate traditions of sexual disability, confirm the idea that marriage alone is the be-all and end-all of female endeavour, and condemn by their silence every other sphere as unworthy and unfeminine, is simply to say that they reflect and minister to the tendencies of their age and public.

Within the narrow limits of a home circle, or in the microcosm of a school experience, may be introduced (we admit) all those varied phases of human nature, all those subtle refinements of character, which are found in large proportions upon wider stages, and the sum of which make up the world. But if the variety of incident and

circumstance which, like the sun's light, can alone bring out harmonies and contrasts, shine and shade, be absent, banished and unfitting in its glare of "living light" for the delicate eyesight of the young, what have we left, after some half-dozen chapters, or, at the best, some half-dozen clever authors, have exhausted the permutations and combinations of the scanty elements that remain? Nothing, surely, but a twilight, all-involving in its uniform sombreness, or, if better, a "dim religious light," no less enervating for a permanence than the smell of incense from the constant-surgings censor, or the monotonous chaunting of perpetual priests. It is the absence of a breadth of handling, of a liberal perspective, that is the bane of this class of works. This minute elaboration of petty detail, this perpetual reduction to a miniature scale, this constant approximation of focus to the eye, must tend to dwarf and contract the power of the organ solely or mainly concentrated on it.

Sometimes we get those abominations of debilitated morality called "moral tales," which fulfil their guaranteed standard of morality by being simply nugatory. For, with rare exceptions, the impression left on the mind of any reader who is out of the nursery by a professedly moral tale, is one of intense unreality, that exceptionally artificial persons are placed in utterly improbable situations, in order that their most unnatural conduct may lead by impossible steps to a foregone conclusion. To adorn a tale by pointing a moral at all hazards, every element of probability, or appearance of verisimilitude, is ruthlessly sacrificed.

The policy of those who would confine their daughters to this class of reading is that of mothers, who keep their windows closed lest their children be . . . They foresee

that a free circulation of fresh air purifies and purges much that is objectionable, while its tendency to chill may be neutralized by precaution and a habit of temperate exposure;—

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

There is ample material in every ordinary library of fiction to provide unimpeachable subjects of distraction and amusement for the young lady reader under a wise and careful censorship. The great stumbling-block in the way of a judicious selection is the sentimental element. A time may come when some original genius shall discover a mode of treating other passions besides that of love, so as to invest them with some of that catholic interest, that successful appeal to a universal sympathy, which has hitherto been engrossed by love alone. But that time is not yet discernible, and when it comes, we may expect some corresponding change in the position and tastes of youthful novel readers, and consider the new circumstances anew. For the present we assume as axiomatic truths, as invariable and incontrovertible facts (1), that girls do and must read novels, and (2), that every novel does, and must, in order to be read by girls, deal with what the Americans call "loving." This being so, the question narrows itself into one of kind and degree. Assuming in a young girl a natural predisposition to what we will term with studied and conventional vagueness, rather than pathological or physiological propriety, the affection or emotion of the heart, a wise censor will essay to control this nascent power, to lead the stream that he cannot stem while it is yet ductible, just as a politician would head a popular mob of which he disapproves, so as to direct it to his own ends, or foil its

power of evil. "The passion called love," says Burke, "has so general and powerful an influence; it makes so much of the entertainment, and, indeed, so much of the occupation, of that part of life which decides the character for ever, that the mode and the principles on which it engages the sympathy and strikes the imagination, become of the utmost importance to the morals and manners of every society." Thus the class of novels which will commend themselves to a wise choice will be those most calculated to instil into the minds of the sensitive readers a high type, a lofty ideal of love. What this will be we dare not even approach. It varies indefinitely under various influences, the presence or absence of which would frequently falsify for individual requirements an imperfect generalization. But we are safe in requiring that it be subordinate to marriage and to reason, canons that no few of our modern novels studiously aim at disregarding. That grand passion which, in its superiority to convention and decency, we are still far out-distanced by our French neighbours in depicting, is, however defensible in an artistic point of view, a dangerous domestic study. The continental habit of seclusion diminishing the chances of its perversion to evil ends in the hands of young girls, may be set against our inferior numbers, and somewhat less daring impudency. A corresponding proportion of such class of works engrafted on the greater freedom of intercourse and action allowed to English girls could not fail to have a deteriorating effect.

But, while admitting the necessity and the harmlessness of the sentimental element in novels, we would veto those in which it is brought into undue prominence. Miss Austen's novels, for example, high as they must ever be ranked

by the literary artist for their manifold excellencies are, in some of the foremost of these, the least fitted for young girls. That supreme skill in analyzing and manipulating the varied emotions of the human heart; that delicate perception and portrayal of the conflict of natural impulses and artificial influences in guiding a girl's choice in marriage; that penetrating insight into motives, and unsparing demonstration of underlying meanings and possible meannesses, in every word and action; that minute detail of introspection and self-communing upon sentimental subjects, are calculated to minister to the inherent emotional sensibility and susceptibility of a girl's nature, which require repression rather than encouragement for the happiness of her future life. The intense worldliness, too, in the matter of marriages, and the very slight delicacy which veils their diplomatic preliminaries and adjustments, however true and trenchant the satire that depicts, may well await a more gradual enlightenment. Of course, it is impossible to lay down a universal rule in the matter of a wise discretion. Individual capacities and temperaments, individual developments and deficiencies, must guide in each case to a correct adjustment of tether. But it is necessary to bear in mind how largely developed in the female sex is the power of realizing fictitious emotions, and identifying themselves with imaginary persons and positions, and how greatly this predisposition is assisted by the conditions, some necessary, some conventional, of that period of a girl's life which we are now considering. Under no aspect would a reform in mental culture be more effective, and more praiseworthy, than in its improved critical faculty, and supply of adequate occupation for the mind. It is the feeble and

vacant mind that, for lack of these, feigns and fashions for itself ideal and imaginary scenes, and finds in the phantasies and ecstasies of a fictitious world distraction and excitement both disturbing and unwholesome.

With regard to the moral cast of the story and characters, without dogmatizing as to immaculate purity, or laying down any hard-and-fast rule, it may be safely required of those that are to be recommended that virtuous elements preponderate over vicious, that the former constitute the subject of detail, and the latter be treated less analytically, and rather by way of variety and contrast than of main incident and narration; above all, that vice is in no way palliated, or rendered attractive, by being called something else, or gilded with seductive trappings and beguiling sentimentalism. For disposition is, for all practical purposes, mainly a product of early association of ideas, and is biased towards good or evil in proportion as it has been educated to associate ideas of pleasure and happiness with virtue, and their opposites with vice. Constant exercise of the sympathies in favour of imaginary creations is clearly a potent agency to this end, and should be directed so as to dispose the young and pliable nature to love and sympathize with what is good, rather than what is evil. It would be well if some portion of the solicitude that is so ostentatiously expended over an occasional coarse word or vulgar sentiment in the works of writers of a prior and less outwardly refined age, were directed to the more subtle influence of modern specious immorality, or the somewhat minor peccancies of social dishonesty and conventional

disingenuousness. For the coarse word is accident, while the immodest thought, or the unworthy sophism, is essence: the effect of the former will be annihilated by the purity of every-day associations and surroundings, the latter dwells and battens on its own creations, and finds vent at last in dishonourable and disgraceful action.

Another sound canon of choice lies in the selection of the best authors, that is, those whose literary and artistic workmanship is the highest, whose style is the loftiest and the purest, the kings and kaisers of their craft. At first sight this discrimination would seem to belong rather to the department of mental, than moral, culture, but it forms no bad instance of the way in which the two overlap and combine. For a high-class literary style implies more than well-balanced periods and a copious and apt choice of words resulting from an intimate acquaintance with eloquent models. The conscious utterance of thought in the best and most beautiful language, is a branch of that love of harmony and grace of outward expression, which, in proportion as it inspires every thought, word, and action, makes a life lovely and lofty, refines and etherealizes into the empyrean of the æsthetic each material conception and commonplace endeavour, and by the unconscious effect of its perfect creations, reproducing over our ever-widening sphere the same influences that presided at its own birth, proves itself a potent agent of elevated culture both moral and intellectual. Mr. Gladstone has lately become the eloquent exponent of this worth of beauty of form, this marriage of the outward and the inward, and in his panegyric of the ancient Greeks has eulogized its loftiest ideal.*

* *Contemporary Review* for October, 1874.

And surely the outward manifestation to others in a beautiful and harmonious form through "winged words," of the marvellous and mysterious workings of mind, is one of the highest conceivable branches of the doctrine, transcending excellence in painting, and sculpture, and music from the superior loftiness of its appeal, its extended range of capability, the wider sphere of its sympathies. And if this power is to be attained, or even the inclination towards it favourably influenced by the constant perusal and companionship of worthy books, is it not an ample premium on their careful selection from the enormous mass of low-class literature, the spawn of the modern press, with which our leisure hours are solicited, yet how seldom does the ordinary reader, nay, how seldom does the professed critic, place in the scales of his judgment, as an element of comparison and criticism, the literary worth of the novel or romance; that is, the style of writing as opposed to plot, incident, character, description. Without entering into the comparative excellence of the style of writing between the two sexes, we may safely affirm that of an equal number of male and female authors, especially in the class of fiction we are now considering, the female authors are the more conspicuous offenders in point of style. Ill-balanced sentences, a copious verbosity, a superabundance of epithets selected for their elaborate jingle rather than their evident fitness, strained and confused metaphors, quotations, inaccurate and inapt,—how often do these characterize the productions of modern female novelists. Good manners are contagious; we do as we are done by; "Let my children

have pretty toys," a wise friend of the writer used to say, mindful of the unconscious effect of constantly beholding beautiful or unlovely objects on an impressionable nature. "Taste and elegance, though they are reckoned among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue, but it recommends virtue with something like the blandishments of pleasure, and it infinitely abates the evils of vice."* And this potent agency, if not to be wholly acquired, may be largely cultivated by early education.

In the foregoing remarks, we have purposely restricted works of fiction and imagination to novels and prose romances, though not unmindful that they legitimately include both poetry and the drama. For poetry and the poetical drama, in proportion as they appeal to a more cultivated artistic faculty, and a more highly developed æsthetic taste, fail to attract that impulsive and emotional sympathy, which we have indicated as the effect of novels on youthful natures—they challenge the criticism of the intellect rather than solicit the ardour of the affections, and by their loftier and more refined conceptions, and the finer texture of the medium in which these are conveyed, demand a less ordinary effort of imagination to realize their fictitious pictures with sufficient vividness to bring them within the scope of our previous remarks. Their development, too, is not only not abnormally large at the present time, but probably even retarded and suspended by the very fact of that of prose fiction having increased. We believe that there was more poetry read by young ladies fifty years since, when novels

* Burke.

were fewer, and the facilities for their publication less copious. We suspect that, taken collectively, our mothers knew by heart more pages of cotemporary poetry—of Scott and Byron, and Moore and Southey and Wordsworth, than our sisters have read lines; while of the older classics—Chaucer, Shakspeare, and the Elizabethan dramatists and poets, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, and others—they certainly did not (perhaps could not) know less. The poetical drama, too, in which a former generation took so much delight has been almost entirely superseded. A little retrogression in this fashion of taste would be an intellectual and moral advance. The means of effecting it would be found

in the improved study of poetical literature in our schoolrooms, in a systematic and connected examination of the lives and influential environment of successive poets, leading to a consideration of the affinities and divergencies in the style and method of their works in a more critical analysis, and therefore a more sympathetic comprehension, of their beauties of imagery, and language, and versification,—above all, in a practice (which might even be introduced into the drawing-room) of reading aloud, and discussing in the social circle the inspired utterances of those who deserve to become no less the idols and glory of their fellow-countrywomen than of their fellow-countrymen.

SABINE.

By MADAME E. DE PRESSENSÉ.

TRANSLATED BY H. CORKRAN.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the close of a beautiful autumn evening a *diligence*, white with dust, set down a traveller from Paris before the "Stag" inn, in the principal street of a little town in the Jura. No branch line of railway had yet reached the valley in which it was situated, to the great satisfaction of the good souls of the place, who firmly believed that the locomotive and telegraph were inventions of the enemy of mankind. The traveller, without paying much attention to the respectful salutation of the innkeeper, cast around him a melancholy look, ordered a room and some slight refreshment, then almost immediately left the inn, without accepting any of the offers of service that were lavished upon him. The innkeeper looked out after him, and was surprised to see that he went his way without any hesitation, like a man who knows where he is going to, and has no trouble in finding the road to it.

Seen from a distance, the little town looked pretty enough. It spread itself, without a thought of economising space, over the wooded slopes of the valley and along the two banks of the river, whose sluggish waters seemed rather to sleep than to flow; but the fogs enveloped it in the morning, and the damp gave a blackish hue to the houses, and grass grew in the streets.

At the hour the stranger left the inn the streets were deserted; some women working near an open window alone looked after him. The voices of children were heard

playing in the large square that was bordered with poplar trees. Close to the water the town was already in shadow, but the last rays of the sun lit up like beacons the roofs of some houses on the height, and gilt the summits of the hills. Delicate rose clouds floating over a blue sky gave a harmonious tone to the whole landscape.

The traveller, as he walked along, looked at the low, grey houses, with their worm-eaten doors opening into damp, dark passages; he remarked the mean, neglected look of the little old town, that expressed but too faithfully the ennui of a meagre, dull life. He smiled to think there was a time, many years ago, when these same streets seemed imposing to him, and the *hôtel de ville* grandiose; but there was nothing joyous in his smile, for there comes a moment when we feel that the knowledge of life takes more away from us than it can give, a moment of disenchantment that we all pass through, out of which some come weakened, others strengthened. He saw the house he lived in with his mother and a little sister, who died when a child; he stopped at the gate through which he could see the garden full of flowers, and the door covered with clematis. Children were playing in the garden. A young girl was reading, standing against a tree. He walked on, fearing to attract attention in a place where everything was remarked and commented on. A short distance from this house there was an enclosure, surrounded by a wall, half hidden by over-

hanging trees, and the door of which stood half open. He pushed it, and entered. The cemetery was not so large as to cause him any difficulty in finding the grave he had come to visit. It was there, not far from the door, a little apart. The monument was a simple stone, with a short inscription; but the visitor stopped amazed before the luxury of flowers with which this simple grave was decorated. A thick, twisted fringe of ivy was wound round the iron grating, and in the middle shrubs had been planted, many of which were in full flower. This tasteful arrangement did not seem to be the handiwork of a common gardener; but to whom was it to be attributed?

The traveller sat down near the grave. It was his mother's. He strove, in thought, to suppress the years which from a child had ripened him into manhood; he explored his memory for things long buried, but he felt himself dry and cold. In vain he recalled his mother's words, the look that accompanied them, the accent, the sound of her voice; the memory of all these came back, but he remained unmoved. He felt himself more separated from her than he had yet been. All our feelings need to be cultivated, above all, remembrance. If we let forgetfulness and apathy of soul steal in, even for a day, between us and the dead most dear to us, they become as strangers. Nothing can be more bitter than this dryness of heart that surprises us at those moments when we thought the sources of the profoundest emotions would without effort be opened up within us.

A painful, uneasy feeling seized the visitor. He stood up, walked round the cemetery, and having reached the highest point, stopped to look at the little valley. Two

It now hid the irregular roofs of

the old houses and the fantastic pretensions of the more modern ones, and the scene wore a different aspect from that it presented a few minutes before; a singular charm seemed spread over all. He remained long lost in thought.

Paul Davennes had quitted his native town twelve years previously. Since that he had come back but once, and then it was to bury his mother, who died just at the moment he was preparing to come to pass his vacation with her, and to bring her with some little joy new force to live. Having finished his law studies, he devoted himself to literature. His first attempts had but little success. The young author was ignorant of the ways of commanding public attention. Had he known them, he would certainly have despised them. His real talent would easily have opened a career for him, had not his ambition been too high pitched for facile successes.

Yet, after all, the love of the true, combined with a conscientious, sincere talent, can hew out a path for itself, for public taste is not so corrupted as people choose to say. Paul Davennes was admired first by a few, who understood him, then by the many, because he was the fashion. After this followed some years of success, easy, brilliant years that seemed to inaugurate a bright career, but at the end of which he suddenly found himself sadder and more disheartened than he had been before this period of unexpected success. Dejected, dissatisfied with himself and everything else, doubting his own talent and the judgment of those who admired him, he came back to his native town, without even attempting to explain to himself the motives that led him thither.

He again took the road to the inn without having found in his

visit to the cemetery the salutary impressions he hoped from it. At the inn, while dining, he inquired after some college friends whom he remembered. They were few, for Paul had had but slight relations with the boys of his age. His mother, who had been very poor and very proud, lived retired, and, as much as was possible, had made him do so likewise. One of the dearest of his comrades was dead, others had left the country. One only amongst those with whom he had been familiar, was married and settled in his native valley. Léon de Lourmont was living, at a short distance from the town, in a house to which he had recently given the title of *The Tourelles*. Paul could not restrain a smile on hearing the name; he seemed to see once more Léon as he was in his early youth, pompous in manner and language, radiating patronage upon all around him.

Not having a *château*, a circumstance which appeared to him most unnatural, M. de Lourmont had to content himself with flanking with four towers the massive, square house that belonged to his family, and which, in his father's lifetime, bore the name of *Plaster Quarry*. Here he lived, winter and summer.

Furnished with these slight indications, M. Davennes left the inn to seek out and renew his acquaintance with his old comrade. The aspect of the *Tourelles* had nothing very attractive, even on this pure, calm evening, under the last reflections of a sky which the setting sun had inundated with light. The garden was large and in perfect order, but too symmetrically planted; the house looked heavy and gloomy with those unfortunate appendages that seemed to crush it. Some steps under a portico, which, like the towers, was of recent construction, led into an

immense hall, ornamented with pictures, all representing episodes from the chase. The visitor asked himself, was it possible that his quiet comrade had become a Nimrod?

On this same evening the hours threatened to drag on tediously in the salon of the *Tourelles*, where were assembled, besides the inmates of the house, one or two old relations, who were in the habit of paying frequent visits to Madame de Lourmont; and so, when M. Davennes' card was brought in, and while the mistress of the house was examining it, there was a movement of general curiosity.

"This is a name not unknown to me," said Madame de Lourmont. "Paul Davennes, a friend of my son's boyhood. Shall we receive him, notwithstanding Léon's absence?"

"Why not?" said a voice.

"Show him in," said Madame de Lourmont, turning to the servant.

While saluting the mistress of the house, and speaking to her of her son, M. Davennes endeavoured to reconnoitre the large salon, with its sombre tints, lit up by a solitary lamp. A little apart, in a half-light, that made her look still more charming, was a young, fair woman, slight as a girl of fifteen, half buried in a large armchair. ~~She was the only idle person of the little party, for those round the table had each work in hand.~~ Madame de Lourmont presented M. Davennes first to her pretty daughter-in-law, then to two or three of the cousins, and finally called Juliette, a little girl of four or five years of age, to be admired by him. This was her son's only child.

"My dear Marianne," said she, turning towards the young woman who had contented herself with vouchsafing him a very faint

clination of her head, "Léon has certainly mentioned M. Davennes' name to you?"

"I don't think so," replied the white vision, with a tone of indifference.

"I am perfectly sure of it," said Madame de Lourmont, in a peremptory voice.

Then addressing herself exclusively to the stranger, she assured him her son would be delighted to renew an intimacy that had left him so many agreeable recollections. They next laboriously set about a conversation, which, to judge by its *débuts*, was devoted to commonplaces.

One person alone was left out of these presentations. A little withdrawn from the table, yet near enough to the lamp to be lit by it, she took no part in the conversation. Was it indifference? was it constraint, imposed by her position in the family? When M. Davennes, notwithstanding the omission, voluntary or otherwise, that had passed her over in silence, bowed to her, she answered by an almost imperceptible movement, and turned her eyes immediately down upon her work. She must be a governess. He was confirmed in this idea by a little scene that occurred shortly after his arrival.

Madame de Lourmont made a sign to the child that it was time to retire, but the moment she put her hand upon the bell-rope to summon Juliette's nurse, the child burst out crying, and declared she would not go to bed unless cousin Sabine came with her.

"Not this evening," said the governess, in a low voice.

"Well, I won't go, since you won't come with me," repeated the child, in a refractory tone.

"How can you refuse her so simple a thing, Sabine?" said the fair woman, in a half-languishing,

half-irritated, tone. "It's not worth while being severe."

Without saying a word, Sabine took the child's hand, and left the salon.

She was, then, a cousin, a poor relation, received into the family partly out of charity, partly for the services she was able to render.

Later on she returned, resumed her seat, and through the whole evening never opened her lips, except to answer the few words that were directly addressed to her. She spoke with *distinction*, but there was a want of modulation in her voice, like that of a person under constraint, feeling herself listened to without interest. Paul considered her insignificant, and thought no more about her. He indemnified himself, however, by being very much pre-occupied with the pretty Marianne. Her silence, her languor, her look of indifference, all seemed to him so many mysterious attractions. It was a vision of grace and youth, whose charm was enhanced by the prosaic, antiquated framework that surrounded it. Before M. Davennes left his hostess, he promised to come two days after to dine at the Tourelles.

He was amazed to find himself—he, so disdainful a few hours ago—now asking himself what he had talked about, what impression he had made, had they found him up to the level of his reputation? He had seen on the table a review, in which had appeared several articles of his. Who could have read them, of this set, who he felt must be such strangers to his habitual pre-occupations? And if they had read them, who understood them? The only one amongst them whose opinion appeared to him to have any value, the charming Marianne, could she even read? Did she suspect what was going on in the world, she who seemed to take such

little interest in what was passing in her own immediate neighbourhood? Perhaps she did not even know he had a name. Would it not be an enviable mission to animate this exquisite statue, to reveal herself to herself—to make her understand the riches of existence?

So he waited impatiently for the day he was to see her again to study her more thoroughly.

As a general rule they retired early at the Tourelles, it was the abode of regularity; but this evening, after M. Davennes left, the conversation was prolonged in a most unusual manner. They spoke of his mother, a woman of good birth but without fortune, who had known how to preserve all her dignity in a most difficult position, and had won universal respect. As to the young author himself no one exactly knew to what he owed his reputation, the echo of which, nevertheless, had vaguely found its way to the Tourelles.

"Sabine, perhaps, can tell us, she is for ever reading," suggested Marianne.

"What would you have Sabine know about it?" drily replied Madam de Lourmont. "My son will tell us to-morrow."

Whether he knows it or not, he will certainly tell it to us, thought Sabine; but she did not express this opinion, and simply said, that M. Davennes wrote articles of literary criticism; she did not, however, add that she possessed all his works. There the conversation ended, and all retired to their respective rooms.

It was far into the night before Sabine's candle was put out. She remained sitting before her desk, the book in which she wrote her journal, open before her. Yet, when in the morning, after two or three hours' unrefreshing sleep, she took it to lock up, there was but this one line written—"I saw Paul Davennes this evening."

Without allowing herself time to return to the current of thoughts that had agitated her, Sabine went down-stairs to set about her ordinary occupations. It would not be easy to define the task she had to fulfil in this house. It would be no exaggeration to say that everything that was disagreeable, vexatious, tiresome, fell to her lot. The superintendence of the servants, needlework, reading aloud the newspaper, or some insipid novel, or some jarring book of devotion, whist parties, bills to regulate or verify, such were with many other nameless ones, besides Juliette's education, her daily occupations. Her life was cut up, broken into fragments. She belonged to every one, and each, without the smallest scruple, took of it as much as was possible. And Sabine was not one of those characters, to whom a life of self-abnegation is easy and almost involuntary. Her nature was concentrated, ardent; her will rebellious to all constraint, her heart eager for strong affections. Alas! where could she have found such among those selfish natures, rendered still narrower by a life without any horizon to it? None of those who surrounded her ever even suspected the craving of her heart for love.

In the afternoon, when she could escape from the incessant demands made upon her, Sabine hastily put on a bonnet and shawl, and took the road towards town. She entered an obscure-looking house, and, pushing open a door, stepped into a scantily furnished room, filled with sunshine. A very aged woman was seated in an armchair close by the window; she slowly turned and smiled at her visitor. Sabine approached, knelt down, and, resting her head on the old woman's shoulder, remained motionless in an attitude that might have thought she

a refuge. And yet what protection could she find there? This was evident from the vague, depending look the old woman turned upon her.

Sabine gently caressed her.

"Are you well this morning, grandmamma? Does this pleasant sunshine warm you? Did you pass a good night?"

"Margaret forced me to get up, and sit here," replied the old woman, in a plaintive voice. "One has always to do just as she wishes, and yet it is cruel to oblige a poor sick woman to get up when she would rather be in bed."

"Margaret is right, grandmamma, she knows it would weaken you to stay in bed, and that this bright sunshine will do you good. She is so devoted to you, our poor Margaret, that you must listen to her."

"Yes, yes, . . . and do whatever she wishes. It is easy to say. And you, my Sabine," said the old lady, suddenly directing her thought on her to whom she was speaking. "Do you continue to feel satisfied? Are you happy amongst all those people? They love you, don't they?"

"Why should I not be happy?" said Sabine.

This falsehood, repeated every day for years, could this time scarcely pass her lips. She had not strength to say more, but her poor grandmother was not hard to convince.

"I can't stay long," said Sabine. "I must go back to the Tourelles."

"It is a very short visit."

"Yes, I know it, but my time is not my own."

"That's true, and besides, it is no matter. When I have seen your face, my Sabine, I have my share of joy for the rest of the day. It is my sun that warms me more than the other."

Sabine shuddered. This tender word from lips that obeyed an

intellect that was dead, and a heart worn out by excess of suffering, was like one of those fitful gleams flashing up from a lamp that has died out, and is black. It touched an overstrained chord, and again Sabine rested her head on the old lady's shoulder, and her tears fell fast. The old woman looked at her with a vague uneasiness.

"It is nothing," she said, rising, and drying her eyes with a sort of impatience. "Love me. I want it, grandmamma. Love your child, who has but you in the world."

"But me in the world?" . . . repeated the old lady, as if better to understand the meaning of the words. And then she added in a trembling, unsteady voice, "They are all dead." . . .

"Yes," said Sabine, "they are all dead, and those with whom I pass my life are colder and more dead to me than those I visit at the cemetery. But I, I live to-day. After so many years of torpor, I feel at last I am living a strange life. . . . Better be dead like them all."

She took the wrinkled, withered hand, and laid it upon her heart, that was throbbing violently and rapidly, but seeing her grandmother was saddened and perplexed, she leant down, and kissing her, said, "I shall come to-morrow."

The house in which Sabine's grandmother lived belonged to an old servant of the family, who being married and without children, and having rooms to let, had taken upon herself all the care demanded by the old lady's condition, and, this she fulfilled with the utmost devotion. Sabine met in the passage a young workwoman, who also lodged in the house. Lucienne was a delicate, pretty girl of twenty-two, who for several years had supported her paralytic mother by her work. Her face was grave and gentle, the impress of suffering had not yet

stamped itself in lines too austere, as yet it added but one charm more to her sweet face. Sabine sometimes went up to her when she had a moment to spare after her visit to her grandmother. She brought flowers to the sick woman, who loved them, and exchanged a few words with her. The anxieties of poverty were too well known to Sabine for her not to guess those of others, who bore them without complaining.

"How is your mother, Lucienne?" she asked.

"Always the same, thank you. But how pale you are, Mademoiselle Sabine; you are ill; I am sure you are."

"Dear Lucienne," said Sabine, "you pity me, and you, are you not suffering? Come, walk a little way with me, the air will do you good."

"And my work?" said Lucienne, smiling.

"Oh! you will work all the faster after. Here, I shall not go up to see your mother to-day; you will give her these roses from me, and tell her it was I carried you off."

The two young girls exchanged but few words, and walked on rapidly till they got out of the narrow streets of the little town; but once they had reached the path which, winding at some distance from the dusty road, conducts to the Tourelles, those who prefer a meandering course to a straight line, they slackened their pace, and Sabine, taking her companion's hand, made her sit down by her side on a grassy knoll. There they talked for a few minutes, Lucienne described her life, which was quickly done, for it was work—always work, without other change than the cares of her little housekeeping.

"Lucienne," suddenly said Sabine, looking into her eyes, "I never see you but in your mother's presence, and I have never dared, from fear of giving her pain, to

ask you one question. Are you happy?"

"Yes," said Lucienne, without hesitation.

"Is it quite true?" insisted Sabine. "I don't speak of resignation, I speak of happiness."

"I quite understand. Certainly, when I was young I dreamt of another happiness than that I have."

"When you were young?" said Sabine.

"I have been so long working for my mother, and for myself, that I sometimes forget I am but twenty-two. I think the greatest happiness is to love. I love my mother, and I know I am necessary to her."

"But excess of work is killing you," said Sabine, looking at the transparent face that was smiling at her.

"Oh! no, I am a little tired, but I am still strong. When my mother tells me she was never happy till now, I feel as if I could move a mountain. Poor mother, she has suffered so much!"

"I understand you, Lucienne, you are everything to your mother; this is happiness. But for me, I am nothing to any one."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Sabine."

"It is the truth. My poor grandmother, she is scarcely conscious; she loves me by instinct and habit. If I did not come, she would hardly notice it, and would always say, 'She will come to-morrow.'"

Lucienne sighed, but answered nothing. Sabine remained motionless, her sombre eyes fixed upon the horizon.

"Mademoiselle Sabine," gently said the young girl.

And when she saw her questioning look turned towards her, she added, timidly,—

"Don't you believe that God loves you?"

"Oh!" said Sabine, with bitterness, "it is a love so vague, so dis-

tant, that I don't think much about it; the happy may speak of it, certainly."

"I think it is rather the unhappy that know it best."

"Lucienne," said Sabine, "I would not take from you a force, a consolation you believe in. I once believed so, too. I believed in this force, in this support, but, by dint of feeling myself alone in all the difficult moments of my life, I believe no longer in it, and rely only on myself."

"It would appear to me too sad and desolate," said Lucienne, with a distressed look.

"What would you have? It is sad, but, if life is sad, our illusions won't change it. Good-bye, Lucienne, forget what I have said; you see plainly I am less happy than you. I think the air has put a rose colour into your cheeks."

She went away. When a minute after she looked back, Lucienne was standing in the same place, looking after her with tears in her eyes.

Sabine came back.

"What is the matter, Lucienne? Have I pained you?"

"Oh! no," said the young girl.

"Why, then, are you crying?"

"Because I love you, and would like to see you happy."

"The only good we can do each other is to love each other," said Sabine, with emotion; "and a word like that you have just spoken, do a great good to a lonely heart like mine. Adieu!"

Half an hour after, Sabine was seated at the bottom of the table in the vast dining-room of the Tournelles. She had no need to give herself trouble to disguise the emotion she had gone through. Who was there to think of it? Besides, her power over herself was so absolute, that all trace of her agitation would have escaped the most scrutinizing eye, unless rendered penetrating by sympathy.

The affectation with which she was silently ignored, rendered the hour of meals the most painful to her of all moments in the day. So rarely was a word addressed to her, that when it did happen, it at times made her tremble. Madame de Lourmont, who was naturally dry and haughty, was doubly so towards her. Marianne was too indolent to do anything but employ the strength, talents, and activity of Sabine every instant of the day. As to Monsieur de Lourmont himself, he treated her with a superb and crushing politeness, whenever he deigned to notice her presence, which was not a daily occurrence. But she had one consolation — Juliette loved her.

Sabine was distantly related to the De Lourmont family by her mother who died when she was quite a child. Her father, who had been an officer in the army, was also dead, and had left her with an aged grandmother utterly unprovided for. The old lady's health and reason, already much shaken by a series of misfortunes, succumbed under this last blow. Thus Sabine, at the age of eighteen, found herself alone with a relative, who not only could give her no kind of protection, but who needed her. It was then that Léon de Lourmont committed the one single reprehensible act that his mother could remember. Contrary to all psychological probability, he fell in love with this young, portionless girl, whose beauty, not appreciable by vulgar eyes, did not even serve him as an excuse. He would listen to no remonstrance, and proposed to Sabine to become his wife, promising to place at her disposition a sum sufficient for her grandmother's support.

What was his stupefaction to find his offer flatly refused. The handsome Léon—the wealthy Léon—the proprietor of the Tournelles,

the great man of the little town, refused by a girl without fortune, and without protection!

The adventure so stunned him, that he was at once suddenly and radically cured of his love. It may be that a sick heart can find a sovereign remedy in the acrid balm poured into it by wounded self-love.

Though Madame de Lourmont thoroughly rejoiced at this unexpected conclusion, she found means to reconcile her satisfaction with an implacable resentment against her who had been the cause of it. She could not forgive Sabine for having refused her son. What would she have done had she accepted him?

And so Sabine was left to face alone her task in life. Her father had bequeathed to her a tender and profound respect for her aged grandmother. She was a high-souled girl, and for all that she was so young, yet she saw nothing strange in having to support another existence that had her alone to depend on. She tried to give lessons; she had read and studied much alone, but lacked that routine of instruction necessary to inspire methodical minds with confidence. Besides, lessons were ill paid. They might have sufficed for herself, but her earnings were much below the expenses of the most modest house-keeping. She fought her battle for some time, seeking in vain some outlet, and fell into a state of profound depression. Were she to quit the town, to take an employment amongst strangers, it would have killed her grandmother, who regarded her with the depending affection of a child.

Two or three years had passed in these struggles and difficulties, when the marriage of Léon having been decided on, and his mother, in the joy of her triumph, being seized with a fit of magnanimity, proposed to Sabine to come and live with

her, and devote her time to her, in exchange for which she would allow her a salary sufficient to support her grandmother.

Madame de Lourmont's health was weak, her sight bad, and she felt it would be convenient to have at hand a young, intelligent person, whose position would place her under her complete control. Sabine did not hesitate a moment. It was not herself she had to consider, but her old grandmother, who was infirm in mind and body, and who had but her in the world. Nor was it even for Sabine a sacrifice so great as one might imagine. A little sharpness in suffering was not distasteful to her. Besides, she had long since taken the measure of those amongst whom she was going to live, and feeling herself very superior to them, she fancied that nothing they could do would be difficult for her to endure. She deceived herself. Every painful situation has its bitter details, which it is impossible to foresee. However, her courage never failed her, and her worst conflicts had never other witness than herself.

Sabine had now been several years at the Tourelles; so long did it seem to her, that she hardly remembered having had any other existence. She did not count the days, nor even the years. Time had taken nothing from her, nor had it brought her anything. Once or twice, perhaps, she thought of tracing on her own features the slight changes its passage had marked—a deadlier paleness, thinner form.

One day, however, she saw, among the thick brown, one white hair. She did not even think of saying, "Already!" and felt neither sorry nor glad. Who would notice it? No one. And for herself, what change could she expect from the flight of her youth? Had she felt her soul grow old, felt it cool down,

become benumbed, lose some of its power of life and suffering, perhaps she might have rejoiced; but it seemed that in advancing towards that age when calmness ought to be the reward of preceding struggles, it became, this poor soul, more intractable and rebellious.

Marianne's grace and beauty had at first attracted Sabine. The contemplation of beauty was not merely a simple enjoyment to her, her moral nature was affected by it, it was beatitude and peace to her. She thought if she could see around her only pure lines and harmonious colours, that sweetness and serenity of soul would have been easy to her. Sabine had never seen the masterpieces of art, and the nature she was acquainted with was merely wild and simple. No vast horizon had ever extended itself to her eye, but she carried within herself an ardent imagination which, in her ignorance of the real world, created for her an ideal one, by whose standard she measured everything. The contrasts were so utter between this world and the one she was living in, that it never entered her head to compare them.

The attraction she at first felt towards the young wife had changed into indifference and contempt. She looked on her as a sort of flower, graceful and agreeable to the sight, one of whom nothing could be asked but to charm the eye, and so she lent herself easily to her part which consisted in sparing her all fatigue and ennui.

Accordingly, among all those who surrounded her, Sabine found not one heart or mind that responded to her own.

M. Davennes, on the day appointed, again made his appearance at the Tourelles. His old school-fellow received him with the benevolent condescension of old times, showed him in detail his stables, his dogs, even his poultry-yard,

which contained some rare specimens that he was very proud of. He showed him the embellishments he had already made to the Tourelles, described those he still counted on making, and took his silence for admiration. Then perceiving that perhaps his conversation had been too exclusively personal, he asked a few questions as to the life he had led since their separation, contenting himself with the most evasive or the most laconic answers.

"I travelled in my early youth," said he, coming by an irresistible bent to what concerned himself. "It is indispensable for a man who wishes to enlarge his mind and the circle of his ideas. A man who has not travelled has no point of comparison, and exaggerates the importance of his own concerns, and of things under his eyes. Travelling has a singular power of forming the judgment, where there is the faculty of observation. But a moment comes when a man must settle down, and concentrate his activity. A married man owes himself to his family and to his estate. I shall scarcely quit again this little corner of earth—I belong to it."

The announcement of dinner put an end to this conversation, which Paul bore with an ill-disguised impatience, which his interlocutor must have seen had his faculty of observation been as developed as he thought. Placed beside Marianne, he found her still more charming than he had supposed. He endeavoured to talk to her. She answered little, but her voice was sweet. A man must have been blind, or pitiless as a pedant, to perceive that what she said was, to say the least, very insignificant, and Paul took good care not to admit this to himself. Seated at the other end of the table, Sabine hardly raised her eyes, and appeared

absorbed in the difficult task of keeping her little pupil within the bounds of decorum.

A dispute breaking out at the dessert, the poor governess was unable to quiet down the explosion.

Marianne turned her blue languishing eyes towards the end of the table, and Madame de Lourdmont cast an angry look at Sabine.

"A person with a little tact," said she, in an under voice, but so as to be perfectly heard; "could prevent these disagreeable scenes. It needs only a little management."

"Sabine is sometimes too severe," added the young mother.

At these words Juliette, who was on the point of yielding, finding herself backed by the maternal authority, gained new courage for resistance.

"You see," said she, in a little rebellious way, "mamma is much kinder than you."

This slight incident attracted attention. They laughed, and Sabine, who at first blushed, turned pale on meeting Paul's look fixed on her with malevolent curiosity. She did not, in fact, please him. The rigid, disagreeable post of governess inspired him with aversion, but now it served as a set-off to the mother's grace, who, for her part, had nothing to do but to smile and to caress. Instinctively Sabine understood all this. She felt irritated, but scorn prevailed over anger.

"Poor doll," she said to herself, looking at Marianne, "she has not respect enough for her own child to keep her from humiliating in her presence the person to whom she confides her."

The shock she had just experienced, and the constraint that had preceded and followed it, put her nerves into a painful state of tension. She could not isolate herself from what was passing around her. All her will to do so was

powerless. In spite of herself, she heard every word exchanged between Marianne and M. Davennes. She felt each shade of tone, and these tones exasperated her. What inanity in the words of the young wife, what tender deference in those of her companion!

How he endeavoured, when answering her, to infer a profounder or more delicate meaning in what she said than she attached to it, and which, most likely, she never seized in the flattering echo that gave her back her thought thus transformed. Sabine felt relieved when at last they rose from table, and as soon as they were assembled in the salon she made an effort to escape; but, as she placed her hand upon the handle of the door, an imperious voice arrested her.

"Mademoiselle," said the master of the house, "have the goodness to serve the coffee; you know it fatigues my wife."

This was one of Léon's mean revenges. He had never forgiven himself for having thought of marrying Sabine, but he forgave her still less for refusing him when he did deign to stoop so low. He made it a practice to seize every opportunity to make her feel she was merely an humble dependent in his house. Whenever he could anticipate any will of hers and frustrate the execution of it by expressing some opposite will of his own, he never missed doing so; and, each time, felt that he was recovering in his own estimation the ground this unlucky recollection made him lose. Sabine had become used to these proceedings, and always yielded without betraying any annoyance; in reality these paltry triumphs touched her but slightly, and she felt by no means humiliated by them. But, on this day, the pin-pricks that generally were blunted by her indifference

made her inwardly shudder as if her soul had been laid bare. She poured out the coffee with a hand so unsteady, that Madame de Lourmont's voice was heard from one end of the drawing-room to the other, sharply reprimanding her for her awkwardness. Then she had to get up to present a cup to the visitor, who took it without even looking at her. At last, at last she was able to go and take refuge in her own room. There, she sat down close to the window, and for a moment rested her burning head upon her hands. When she felt herself a little cooled and calmed down, she opened her secretary and took out of a secret drawer a little manuscript, which she crumpled between her fingers as if to destroy it, but changing her mind, she unfolded it, and began reading in a loud voice—

O Poet, when my soul is weary,
Seeking for light;
When all my days pass slow and dreary,
As one long night.

When to my heart's expiring breath
No heart replies;
But sadness, infinite as death,
Upon me lies.

When bearing worlds of love re-
pressed,
Within, unknown,
I go my cold way uncaressed,
Unloved, alone.

O Poet, then I take your book,
And oft I seem
To see you with mine eyes that look
Into your dream.

To see you with mine eyes that
weep,
While they divine
Your singing soul, that knows the
deep
Silence of mine.

O Poet, your high soul, I know
Is lonely, too;
It sometimes answers me, as though
Indeed, it knew.

How, from the desert, joyless, long.
Life seems to me;
To the high desert of your song
I love to flee.

And then, O Poet, all your voice
Fails not to give
A new strange life, that I rejoice
To take and live;

It bids my soul no longer grope,
Loveless on earth,
But rise to holier love and hope
Of greater worth.

It teaches me a faith so high,
And wide, and sweet,
That, living still on earth, I fly
With wings for feet.

Believing better, it would seem—
Yea, for faith given,
O Poet, to your lofty dream,
In God's great heaven.

"My beautiful dream!" said she, "was this how it was to end? Could I have believed when I wrote these verses that he, to whom they were addressed, should one day meet me, and feel only scorn for me? I am now glad I did not send them to him, as for one moment I had the mad idea of doing. He would have treated them as the foolish fancy of a romantic brain, and I should have been haunted by the fear of discovery. What does it signify to me, besides, that I should be misjudged by him? Did I ever wish to make myself known to him? I don't think so, or if I ever desired it, it was involuntarily; every one dreams his absurd dream once in life. Mine is over—that's all."

And yet how was it possible she should not regret a dream that had filled the place of friend to her in her solitude? It was no very lively joy she expected from it, but only the mysterious joy of feeling there is one other soul in the world that lives the same life ours does. Why had he come, this man whom she

had held as a brother, and who was now but a stranger? Why had he not gone on as the unknown friend, whose voice woke up within her such deep echoes? Since she was to lose him when she met him, why was he not one of the dead that to her were ever living, while now he . . .

"Oh! this is solitude, the real solitude that begins for me to-day," she cried in an impulse of passionate distress. "My God! could not this suffering at least have been spared me?"

And it was true, Sabine had lost by having met him, her only friend, a friend who did not know his power, but who had, up to this day, saved her from discouragement and weariness, that worst form of dull misfortune. All that could be done for her he had done. He had kept alive in her the fire of generous emotions, the love of the ideal, the worship of the beautiful, and that freshness of soul that comes from the hope it carries within it, perhaps unconsciously.

When Sabine had re-read Paul Davennes' first books, and thought to herself that this was a living being, young, full of future, who had felt, thought, written these things, the earth seemed more hospitable to her, the sun more bright, the air she breathed more full of life. She had no hope of ever seeing him, but she knew there was a time when he had gone through the gloomy, deserted streets of the little town, and this thought lent them a kind of charm. In exchange for all this, she had done for him all that she could do. She had watched over and tended his mother's grave as she had her own father's.

No doubt, in some innermost recess of her soul, was hidden a secret force, faith in the reality of an invisible interchange between two spirits, which, without any ex-

ternal bond, live the same life. She believed, without confessing it to herself, that the man whose thought was, as it were, the enlarged focus of her own would, if some day he chanced to meet her, feel himself drawn towards her by a sympathy of which she alone had the secret. This was why when she found him indifferent, and even ill-disposed towards her, she had experienced a strange inward commotion. It was a last support that had suddenly slipped away from her, and she cried out, "Now the real solitude begins!"

Sabine returned to the drawing-room, looking all the colder and more impenetrable for having been so deeply moved, and there resumed her silent part. She was made to place herself at the piano, and asked to play a sonata of Beethoven's. She played it with perfect brilliancy, but without one touch of her soul. Had all been poured into it, who there would have understood? They might have been surprised not to find the skilful but indifferent instrument they had been accustomed to; and so she interpreted coldly the thought of the master, though all the while his grand, sad, passionate soul palpitated within hers; they hardly thanked her. It was what she had wished, and yet it raised one revolt more which she had to master.

"I adore music," said Marianne, when Sabine quitted the piano, "but I can't play, it fatigues me too much. When you put your whole soul into it, it kills you."

Then Sabine heard her speak of her favourite works in the words she herself had used in her rare moments of familiar talk. The astonishment she felt almost suspended her irritation. How had the wish to please, the desire of producing an effect, wrought so complete a transformation in this

young thoughtless, listless woman? Marianne's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes kindled, and Paul Davennes seemed fascinated. Sabine turned to look at a face that she seldom sought to question, Léon's, on which she expected to see surprise or vexation, but there she found the usual self-satisfied, comfortable look that was its habitual expression, and she turned away impatiently. What, then, would it take to disturb this heavy somnolent nature? Was this quietude due to pride or the dulness of his conception? Sabine resolved not to meddle in it, to take no part in the inner drama that perhaps was about to be played under her eyes, but in thought she could be no stranger to it, and her soul was shaken to its very centre.

On returning to her own room, she took her journal, and wrote at the head of a blank page, "A cruel evening . . ." then she blotted out the words, and contented herself with a simple memorandum, such as she most frequently wrote since the habit of suffering had taken from her the necessity of pouring out her whole heart. The day after, however, she again took the journal and wrote these words:

"I am suffering, but wherefore? What is there new in my position? Why should my heart be more embittered than it was before this evening? Did I anticipate anything from it? Am I not yet broken into my solitude? Let me see, I wish to render an account to myself of what is passing within me, and for this purpose to subject myself to a severe examination. An enemy discovered is half vanquished. I want to find out what this element of trouble is, that has come to disturb my heart after I had succeeded in lulling it asleep, or rather in chloroforming it. Whence is it, that since those three days it has regained a faculty

of suffering so intense? What has passed that concerns me? Nothing, absolutely nothing. If M. Davennes is to me but a scarcely courteous stranger, Paul Davennes' books remain to me with their familiar and loved thoughts, their accents that go to my soul, and the treasures of moral truth I found in them. If all this belongs still to me, I am no poorer than I was three days ago.

"But does it all belong to me still? To say so would be to delude myself. I know in my conscience that were I to try merely to open one of his books, I should feel they were nothing to me. It would be cowardice to dissimulate this to myself. Well, and after? Shall the loss of an imaginary good make that courage yield that was built up so slowly? No, I shall be able to renounce this phantom of sympathy. I shall learn to be alone in all the reality of the word, without again seeking an illusion to support me. I am strong, and can keep my secret to myself, so that none shall have the right to smile at it."

Then Sabine brought some logs of wood, which she piled up in her chimney, to kindle a fire to burn in it those pages of her journal that referred to Paul Davennes' works; but when the moment came to burn, she hesitated to destroy all that remained to her of one period of her life, and contented herself with carefully blotting out his name and the quotations which might identify him.

That evening was a type of many others. Gradually Sabine accustomed herself to this new suffering: a kind of fierce pleasure succeeded revolt in her proud soul. To be despised by the man she alone could understand and judge, to see him filled with admiration for a person she herself despised, this was a strange position. She felt all within

her bruised and lacerated. She felt herself living, but what a life! Were it not better the dead calm that had preceded it?

What was saddest of all was that her whole soul was absorbed in bitterness and contempt, no part left for gentler feelings. Contempt for all, and scorn for herself, that she should so long have been able to feed upon a falsehood. Her dream! now she hated it, and could not pardon herself for having so long surrendered herself to it. She had no pity for others, nor for herself.

Is it surprising, then, she should have appeared unamiable, almost repulsive, in the eyes of Paul. He rarely addressed a word to her, and only when by not doing so he would have been guilty of a marked act of impoliteness. On these occasions his constrained voice and icy manner were felt by all. So that Marianne said one day in her half-mocking, half-careless way,—

"Sabine, Monsieur Davennes considers you the quintessence of governesses. He says, when you are present, he feels himself forced to weigh each of his words from fear of displeasing or scandalizing you. I have assured him that it is not to him alone you are severe, that no one finds favour in your eyes."

Paul was for a moment embarrassed at this speech, he was too generous to find pleasure in humiliating a person whom he saw in a false and dependent position, but Sabine's haughty look soon brought back the feeling of hostility with which she inspired him.

He bowed, saying in a jesting tone,—

"Mademoiselle Sabine will, I trust, see only a homage in this fear of displeasing her."

"Oh!" said Sabine, rising to leave the room, "I see nothing whatever in it."

CHAPTER II.

PAUL now scarcely quitted the Tourelles. Whenever a rare evening passed without him, dreariness and drowsiness reigned in the large salon, and the hours dragged slowly on till time came to retire, without an instant's animation or gaiety having broken the monotony. These evenings were rare, and only served to enhance the charm of the others.

One evening, Marianne asked M. Davennes to read some of his poetry. He hesitated at first, then said that he would with pleasure read one of his earliest poems, as these he could more easily forget were his own. Marianne blushed to have to confess that she had not the volume in question, and Paul promised to bring it the next day.

"But," said she, suddenly, "there is no occasion to wait till to-morrow. Sabine, you certainly have this collection, I saw the volume in your room, why not tell us so at once?"

Sabine hesitated, then taking Juliette with her, she placed the little volume in her hands, telling her to give it to M. Davennes.

"Are we to wait for Mademoiselle Sabine?" asked Paul.

"No," said Juliette, "she is staying in her room to write."

"This is polite," said Marianne, in a piqued tone.

Paul said nothing, and tried to persuade himself that this proceeding was perfectly indifferent to him, but he could not hide from himself the trouble he had in recovering that inner equilibrium necessary to read effectively. The volume that had been handed to him was elegantly bound, and as he turned over the pages, to gain time to recover his self-possession, while pretending to look for something that might suit his audience, he noticed that certain passages were underlined, and that several p

were marked with a cross; they were for the most part those he himself considered his best, those that came from what was deepest and truest in his nature. He was struck by this coincidence, but rather disagreeably than flatteringly. Sabine was so antipathetic to him, that to have been understood by her, almost disenchanted him with himself, or at least with his poetry. She did not make her appearance again that evening, and the reading was not successful. Léon and his mother maintained a prudent silence, compromised now and then by some ill-suppressed yawns. All that was artificial Marianne found charming, but had not once the good fortune to fix her admiration on a really fine passage. Paul, feeling that he was reading in an intellectual desert, closed the book, as soon as he could do so without offending his hearers. After this unfortunate ordeal he remained more silent than usual, and left earlier than was his custom.

Two days after, coming into the salon, Sabine found Marianne surrounded with books, the leaves of which she was cutting.

"I have had all M. Davennes' works sent to me, it was really a shame not to have had them, and as he himself has presented me with his last work, I have two copies of it. It is a psychological novel, and appears to be charming. Here, Sabine, take the copy I bought, and read it."

"Thank you. I don't wish to read it."

"Really. What is the meaning of this contempt?"

"I prefer not to read novels."

"Poor Sabine! perhaps you are right, it may be better for you," said the young wife.

Where did she learn this sudden and cruel sympathy? Sabine looked at her, and was struck by the

change, the restless, feverish expression; her eyes, formerly so calm, now shone, not like two stars, but like two torches lit by the troubled fire of passion.

"Ah!" she resumed, in a voice unlike her own, "all romances are pale beside real life."

Sabine felt an insurmountable dread of hearing more.

"Give it!" she said, stretching out her hand, and quitted the room, taking the book with her, which she flung upon her table.

When Paul came the next day, Sabine was in the salon; she rose, and left at once, leaving him and Marianne *tête-à-tête*, and returning to her own room, shut the door behind her violently. After opening and shutting the windows, trying to read one book after another, and flinging each aside, she sat down before her desk, and wrote, with a feverish hand, verses that came without effort to her pen. When she read them over, they seemed detestable to her. A present, actual suffering, is a bad inspiration, especially when bitter and exasperated; it is the memory of a suffering appeased or vanquished, that makes the poetry in which we love to find our own griefs idealized. Sabine had not yet reached the hour when she could look back on what she had experienced to draw out its essence. The moment had not yet come when the drop of bitter water becomes a pearl.

The thoughts that rushed tumultuously over her soul were troubled and discordant. She could not understand it, and fancied her talent was deserting her, that talent which none knew of, and which had so often been her consolation. She turned away from her desk as from another friend that would betray her. At the moment the noise of steps was heard, and some one impatiently pushed the door which Sabine had locked.

"Open, open quickly," cried Juliette, in a voice at once imperious and coaxing.

The door was opened, and the little girl hurriedly explained that they were going to take a drive to show the country to M. Davennes, that her mother wished to take her with her, but she had first to make her toilette, and she could not find her maid.

"Come, help me," she added, in an entreating voice, "else I shall be late, and they won't wait for me."

Sabine followed her. Juliette's impatience and agitation made the toilette a more tedious affair than it should have been, and perhaps also Sabine's trembling hands.

A voice was heard, and the child bounded out of the room before the last ribbon was tied, but she ran back almost immediately, and threw her two arms round her governess's neck to thank her.

"We are going to the new farm," she said, "and shan't be back till night. I shall not take my lesson to-day. Mamma bid me tell you that you are free."

Free! the word sounded like a sarcasm. Free from what? why? wherefore? What could she do with this hour's liberty which no affection, no joy, claimed. Her grandmother did not expect her. She had seen her in the morning, and this daily visit sufficed to satisfy her. Reading was impossible, and solitude frightened her; she dreaded nothing more than a *tête-à-tête* with herself.

"Don't be sad when I am so happy," said Juliette, again kissing her.

And Sabine felt less sad as she returned her kiss. The words showed she had been guessed by this child, spoiled, capricious, but ever, for her, full of impetuous affection, and for a moment the weight was lifted that had been sinking her down. Returning to her room,

she heard Madame de Lourmont say to Marianne, in a voice whose tone made her shudder,—

"Won't you wait for Léon to go out?"

"No," answered Marianne, in a careless tone, "we should be too late, it would be dark before we should see anything. Night comes on soon in September."

"You know perfectly well that, to-day, he said he would be in early."

"He said nothing of the kind to me."

"What! He said it to both of us at breakfast."

"I have no recollection of it," replied Marianne, "but in any case it would be too late. The carriage is waiting for us. Go, Juliette, my love, get in first."

Passing by her mother-in-law without looking at her, Marianne stepped into the carriage where the child had already taken her place, Paul followed, and Sabine saw the three set off, happy, gay, and smiling. Then she heard Madame de Lourmont's slow step going up to her room, and her heart ached with a presentiment of misery.

She looked for a book to be the companion of her solitary walk. Paul Davennes' last work was lying on the table. She took it up, and walked out rapidly. In taking this volume, and pressing it to her bosom, she simply obeyed the unreflecting, imperious wish to recall once more the impressions of former days. She wished to forget the present, and become absorbed in a disinterested return to the sympathy and admiration which used to be the source of such happiness. It would be a blessing to forget the Tourelles and its inmates for a few hours, Marianne above all, and the new guest, whose arrival had cost her her one sole joy. It would be rest if she could but get back her old habits of mind, could relax this cruel tension, and calm herself by

a complete oblivion of herself, her deceptions, and her sufferings. Besides, none could deprive her of the privilege of being the only one in the house capable of understanding the thought of this book? If the man was nothing to her, the thinker at all events belonged to her. It was him she was to find again, and it was for him she wished to forget all.

Sabine glided out of the park; she no longer despised her hour's liberty now that she had found employment for it. She wanted air, space, movement. She wanted to get back to herself by getting back her faith, her thoughts, her life of former days. The Paul Davennes, who at this moment was listening to Marianne, looking at her smile, was not the same she sought for in this book. With him she had nothing to do, he ignored her existence, and she might forget his. The other she thought dead for a time, but she was mistaken; he lived, and it was him she was going to find.

She walked with a light elastic step on the fine grass of the pathway. Life circulated in her, and hope swelled her heart. It was a reaction, she had suffered so cruelly! She thought no more of her own situation nor of that of others; all she had felt the night before, seemed a nightmare. The night was past, and the day had come. The sky above was blue, and the earth seemed beautiful; the weight that had so long oppressed her was shaken off. There are moments in the most colourless existences when youth and life assert their rights, when at any price they must be happy, or create for themselves the illusion of it. With Sabine this was a form of her inner fever. Nothing more.

When she felt herself slightly calmed by her walk, she sat down on the trunk of a tree in one of her favourite haunts. It was an amphi-

theatre on the edge of a ravine, formed of shrubs and bushes, with here and there some fine trees. A foaming stream flowed at the bottom of the ravine beyond, through the felled wood. Some scattered houses and distant hills were visible. All the details of this simple, pleasant landscape, were distinct in the transparent atmosphere of this beautiful autumn day. Sabine listened to the dreamy monotonous music of the stream, no birds were singing, and the yellow leaves, untouched by the wind, broke of themselves from their branches, and fell one by one noiselessly at her feet. The sky was blue, pure, and at the same time vapourous, as though as it looked on the earth, decked in its marvellous radiance, it remembered that in a few days it was to be shorn of all. All was beautiful, and spoke direct to the soul. And yet Sabine's heart was so little in unison with this sweet solemn beauty, that she felt her fever of factitious joy change to a deadly sadness.

She remained long without opening her book. What was she about to find in it? It could only add new strength to the suffering which, in spite of her resistance, was again laying its grasp upon her. At length she began, and read on without stopping, without raising her eyes. From the descriptions which filled the first pages, she passed on to the action, and to the development of the characters. The author was entering into the heart of his subject; the leading idea ought to be shaping itself out, but she sought for it in vain. Was it then a study of what is most superficial in human life that he intended to make? Where were the high moral ideal, the generous thoughts, the concentrated force, the pure breath which formerly pervaded his writings, and which had made them so dear to Sabine? What a change! . . . The absence of all she had so much

loved filled her with dismay. The poverty, the nullity of matter under a polished, elegant form, wit, irony, talent, nothing but talent. This was what she found in these pages, from which all soul was absent. Which was the true Paul Davennes, he whose pure limped style was but the vesture of his thought, or he who now used its brilliancy to cover emptiness?

It was the first, Sabine was sure of this. Elevation and sincerity are two things impossible to be counterfeited. But what had become of him? Was she to believe him lost for ever? Progress is so essentially the law of our nature, that when we see it violated we are seized with a sort of terror. When what is great becomes small, what is pure becomes corrupt, what is noble becomes vile, this disturbs and revolts us.

Had there been there an attentive, invisible observer, he might have traced upon the expressive countenance of Sabine, as she turned over the pages, the shadow of what was passing within her. She had begun with passionate curiosity blended with fear. What more touching quest could there have been? She was seeking the traces of a soul; she hoped and trembled when she greeted them in a word in which she thought she caught the echo of a thought of former times. Then finding there was no breath there, no sap circulating, she lapsed into the deepest melancholy.

When she had read to the last page of the little volume, she looked round her, vaguely, without seeing anything. Then she took up the book, read the title, and looked long at the author's name. It was, in truth, the name, it had remained the same, but the letters that composed it no longer represented to her mind what a few hours before they had represented. The last blow

was given to her idol. She felt that on this ground there was only a ruin within her, and she cried bitterly.

Such grief for such a cause may appear exaggerated to those whose life is split up into a crowd of more or less passing enthusiasms, into more or less incomplete sympathies, and who have many times experienced the fragility of their demigods. But Sabine, since her father's death, had had no other intimacy than that of this poet soul, which had spoken to her the language of her own, and this day she lost this friend, not as she had already lost him in the domain of external relations, but in the depth of her thought, where till then the bond had not been broken.

She tried to read again some passages, as if to appeal to them from her own decree. She would have been glad had she found it too severe, but the repusal only confirmed it, and Sabine, who was no longer crying, got up, let the volume fall by her side, took a few steps at random, and without thinking of picking the book up, directed her steps towards the house.

Never had that heavy building inspired her with such aversion as when, at the turn of the road, she saw it stand out against the luminous sky. Entering it was entering a tomb, but her own heart had the effect upon her of a tomb in which the lamp had just gone out.

They were assembled in the dining-room when Sabine came in.

A few dry words from Madame de Lourmont, intended to make her feel the impropriety of coming in so late; they reached her ear, but sank no deeper. She sat down, not the least disconcerted. The feelings that had mastered her soul carried away in their great current the petty miseries of her habitual life, and made her insensible to them.

The conversation was animated and general. They discussed a novel which M. Davennes, after their return from their drive, had read for the ladies. Sabine had looked over it the night before, and had laid it down unfinished, finding the uttermost triviality of ideas concealed under a luxury of style and an exaggeration of sentiment. The judgments she now heard expressed by no means accorded with her own.

"What strikes me in this charming work," said M. Davennes, "is the admirable power of expression. Indeed, in our time, expression is everything, or nearly so. The great point with a writer is to make old things young; to give an air of distinction to ideas which, like the burgesses of old, have their sixteen plebeian quarterings. This frippery of words and images, which we call the French language, is as worn out and tarnished as the old clothes of a theatre. What talent it takes to give all this an air of youth and freshness! You can't think what it costs to write a few pages like these—quite a diamond, cut and set by an artist."

"And I," said Marianne, "what I like in it is the accent of passion. There are words in it that quite upset one, so true they are."

Hearing these words, Sabine involuntarily looked at Paul. Would he not be disagreeably struck by so erroneous a judgment? He, who had written things so just, could he bear to hear the false called true?—mere artificial glitter called passion? But no, he was leaning towards Marianne, speaking to her in a low voice, with a look of perfect agreement. Sabine was vexed with herself for expecting an echo of her thought there, where she knew she would not find it.

"For my part," said Madame de Lourmont, who was silent up to

this moment, "I consider this kind of literature unwholesome and immoral."

"Immoral!" cried out Marianne. "And pray, where is the immorality? It is surely not in the *dénoûement*, for it is so sad it leaves one heartbroken."

"It is everywhere, and the more dangerous for being less apparent. It is a subtle poison that pervades every page. It is difficult to analyze, but one feels it."

"You are too strict, mother," said Léon.

"And you are too blind, my son," said Madame de Lourmont, in a tone that said more than her words.

She said nothing more. There was silence after this half-checked explosion, which no one attempted to explain, but which Sabine, at least, had no difficulty in divining the motive of, in the ever-increasing intimacy that was establishing itself between Marianne and their visitor. Paul, who also evidently guessed it, in order to mask his embarrassment, launched out into a vigorous defence of the artist's irresponsibility, which so revolted Sabine that she thought herself cured, even of regret.

The evening appeared long to all parties. The moral atmosphere was, as it were, charged with electricity. Marianne alone, absorbed in her own feelings, seemed to suspect nothing. All her words and looks were for Paul. She did not see the sombre eye of her mother-in-law fixed upon her, nor did she perceive that Paul himself was suffering from the general uneasiness, and had lost his usual readiness of mind and conversation.

Sabine turned away, and sat apart. She mechanically opened a book that was lying on the table before her. At first her eyes ran over the words without taking in the meaning, but presently the meaning forced itself into her

mind. There was a strange analogy in it with the thoughts that had preoccupied her that day, for she had accidentally lighted upon this passage from Pascal:

"When we meet with a natural style we are surprised and delighted, for we expected to find an author, and we have found a man. Instead of which those who have good taste, who, when opening a book, expect to find a man, are quite surprised to find an author."

Sabine had a pencil in her hand, and with it she unconsciously underlined three times the word "man." It was her last and bitter deception she thus involuntarily enregistered. When she looked up she found that Paul was standing near her, and that he had seen what she had done.

"Has this been your experience?" said he, in a low voice.

"I read to-day your last book," she replied.

The words escaped her almost without her knowing it. Paul was silent for a moment; then he asked,—

"Have you read the others?"

"Yes."

"And you think the last inferior?"

"The talent is the same, but there is no soul in it."

He looked an instant into Sabine's deep, earnest eyes, that were raised to his; his lips half opened to speak to her again, but he repressed the movement, and seeing all eyes were directed towards them, he asked her to play. Sabine went to the piano, and chose the same sonata of Beethoven's that she had played so coldly some evenings before. The change was startling. Paul might have reversed the words she had just applied to his book: "The talent is the same, but the soul is there now."

All, except himself, were too absorbed in their own impressions

to notice the change. Marianne was solely occupied with herself; Léon, who in all his life had never guessed anything, did not suspect there was, that evening, in Sabine's playing, a power of concentrated passion that made it sublime. Even Sabine herself did not ask herself why she thus played. Her will was no longer mistress over her, her soul had escaped its domination. She spoke as those do who have long been silent, a language full of grandeur. Paul alone understood it. He had, then, been deceived. Sabine was not an insignificant nature, embittered by wounded *amour propre*, but a soul full of life, and highly tempered, the presence of which had been hidden beneath a mask of indifference. All the fulness of this soul had been in the look she had raised to his. How was it that, dazzled by Marianne's beauty, he had overlooked this higher order of beauty, that which radiates from within?

Disturbed by this discovery, he took leave earlier than usual; and it was not of Marianne he thought this evening, as he walked along the road he had so often traversed with his imagination full of her. As yet, when he thought of Sabine, his feeling was simply a blending of surprise, curiosity, and vexation, nothing more. He suspected there was a superior nature, but he did not feel himself attracted towards her.

Alone in her own room, Sabine endeavoured to render an account to herself of all that had just passed. Nothing in her life seemed so like a dream as this evening. The uneasiness that all felt—Marianne's feverish gaiety, contrasted with Paul's embarrassment and silence, and, above all, the moment he had approached her, when, for the first time, she had allowed her soul to speak to him—

was all this real? True, this momentary contact was across a bitter truth, but not the less she experienced a strange joy; the mysterious chord had been re-welded; for a moment she felt herself not alone on earth. It was not that she had any illusion as to Paul's feeling towards her, or that she did not understand, with that fine intuition of delicate natures, that she still inspired him with more repulsion than attraction, but since that rapid interchange, she, at all events, must have an existence for him; she would be no longer the unknown being with whom he seemed to disdain to put himself in relation. Knowing so little of happiness, it needed no more to set her whole being thrilling. But it was not in Sabine's nature to feel an impression, no matter how keenly, without subjecting it to a merciless analysis. Trying to find out the cause of the emotion she experienced, she felt it wholly escape her. What, then, had passed, and by what aberration was it she had suffered herself to be carried away by an emotion that there was nothing to justify? Ever severe for herself as for others, she was vexed for allowing herself a moment's happiness; and reflection was not long in bringing new cause of suffering. She had had a moment's triumph, it is true; Paul Davennes had felt himself judged and measured by her, but this moment, this first and rapid exchange of looks and words had, perhaps, deepened the gulf between them. Would he pardon her for having judged him, and could she, above all, forgive herself for having humiliated him?

And what was to be thought of Marianne's conduct? What did she mean? Where was it to end? If, as was probable, she was only yielding to a blind impulse, what would be the issue of the situation

she was creating for herself? To whatever side she turned, Sabine saw nothing but grounds for sadness and bitterness. For Marianne she felt irritation, without any mixture of compassion. Was she not, this feeble, insignificant creature, playing with what is most sacred, the affections and happiness of others?

"If I saw her struggle against a true passion," Sabine said to herself, "I could pity her; but she is letting herself drift like a miserable waif upon a stormless sea, and I despise her."

Absorbed by the violence of her own feelings, Sabine paced up and down her room, striving to master her agitation, but, if in presence of others, command over herself was easy, to this proud strong nature it was quite otherwise in solitude. She could not sleep, and the night seemed endless. The long hours, however, sped on through these fluctuations, in which scorn and bitterness prevailed over the gentler feelings which came at moments. In the morning all this feverish life of the night had to be crushed down.

Léon had set out before dawn upon a journey of some days.

Marianne did not quit her room, and Juliette did not leave her governess. Sabine made a vigorous effort over herself, in order to fulfil her duties, and bring her thoughts back captive under the yoke of her will. She succeeded in it.

Towards evening she went down to the drawing-room, which she found deserted, and seated herself by an open window. The regular sound of steps, and words exchanged in a low voice, drew her attention. Marianne and Paul were walking up and down the terrace, which ran along the front of the house. She could catch the words of their conversation only when they came near the place where she was sitting.

They were speaking of her, she was certain of this, from the first words that struck her ear.

"She is a good creature," said Marianne; "rather original, rather pedantic, but at heart devoted. My mother-in-law took her into the house out of compassion, and she is really very useful to us."

Here Sabine heard no more. A minute after Marianne was again speaking, when passing near her without seeing her.

"What an absurd idea!" she said, with a forced burst of laughter, "it is certainly only the imagination of a poet that could see in a poor tiresome governess a——"

The essential word did not reach Sabine. She reproached herself for attaching such importance to it, and yet waited impatiently the periodic return of the two pedestrians. Here is what she heard:

"In the six years that I have been living with her, I must have had time to penetrate the mystery of her nature had there been one. Believe me, she is quite a commonplace person. Now, are you convinced?"

"Perfectly," answered Paul, in a somewhat ironical tone.

Some steps farther, Sabine saw him take Marianne's hand, and then go.

"*Au revoir!*" said Marianne, as he went away.

She returned to the drawing-room. Sabine stood up in the twilight, passed before her without addressing her a word, and again went up to her own room. Now, it was not bitterness she had in her heart, it was hate.

On the stairs she met Madame de Lourmont, who asked her if she had seen her daughter-in-law.

"A minute ago she was walking on the terrace with M. Davennes," answered Sabine.

She had not weighed her words, nor measured the significance of

the tone in which she uttered them, but a last ray of the setting sun, striking in through the high window of the vestibule, and falling straight on the old lady's face, showed her the severe contraction of it.

Sabine shut herself in her room, refusing to let Juliette come to disturb her. She opened the window and sat down by it, turning her burning forehead to the side from which blew in the fresh night wind. But nothing could cool it, her thoughts were like a burning fever devouring her. The words that Marianne employed, when speaking of her, recurred perpetually to her mind.

"Good creature!"—"received out of compassion!"—"rather pedantic!"—"quite commonplace!" . . .

"What does it matter to me what she thinks of me?" she said to herself. "I despise her as much as she can despise me; but did she convince him?"

The tone in which Paul pronounced the word "perfectly" rose to her memory, and she smiled.

"He paid her back with an ironical answer, and she did not understand it," she said to herself.

Then she plunged down into her scorn, revelled in it, enjoyed it. She repeated to herself all she had already said of Marianne.

"If I saw her struggling against a passion stronger than her conscience and will, I would pity her and stretch a hand out to save her; but it is a mere impulse of vanity, a passing excitement she feels, and it is for this paltry thing she is risking the dignity of her home, the happiness of her husband, and her own peace and dignity. She is not sacrificing them, for to make a sacrifice there must be self-consciousness; she gives them at random, indifferent whether the current carries them off, or a fortunate wind

drives them back to her. And this is what will happen, life is full of these chances. Those who struggle are submerged; those who follow the current, good or bad, are landed on peaceful shores. I hate all the conventionalities, the deceitfulness, the lies of life. If Marianne is to be estimated at her real value, it is not I that shall hinder it. If all are to suffer, let them suffer. I have suffered enough in the presence of their stupid selfish happiness!"

Sabine was so absorbed in the tumult of her thoughts, that two knocks were made at her door before she opened it. It was a message from Madame de Lourmont, asking her to come down to the drawing-room to read. Her first impulse was to refuse, but she changed her mind, sent word she would go, and hastened to bathe her burning face in cold water to cool it. She was not to forget she was dependent.

"We have taken supper without you, Sabine," said Madame de Lourmont; "I knew you were in your room, and that you must have heard the bell."

"I had a headache, Madame."

"If you can't read for us, we can dispense with it," said Madame de Lourmont, in an icy tone.

"Really!" cried out Marianne, "I thought you were a stoic, Sabine; it appears to me you are degenerating. I, too, have a great headache to-day, but it never entered my thoughts to stay in my room."

Sabine made no answer, but took a chair, and asked what she was to read.

"Read whatever you like," said Marianne, "it is quite indifferent to me, since the reading will certainly send me to sleep. It is the only way to get through this long

de Lourmont appeared
by the egotism these

words expressed; it is true she was inclined to judge her daughter-in-law still more severely than Sabine.

"Why then fatigue a person in your service, since you don't even care for it?" said she, sharply.

"But you, I suppose, will listen to it, mother?" answered Marianne; "for my part, I am really not well this evening."

Sabine began to read. Her voice trembled, and her eyes could hardly distinguish the words. She felt herself shattered and shivering. Nevertheless, she heroically persevered.

"What is the matter with you, Sabine?" asked Marianne, observing that her voice was failing her; "you are reading so unpleasantly this evening, that it does not even send one to sleep listening to you. For mercy's sake, try not to irritate my nerves."

"You are ill," said Madame de Lourmont, touching her burning hand.

"It is nothing," said Sabine, drawing away her hand abruptly, "I shall go on."

But, as she was speaking, the hall-door bell sounded, and so little was it expected at this hour, that all were startled.

"Who can be coming?" asked Madame de Lourmont, in an agitated voice.

Sabine guessed who it was, and so did Marianne, for she got up hurriedly from her half-horizontal position, shook out her dress, arranged her hair, and even cast a distant glance at the looking-glass. Seeing all these manoeuvres, Madame de Lourmont's countenance grew still darker.

"And your headache, *ma bru*?" said she.

The young wife blushed. She knew the word *ma bru* was always a sign of dissatisfaction.

"Who do you expect at this hour?"

"I expect no one; but you hear that some one has come."

While these words were being exchanged, and Sabine, trembling still more than before, was endeavouring to assume an attitude of indifference, M. Davennes was admitted, and was walking into the drawing-room. Madame de Lourmont's frigid reception made him lose countenance for a moment.

"If I had had the honour of seeing you when you were here this afternoon, Monsieur," she said to him, "I should have asked you to stay for tea, and then you would have been spared two fatiguing walks. Unfortunately, it was too late when I heard that you had been here."

Marianne and Paul could not avoid exchanging looks. It was the persuasion he was under that Madame de Lourmont knew nothing of his first visit that gave him courage to come again. He endeavoured to make a jest of it.

"You would have guessed my weakness, Madame. My courage failed at the thought of a long solitary evening spent in a room in an inn. You have received me so kindly into your family circle that I have become, I fear, indiscreet."

No one replied to these words, and Madame de Lourmont's face was not softened.

"You were reading," said Paul, approaching the table; "could I not release Mademoiselle Sabine from her office, and make myself agreeable in this way?"

"She is reading so badly this evening that we cannot lose by the change," said Marianne, with a forced laugh.

"Sabine is ill," said Madame de Lourmont, drily.

"You appear to be so," said Paul, looking at her, and gently taking the book out of her hands. She allowed him to do so, and leant back in her chair with a look of

utter lassitude. He went for an armchair, and, placing it out of reach of the lamp-light, asked her to sit in it. Sabine was touched, the tears rose to her eyes. It was the first time in this house that she had been the object of any solicitude. Fortunately, as she was in shadow, no one saw her emotion.

Marianne was on thorns, and promised herself to make her pay dearly for these absurd attentions to which she had no manner of right.

Sabine would have been glad to retire, but she felt that without her the situation would be still more strained, so she stayed. At last the clock struck half-past ten, and M. Davennes rose to leave.

"My son returns on Saturday," said Madame de Lourmont; "will you give us the pleasure of dining with us on that day?"

Saturday!—and this was Monday! He found himself foiled in the most unexpected manner. What could he do except thank her and accept, and thus find himself excluded all the intermediate days? In this difficult situation, Marianne came to the rescue.

"M. Davennes, mother, has already promised to come to dinner to-morrow," said she.

"Very well," replied Madame de Lourmont, whose voice was contracted as well as her face.

When Paul had gone, and the servant had removed the tray and brought in the candles, Marianne had disappeared. Neither Sabine nor Madame de Lourmont exchanged a word.

Sabine went up to her room, looked for a moment at the starry sky speaking to her a language she would not listen to, and worn out with fatigue, threw herself on her bed, where, at last, she fell into an agitated slumber. She had not long when she started up

of strange emotion. She was sure she had dreamt; she still felt the inexplicable impression of a dream, but could not recall the least trace of it. Twice this happened. Then she sat up in her bed, determined not to sleep again. Tired, and almost overcome by sleep, she had some difficulty in recalling the thoughts of the preceding agitated evening; when, at length, they presented themselves distinctly to her mind, she shuddered. Was it not hatred she had felt? and she had yielded up her heart to it! She had coolly foreseen her revenge in the fall of a soul—of the soul of one of her sisters. Ah! what a discovery! What humiliation was this utter break down of the edifice she had built up, stone by stone, for so many years! She had believed herself superior to Marianne, and to all who surrounded her. It was the feeling of this superiority that had given her strength to bear her lot without complaining, and here, suddenly, she discovered in herself such baseness that those she despised would now in their turn have a right to despise her. Sabine felt her face covered with a burning blush, and she hid it in both her hands, as though darkness and solitude were not enough to hide her shame. It was the first time she had blushed before herself. Hitherto, the bitter thoughts of life had come to her from without, and she had found a refuge from them in the sanctuary of her own moral purity. Now the bitterness was from within, and she had no escape. The struggle was a cruel one. Sabine had never known what it was to condemn herself. She writhed under her own severity, as she would have writhed under another's. The morning came without her having found sleep. There is a strange contrast between a sleepless night and the first hours that follow it. "A bright light appears from so

different a point of view' The phantoms of night become again familiar objects, in the same way in the region of ideas, things gigantic reassume ordinary proportions. We fancy we are contending with the impossible, and we find ourselves in presence of paltry difficulties. We believed that heroism was demanded of us, and find it is simple duty we have to accomplish. Sabine experienced this. She inhaled one breath of the fresh sharp air, then went down-stairs to set herself to her daily work. The long day before her appeared to her under its most prosaic aspect. She met Juliette.

"How pale you are," said the child, kissing her. "Are you ill?"

"Ill! no, my darling," answered Sabine, shuddering at the recollection of the long sleepless night that had made her pale.

The word had sufficed to recall the agitation and the struggle, but she took refuge in the accomplishment of her little daily duties; and never, in spite of her physical suffering, had she so gently occupied herself with the child.

Madame de Lourmont presently called her to make up the monthly bills. Sabine rather dreaded this *tête-à-tête*, fearing an allusion to the events of the day before; but absorbed in her duties of mistress of the house, Madame de Lourmont made none; and her face even brightened up when Sabine discovered, with unusual rapidity, an error that had slipped into one of her calculations and had caused her much trouble.

When at last all her duties were accomplished, she found there was time to go into the town before dinner. Her grandmother was radiant with joy at seeing her; they exchanged the words that habitually made up their intercourse when they met. When going out she stumbled against Marguerite, who was running along the passage.

"Mademoiselle Sabine, go up, I beg of you, to the poor woman upstairs. I am running to the chemist's. You may be able to do them some good."

"Is Lucienne's mother worse?" asked Sabine.

"No. It is the girl herself. The doctor says there is no hope."

"No hope!" repeated Sabine, as in a dream, running up the narrow stairs, four steps at a time. Notwithstanding these words she was not prepared for the sight that met her eyes on opening the door: Lucienne was lying upon her little bed, stiff, on her face a purple paleness; her arms stretched by her side, and her hands convulsed as in her last death struggle. Sabine saw at a glance she was dead; and that it was at that moment she had breathed her last breath.

The doctor was standing between the poor paralytic woman and the dead body of her child, trying to hide it from her. Lucienne's mother was saying, in a suppliant voice,—

"Monsieur, I implore you, try everything, don't lose courage. She will do everything you tell her. She knows she must get well. She is not afraid of suffering."

"It is no use, my poor woman," said the doctor, with some embarrassment. "We had better leave her quiet."

He had not the courage to tell her that her daughter was dead, and she would not understand him, though the cruel fact was in spite of her making its way into her mind. The doctor immediately gave the place up to Sabine, saying to her, in a whisper, "You will know better than I do what to say to her." The poor infirm woman turned a look of unutterable anguish towards her, and read the truth in her agitated countenance. She let her take her inert hand, then after looking for a ray of hope

in her eyes, she said to her in a hoarse voice,—

"Say it is not true!" . . .

"She is suffering no longer," answered Sabine, who could hardly articulate the words.

There was a long silence. Not a complaint, not a sob, not a tear. The paralyzed woman seemed turned to stone, not a muscle of her rigid face moved, her large open eyes were glassy. A few moments of this horrible suffering sufficed to give this still young and sweet face the aspect of extreme old age. Sabine trembled all over, and did not even try to speak.

A few minutes passed in this way. At length the paralytic woman moved her lips, but without articulating a sound. Sabine bent down to hear her.

"I want to see her," she said.

Sabine stood aside, and slightly raised the woman in her bed. In this way she could see the face of the dead girl, on which the beauty of absolute calm had already begun to settle. After a few moments of intense contemplation, she shut her eyes.

"My daughter!" she murmured in a voice strangely sweet, that its tone made Sabine shudder more than the hoarse sounds that had preceded it.

"She is beautiful," she resumed in a low voice.

And Lucienne was in truth beautiful. Her illness had been too short to change her much, and death had already effaced the traces of the excessive work and anxiety that had weighed on her since her childhood. The fine features, the delicate outlines of her face, gave it a look of extreme youthfulness. Sabine went to her, joined her hands upon her breast, parted her hair, then kissed her forehead.

"Adieu, Lucienne!" she said, "I shall never forget your last look, and your last word."

At this moment Marguerite came back, bringing with her the medicine the doctor had sent her for, and when she understood what had happened in the short space of her absence, she clasped her hands and cried, "My God!"

The poor mother remained motionless. She could not clasp her paralyzed hands, nor go to her daughter's bed to take one last kiss. There was something heart-rending in this utter powerlessness of body, with a soul so frightfully racked. When she saw Sabine was about to leave, she called her by a look, and when she was near——

"She loved you," she murmured feebly.

Sabine went away penetrated with respect and sympathy for this woman's suffering, which, great as it was, had not prevented her thinking of others.

When she arrived at the Tournelles, they were in the middle of dinner, and her place had been left vacant by Juliette's side. Madame de Lourmont looked severe, and greeted her with a reproach, but Sabine quietly answered that she had been present at the death of a young girl. These words set them all in a flurry.

"What!" exclaimed Marianne, "you have just seen a young girl die, and yet can be so tranquil! I saw a person die once in my life, and I had nervous attacks all the day after. Who was it, Sabine? and how came you to be there?"

Sabine answered briefly. She felt no wise disposed to profane by narrating to them the profound emotion she had just experienced.

"I hope she did not die of an infectious disease?" said Marianne. "Are you at least sure of this?"

Sabine had never thought of it.

"I don't know of what illness she died," she said. "She had fever for several days, but it was only yesterday she gave in. She worked

for her mother up to the moment when the delirium seized her, and died during the doctor's first visit."

"I don't understand how these people can bear their life," said Marianne, "their nature must be quite different from ours."

"*These people*," replied Sabine, "have a heroism of which we have no idea. We are not worthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes."

As she spoke these words there was a tone in her voice that made M. Davennes turn to look at her. But Sabine, angry with herself for having expressed a feeling out of place, had fixed her eyes upon her plate, from which she did not raise them.

"This is exaggeration," said Madame Lourmont, drily; "let us keep to truth. The poor mother is much to be pitied, and I am inclined to do something for her."

Sabine made no answer. All along the road she had been divided between the desire of taking entire charge of Lucienne's mother, and the fear of not being able to suffice for her support as well as that of her grandmother's. She could retrench nothing from her own expenses except the music and the books she bought, for her dress was the extreme of simplicity. Must she then leave the task to others? It was hard, and she had revolted at the mere thought of that cold charity given from afar and from above.

"I shall find out what is to be done for her," said Madame de Lourmont. "No doubt the best thing would be to get her into some charitable establishment."

The topic of conversation changed, and in the afternoon Sabine found a few moments to gather a harvest of white flowers in the garden, and to carry them to Lucienne's bed.

The poor mother looked at her doing this without speaking, and

when it was done, she turned to her with eyes filled with tears; she again repeated, "She loved you; it would make her happy to know it was you placed flowers about her, and joined her hands across her breast. Those poor hands! . . . Oh! how they worked. How worn out they were! Now they have rest."

Sabine repeated, as though she found a strange relief in the words,—"They have rest."

"My poor darling! she was always working, always suffering. She was twelve when I fell ill. Since then she was the mother, and I the child. She had no youth, she had no joy."

"And the joy of being loved?" said Sabine.

"Ah! yes, but I did not always show it to her. Illness often made me irritable. Besides, a mother's love can't be all to her child. I saw her wearing herself out with work, and could do nothing for her."

"It was a beautiful life."

"Yes, but youth needs happiness. Do you think she would have died in this way in so short a time if she hadn't suffered over much?"

Sabine was silent.

"She never complained, I won't complain either; but had I been the first to die, I, who am good for nothing!" . . .

"What is the use of talking of what might have been?" said Sabine; "for her all is, no doubt, well."

"Do you believe so, really?" asked her mother, fixing on her a penetrating look.

Sabine hesitated.

"Yes," she said, "I believe it, if I believe in God."

"Ah! yes, God cannot be unjust and cruel. All is well for her; I believe it, I believe it."

And the poor woman relapsed

into a profound silence. Sabine went as soon as she could without leaving her alone; she felt that she had neither the right nor the power to console her.

CHAPTER III.

THE evening of this long day came at last. Sabine went down into the garden. It was cold, and she felt an icy chill through her from the penetrating damp, but she wanted space as well as solitude about her; the solitude of her own room oppressed her, it was not so with that out of doors. Juliette wished to accompany her, but she sent her back almost harshly. The child began to cry.

"Mamma also sent me away," said she, "no one wants to have me."

Sabine turned towards the child and made her go in, saying, with authority, "It is too cold for you, Juliette, I shall soon be back. Leave me."

She began walking fast, almost without thinking. She was in one of those moments of utter lassitude when the strife of life is stilled, or, rather, quenched from want of strength to feed it.

This lethargy of her faculties was so complete that for a moment she did not perceive some one was walking close by. As soon as her attention was excited, she recognized the firm, rapid step of Paul. He was then coming again to pass the evening.

He entered the drawing-room by the garden door. Marianne was there alone. Sabine had seen her as she passed. Could he not understand that Marianne would be severely judged on his account? How was it that, having, as he must have done, taken the measure of this weak, pliant nature, so utterly

incapable of struggling against its own weakness, he did not feel himself bound to protect her against herself?

"It is not for me to do it," said Sabine to herself, "she never gave me the right. It would be forgetting my position in this house."

While thus speaking to herself, she went in the direction of the park, and walked on at a rapid pace, as if to banish some troublesome thought, but in vain. The thought clung to her. Twice she came towards the house, and twice she went back pale and agitated. She sat down on a bench, resting her head on her hands.

She asked herself, what was the secret motive of the impulse that made her wish to protect Marianne against herself? Might she not be mistaken, and act upon an interested motive while thinking she was acting generously? How disentangle the real thought of her heart?

"No," she said, energetically, "I cannot interpose myself between them. My own dignity in my own eyes would be lost. Delicacy even demands that I should keep aloof. I should never be safe from the suspicions of my own conscience. And yet if I could forget myself, forget in my secret heart that I have a deep interest in all this! The danger I am anxious to avoid is nothing in comparison to that which threatens Marianne, but then I am not responsible for her, and I am for myself. What would remain to me were I to lose the sense of my own duty? What would become of me, my God, were my intentions to be suspected by myself? The treasure of sweet thoughts and pure feelings that I find, looking back at my past, would be tarnished, my happiest recollections would be spoiled. I will not lose them. No, I will not place myself between him and

Marianne. And yet, is not this again egotism? Oh! my God, show me my true duty!"

In vain Sabine resisted the voice that spoke within her. Her conscience pronounced that imperious decree from which there is no escaping.

"Since no one is protecting her, I must protect her. What matter what results to me, or the wounds that may hurt my pride. She must be saved, in spite of herself, for, after all, she is more thoughtless than guilty."

But what was she to do? How enter upon the subject with her? There was nothing in their previous relations to authorize her doing so. To take upon herself a share of the responsibility in events so independent of her, and which, nevertheless, affected her so deeply, was it not madness? Selfish considerations were again about to prevail when the thought of Madame de Lourmont came forcibly into Sabine's mind. She might yet save Marianne from some misfortune hovering over her, and she rushed into the house, having but one fear, that of not arriving before Madame de Lourmont came down to the drawing-room. Marianne and Paul were still alone, and talking in a low voice in the embrasure of a window.

"Shall I ring for the lamp?" said Sabine, making a great effort to speak in a composed tone.

"If you like," answered Marianne, shortly.

Once she had realized the situation, Sabine was prepared to brave all the annoyances of it. She accordingly rang, then sat down near Paul and Marianne, whose conversation had given place to an awkward silence; she endeavoured to renew it by some insignificant remark on the damp chilliness of the evening.

Marianne took her up, sharply saying,—

"Why expose yourself to it? What obliged you to go out without shawl or bonnet at this hour? You do nothing like anybody else."

"Sabine," she added, turning to Paul, "is always aiming at originality, and exceptional parts to play."

"I have not aimed at anything," said Sabine, "it was not I that chose the part I have to fill, it was made for me."

She would have wished to unsay this word that was likely to draw on her from Marianne one of those irritating replies that were never spared her. But M. Davennes did not allow Marianne time to take it up.

"Mademoiselle Sabine has to give herself no trouble in order to be unlike every one else," said he.

The lamp had been brought, a ray from it fell on the little group; Sabine raised her eyes to catch an expression upon Paul's face that might be a comment on his words. The look she met was very different from that in which she had read at one time indifference, then curiosity. This look seemed to say, "I guess you. I understand you." She trembled slightly as she turned away her head, but her emotion, that was quite inward, betrayed no trace upon her face. Marianne was playing, with an angry look, with her watch chain. Then she got up, walked a few steps in the drawing-room, appearing to be looking for something, and at last stopped before the glass door.

"Ah! there's the evening star over the hill," said she; "the mist is almost entirely gone; in another hour the sky will be splendid."

She opened the door and remained standing on the threshold, evidently expecting that Paul would join her; but he remained sitting near Sabine. At this moment Madame de Lourmont came

in. She saw Marianne contemplating alone the clear sky, and then cast a scrutinizing glance towards the other end of the drawing-room. Her rigid features relaxed a little, and her voice had lost its tone of harshness, when she said to her daughter-in-law,—

"My dear Marianne, if you are so very warm as to be able to expose yourself to this chilly air, I am not."

Sabine felt she had repaired a part of the mischief she had done the evening before; she breathed more freely; but the greatest difficulty still remained, how was she to act upon Marianne—how was she to set about it? How could she help others, save them, she so guilty, she who, even yesterday, had her heart full of hatred? She was utterly at a loss. That evening she prayed as she had never before prayed. She sought from God the help and strength she had never sought before but in herself.

During the days that followed, Sabine was true to the task she had imposed upon herself. She drew Juliette about her mother, and in some degree forced the latter to occupy herself with her, with her graceful ways and her little games. She thought she had operated a salutary diversion. Perhaps, too, she may have exaggerated the danger to herself, Léon was coming back; M. Davennes would soon, no doubt, be leaving; and all would again return to the old calm, and after? . . .

Sabine had, as it were, a vision of a dreary path spreading on out of sight, through a boundless flat under a dull sky. It was her life. Her heart failed her at moments, but she turned away her eyes from this desolate perspective. "Sufficient unto each day is its pain, its sadness, its ray of sunshine," said she to herself, "the gloomiest sky lets fall some bright beams."

Then she recalled Victor Hugo's profound and charming line,—

"N'avez-vous pas votre âme?"

And she looked with less horror to the future.

One day, however, an incident occurred that proved she was wrong in letting her mind rest at ease on the subject of Marianne. Léon was expected home the next day. Sabine was walking, according to her custom, towards the close of the afternoon in the garden, free from all anxiety, for she was persuaded that M. Davennes had gone back to the town. Her light step made no noise along the gravel walk, so that Paul and Marianne, who thought themselves alone, did not hear her when she was within reach of their voices. She herself, absorbed in her own thoughts, was not conscious of their presence till she was quite close to them.

"I should like her to be your friend," said Paul.

"I don't want her friendship," said Marianne, with the tone of a spoiled child. "You were not always so considerate of her. Shall you return this evening?"

"No, not this evening. It would be better not."

"And why? Why not this evening and to-morrow too?"

"I am convinced Madame de Lournont does not see me with a very kind eye, the day of her son's return especially."

"And I tell you it is nothing of the kind. And even were it so—besides, what does it matter to me? Come this evening and to-morrow. I will have it so! Our evenings are cruelly wearisome without you."

"Imprudent woman," said Paul, "were any one to hear you!"

"Ah! how timid you are!" exclaimed Marianne; and she went off running, sending him for farewell the words, *À ce soir!* with a

tone of confidence that left him no choice.

Sabine was nailed to the spot with amazement. What she had just heard exceeded all her fore-shadowings. She had feared that Marianne, through thoughtlessness and impulse, might place herself in an equivocal position, but the possibility never entered her mind of such determination, such imprudence, such passionate weakness. A short, violent struggle took place within her; she had but a moment to deliberate, the generous instinct prevailed. The sound of Marianne's footsteps had hardly died off in the distance when Sabine sprang forward. She stood face to face with Paul, close to the little gate, through which he was passing out of the park. In the gloom of the large trees, and the coming twilight, he thought it was Marianne returning, and he advanced towards her.

"I want to speak to you?" said Sabine.

And she led him out of the park on to the open road where no one could hear them. Paul followed as in a dream, half understanding, half stupefied by her presence. She had the effect of a judge upon him. More than this it seemed as if his own conscience, his conscience of former times, was speaking to him from without, as though it had separated itself from him, and had thus come back to him in a strange shape. This phenomenon of his thought took such powerful possession of him, that it was a moment before he could persuade himself it was really Sabine's voice he heard; but even then, she stood before him like the apparition of his outraged conscience. Marianne's words, remorse at having brought on this false position, of having introduced trouble into a family into which he had been received as a friend, all these thoughts, confused as the fog that gave surrounding objects the

aspect of gigantic phantoms, threw him into a perturbation like that experienced in a feverish dream. He started when Sabine laid her hand upon his arm. She spoke in a low voice, but clear, firm, and full of authority.

"You must not come back this evening," said she.

"I shall not."

"But this is not all, you must leave to-morrow, quit this place. . . You must."

"Leave to-morrow!" repeated Paul—"to-morrow . . . so soon! . . . without saying farewell! but I cannot leave in this way. What would they think?"

"Why not without saying farewell? Come to-morrow at the hour you know the whole family is assembled. Say that you have to leave suddenly: give any reason you like, no matter. Show no emotion, be master over yourself. We must save Marianne."

"But she?—"

"Don't be uneasy about her. She will be prepared. Fear nothing."

"You know her. You know how little self, control she has."

"Yes, but I also know for certain nature's power of an accomplished fact. She will bend, she won't break before the impossible. Fear nothing on her account, do your duty! There is still time, although it is very late."

"You are right. My own conscience, which I have disregarded, seems to have taken your voice to compel me to listen to it. I shall obey you. There is something strange about you which I cannot define, as though I had known you once, and that there was a tie between you and me, not in the present, but in the past. Forgive these words that escape me in spite of myself. You must despise me, I have given you a right to do so, and yet you come to me as a friend, do you not?"

"Yes," said Sabine simply.

"Well! before I leave you, give me your hand as a friend, let me press it. This loyal hand that has pointed me out my duty. We shall never see each other again!"

"To-morrow when you come I shall be there."

"Then *à demain*."

He went away. Sabine ran towards the house, pressing her two hands upon her heart to keep down its beating.

She rushed up to her own room, locked the door, threw herself on her knees, and burst into passionate sobs. She had gained a double victory over herself; this was the victory that had agony in it. She soon grew calm; all was not over, she had yet to trace a plan of conduct and to follow it, but the bell rang, and she had to go down to the drawing-room. Sabine had to set her dress in order. As she looked at herself in the glass, she was struck with amazement. It was no longer the pale, cold, rigid face, she had sometimes seen without looking for it in those weeks that had just passed; it was a living, radiant face, lit up by the inner light. But there was no time to stop to explain this transformation. She hastened to go down.

The evening was particularly dull and slow. It could not be otherwise. Marianne started at the slightest sound, looked constantly towards the door, unable to disguise her agitation and annoyance each time the door opened without bringing in the expected visitor. Madame de Lourmont watched with a suspicious eye every movement of her daughter-in-law. Sabine tried to open a conversation, proposed to read, but no one responded. She went, unasked, to the piano, a most unheard-of proceeding, which Madame de Lourmont deemed rather indecorous, and she played a piece of Mozart's. Firm,

temperate, *nuancée* music; she wished to prove to herself her own complete self-possession. Marianne listened impatiently, preoccupied solely by the endeavour to catch the least sound from without. She lengthened out the evening, for ever expecting, although it was absurd still to expect. Sabine dreaded lest she should drop some imprudent word; so near grasping victory and safety, the danger made her tremble.

The difficult step was passed—the evening over, the inmates of the Tourelles retired to their rooms. Sabine was able at last to consider what she had to do on the morrow. Marianne's room was exactly under hers. She thought she heard groans in the silence of this first part of the night when all should be hushed. She stole down-stairs, and when she reached Marianne's door, she found she had not been mistaken.

Sabine knocked twice, then walked in without having been able to make herself heard. Marianne was seated on a low chair near the fire, her head buried in her hands, and sobbing like a child. She did not seem surprised to see Sabine enter.

"I have a bad headache," she said, in a plaintive tone.

"What can I do to relieve you?" asked Sabine, laying her hand upon the young woman's forehead with a tenderness that would have seemed to her impossible a few hours before.

"How cool your hand is, Sabine! It is calming me, leave it there a moment."

Both remained some minutes without speaking. Then Marianne, pushing aside Sabine's hand, and throwing herself back, began crying with all the violence of a feeble, baffled nature, struggling with its first grief. She needed a confidant. Sabine, at this moment, was no longer for her, overcome as she was *by the agitation and wretchedness*

of her soul, a dependant whose affection she did not even think of gaining. She saw in her a support that had come to her weakness. She instinctively felt it, and she yielded to it.

"He didn't come this evening, though I asked him," said she, crying still.

At these words Sabine felt arise within her the antipathy she had at moments experienced. What! this was the secret of her tears! it was not the torture of a guilty heart that made them flow! This suffering was a child's suffering, vexation, pettishness. Having always held up within herself a high ideal, and having never fallen short of it without being penetrated with a proud but noble sadness, Sabine could not understand this life of instinct, of unreflecting impulse, that was almost irresponsible, in which passion might exercise its ravages, but in which reason and will could repair nothing. But her heart was too lacerated by her own struggles and her own weakness for her disdain not to change into pity. She leant over Marianne, and spoke in a softened voice,—

"He could not come, he ought not to come," said she. "Marianne, listen to me. You must break off, you must stop, there is time, you must not see him again."

"Not see him again!" repeated Marianne, again throwing herself back, and gazing fixedly at Sabine, as though the thought struck her with terror. "And why?"

"Can you ask? Are you not guilty, abandoning yourself as you have done to a feeling that is making you forget all the others?"

"I know nothing about it. I wish to know nothing. Don't speak this way to me, it's no use. You can do nothing."

"I can do nothing now!" said Sabine, as if speaking to herself.

"Marianne, I, too, am to blame.

I ought to have warned you, entreated you, you would have listened; I didn't do it; I was selfish, vindictive. Forgive me!"

Sabine, the proud, asking forgiveness! Marianne seemed touched, but still more astonished.

"You did not reflect," replied Sabine, who seemed pleading to herself the cause of the young woman: "you found yourself entangled in the mischief without knowing it, and after, it seemed sweet to you; you thought yourself happy, you forgot everything, and did not even try to break away from it. Is it not true that, if at the beginning, a friend had come to you, and had said to you, 'The path you are walking on leads to an abyss;' if this friend had extended a hand to you, you would have listened to these words, and taken the offered hand?"

"I don't know. I was so happy. It was so natural to love him. I shall then never see him again! . . . Ah! I will see him again, I must see him again. I cannot live without it!"

"Don't speak in this way!" cried out Sabine, "it pains and terrifies me!"

"Are you, then, without any conscience? Are you incapable of feeling the torment of wrong? Have you not a thought for God who hears you? Do you forget your child that is wanting you, your husband who trusts you, whom you would deceive! . . ."

"No, I do not want to deceive him. I do not want to deceive any one! Let every one blame me, despise me, but let him, at least, stay, and let me see him every day!"

"You don't know what you are saying, Marianne."

"I cannot give up the happiness of seeing him every day! If he leaves me, I shall be alone, horribly alone! . . ."

"There is no real solitude on the side of duty," said Sabine, "it is there God awaits us, He who is sufficient for us; but at the bottom of the selfish satisfaction of our desires, there is a frightful solitude we come to sooner or later, even amid our most passionate affections."

The conversation might have gone on thus indefinitely; Marianne would hear nothing, understand nothing. She guessed that Paul was leaving, even without Sabine's telling her; but she had not asked the reason of his going, nor had she asked how it was that Sabine came to know it.

"What, then, has happened?" she asked, as if suddenly waking up out of a dream. "You knew he would not come this evening?"

"Yes, I knew it. I also know he will go away to-morrow night, and will come, before he goes, to bid farewell."

"How do you know it?"

"He told me so himself."

"Told you! . . ."

Marianne drew away her hand from Sabine's, and remained a moment with her eyes fixed on the fire, then she said,—

"Leave me alone."

Sabine went without adding a word.

An hour later, Marianne fell asleep in her tears, as children do. Sabine sat up still—she prayed for this poor fragile plant, beaten by one of these storms that strengthen the strong and uproot the weak; she prayed for herself, prayed also for those who suffer, for those who struggle, for those who succumb, embracing all in one generous love. The reward of an act of love is to love still more.

The morning was already advanced when Sabine met M. To her great surprise, the of the latter bore hardly any of the violent crisis of

There was on it an expression of triumph and agitation, of which it was difficult to penetrate the meaning, but which made Sabine anxious, struck as she was by the feverish excitement of her movements and words. Marianne appeared to wish to avoid her penetrating look, but Sabine was determined to discover the mystery she had a presentiment of. She would not suffer herself to be balked of her dearly purchased victory.

After an exchange of words that told her nothing of what she desired to know, she determined to go straight to the point.

"Marianne, something has occurred since I saw you."

"What could have occurred?"

"I don't know; but I know something has happened."

"Well," said Marianne, with an assumed carelessness, "I should just as soon tell you. There will be no farewells this evening, no one is leaving."

"How do you know this?"

"How? Because I have written to prevent him. You are not the only one that can impose her will on others. You performed a miracle yesterday. I shall perform the counter-miracle to-day."

Then in a lighter tone, she added,—

"You have a marvellous gift for complicating the simplest and most natural things. Why, in the name of heaven, shouldn't M. Davennes stay if he finds himself happy here?"

"You have written to him!" cried Sabine, in consternation, without paying any attention to Marianne's last words.

"Yes, I have written to him, and the gardener has brought my letter. It must be by this in M. Davennes' hands, for it is at least twenty-five minutes since the messenger left."

Marianne said all this with an *air of bravado*, that on any other

occasion would have irritated Sabine. Here was a child parading its refractoriness, but the stake at issue in this mad temerity was too serious to allow Sabine any thought but that of averting the consequences.

Twenty-five minutes! She knew the gardener was a slow, apathetic man. It was not likely that he had gone off at once. Perhaps she might have time to overtake him, to get the fatal letter from him. Her decision was quickly taken, she did not stop to scrutinize the more or less propriety of her step.

"Marianne," she said, with a trembling voice, "this time you know what you were doing. Heaven grant you be not too severely punished!"

Marianne walked away without further reply.

Then, taking down her garden hat, from the nail on which it was hanging, Sabine rushed out into the road, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of a shadow, or a dark point that might give her a hope of being able to overtake the messenger.

She ran, forgetting in the ardour of her running, what she was doing, remembering only that her object must be attained.

At last, at the turn of the road, she saw the gardener. He had stopped and was talking to a peasant; if their conversation continued a minute more she would be able to join him. No. There he is, giving a parting shake hands, turning away, and is off!

The peasant was coming in the direction of Sabine, who, utterly exhausted, could run no more, nor hardly say a word.

"Call him," said she, to the peasant, pointing to the gardener, whose stooping back was just disappearing down the side of a rapid ascent.

The peasant at once understood, and shouted after him. He was in

time. The gardener heard, turned round, and, seeing Sabine, walked towards her.

"You are taking a letter to M. Davennes?" said she, as soon as she had recovered.

"You have another to give me?" said he, stretching out his hand.

"No; you are to give me the one you have, and which I am to give to Madame de Lourmont."

"Is it the young lady that is asking it back?" said the gardener, with a look of uneasiness.

Sabine hesitated.

"Give it to me, I shall give it back to her," answered she, evasively.

"All's right," said the man, "no harm done; I shall go all the same into town for some business of my own."

She held it at last, then, this letter — the danger was averted. Sabine felt a movement of joy so keen, that she forgot the victory was all external, that nothing was gained in the soul she wished to bring back to duty; but this thought soon returned. What would Marianne say when she heard what she had done? She felt she had no right to leave her in ignorance of it. This day, that numbered but a few hours, still seemed menacing mysterious possibilities.

Feeling the necessity of reflection, and of setting herself clear in her own conscience, instead of taking the high road that led straight to the Tourelles, she took a by-path leading to it by a long circuitous way. They might be looking for her; they might on her arrival address to her irritating reproaches, she cared little; her part in this unknown drama, the events of which had so rapidly developed, the last two days, had placed her morally out of reach of the vexations of her habitual life.

The day was serene. The pale rays of an October sun borrowed

life, rather than lent it, from the rich tints the woods were clad in. Withered leaves lay scattered on the pathway, yet the trees were not stripped. All was calm, pure, bounteous. Sabine felt herself penetrated with force.

What was it that came to her heart from this nature so beautiful in its decline? It was not hope, neither was it joy, it was earnest gratitude that life is rich and grand everywhere, always, and for every one.

She found herself close to the trunk of the tree on which, a few days ago, she had sat reading Paul's book, and again she sat down. There, with her head resting on her hand, she listened to the murmur of the stream, and remembered the day she had found it monotonous — monotonous as her own life. It was so no longer. The voice was uniform, but full of harmony, and seemed to her the natural echo of her thoughts. A bird came hopping to her feet, her heart was all tenderness for the creature, and she was sorry she had no crumb of bread to give him. She thought of Lucienne's mother, and said to herself that now she had found words of comfort and hope for her.

The world no longer seemed to her an empty bubble. On this long pathway of life that was unfolding before her, would she not find at every step weak hearts to protect, suffering hearts to console, tempted hearts to hold up, guilty ones to love? God revealed himself to her present everywhere, enveloping all his creatures in his love, inviting them all to kindle their hearts at this fire, and to love as he loves.

But there lurked one aching spot in Sabine's heart, that which Paul Davennes had occupied. He was about to disappear from her life, without any sensible bond replacing the invisible one that was broken. Perhaps he would be displeased at

the part she had taken between him and Marianne, but she would daily pray God to draw his talent off from vulgar ambition, and restore it to the noble pursuits of thought. She had faith in the secret action of one mind upon another. She thought that when this holy passion to restore a soul to truth possesses our hearts, it is that God wills that this soul be due to our prayers, and she said to herself that the joys felt here below from the exchange of affections cannot surpass the supreme joy of loving, spite of all things, of loving to the end with a love that asks nothing in return.

She heard footsteps, but they did not disturb her thoughts, and when she raised her eyes, Paul Davennes stood before her. He showed her a book steeped by the rain, and thick with mud, almost unrecognizable. Sabine, however, knew it, and remembered she had flung it away, and had not taken it up.

"Yes," she said, answering a mute interrogation, "it was I left it there."

"I guessed it," said Paul, trying to smile, but without succeeding. "Poor book! what contempt! never was book treated after this fashion."

He looked at Sabine, expecting a word of explanation or excuse, but she said nothing.

"You must tell me your whole thoughts," he said, sitting down by her side on the trunk of the tree. "What is it that displeases you so much in my books?"

"Did I say your books?" answered Sabine. "It is because I greatly liked the others, and because they had left a deep impress on my life that this appeared to me so unworthy of you."

"In what way does it differ from the others?"

"May I answer you frankly?" she asked.

"I beg of you to do so. I have

already told you that, when you speak to me, I think I am listening to my own conscience."

This allusion to a scene which she wished to forget made Sabine blush.

"If it be so," she answered, with a kind of severity, "you can listen to your conscience itself, without waiting for it to borrow a strange voice."

"No, its voice no longer makes itself heard as it once did; I have worn out its patience, no doubt. Speak, I beseech you."

"Very well! In your early books, you spoke of the things of the soul in language simple and true, that went to the soul. After reading one, you longed to be better. Sacrifice, self-renunciation seemed natural. Your books appealed to all that is noblest in us. I loved them because they strengthened me for my daily struggle, by lifting my thoughts up to the ideal."

"And this?"

"In this I find only a seeking after effect."

"You are severe."

"I don't think so; or, rather, I think that if I were not, I should not have understood your other books."

"Perhaps you understood them better than I did myself," said Paul, trying to smile.

"They were the friends of my solitude," replied Sabine.

The words were tinged with profound sadness. It was Sabine's history in two words.

Paul started. He looked at her, and understood what her life had been. He was penetrated with a feeling for her, such as no one had before inspired him with; it was a blending of respect, of confidence, of sympathy, almost of pity.

"A singular thing has sometimes happened to me," he resumed, after a moment's silence. "I have been alone too, very much alone, in this Paris, where minds are in perpetual

contact, but where souls so rarely touch. Well, in moments when my solitude most weighed upon me, it has seemed to me that some mysterious bond was uniting my soul to another soul; that there was under the heavens—where? I could not say, one human creature thinking of me, one who wished me well. I laughed at my folly, but it persisted, and I found unutterable sweetness in it. Sabine, was it not you?"

"Many others know you and love you for what you have written," said she.

"Oh! do not answer me thus. Those sympathies cannot be like yours. But why did you not allow me to know you when we met?"

"Did you try to know me?" replied Sabine, smiling.

The judgment he had formed of her recurred suddenly to Paul's mind. The impression of the last two or three days had effaced even the remembrance of it.

"I guessed how you judged me," added she.

"I was blind," he said, reddening at the thought of the epithets he had applied to her in his own mind.

"You will guard a kinder recollection of me," replied Sabine, who was about to rise and go.

"One word more! Don't leave me in this way; I have to explain my conduct to you. Not to excuse it, understand me," he continued, seeing Sabine's face growingsombre. "I don't wish to call wrong right. But will you not consent to hear me before you judge me definitively? I ought to have gone as soon as I found that the admiration Madame de Lourmont's beauty inspired me with, and the sympathy I felt for her supposed sufferings, had gained too great a power over me. But I allowed myself to drift on from day to day, from week to week, wishing to break off, but never having the courage, lured on by the very danger,

and avoiding to face my own conscience lest I should hear its voice. Later on the weakness of her passionate nature frightened me. I dared not take an energetic step. But for you I know not how I should have extricated myself from this false, humiliating, intolerable situation. You saved me."

"They will be wondering at my absence," said Sabine, wishing to put an end to a moment's embarrassment; and she again made a movement to go, but Paul detained her by a gesture.

"I am leaving to-night," he said; "I must have a few more words with you. What must I do to gain your approbation? What do you wish me to write?"

"What you think and what you believe."

"But if I have no convictions?"

"Then don't write; do anything else. It will be simply a craft that will degrade you."

"But if talent remains to me? Is not talent in itself a vocation?"

"Talent cannot long hold the place of true inspiration; it can only fashion thought, give it relief and colour, but it cannot create it. Without conviction you can give us only empty form, no matter how finely elaborated it may be. Do you think we can long be dupes to it?"

"You, perhaps, no, because you think, because you live your own life; but the majority of my readers . . ."

"And if the majority is not capable of this thirst after the true, should you not try to inspire it? If the writer's vocation is not a great and solemnly responsible one, it is the most despicable of all. Oh! remember what it is; to trifle with thought, to feed minds indifferently with what improves, or with what poisons them, not to care about the theme, provided the variation be brilliant! Is not this sin-

ning against truth and against the human soul made for truth, that dies without it, that waits to receive it from you? Might you not as well distribute poison to a famishing multitude demanding bread?"

"What is truth?" said Paul in an altered voice.

"Ah!" said Sabine, turning her deep eyes towards him, "I know well it is not as easy to seize as simple souls and children imagine, but truth gives herself to those who give themselves to her."

"You forget that I write hardly anything but novels?" resumed Paul, after a moment's silence. "I am not a philosopher. Have they any right to exact so much from me? Who looks for truth in a novel?"

"And why should it not be sought for there as well as anywhere else? The domain of the novel is the soul, and its relations with the visible and invisible; it has no system, no other logic than the flexible, living logic of the facts it relates, and the feelings it portrays. It studies, it searches, it analyzes, but it does not explain everything, and it teaches nothing. The novel is not suspected, and, for this reason, the truth it contains has more chance of making its way."

"I will be worthy of you!" exclaimed Paul, in an irresistible outburst of heart towards her who was speaking to him; but he checked himself, and added, "worthy of a friendship like yours."

Sabine got up, and took the road towards the house. He followed her to the entrance of the path-way. There the underwood abruptly ended. They were in front of the Tourelles.

Both stopped to say good-bye.

"It was you took care of my mother's grave?" said Paul.

The question was a plain one, and Sabine answered simply. She stretched out her hand to him,

which he pressed in silence, and they separated, saying,—

"À ce soir."

Was there in this word any comfort for the grief of parting so soon after finding each other? Did they not know it was better to part as friends under the blue sky, by the stream whose murmur was for ever to blend with the memory of this interview, than to say farewell as strangers, under the eyes of lookers on? They knew it, doubtless, yet each felt less pain at heart as they said, *"À ce soir."*

As soon as she entered the house Sabine looked for Marianne, to tell her what she had done. As she was going into the drawing-room Madame de Lourmont was coming out of it. She passed Sabine without appearing to notice her. Marianne was standing near the chimney-piece, looking very pale and agitated.

"Sabine," she said, without allowing her time to open her mouth, "my mother-in-law has been speaking to me in a way that has quite bewildered me. I don't know how she found out that I sent a note this morning by the gardener. She says, if M. Davennes continues to come to the house she will leave it. Oh! what is to be done? What is to be done? This unfortunate letter! He will come, and I dare not think of what may happen."

"Do not be uneasy," said Sabine. "M. Davennes will come, but only to take leave of you. He did not get your letter. Here it is."

Marianne snatched it, satisfied herself it was really the same, threw it into the fire, looked at it burning, then heaved a sigh of inexpressible relief.

"Oh, thanks!" said she; "you have saved me. You have been really a friend, and I did not deserve it. You will be there this evening when he comes, won't you?"

It is the last moment that is to be dreaded."

"What, and that is all!" said Sabine to herself as she left her. "The struggle is not more terrible than this! After braving everything she yields at a word that frightens her, and is cured. I might have spared myself all this trouble and conflict, and left it to chance, since the work was so easy."

As the hour for the last meeting approached Marianne appeared rather dejected than agitated. The evening passed as usual till the moment Paul was expected. As he entered, Sabine looked anxiously towards Marianne, but her manner reassured her. It seemed as if a few weeks' fit of fever had been followed by the old apathy. Was it already the effect of the irrevocable, of the accomplished fact? Sabine would have liked to believe in a moral victory; but there is no victory without a battle.

Léon was surprised at the sudden departure of M. Davennes. Madame de Lourmont several times cast a scrutinizing look at her daughter-in-law, saw nothing to confirm her suspicions, and fancied she must have had a bad dream.

The visit was short; Paul was to start at midnight. After having saluted Madame de Lourmont, he bowed to Marianne. There was an instant's hesitation, but she extended her hand without looking at him, and they exchanged no word.

Then he turned towards Sabine.

"Adieu," said he, with a voice that he forced to be firm.

She, too, stretched out her hand to him. A moment after the door was closed upon him. The ordeal was gone through; nothing more was to be feared. This page of their life was turned over.

How great things are simple, and how things we deem impossible are sometimes easy! This formidable moment was passed, and nothing in appearance had distinguished it from the most futile incident of life. They are more frequent than we think, these contrasts between the triviality of the apparent act and the solemnness of the reality it covers.

Madame de Lourmont had left the drawing-room. Marianne, who had been plunged in a deep reverie, abruptly started out of it, and seized Sabine's hand while looking straight down into her eyes.

"How he looked at you, and how he said this word 'Adieu' to you!" She spoke in a constrained, jerking, vibrating voice. "It is no longer me he loves. Sabine, I now understand all."

Sabine answered only with a look. To be thus judged was bitter. Her heart was bleeding, and this envenomed sting hurt her.

"In one hour more," said she, "he will be gone, lost for you as for me."

And she hurried out of the room, that no one should see that she was weeping.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 16.

SIR WILLIAM R. WILDE, M.D., M.R.I.A.

Surgeon Oculist to the Queen in Ireland.

IN his learned and eloquent address at the recent meeting of the British Association held at Belfast, Sir William Wilde, when speaking of the intermixture of races in Ireland, said, "I think there cannot be a better one than that of the Saxon with the Celt." Of this fusion, Sir William himself affords a good example. His grandfather, Ralph Wilde, son of a merchant in Durham, was, about the middle of the last century, sent by his friends to seek his fortune in Connaught, as one would now send a younger son to New Zealand. The Saxon adventurer soon became agent to some of the property of the Sandford family, and settled in the town of Castlerea, in the county of Roscommon. He married a lady named O'Flynn, whose ancestors formerly possessed an extensive territory in that locality, still known as O'Flynn's country. Of the sons of Ralph Wilde, one, the Rev. Ralph Wilde, became a distinguished scholar and Berkley Gold Medallist in Trinity College, Dublin; and another, Dr. Thomas Wilde, was an eminent country physician.

In the matter of education, the young men of Castlerea had, at that time, peculiar advantages for residents of a retired country place. A school was kept in the town by an old Irish priest of the St. Omer class, who brought the learning of Port Royal to his native land, and turned out some brilliant scholars, including Dr. Young, F.T.C.D., afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, and the two Wildes already mentioned. The Rev. Ralph Wilde became Master of the Diocesan School of Downpatrick. Dr. Thomas Wilde married a Miss Fynn, a descendant of the Surridges and Ouseleys of Dunmore, in the county of Galway. That lady became the mother of Sir William Wilde, in whose person is seen the result of the fusion of the Saxon and the Celt in the second generation.*

William Robert Wills Wilde—the subject of this memoir—was born

* From the little town of Dunmore, near Tuam, sprung some remarkable men of the names of Surridge and Ouseley. Two of the Surridges were distinguished scholars of Trinity College. Of the Ouseleys we may mention Sir Ralph Ouseley, Bart., the distinguished Oriental scholar, who was Persian Ambassador. His brother, Sir William Ouseley, was secretary to Lord Wellesley in India. General Sir Ralph Ouseley was much distinguished in the Peninsular War; and his brother, Gideon Ouseley, was the famous Methodist preacher, author of "Old Christianity," whose wonderful sermons in the Irish language, addressed to the people at fairs and markets, are still within the recollection of the old people of the western province.

in Castlereagh, in 1815. He received his education at the Banagher Royal School and the Diocesan School of Elphin. Fishing, however, occupied more of his attention than school studies, for which he had an admirable teacher in the person of Paddy Walsh, afterwards immortalized by the pupil in his "Irish Popular Superstitions." The delight of the fisherlad was to spend his time on the banks of the lakes and rivers within his reach, talk Irish with the people, and listen to the recital of fairy legends and tales, his knowledge of which he so well turned to account in the publication just mentioned. His taste for antiquarian research was early exhibited, and much fostered by his repeated examinations of the cahirs, forts, and caves of the early Irish which exist in the vicinity of Castlereagh, as well as by visits to the plain of Rathcroghan, the site of the great palace and cemetery of the chieftains of the West. In the district around were castles, whose legends he learned; patterns, where he witnessed the strange mixture of pilgrimage, devotion, fun and frolic; cock-fights, for which Roscommon was then famous; and the various superstitions and ceremonies connected with the successive festivals of the season—all these made a deep impression on the romantic nature of young Wilde, and many of them has been handed down to posterity by his facile pen.

In 1832 his professional studies may be said to have really commenced, though he had previously acquired a high reputation in his native place for the performance of surgical operations. In that year he was bound to Abraham Colles. That astute surgeon early recognized the abilities possessed by young Wilde, first in the department of pharmacy, to which he had in some degree been initiated in youth, and next in mechanical contrivances, in which he was an adept. He became resident pupil at Steevens' Hospital, where he remained nearly four years. Steevens' was then the great surgical hospital of the city. Its consultants were Crampton and Piele; its medical staff, John Crampton and Marsh; its surgical, Colles, Wilmot, and Cusack. These were all men of great celebrity, not merely as physicians or surgeons, but as men of superior intellect, education, and powers of reasoning, and, consequently, of great resources within themselves for teaching. They were the teachers when young Wilde was a student. To his master he became a valuable assistant in carrying out the experiments which Colles thought necessary to the investigation of the union of fractures and the growth of bone. These experiments were described, and the results thereof exhibited, at Colles' lectures in the College of Surgeons, when due credit was given to the pupil.

Towards the close of his student life, Mr. Wilde wrote a rather remarkable paper on *Spina-bifida*—a peculiar congenital malformation. This paper was read before the Medical Philosophical Society in 1836, and attracted much attention at the time. A friend of the author's, passing out of the assembly room, naively said to him, "You need not trouble yourself about going in for the examination, as that paper has settled the matter for you."

Mr. Wilde afterwards acted for a short time as clinical clerk to Dr. Every Kennedy, in the Lying-in Hospital, and obtained the annual prize there against several English as well as Irish competitors. His exertions on that occasion nearly cost him his life. He was actually suffering from fever on the day of examination. The efforts of the medical authorities, who perceived his dangerous condition, failed to dissuade him from



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1875.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS



Your faithful friend
W. W. W.

attending. As the result, in a few days his life was despaired of. He had been worn out by hard work, and his mental powers had been taxed beyond their legitimate powers of endurance. The case was regarded as hopeless, when Dr. Robert Graves was sent for. That great physician considered that the only chance of saving the life of his young friend was by the use of a stimulant. A glass of strong ale was accordingly ordered to be given every hour to the seemingly dying student. When Graves came next morning his patient was asleep, and recovery soon followed. The case excited much attention at the time in medical circles, as the use of stimulants in typhus had not then been generally recognized.*

In one of Graves's lectures an account was given of a characteristic act of courage performed by Mr. Wilde while still a student, when the country was pervaded by a panic from the ravages of the cholera. During the crisis he was persuaded by a relative in the county of Mayo to go there, as a sort of supposed safeguard against the epidemic. Shortly afterwards the "young doctor" was required at the village of Kilmaine, where he found that the cholera had been introduced by an itinerant dealer, who was at once carried off by the disease. The owner of the lodging-house, where the death took place, was suffering from the malady when Mr. Wilde was sent for. Through the continuous efforts of his young medical attendant, the lone patient, in an uninhabited house, where no one else would venture to enter, recovered from the cholera, but afterwards sunk from exhaustion. No great was the feeling of alarm which pervaded the villagers, that no one could be induced to assist in placing the corpse in the rude coffin that had been provided—a service which Mr. Wilde, single-handed, courageously performed. By the aid of a drunken pensioner he had the coffin placed on a donkey cart, and conveyed to the burial ground, and a quantity of quick lime thrown over the coffin before the grave was filled up. Mr. Wilde then, with his own hands, placed in the flames every article in the deserted lodging-house, and had it fumigated by burning sulphur and tobacco, the only disinfectants the village afforded. By the promptitude and heroism then displayed, he had the satisfaction of finding that the disease was completely stamped out, and did not afterwards appear in the village of Kilmaine.

On the 16th of March, 1837, Mr. Wilde received his diploma from the College of Surgeons, and was immediately afterwards appointed resident clinical clerk and curator of the museum of Steevens' Hospital. In September of the same year he was selected by Doctors Graves, Crampton, and Marsh, to fill the office of surgeon to a yacht then about to sail with an invalid gentleman and his friends—an appointment which afforded the opportunity of exhibiting the extensive knowledge and acute powers of

* The following incident, showing the energy and knowledge of young Wilde when serving his apprenticeship, is noteworthy. During his summer vacation, spent with a relative near the village of Cong, in the county of Mayo, on going to the church on a Sunday, he found the place in a commotion. A fine boy, between five and six years old, was said to be dying, from having swallowed a piece of hard boiled potato. Having examined the case, he found that the piece of potato had "gone wrong" and passed into the top of the windpipe, instead of going down the gullet. He at once, seeing the urgent nature of the case, took a sharp pair of scissors from a small pocket-case of instruments, and, in the midst of a crowd of spectators, opened the windpipe, and removed the obstruction, after which the patient soon got well. The subject of the operation, now a middle-aged man, residing in Philadelphia, U.S., still shows the mark of "where young Doctor Wilde cut his throat."

observation which have so remarkably characterized the several publications that afterwards came from his pen.

A few days only elapsed from the notification of his appointment till the subject of our memoir was on board, off Cowes, the *Crusader*, a top-sail schooner, with long low raking masts, fitted with every luxury and convenience calculated to promote the comfort of the voyagers. Every one who has perused the very remarkable work which resulted from that voyage, will acknowledge the great sagacity and forecast of character evinced by the learned gentleman entrusted with the selection of the officer in charge. The voyage extended over nine months, embracing calls of greater or less duration, according to the interest in the respective places, at Corunna, Lisbon, twice visiting Madeira and the Canary archipelago, Gibraltar, Algiers, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, Rhodes for Asia Minor, Beyrout for Syria, Jaffa for Palestine, and Athens. This programme sketches a tour, a satisfactory narrative of which may well be supposed to involve the possession of a range of information with accurate powers of discrimination rarely to be found in a single individual, however experienced or versant with travel. But, to the surprise of every one, the young Irishman, who had not hitherto been beyond the confines of his native land, proved by the publication of his inimitable *Narrative*, that during his voyage he had been taking notes with the facility and discrimination of the most accomplished *savant*, whatever might be the department of knowledge involved in the respective inquiries. Whether in the exposure of some of the current historical fallacies connected with our army in the Peninsular campaign under the first Empire; or discussing the then future of Spanish politics, with a degree of judgment to which succeeding events have almost given an air of prophetic character; or indicating the peculiarities of Lisbon and its environs, with the graphic pen of a master of descriptive details; or portraying the advantages of Madeira and the adjoining islands as a resort for invalids, combined with a description of their general features, that proclaimed the writer to be no less a student of nature than of science; or detailing the peculiarities of the fortress of Gibraltar; or lamenting the little progress then made by the French in the colonization of Algiers—criticism almost as applicable to the state of affairs in that colony at the present day as when it was written; or detailing the results of his rambles and speculations thereon in the classic regions of Egypt, Asia Minor, the Holy Land, and Greece; we know not which to admire most—the erudition displayed by the writer in his investigations in every department, or the easy and flowing style of description. The oft-told tale of the mummies and pyramids of Egypt acquired at his hands fresh interest. And as regards the Holy Land, Mr. Wilde may really be said to be the first to ruthlessly dispel many of the tales of imposture by which the ordinary visitor has been regaled; his knowledge of Scripture topography enabling him at once to detect the fallacies got up of late years by rival sects for the purpose of private gain. The account of his visit to the Holy Land remains to the present day of surpassing interest. Notwithstanding the existence of so much to arouse feelings of intense pain and disappointment in the mind of every thoughtful Christian visiting that region, Mr. Wilde maintains that the balance of sensations created by the survey are of an agreeable character, as appears from the following extract, which may be taken as a fair illustration of the style of the writer:—

“Many and varied have been the scenes of interest and excitement that I have

experienced in other lands. I have stood beside the boiling furnace of one of the highest craters that the foot of man can reach, and marked from that stupendous elevation the glorious and wide-extended landscape as it unfolded to my wildered gaze, when, sketched by the rapid pencil of the morning dawn, object after object rose to the view.

"I have climbed one of the greatest monuments that art ever reared, and as my visual organs wandered over the ancient land of Egypt, the eye of mind took in, in rapid succession, the substance of the present and the shadows of the past. But these scenes have faded, or are remembered as a vision of the night.

"I have groped amid the dark tombs of centuries long gone by, till to my fevered imagination the dead arose among the living; yet that, too, has lost its interest; as well as the excitement with which my fancy peopled the theatre of the Doric land, and conjured into shape and form the heroes and philosophers that once roamed through the streets of that vast Grecian necropolis.

"All these exist but in remembrance; not so the impressions left by the scenes I have witnessed at Jerusalem, before which all others sink into comparative insignificance; for, although some thousand miles may intervene between me and it, its glories are still, phantom-like, before me, even amidst the stir and bustle of every-day life. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.' The recollections of what it was; the knowledge of what it is; and the expectation of what it shall yet be, are considerations which, added to an acquaintance with its locality, must ever act as a spell upon the minds of those who have seen and felt its beauties, its charms, and its power."

And again he writes:—

"Having paid a last visit to my friends on Mount Sion, I retired to rest, I cannot say to sleep; indeed, during my sojourn in the Holy City I slept little, except what resulted from sheer bodily fatigue. So exciting were the scenes witnessed in the day, and so perfectly absorbed was my mind in the object of my visit, that it seemed as if I were insulated from the rest of the world. None—not the most thoughtless, apathetic, or indifferent—can reside there a single day without partaking more or less of the enthusiasm of this excitement.

"Yes; there is a charm in Jerusalem that those alone can feel, or can appreciate, who have stood beneath its ancient portals, viewed it from its surrounding hills, and mingled with its mourning children, amidst the ruins of its prostrate grandeur! Indeed it is almost universally admitted by travellers that so engrossing, so overpowering is the effect produced by the first two or three days' residence in Jerusalem, that they were for some time unable to view with composure even those places and those scenes that they knew to be fictitious."

Of the specialities to which attention was for the first time directed in the *Narrative*, we may mention the discovery of the annal from which the celebrated purple dye was produced at Tyre, as well as the vats used for the purpose; and the discovery in the Acaldama, or field in which strangers were buried in Jerusalem, skulls of the different varieties of the human race, of which graphic illustrations have been published, establishing beyond question the identity of the place.

The period of life at which the tour was undertaken by Mr. Wilde is pre-eminently that of adventure; and in the course of it two feats were performed by him worthy of special record. One was climbing the peak of Teneriffe, 1,300 feet high, and descending into the crater, on the 12th of November, when the snow was beginning to streak the mountain side; the other was climbing with two Arabs over the projecting coping of the pyramid of Chephrenes, an exploit only attempted by six Europeans, two of whom lost their lives thereby.

After his return to Dublin, in 1838, he set about the preparation for

publication of the elaborate materials which he had collected for his proposed *Narrative*. He soon became the lion of the day, and was received with great attention in Dublin society. His services were eagerly sought after for the delivery of lectures and the reading of papers at the Royal Irish Academy, the College of Physicians, Royal Dublin Society, &c., on antiquities (home and foreign), unrolling of mummies, the anatomy of the chimpanzee, gizzards of fishes, and a number of other anatomical, zoological, and general subjects of public interest. He also, at that time, became a valued contributor to this *Magazine*, which he continued for many years.

The copyright of the *Narrative* was purchased by Messrs. Wm. Curry, jun. & Co., for 250*l.*; and the work was brought out in two volumes, in a style which reflected credit on the Irish enterprise of the day. Although published at a comparatively high price, 28*s.*, the first edition of 1,250 copies went off rapidly. A second edition in one volume was soon issued, which was also quickly disposed of, and the work has long been out of print.*

Amidst the temptations to become a public lecturer and literateur, in which Mr. Wilde was certain to attain a high position, and acquire increasing popularity, he had the discrimination to perceive that he should stick to his profession, and that the best means to acquire a leading position in it was to adopt some speciality for his practice. He had always a liking for ophthalmic and aural surgery, and he accordingly determined to devote himself to affections of the eye and ear. Hitherto he had shown that, in dealing with even the most commonplace subjects, he would not rest satisfied without becoming acquainted with every known fact connected therewith, whatever labour the investigation might involve; and having made up his mind as to the special branches of the profession to which he was to devote himself, he arranged to proceed to London and the continent to become acquainted with the best systems of ophthalmic and aural surgery practised there. Before setting out on this mission, he joined the British Association, whose approaching meeting was to be held in Birmingham, where, under the auspices of his friends Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, and Dr. Macartney, of Dublin, he acquired much *éclat* for his papers on the Preservation of Fish, on Ethnology, and on the Physical Geography of the Coast of Tyre—the latter calling forth high commendation from the late Sir Charles Lyell, who took part in the discussion of the subject.

Proceeding to London, Mr. Wilde studied in the Moorfields and other ophthalmic hospitals under Tyrrell, Dalrymple and Guthrie. During his residence there he became the intimate friend of Sir Francis Burford, the hydrographer, of Sir James Clark and of Dr. Robert Todd. Amongst his special female friends at that time were Maria Edgeworth and Mrs. Bowdick Lee, the African traveller, who lost no opportunity of intro-

* The full title of this admirable work, which, as the first published by Sir William, has a peculiar interest, runs thus :—*Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Rhodes, Telmassus, Cyprus, and Greece. With Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c., of the Countries Visited.*

A very full review of this most instructive and charming work will be found in the *Dublin University Magazine*, April, 1840.

ducing the young Irish student to the best social as well as scientific society in London. But these attractions did not allure him from the pursuit of the great object he had in view; and he chose for a temporary residence apartments in Carthusian Street, near Charterhouse Square, so as to be close to the Moorfields Hospital. He, at that time, also devoted considerable attention to Comparative Anatomy, especially in the Hunterian Museum, where he gained the friendship of the now venerable Professor Owen.

Professional studies did not, however, at any time, entirely exclude general literature from his attention. When in London he prepared a memoir of Sir Thomas Molyneux, the distinguished physician, from materials placed in his hands by Sir Henry Marsh, which memoir forms No. XIII. of the "Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen," in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The first part appeared in September, 1841; it ran through four numbers, and deservedly called forth high commendation.

Having made himself acquainted with the best London practice in opthalmic and aural surgery, Mr. Wilde proceeded to the continent to further prosecute his studies in Berlin and Vienna; the opthalmic school in the last-named city being then the most celebrated in the world. There, Mr. Wilde became the private pupil of the celebrated Professor Jäger. While studying in Vienna, he made the acquaintance of the Baron Hammerporgestal, and other distinguished men of science, and also that of two ladies of celebrity, whose friendship he long continued to enjoy—the Baroness Talbot, his own countrywoman, and the celebrated Madame Ottilia von Goetha. From Vienna he went to Prague, on a visit to his friend, Count Thunn; and thence to Dresden, where he was most kindly received by Dr. Carus, the great anatomist, and Dr. Sciler, the physiologist. He was also for a short time a student at Heidelberg. It was, however, at Berlin that he achieved his greatest success. With letters of introduction from Miss Edgeworth and Baron von Humboldt, Mr. Wilde everywhere found a ready *entrée*. Of the Baron he became the special protégé, through whom he made the acquaintance of Von Buch, the famous geologist and traveller, of Carl Ritter, the geographer, of Diffenbach, the eminent surgeon, and of Lord William Russell, then our Ambassador to the Prussian Court.

While in Berlin, Mr. Wilde presented a communication to the Geographical Society on Irish Ethnology, which, being copied into the Swedish journals, attracted the attention of Andreaz Retzius, the great physiologist of Stockholm, between whom and Mr. Wilde a correspondence was carried on, which led to a life-long friendship. Before leaving Berlin he forwarded, by direction of Baron Humboldt, a copy of the *Narrative* of his voyage to King William, receipt of which was graciously acknowledged by an autograph letter of thanks from His Majesty.

In July, 1841, Mr. Wilde commenced his special practice in Dublin, devoting to his early efforts that energy which may be said to constitute one of his special characteristics, and which formed the basis of that large measure of success which he achieved in whatever he took in hand. With him the prevailing maxim throughout life has been, "*Whatever thou hast to do, do it with all thy might.*" As the result, his income from fees alone was over £400 in his first year's practice, which we believe to be quite an unusual circumstance in the profession.

The notes on Austria, its Medical, Literary, and Scientific Institutions,

taken by Mr. Wilde, during his residence in Vienna, were given to the public in a neatly got up volume, published by William Curry, jun. & Co., in 1843. Hitherto everything connected with Austria had been little known to the world, through the course pursued by the Government of that country in reference to all matters connected with State policy; and the disclosures resulting from Mr. Wilde's investigations were received with no less surprise in Austria than elsewhere. In his preface he states: "I have endeavoured, as far as in me lay, to become acquainted with all those subjects treated on in this volume; and while I have left no stone unturned in seeking information, I have neither hesitated to censure abuses in men or institutions, nor withheld praise full, and, I trust, sufficient where it was justly due." A glance through the work will show, even to the non-professional reader, how efficiently those duties were discharged; while the fidelity of the author to the cause of truth is abundantly exhibited by the manner of his dealing with facts and opinions where the latter ran somewhat counter to his own.*

The publication of the work on Austria added to Mr. Wilde's already high reputation, and attracted the attention of the Irish Government, under whose direction the Census of 1841 was then in process of compilation. At the instance of Lord Elliot, then Chief Secretary, and of Sir Thomas Larcom, Mr. Wilde was appointed Medical Census Commissioner, a position which he continued to hold in connection with the Census of 1851, '61, and '71, with no less credit to himself than advantage to the public service. His antecedents supplied abundant reason to expect that he would not be satisfied with the discharge of routine duties in this department—an expectation which was fully realized on numerous occasions, but especially by his analysis of the pestilences of Ireland, published in connection with the Census Report of 1851. This constituted the most remarkable work on the history of pestilences and epidemics that has ever appeared, and formed the subject of commendation in the medical journals throughout the world. The period over which the investigation extended was one never to be forgotten in the social history of Ireland; and not only was every circumstance connected with or bearing upon it discussed in detail, but an account is given of the several pestilences by which the country has been visited from the earliest period of which there are any existing records. The table which appears in the Report of cosmical phenomena, epizootics, epiphitices, famines and pestilences in Ireland, is, in fact, one of the most remarkable compilations that has ever been published, involving an amount of labour and research which most assuredly would have deterred any one else from making the attempt. A Parliamentary blue book, extending over nearly 600 folio pages, compiled by a single individual, is a production quite unique; more especially when we consider the great variety of sources whence the information was to be obtained.

At an early period of Mr. Wilde's professional career, he felt the necessity of some arrangement being made for the gratuitous treatment of the poorer classes in those branches to which he had specially devoted himself; and he determined, when suitable opportunity would arise, to make provision for supplying so great a desideratum. Through the kindness of Mr. Grimshaw, the dentist, he obtained the use of a stable in Frederick Lane, which was to form the nucleus of the proposed

* Reviewed in the *Dublin University Magazine*, July, 1843.

hospital for the treatment of diseases of the eye and ear. Having provided a few fixtures, and a supply of medicines, Mr. Wilde commenced his gratuitous labours in this improvised dispensary. Many kind friends, sympathizing with so benevolent and self-sacrificing an effort, promptly lent a helping hand, and the Grand Jury of Dublin made an annual presentment in aid of its funds.

At his own expense he subsequently fitted up an hospital, having accommodation for ten indoor patients, where he soon had a large class of students, some of whom were Americans, who were attracted by his fame as a lecturer and practitioner. He became lecturer on diseases of the eye and ear in the Park Street School of Medicine, then one of the best in the city, where he had for his colleagues Cusack, Carlyle, Fleming, Hamilton, and others of great distinction.

The opening of the Queen's Colleges withdrew so many of the country students from that and similar establishments, that notwithstanding the great names associated with them, they could not continue to exist; and Mr. Wilde taking advantage of that once famous school being closed up, purchased the premises and all interest of the then existing proprietors, with the view of establishing a really efficient Ophthalmic Hospital in the city. This was the origin of the now celebrated St. Mark's Hospital in Lincoln Place, founded entirely at Mr. Wilde's expense. The committee of inquiry into the Dublin hospitals recommended a grant of £100 a year to St. Mark's, which Parliament has since continued, and the Corporation also contribute £100 a year towards its maintenance. On the permanency and efficiency of the institution being secured, Mr. Wilde transferred it by deed to trustees, including the Lord Mayor for the time being—his name being thereby associated with those of Stevens, Moss, Dun, and other medical men, who during the last two centuries have done so much for the relief of sickness in Ireland, and the teaching of the art and science of medicine in Dublin. But, it may be asked, Why should this not be called Sir William Wilde's instead of St. Mark's Hospital?

The large and highly lucrative practice which Mr. Wilde soon came to enjoy, left little time on hand for what almost any one else in his position would have regarded as needful hours of relaxation. But his indomitable energy and unflagging industry induced him to turn every spare hour to those literary pursuits which afforded to him so much enjoyment, and which, in fact, constituted his relaxation from the worry of his professional avocation. His friends, Doctors Graves and Stokes, having handed over to him their interest in the monthly *Dublin Medical Journal*, he wound up that publication, and issued in its stead the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*, in the management of which he was assisted by every medical man of note in Ireland, though the largest portion of its contents were for a length of time contributions from his own pen. That journal under his management became one of the leading publications of the day. Our own magazine, the *Dublin University*, also continued to publish numerous articles contributed by him—as, for instance, most of the series on Irish Rivers, his quota being afterwards published in a separate form under the title of *The Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater*, which rapidly passed through two editions, and was amongst the most popular books of the time. Another series of papers, headed *Irish Popular Superstitions*, also originally appeared in our pages; they also afterwards were published in a separate form, and had a large circulation.

The fascinating and highly illustrated book on *The Beauties of the Boyne and its tributary the Blackwater*, supplies a remarkable illustration of the indefatigable industry of the author. It has been already seen that his relaxation was really a change of work—professional labours giving place to the pursuit of literature or antiquarian research, and *vice versa*. An occasional day's fishing, being an adept in the gentle art from a very early age, was the only kind of ordinary relaxation in which he indulged. But even on such occasions, the publication here referred to shows that the excursion supplied the opportunity for the investigation of every circumstance or feature connected with the history, antiquities, and scenery of the districts in which he plied the rod. In some respects the book on the Boyne is amongst the most interesting and remarkable of the author's works. The recital therein of the details of the memorable battle fought on its banks at Oldbridge, when the fate of rival claimants for the crown of these realms was decided, so attracted the attention of Macaulay when preparing the materials for his history, that he sought and obtained the services of Mr. Wilde as cicerone, for the occasion. Previously to his visit the great historian avowed that he was inclined to join in the opinions expressed by certain of the English reviews of the book, who alleged that some of Mr. Wilde's sketches owed part at least of their brilliancy to the luxuriance of Irish imagination. But when his guide brought him to the top of the hill of Slane, Macaulay frankly admitted that such a panorama had scarcely even been presented to his notice, and that it fully justified the description which he previously thought to be so highly coloured—a description which we hope our readers will consider that we are justified in reproducing here :—

"Here, pilgrim, stop; rest on yonder monumental slab beneath the shadow of the tall ivy-mantled tower, the belfry of the cathedral. It once was gorgeous with the shrines of Fathers, and illumed by many a flickering taper, though now the hemlock fills its aisles, and the purple foxglove waves its lonely banneret. The ground whereon we stand is sacred—consecrated by the footprints of our patron saint, hallowed by the dust of kings. Look abroad over the wide undulating plains of Meath, or to the green hills of Louth; where in the broad landscapes of Britain find we a scene more fruitful or varied, or one more full of interesting, heart stirring associations?

"Climb the adjoining tower, and cast your eyes along the river. Look from the tall, pillar-like form of the yellow steeple at Trim, which rises in the distance, to where yon bright line marks the meeting of the sea and sky, below the Maiden Tower at Drogheda, and trace the clear blue waters of the Boyne, winding through this lovely, highly-cultivated landscape, so rich in all that can charm the eye and awaken the imagination; take into view the hills of Skreen and Tara; pass in review the woods of Hayes, Ardmulchan, Beauparc; look down into the green mounds and broad pastures of Slane; follow the Boyne below you, as it dances by each ford and rapid, to where the great pyramids of Western Europe, Knowth, New Grange, and Dowth rise on its left bank; see the groves of Townley Hall and Old Bridge, marking the battle-field of 1690, with the ill-fated hill of Donore, where the sceptre passed for ever from the royal line of Stuart, obtruding its long-remembered tale of civil strife upon us.

"Duleek stands in the distance. Beyond those hills that border Louth lie Monasterboice and Mellifont, the last resting-place of the faithless Bride of Breffney. Those steeples and turrets which rise in the lower distance were shattered by the balls of Cromwell.

"What a picture have we here from this Richmond Hill of Irish scenery! What an extensive page of our country's history does it unfold to us! What recollections gush upon us as we stand on the abbey walls of Slane, and take in this noble prospect at a glance!

"The records and the footprints of two thousand years are before us; the solemn procession of the simple shepherd to the early Pagan mound, the Druid fires paling before the bright sun of Christianity; the matin and the vesper hymn swelling from the hermit cell, or early missionary church; the proud galleys and glancing swords of fierce northern hordes; the shout of rival clans in civil feuds; the mount, and fosse, and drawbridge of the keep still echoing back the strife of hostile ranks—the native for his soil, the stranger for his hire—the ford defended, and the castle won; in church, the stole erected for the surplice—have one and all their epochs, ruins, sites, or history legibly inscribed upon this picture."

One of the most chivalrous literary efforts of recent years was the publication by Mr. Wilde, in 1848, of *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, of which, like every work from the author's pen, a second edition was quickly demanded. The publication, in the *Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*, of some papers suggesting inquiries as to facts connected with the closing years of the life of the eccentric Dean of St. Patrick's, attracted attention to the subject. Swift, during his best years, had been a thorn in the side of so many persons of distinction by his fearless and trenchant criticisms, that it was perhaps only to be expected that party malevolence would libel him and turn him into ridicule after he had passed the stage whence no rejoinder could be issued. Persistent calumny had, in fact, so completely done its work, that the mass of the public came to entertain the opinion that Swift died not only a "driv'ler and a show," but lived a madman.

A very slight investigation was sufficient to proclaim the injustice with which the memory of the Dean had been treated; and when Mr. Wilde undertook the task of collecting evidence on the subject, those interested therein had the assurance that nothing would be left undone that it was possible to accomplish. His own sympathies were naturally enlisted on behalf of the memory of his distinguished countryman, and hence the work became a labour of love. The volume on *The Closing Years of the Life of Swift* must ever remain a monument to the surpassing industry of the author; more especially when it is considered that his time at that period was so completely occupied by his profession and other literary occupation, as scarcely to appear to leave even a moment to spare.

The result was completely to vindicate the memory of Swift from the slights thrown on it by Jeffreys, Brougham, and others.

"Of these attacks," says Mr. Wilde, "which exhibit all the bitterness of contemporary and personal enmity, it is only necessary to request a careful analysis, when they will be found to be gross exaggerations of some trivial circumstances, written in all the unbecoming spirit of partisanship." Alluding to the charge of "base perfidy," and such like unbecoming expressions made use of by Lord Brougham in his sketch of Sir Robert Walpole, and to the language employed by Jeffreys in the celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review*, a recent writer most appropriately said: "But Swift is dead—as Jeffreys well knew when he reviewed his works."

Mr. Wilde appropriately, by way of illustration, refers to the case of Sir Walter Scott, as bearing more than an ordinary similarity to that of Swift in his latter days; and yet there is no allegation of Scott's insanity further than the giving way of his mental powers under the influence of cerebral disease. "We only wonder," continues Mr. Wilde, "that Swift did not become deranged years previously. With a mind naturally irritable, a political intriguer, peevish and excitable, his ambition disappointed, his friendships rudely severed, his long cherished hopes blighted;

outliving all his friends, alone in the world, and witnessing the ingratitude of his country; while at the same time he laboured under a most fearful physical disease in the very seat of reason, the effects of which were of the most stunning character, and serving in part to explain that moodiness and moroseness of disposition which bodily infirmity will undoubtedly produce: we repeat, we only wonder that his mind did not long before give way. But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in later years, until compression of the brain set in, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of those terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, we again assert, has not been proved." We may further add, that no one can peruse the voluminous evidence produced in this very remarkable volume without agreeing in the conclusions arrived at by the author. The illustrations of this work are of much interest, especially that of Stella, the Dean, and the old house in Hayes Court (the birthplace of Swift), long since removed.

Occupations so multifarious, and engrossing so much attention, would almost in the case of any one else have reduced their votary to the position of a mere routine practitioner in his special profession. But with Mr. Wilde the performance of any service in a perfunctory manner would be impossible. His boundless energy impelled him to devote, for the time, his undivided attention to whatever might be in hand. Of this his great work on Aural Surgery, published in 1853, may be regarded as an illustration. Although his labours were then of a most diversified character, he found time to produce the first, and, it may be said, the only exhaustive work on the subject that has yet appeared. In this portly volume, with the usual research of the author, the labours of his predecessors are detailed, giving credit where credit was due; while the account of his own improvements in the several maladies treated occupies no inconsiderable space. This work was reprinted in New York under the supervision of the author's former pupil, Dr. Addinel Hewson; and it appears that the American publishers, Lea and Blanchard, acted with much liberality in recognizing the value of the work, which is worthy of mention in these days of disregard of international copyright obligations. It was also translated into German by Dr. von Haselberg of Stralsund; and in the several medical schools of Austria and Germany it is regarded as the standard authority on Aural Surgery. While this volume was in preparation, Mr. Wilde still found time for the preparation of numerous papers and reports on Ophthalmic Surgery, some of which appeared in his own journal, the *Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*, and others in the English periodicals to which he was a frequent contributor.

In 1853 Mr. Wilde was appointed Surgeon Oculist in Ordinary to the Queen—the first appointment of the kind made in Ireland—and he thereby secured an additional permanent honour for the profession of Surgery in Ireland.

We have now to notice what might have been the *opus magnum* of its author had the original design been completed, more especially if we take into account the extent and character of the undertaking, and the circumstances under which it was commenced and carried on.

In several of the works hitherto published by Mr. Wilde, the knowledge of antiquities possessed by the author, and the facility with which he could enter into a disquisition as to the points of similarity or contrast between objects of antiquity from different countries, were such as to challenge admiration. Antiquarian research became, in fact, one of those

departments to which he devoted special attention. To him the increasing collection in the Royal Irish Academy possessed peculiar interest; and he, in common with several other members of the Academy, strongly felt the want of an adequate *Descriptive Catalogue* of the thousands of articles in the Institution relative to which nothing beyond mere gossiping information could be had from such of the attendants as happened to be present, and this, too, sometimes of the most fanciful character.

One great difficulty stood in the way—where were the requisite services for the preparation of such a work to be obtained? The approaching visit of the British Association to Dublin, in 1857, made the matter of more than ordinary urgency. But what was to be done? Solicitous as to the honour of the Academy, and still more as to the credit of his native country, then about to be visited by the *sarants* of other lands, Mr. Wilde volunteered to prepare the Catalogue—a proposal which was received with acclamation by his brother Academicians, from their knowledge of his fitness for the task. Gratuitous services of such magnitude have scarcely ever before been rendered by a private individual on behalf of a public institution. With time then more than fully occupied, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, he entered upon his new undertaking with as much heartiness and zeal as if it constituted his only employment.

In the preparation of the proposed Catalogue, the first point to be determined was the basis on which it should be arranged, and Mr. Wilde adopted the eminently simple and practical one of *material and use*, irrespective of age; for which latter he contended that we do not possess sufficiently authentic materials—a classification which has not only a natural basis to recommend it, but facilitates extension better than any other that could be adopted.

Commenced only in April 1857, the first part of the Catalogue, extending to 246 pages, was out of the hands of the printer in the month of August following. It embraced articles of stone, earthen, and vegetable materials; and forms, in fact, a complete treatise on the department with which it deals, though preserving the distinctive features of a catalogue, by an enumeration of each article with a reference to the tray in the Museum on which it is to be found.

With the publication of the first part of the Catalogue, the immediate pressure as to time was at an end; and before further proceeding with the work, Mr. Wilde considered it advisable to become acquainted with the arrangement, as well as with the contents, of the celebrated museums of antiquities on the Continent; and he accordingly visited for that purpose Berlin, Copenhagen, Lund, Christiania, and Stockholm. Amongst the learned of these places, his contributions to literature and science were well known, and he was received with corresponding honours and attentions. He was entertained by the medical men of Stockholm at a public dinner. At Upsala a grand entertainment was given him by the Viceroy, Baron von Kramer; and a degree was conferred upon him by the University there, which is one of the oldest in Europe. The King of Sweden afterwards joined in the honours bestowed by his people on their Irish guest, by conferring on him the honour of knighthood, and presenting him with a decoration of the Order of the Polar Star, which made him Chevalier of the Kingdom of Sweden.

The information acquired by an examination of the collections of antiquities in the various Continental museums, all tended to show the

soundness of the basis of classification adopted in the first instance; and part two of the Catalogue of the Academy was proceeded with under the same arrangement, including the articles of animal materials and of copper and bronze. Owing to some unexpected difficulties that arose, that part did not appear till December, 1860. The two parts formed a complete volume, containing an enumeration or description of upwards of seven thousand five hundred articles, illustrated by over five hundred engravings. Part three, published in March 1862, contains the description of the articles of gold, in which the Academy is so rich; leaving then to be disposed of those of silver and iron, coins, medals, and miscellaneous matters.

Entering enthusiastically into the preparations for the meeting of the British Association in 1857, Mr. Wilde left nothing undone to contribute to its success, and to convey to the *savants* then assembled a favourable impression of the country. He presided over the ethnological section; and on the termination of the meeting he made arrangements for conveying a party of seventy to the island of Arran—a trip which was in several respects amongst the most remarkable which had been at any time taken by a section of the Association. The party was a most distinguished one, comprising men eminent in various departments of knowledge. Visiting as they did objects of unusual scenic, antiquarian, and geological interest, with such guides as Petrie, O'Donovan, Eugene Curry, and Wilde, it is needless to add that they were charmed beyond anticipation. As the places deserving of attention were successively reached, one or other of these experts stepped forward to describe them. After the banquet in the fort of Dun Angus, due acknowledgments were made to Mr. Wilde for the admirable manner in which the comforts of the party had been provided for during a trip extending over three days; as well as for the information which he had so graphically communicated to them relative to the various objects of interest in what may be regarded as one of the most interesting districts of the island.

In 1864 Mr. Wilde had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by Lord Carlisle, who then filled the office of Lord Lieutenant. The ceremony was performed at the conclusion of a chapter of the Knights of St. Patrick, held for the installation of new knights of that illustrious Order. On the retirement of the knights, his Excellency, still retaining his seat on the throne, asking Mr. Wilde to come forward, said:—"Mr. Wilde, I propose to confer on you the honour of knighthood, not so much in recognition of your high professional reputation—which is European, and has been recognized by many countries in Europe—but to mark my sense of the services you have rendered to Statistical Science, especially in connection with the Irish Census."

It is well known that accidental circumstances sometimes lead to persons without any personal claims whatever being included in the honourable list of knights. But as regards Sir William Wilde there could be no more worthy recipient of the honour. The fame of Sir William in his profession, truly of a cosmopolitan character, his high standing as a *litterateur*, his great acquirements as an antiquarian and archæologist, his contributions to the knowledge of vital statistics, his public spirit and love of country as exhibited on so many occasions, and his active benevolence and philanthropy in founding an hospital for the treatment of those maladies to which his life has been devoted—these constituted well-founded claims for any honours within the power of the sovereign to bestow.

In the same year the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on Sir William the degree of M.D., *honoris causa*. Many of the learned Societies of Europe also conferred honours upon him. He received, amongst other honours, a Diploma from the Royal Society at Upsala, and was elected an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of Berlin.

In discussing the early history of this country, and especially the progress made in the fine arts in Ireland, even in prehistoric times, Sir William Wilde has often expressed regret that investigations of this class were, in the minds of an influential section of the community, associated with what are termed ante-Union ideas. This is in some degree owing to the extravagant laudation of the past which one often hears as evidence of what Ireland would become if an independent nation. But it is foolish writing of this kind that prevents the growth of a really healthy national feeling, and sound public opinion in the country. Scotchmen of every class join in laudation of the leading events connected with the early history of their native land. Were they disposed to perpetuate the memories of feuds of other days, they could exhibit grounds for disaffection with the existing order of things quite as tangible as some of those that still form the war-cry of party amongst us. They have too much good sense to engage in any such proceedings. Educated Irishmen of all classes would soon do likewise, were the same pains taken to promote sentiments of union that are devoted to sowing the seeds of discord.

With anti-Union or seditious propagandism of any kind, it is almost needless to add that Sir William never had any sympathy. Whatever tended to reflect honour on his native land, or whenever justice was to be done to the memory of an illustrious Irishman, his co-operation was certain not to be wanting. He has always been a sincere member of the Church of Ireland, but he has never allowed creed or party to interfere with his friendships nor with his recognition of talent. As to his aspirations and hopes for his native land, we cannot convey a better idea than is contained in the following extract from a lecture which he some time ago delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association. Speaking of the future of Ireland, he observed:—

"I, for one, hold that there is still a good time coming, not for Old nor Young, but for New Ireland. With peace and comparative plenty in our land, with pauperism decreasing, and crime at a minimum, when compared with other countries, and with greater security for life and property than ever existed before—with the education of the middle, if not the lower classes, on the increase, and avenues opened to stimulate the education of our youth—with vast and rapid improvements in our metropolis, and trade flourishing in Ulster—with a free press, being under the noblest Government in the world, a truly royal republic, with the Crown as a symbol of unity, and a Parliament as the palladium of liberty—with the laws justly administered, and party tyranny and oppression driven from our shores, as well as its countenance being erased from the statute-book—with the pure Gospel preached in our churches, and all enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty,—I cannot but see good in store for us."

Lough Corrib, its Shores and Islands, with Notices of Lough Mask, was published by Sir William in 1879, and soon ran into a second edition. This is a most interesting tourist's book, but it is something very different from the usual publications of that class, as there is scarcely a circumstance of historical or antiquarian interest connected with the several localities

which is not accurately detailed in addition to the usual topographical information.

"We wish," says the author, "to take you as intelligent tourists, with eyes to see, and hearts to admire, the beauties of nature, where the stately ruin or the cultured demesne blends harmoniously with the graceful outline of the surrounding landscape; where your architectural and antiquarian tastes may be gratified; your historic knowledge increased by the legend or the annal; your scientific inquiries into the geological structure and biological productions of the country obtain a wide scope; and the hitherto neglected resources of a portion of our island may be glanced at, if not profoundly studied; and we hope to bring you back from your pleasant and cheap excursion on Lough Corrib in good health and spirits, pleased with the scenery and the inhabitants of the West, satisfied with our guidance, and better acquainted with an, as yet, undescribed district than you have been heretofore by flying visits to this portion of the Emerald Isle."

We cannot here even refer to the leading features of this fascinating volume, in which the accurate knowledge possessed by the author on all matters involving antiquarian research, and his appreciation of beautiful scenery, are exhibited on almost every page. We must not, however, omit allusion to the battle and battle-field of Moytura, which may be cited as an illustration of the wonderful research and industry of the author in tracing out and fixing the site of the memorable battle referred to in Irish MSS., to indicate the locality of which no successful attempt had hitherto been made—the interest in the investigation being no little enhanced by the discovery of the beautiful cinerary urn, now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, supposed to contain the ashes of the Firbolg youth, who so chivalrously lost his life in defending the person of his sovereign.

The latest production from Sir William Wilde's pen is a Memoir of *Gabriel Beranger*, Huguenot artist and antiquary, now appearing in the journal of the Kilkenny Archæological Society—a work undertaken with the view of preserving from oblivion the memory of a distinguished foreigner who became domiciled amongst us. In the introduction to this memoir the author states that the subject of it "can now excite no envy and elicit no prejudice; for its object is removed nearly a century from the rivalry of the men of the present day, whose talents have been exercised in similar subjects, while the results of his labours must have a high interest for our historians, antiquarians, and artists."

The character of the Memoir will be seen from the announcement that the materials placed at the disposal of the author "consist of a large collection of drawings, plans, designs, architectural and geometrical sketches and elevations of ruins, and objects of antiquarian interest in Ireland, many of them no longer existing; several landscapes; a large volume of notes made for the Irish Antiquarian Society; also carefully written descriptions of a great number of ruins in different parts of the country, as they existed a century ago."

This biography, while rescuing from oblivion the memory of a distinguished foreigner, has enabled the author to dispose of many of the fallacies of the day regarding the subjects illustrated and described by Beranger in his sketches and notes. The latter exhibit a marked contrast to the writings of Vallancey and several others, who, on very slight data, adopt a theory as to the origin of certain objects of antiquity, and then devote their whole ingenuity to support that theory, ignoring everything

that tells against it. Beranger had the good sense to steer clear of mere speculations; and his biographer, in a most attractive running commentary on such of the sketches and notes as he reproduces, exhibits all the really reliable evidence that is available on the different controverted questions—the Memoir thereby becoming a most interesting work on Irish antiquities. As regards the Round Towers, for example, one would suppose that everything that could be advanced on every possible view of their origin and uses had been said over and over again. But Sir William, on apparently conclusive evidence, shows that they were intended chiefly as places of refuge. This subject is merely mentioned, *en passant*, to convey an idea of the highly interesting character of this Memoir, which we are glad to find will be republished from the periodical in which it is now appearing.

From the special attention devoted by Sir William to matters connected with antiquarian research, it may be reasonably inferred that he has at all times been an enthusiast for the preservation of our national monuments. In his various writings he deplores the vandalism exhibited in despoiling some of our most magnificent structures for the sake of a stone for the step or the lintel of a cottage door, a desecration which may be so often witnessed throughout Ireland. Nor have his sympathies been merely of a sentimental kind, resting satisfied with having called the attention of others to the subject. On the contrary, he has actively co-operated wherever he could obtain co-operation; of which we may mention an illustration in the case of his great exertions for the preservation of Roscommon Abbey. In the preservation of the records of Celtic literature, his efforts have also been unceasing; and one of his last efforts at keeping alive a recollection of it in the minds of the people, has been his appeal to have a monument erected to the authors of the compilation known as the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

We have now briefly referred to the leading events connected with the professional and literary career of our distinguished countryman; a career fraught with lessons of the utmost practical consequence to the Irish people. As one of the most valued contributors to the pages of this *Magazine* for many years, we have regarded with pride the leading position which Sir William Wilde has obtained in every department to which he devoted attention. While enjoying a highly lucrative practice in his profession—the extent of which has, for years, only been limited to the time he would devote to it—he came to have a celebrity in various departments of knowledge, which may well be said to be cosmopolitan in its character.

And what has been the means whereby such a position has been attained? What was the great secret of which he was in possession which enabled him to command success in whatever he undertook to do? Nothing but that indomitable energy and persistent industry to which we have already directed attention—those very qualities in which Irishmen are so lamentably deficient. While specially sensitive as regards everything affecting the honour of his native land, his patriotism is of that character which looks to material progress as the agent of advancement, and which is the result only of persistent industry, such as he has practised himself. Hence the great value to his countrymen of the lesson of which his whole life has been the exemplar.

Of Sir William Wilde it may be said, that few men have so indelibly left the impress of their genius on the age in which they lived as he has done. That wonderful energy and industry to which we have

already referred, not only enabled him to get through an almost unparalleled amount of work in a variety of departments, but the results of his labours are remarkable for the evidence they exhibit of the thoroughness with which he executed every task he undertook. Everything from his pen will therefore remain of sterling value, and, for ages to come, be recognized as an authority, not merely in these countries but throughout the world. His own countrymen will have special cause to revere his memory, on account of his great and successful labours in the elucidation of Irish history, his efforts for the preservation of ancient Irish records and monuments, and his readiness, at all times, to do honour to the memory of the celebrities of his native land, without, on any occasion, ministering to the prejudices of faction or to the perpetuation of those party feuds which stand so much in the way of the material progress of the country.

The services of Sir William Wilde in the preparation of the "Descriptive Catalogue" of the collection of antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy, were publicly acknowledged by the Academy at their meeting on the 17th of March, 1873, by the presentation to him of the *Cunningham Gold Medal*—the highest honour within the power of the Academy to bestow. On that occasion the President, the Rev. Professor Jellett, F.T.C.D., observed that such presentations were amongst the most agreeable duties which the president and members had to discharge; because, among other grounds for such feeling, they knew that every such triumph as that they were then about to formally recognize, led to future triumphs; that every successful effort made by one member of the Academy lays a foundation for efforts on the part of others; and, continued the President,—

"I may say that on no occasion could that feeling be stronger than at the present moment, and that by no former award of the medal of this Academy have we more strongly before our minds that the individual to whom that award is now made has benefited not only science in general, but in particular the students of science in this Academy, by the exertions he has made. Our museum without a descriptive catalogue would be little better than a collection of pretty curiosities. It would not be what it is intended—the materials from which the history of the country may be written, or as one may call it the library of the ethnologist. Therefore the member of the Academy who has raised its contents from a collection of pretty curiosities, to amuse the leisure hour, to the library from which the ethnologist is to derive his knowledge, merits not only the gratitude of archæologists in general, but more especially of those who belong to our Academy; because while he benefits the students of archæological science everywhere, he elevates the character of our Academy by making its contents available to such students."

In acknowledging the honour thus conferred upon him, Sir William said,—

"Allow me to specially thank you, Mr. President, for the courteous and cordial expression of opinion in which, in virtue of your high office, you have been good enough to accompany the donation. Being yourself a Medallist of the Academy, no one can better express an opinion upon the subject of the honour which you are the medium of conferring. It is highly gratifying to me that my labours in the cause of our national antiquities—a subject so dear to my heart—should receive this distinguished mark of your approbation; and in illustration of the value of antiquarian research, as a basis for history, allow me to say a few words.

"Suppose a new country were discovered in some distant clime, its natural

productions would be investigated for commercial purposes. In subsequent explorations the bones of animals might be discovered, and also certain pieces of flint and stone might be found that a practised eye would say had been shaped by man. Tools used in the rude arts of life, weapons either for the chase or war, cinerary urns, and perhaps personal ornaments, would be discovered. All these objects, when collected together, would teach the investigator that a process of art culture, and, consequently, civilization, had proceeded for many centuries in that country. We all know that annals may be inaccurate, legends either of a mythical or poetic character, and histories exaggerated to suit the taste of the compiler.

"Not so, however, with the tangible material traces of history in the antiquities to which I have referred. If such were classified by an experienced person accustomed to investigations of that nature, and well acquainted with the antiquities of other countries, a history might be compiled of the early inhabitants of the newly-discovered land, although one jot of writing may not have been found in it. It was to assist in the preparation of such a history that, upwards of sixteen years ago, I undertook to arrange and catalogue the museum of the Academy.

"Allow me here to remark that it is a source of satisfaction to me, and I am sure it will be to the Academy, to learn that the classification which I adopted has been generally accepted as an authority by the most eminent archaeologists and antiquaries of other countries. . . . Permit me, in conclusion, to entreat of you to open your museum freely to the public at all times; and especially, on such occasions as they can attend, to the working and artisan classes, who not only desire to be acquainted with the past history of their country, but who have an hereditary claim to artistic excellence, both in design and production, and who may thereby be afforded a means of admiring something better than a pewter pint or an illegal naggin."

In connection with the award of the Cunningham medal of the Royal Irish Academy to Sir William Wilde, it is a remarkable fact, worthy of record, that within a few months of its presentation, his two sons, William and Oscar, were each awarded a medal in Trinity College—the former (who has just been called to the Irish bar) by the College Philosophical Society, for ethics and logic, and the latter (who is now a distinguished scholar at Oxford) for the best answering on the Greek drama.

Some years ago Sir William became a proprietor in the county of Mayo, where he has most successfully carried out schemes of improvement, and has shown that he can reclaim land and profitably carry on farming operations, which is what few of even resident proprietors can boast of. Finding a portion of the ancestral estate of the Fynns (from whom he is maternally descended) for sale in the Landed Estates Court, he became the purchaser. The portion in cultivation was covered by a wretched pauper tenantry, numbers of whom it became necessary to remove to enable those remaining to have the means of a comfortable existence. Understanding somewhat of the language of the people, and being, as they said, "*one of the ould stock*," and inviting suggestions from, and enlisting the sympathies of, some of the neighbouring Catholic clergy, he was enabled to carry out his plans without exciting discontent or involving the sacrifice of any large sums of money; and he gave an ample measure of tenant right to those that remained on the property, over twelve years ago. The reclamation that followed, with the addition of erecting a residence for himself in a most picturesque situation, has converted a locality characterized only a few years ago by the usual evidences of neglect, into one of the most attractive and charming spots in the county. In fact, Moytura House, near Cong, with the surrounding

grounds and estate, may fairly be claimed as one of the numerous triumphs of the enterprising proprietor.

Sir William Wilde's house in town has, for many years, formed, as it were, a rendezvous for those eminent in art, science, or literature; these reunions constitute one of the chief attractions of Dublin society. Celebrities from other lands have there found always a cordial welcome. To literary men less fortunate than himself, Sir William has been ever ready to act the part of a generous friend. In fact, struggling talent he always felt a pride in aiding, in whatever grade it might exist.

It only remains to mention that in Lady Wilde Sir William found a partner with talents no less brilliant than his own. In poetry and general literature *Speranza* holds a distinguished position; in the former, some of her national pieces are certain to have a vitality so long as the language in which they appear exists. Several of her poems have been translated into the French, German, and Swedish languages; besides having a large circulation in America and in Australia. But as we hope, on a future occasion, to have the opportunity of specially referring to her writings, it becomes unnecessary to further notice them here.

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

In this age so sarcastic, censorious and spiteful,
A girl with opinions is aught but delightful;
If her thoughts are express'd, she's dogmatic and bold,
If reserved, amongst idiots she's quickly enroll'd.
If her paces are slow, she's a thing of the past;
If she rides, drives, or dances, she's shamefully fast;
If no chignon she wears, she's a little bit cracked;
If she mount one, why then she is trying t' attract.
If you happen to go to an afternoon tea,
There women of all types and fashions you'll see;
Some girls with high hats, some with midges of bonnets,
And some who loathe verses, and some who pen sonnets.
Some who seem chloroform'd, neutral and still,
And others deploring the loss of Stuart Mill;
These receptions exhibit a sprinkling of beaux,
Whose manner evinces disdainful repose.
They were press'd so to go, that they could not refuse,
They would be somewhere else had they freedom to choose;
Their persons and manner distinction must lend,
Which can't be withheld when besought by a friend.

Mrs. Threestars insisted, they could not say no,
But still they are human, and feel it is slow;
To be sure they can startle a lady or two,
By the wit they've derived from some weekly Review.
They criticise one as too partial to Byron,
Another's completely matured as a syren;
By one too much forehead is boldly reveal'd,
Another with ringlets her nose has conceal'd.
But comments are never so hasty or rash,
When made upon girls who have plenty of cash;
'Tis received as a strict, an inflexible rule,
An heiress should ne'er be consider'd a fool.
If the father is known to be strong with his banker,
His sweet daughter escapes all satirical rancour;
Her wealth from derision at once must restrain us,
Though free to dismember a portionless Venus
Whose laugh must be vulgar, whose colour is loud—
Who only can hope she may pass in a crowd.
A timid attempt should she make at a song,
A lad with an eyeglass says, "Awfully strong;"
Another pronounces her wretchedly taught,
And longs for the air which an heiress has bought.
All musical censure dissolves before rank,
The sweetest notes rise from 'mongst notes of the bank;
Wealth ever is worshipped, its owner adored;
Unstinted the praises which all can afford;
Her dress may be blue, her hat may be green,
Though form'd like a doll, still she'll rule like a queen.
Her gloves may be mauve, red or yellow her cloak,
Her gold ready homage will surely evoke;
Although slow in the dance, still she's certain to please,
'Tis the weight of the purse that has stiffen'd her knees.
She'd be taken for life, in despite of these faults,
By the man who, with pain, takes her out for a waltz;
But if, in a dress of wash'd muslin, a girl
With Mammon's true son should go in for a twirl—
Her step may be light, but her pocket is lighter—
Again to the dance, he'll avoid to invite her.

E. M.

A PAPAL RETROSPECT.

No. IV.

ON the death of Clement V., in 1314, another long interregnum of two years occurred before a successor was elected, during which period the Church was left without a visible head, and infallible guidance was confessedly in abeyance. The cardinals assembled in the episcopal palace of the city of Carpentras, and remained for three months shut up in conclave, without being able to come to any election. There were two factions, the French and the Italian, between whom violent disputes arose, the former desiring to elect a pope who would continue to reside at Avignon, whereas the latter aimed at electing one who would return to Rome.

The Italians allege that the French, finding they could not succeed in having one of their own faction elected, set fire to the palace for the purpose of breaking up the conclave, and the fire extending, a great part of the city was destroyed. The Italian cardinals managed to make their escape, left the city, and sought refuge in various places.*

The cardinals remained dispersed for two years, until Louis X., King of France, scandalized at their fac-

tious conduct, opened negotiations with them individually, and induced them to assemble in the city of Lyons. He then shut them up in a convent, over which he placed trusty guards, and ordered them without delay to proceed with the election of a pope. From the 28th of June till the 7th of August, 1316, they remained in close confinement, wrangling furiously, with no hope of coming to an agreement.

At last Cardinal de Eusa, whom the French faction favoured, intrigued with the Italian cardinals, and to gain their votes gave them to understand that, if elected, he would reside at Rome. He went so far as to solemnly swear *never to mount a horse or mule, but for the purpose of going to Rome*. On these terms he was elected, and assumed the title of John XXII., but he took up his residence at Avignon, and evaded the obligations of his oath by never mounting a horse or mule after his coronation! He went by water from Lyons to Avignon, and when he landed at Avignon, he walked to the palace, and never left it during the eighteen years of his pontificate, except to walk to

* In a circulatory letter, dated Valence, the 8th of October, 1314, the Italian cardinals say, that while they were quietly attending to the business for which they had met, the rabble, headed by Bertrand, Count of Lomagne, and Raymond, the deceased Pope's two nephews, surrounded the conclave, threatening them with immediate death, if they did not elect.

Attempo, Bernardus Guido and Amalricus Stugerius, incline to believe that the French cardinals, and not themselves, who set fire to the domestics of the cardinals, rioting and quarrelling while their conclave, great disturbances took place, shops and houses were set on fire.

the cathedral which was close to the palace! This certainly evinced a sort of superstitious reverence for the obligations of his oath; but such paltering in a double sense, keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope, is scarcely consistent with Papal pretensions to personal infallibility and divine inspiration.

At this time a fierce contest raged between Frederic of Austria and Lewis of Bavaria for the imperial crown, and the Pope, in the arrogant and ambitious spirit that urged his predecessors to claim a supremacy in all temporal concerns, sent both parties a peremptory summons to appear personally before him, or by their deputies, and submit their respective claims to his decision, as he was the only true and lawful judge; but neither Frederic nor Lewis paid any attention to the summons; whereupon the Pope published a constitution in March, 1317, declaring the empire vacant, and appointing himself as Vicar of the Empire, until a new emperor was elected, and his election approved by him.

The war continued, and for nearly eight years, as Milman remarks, "Pope John had the satisfaction of hearing that the fertile fields of Germany were laid waste, her noble cities burned, the Rhine and her affluents running with the blood of Christian men. He might look on with complacency, admitting either title, and awaiting the time when he could no longer dissemble his own designs." At last the decisive battle of Mühldorf was fought, 28th of September, 1322. Lewis obtained a great victory, and took Frederic prisoner, when the Pope again demanded that the matters in dispute between them should be submitted to his judgment. This Lewis refused to do, and the Pope, irritated by such opposition, published an insolent Monitory against

Lewis, dated Avignon, 9th of Oct. 1323, thus:—

"The Roman empire having been in former times translated by the Apostolic See from the Greeks to the French, and from the French to the Germans, the election of Emperor was committed to certain princes. These, upon the death of Henry of Luxembourg, have been divided among themselves. Some have elected Lewis, Duke of Bavaria, and some Frederic, Duke of Austria. Lewis has assumed the title of the King of the Romans, *without waiting till he had examined and confirmed his election, which belongs to us.*

"Not content with the title, he has taken upon him the administration, in contempt of the Roman Church, *which alone has the right to govern the empire during the vacancy of the Imperial throne.*

"He has obliged the vassals of the empire to swear allegiance to him, the ecclesiastics as well as the laity; has disposed, at his pleasure, of the honours and employments of the empire, and has, besides, undertaken the protection and defence of Galeazzo Visconti, though condemned as a heretic.

"To obviate therefore such attempts for the future, and *vindicate the rights of the Roman Church*, we admonish him by these present, and command him on pain of excommunication to be incurred, *ipso facto*, to relinquish, in the term of three months, the administration of the empire, to abandon the protection of the enemies of the Church, and *to receive and annul all he has done since he assumed the title of king.*

"If he complies not with this our injunction, we shall think it incumbent upon us to employ the power that has been put into our hands in defence of the rights of the Holy See.

"In the meantime we forbid all bishops and other ecclesiastics, on pain of suspension, all cities, communities, and secular persons of whatever rank and condition, *on pain of excommunication upon their persons, of interdict upon their territories, and loss of all their privileges, to obey Lewis of Bavaria in anything relating to the government of the empire, or to acknowledge him either for King of*

the Romans or for Emperor."—Raynaldus, Ann. 1323, num. 30.

Copies of this most audacious usurpation of a sovereign and supreme deposing power were sent to all the prelates of Germany, and of all other Christian states; and this act of Papal aggression was followed up by the Pope, who sided with the *Guelf* faction in Italy, causing a crusade to be preached for the extermination of Galeazzi Visconti, Duke of Milan, against whom he had waged war and fulminated excommunications as head of the *Ghibellines*. But victory did not smile on the infallible arms of "Christ's Vicar." He sent his Cardinal legate, Bertrand de Poyet—reputed to be his natural son—to accompany an army he had collected to besiege the city of Milan, but, sad to relate, the arms of the "excommunicated heretic" prevailed, the Papal forces were routed, their commander taken prisoner, and the legate himself made his escape with difficulty.

Lewis of Bavaria paid no obedience to the Papal admonitions, but having sent an embassy to the Pope to remonstrate against his impertinent interference in matters that did not concern him, he, without waiting for a reply, assembled the princes of the empire at Frankfort, laid before them the daring and violent proceedings of the Pope, protested against the insolent claims embodied in the Monitory, and declared he would appeal to a General Council of the Church.

In his appeal the King replies, in detail, to the accusations brought against him by the Pope. As duly elected emperor, he declares it belongs to him, and to him alone, to exercise imperial authority, and he repudiates with indignation the pretensions of the Pope. "*It does not,*" he affirmed, "*belong to the Apostolic See to approve our election, or*

disapprove it, nor is the Pope to concern himself anyways about it."

This Diet supported Lewis warmly, and issued a protest, conceived in a tone of resolute defiance of Papal pretensions. John was taunted "as the enemy of peace, and as deliberately inflaming war in the empire for the aggrandizement of the Papacy."

"He had been so blinded by his wickedness as to abuse one of the keys of St Peter, binding where he should loose, loosening where he should bind. He had condemned as heretics many pious and blameless Catholics, whose only crime was their attachment to the empire."

The Pope's absolution of the vassals of the empire from their oaths of allegiance was indignantly reprobated as "*a wicked procurement of perjury—the act not of a Vicar of Christ, but of a cruel and lawless tyrant!*"—Baluzius, *Vita Pap. Aven.*, 1, p. 478.

This grand manifesto incontestably proves that, even in the benighted mediæval ages, the Popes had to encounter the dawning intelligence and independence of lay and clerical opinion, that culminated in the glorious Reformation. Popes, like John, were, by their insolent policy, working up the development of that gigantic revolution—the emancipation of Mind from the thralldom of Popery.

In reply to Lewis and the Diet of Frankfort, the Pope thundered a bull of excommunication against "Lewis of Bavaria, who styles himself King of the Romans," and notified the same to all Christian princes; and further, that if within two months he did not present himself as a penitent at the Papal footstool, and comply with the commands of the Pope, his crown, &c., should be declared forfeited. And as Lewis remained obdurate, the Pope in his blind arrogance had re-

course to this extreme expedient—once such a powerful weapon in the Papal armoury, but then, alas! as worthless as a wooden sword. He published a constitution, dated Avignon, 11th of July, 1324, in which he declared Lewis deprived of all right that his election might have given him to the imperial crown, forbade under penalty of excommunication, all the subjects of the empire to acknowledge him as king, or obey him as such, and threatening other punishments if he continued refractory. This sentence he transmitted to all the bishops in Christendom, and ordered them to publish it in their respective dioceses, that it might be known to the whole Christian world, so that none might be able to plead ignorance who in any way assisted the usurper of the crown of Germany!

The only notice Lewis took of this imperious sentence was to renew his appeal to a General Council. In the following year an agreement, ratified by oath, was concluded between Lewis and Frederic, the two competitors for the empire; but as it was negotiated and arranged without the Pope's knowledge or consent, he at once declared it null and void, deprived them both of the right they had derived from their election, and wrote authoritatively to the electors requiring them to forthwith make choice of a new king! He also absolved Frederic and his brother from the oath they had taken to observe the agreement.

Lewis complained with much bitterness of the Pope's conduct, and with great justice accused him of exciting divisions and fomenting discords among the German princes for the detestable purpose of establishing his own audacious pretensions and usurped power over the empire. 'When we were at war,' said the King, 'you exhorted us to agree, and forbear the effusion of

Christian blood, and now that we have agreed, you annul our agreement, and strive to kindle a new war, *not caring how much Christian blood be shed to gratify your lust of power and boundless ambition.*'

The contest between Lewis and the Pope still continuing, two learned jurists, Marsilio of Padua, and John of Jaudun, wrote very ably in defence of the rights of the empire against the usurping and aggressive pretensions of the Pope; whereupon the Pope hurled excommunications against them, and consigned them as heretics to the pains and penalties of eternal perdition. Lewis resented this by publishing an edict, in which he denounced the Pope as a monster, who, to gratify his ambition and avarice, trampled on all laws human and divine—as a ravenous wolf, who fleeced and devoured the flock committed to his care—as the minister of Satan rather than the Vicar of Christ—as guilty of the most barefaced simony, and an avowed heretic, who condemned as heresy the doctrine concerning the poverty of Christ, which the good Pope Nicholas had established as an article of faith.—*Villani*, l. 9, pp. 205-275.

Lewis marched into Italy, assembled a Diet at Trent, had the Pope declared a heretic, and pronounced unworthy of the pontifical dignity. He then proceeded to Milan, where he was crowned, with the iron crown, as King of the Romans, by the Bishop of Arezzo, who had been deposed and excommunicated by the Pope. He then sent to the Pope, who was at Avignon, to say that he intended proceeding to Rome to receive there the imperial crown, and requiring him to attend in person, or send two cardinals to perform the ceremony of the coronation in his name.

The Pope was so exasperated by this demand, that he forthwith launched the thunderbolts of a third

sentence of excommunication against Lewis, declaring him deposed from all sovereign dignity and authority as a heretic, and an abettor of heretics. He sent emissaries into Germany to excite a revolt against Lewis, and have a new emperor elected. The Archbishops of Metz and Cologne were inclined to favour the Pope's wishes; but the Archbishop of Treves and the King of Bohemia refused their consent, and thus Germany was saved from the calamities of a civil war, which the peaceful and merciful "Vicar of Christ" so earnestly sought to incite.

Lewis arrived at Rome in January, 1328, and was enthusiastically welcomed by its fickle inhabitants, on learning which the Pope's legate, who was then in Italy, *interdicted the city*, so that all the clergy left it, fearing they should be required to perform divine service, and thus be placed between two stools—either to incur the displeasure of Lewis or of the Pope. But Lewis had plenty of bishops and clergy in his own retinue, who officiated in defiance of the interdict, and he and his queen were first consecrated, and then crowned with great solemnity in the church of St. Peter, the Bishop of Venice and the Bishop of Corsica officiating.

As soon as the tidings of these proceedings reached Avignon, the Pope declared the coronation a nullity, and excommunicated every one who countenanced or took any part in the ceremonial. Whereupon the Emperor Lewis assembled the Romans in the square before the church of St. Peter, when an edict was read, declaring that, on account of his scandalous life and enormous wickedness, the Pope had forfeited the tiara and all ecclesiastical dignity; therefore, the Emperor who bore not the sword in vain, divested him of the pontifical office, and delivered him up to his

magistrates, to be punished by them wherever found; as a notorious heretic and a rebel against his lawful sovereign. The penalty of death was also declared against any one who should continue to acknowledge John as lawful Pope, or obey him as such.

Five days after the deposition of Pope John, the Emperor assembled the chiefs of the Roman people, and published an edict, with their approbation, by which it was decreed and ordered that the Popes should have their fixed residence in Rome, and that any Pope who resided beyond two days' journey from the city, without the permission of the Roman people, or who should absent himself above three months in the year, and refused to return after three admonitions, should thereby forfeit his office and dignity, and a new Pope be elected.

In the spirit of this edict the Emperor commanded the clergy and people to assemble in the square of St. Peter on the 12th of the following May, when the Emperor appeared in great state, seated on a high throne, and, after due formalities, Peter de Corbario was declared canonically elected pontiff in place of the deposed John. The Emperor put the ring on his finger, assisted to clothe him in the pontifical robes, seated him in his own throne on his right hand, gave him the name of Nicholas V., and attended him, walking on his left, into St. Peter's Church, where he was consecrated. —*Villani*, l. 10, c. 73.

The Emperor departed from Rome in August with the new Pope, whom he left with his court at Viterbo, and then returned to Germany, where new troubles awaited him. Fearing that he was not safe at Viterbo, Pope Nicholas applied for a safe conduct to join the Emperor in Germany, but was refused, and, after suffering great distress, was induced to make his submission

to Pope John, repair to Avignon, abjure all he had done against the dignity of his lawful pontiff, and having received absolution, was placed in confinement for the remainder of his days. He enjoyed the questionable dignity of an Anti-Pope for a little over two years, and died in September, 1333, having been three years and one month in confinement.

Frederic of Austria, who had been competitor with Lewis of Bavaria, for the imperial crown, having died, the leading German princes with a view to prevent any new complications that might eventuate in rekindling a civil war, sought to effect a reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor Lewis. But their peaceful overtures were received by the Pope with an outburst of insolent haughtiness, and rejected with indignation. He wrote to the King of Bohemia, one of the mediators, reprimanding him in severe terms, for daring to interpose in behalf of a condemned, excommunicated, and anathematized heretic. He declared Lewis had no more right to the imperial crown than any other man, having forfeited the only right he could have had by his disobedience to the Church. "As for his acknowledging us for sovereign pontiff," says the Pope, "it matters little, whether we are, or are not, acknowledged by a condemned heretic and a lawless tyrant; and as for his appeal to a General Council, it is null in itself, *being from one who has no superior upon earth.* He ended by exhorting the electors to proceed with the election of a new emperor.—*Raynaldus*, Num. 28.

The German electors had however experienced, calamitously enough, the horrors of civil war, and, therefore, they turned a deaf ear to the wicked exhortations of this so-called "Vicar of Christ." They would not act in hostility to the rights of the Emperor Lewis, as by so doing they would endanger the peace of the country by causing new wars. Thus the bloody suggestions of the Pope were disregarded, and he died three years afterwards, while still at impotent enmity with the Emperor.

We have seen that the Emperor Lewis accused the Pope of heresy, and made this one of the grounds for declaring him deposed and degraded from the pontifical office, and all ecclesiastical dignity. There is no doubt that on two points this infallible Pope did depart from the so-called orthodox faith of the Church, and committed himself to what was universally considered heretical doctrine; and, indeed, his conduct in this respect is the strongest *reductio ad absurdum* argument against the monstrous myth of Papal infallibility that could be imagined.

A controversy was revived in 1322, which had originated under the pontificate of Nicholas III., concerning the rule of St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order of Mendicants, regarding the possession of property. In opposition to the views of the Dominicans, the Franciscans maintained that neither Christ nor his apostles held any property whatever, personally or in common, and that this was "the perfection of poverty" which St. Francis, the especially favoured or Christ, had enjoined on his order.*

* St. Francis was an ignorant fanatic, who, having impaired his health by dissolute living, was converted after a serious illness, and rushing from the extreme of debauchery to the extreme of fanatical self-denial, collected a few followers, and founded the Franciscan order, on the basis that voluntary and absolute poverty was the essence of Christianity—the very soul of religion, which he justified by a perversion of Matt. x. 9, 10.

His followers have exalted him to an equality with Christ, if not in some respects his

Pope Nicholas III. sided with the Franciscan view, and published the bull *Exiit qui seminet*, that conflicted with the decrees of previous Popes. He declared that the perfection of poverty consisted in the renouncing of all common, as well as private property, and that Christ and his apostles had taught and practised it. But the Franciscan view did not find favour with either the secular or regular clergy, who had no desire to aim at such "perfection" as the rule of the saintly Francis contemplated; and in this they were sustained by Pope John, whose first cautious movement towards reversing his infallible predecessor's decree was, to suspend the anathema Pope Nicholas had attached to his bull against all who should attempt to revive the discussion of the matter.

Michael di Cesena, the general of the Franciscans, assembled a chapter of the order at Perugia, when it was unanimously declared that to assert the absolute poverty of Christ was not heretical, but sound, Catholic doctrine, as determined and expressed by the bull of Pope Nicholas.

Exasperated beyond measure by the daring attitude of the Franciscans, the Pope published a bull *Ad conditorem Canonum*, in which he explained away the bull of Nicholas, pronounced the chapter of Perugia guilty of heresy, and condemned the doctrine respecting "the perfection of poverty" as erroneous, heretical, and damnable. Thus Pope John declared war against a doctrine that had been sanctioned and propounded by one of his "infallible" predecessors! But the Pope

further committed himself, for, as Mosheim observes:—

"Finding that the Franciscans were not terrified in the least by this decree, he published another yet more flaming constitution, about the end of the year 1324, in which he confirmed his former edicts, and pronounced that tenet concerning the expropriation of Christ and his apostles a pestilential, erroneous, damnable, and blasphemous doctrine, subversive of the Catholic faith, and declared all such as adhered to it obstinate heretics, and rebels against the Church.

"In consequence of this merciless decree, great numbers of those who persisted in asserting that Christ and his apostles were exactly such mendicants as Francis would have his brethren to be, were apprehended by the Dominican Inquisitors, who were implacable enemies of the Franciscans, and committed to the flames. The history of France and Spain, Italy and Germany, during this and the following century, abounds with instances of this deplorable cruelty."—*Eccles. Hist.*, part 2, c. ii. s. xxix.

But persecution only had the effect of rendering the zeal of the Franciscans more vehement. Di Cesena, their general, went to Avignon, and boldly withstood the Pope to his face. He was placed under arrest, but escaped, fled to Pisa, formally appealed to a General Council of the Church, published a book on the errors of the Pope, and drew up twelve articles of impeachment for heresy against him, which he sent to all the princes and prelates of Germany; and these proceedings he justified by unanswerable references to the bull of, Nicholas! Thus, Pope John was in this dilemma—he should either

superior. He bore on his own body the marks of the five wounds of Christ, and Pope Alexander V. decreed that all the faithful should believe in the *stigmata* of St. Francis!

The Dominicans, who were the great rivals of the Franciscans, also claimed that their founder, St. Dominic, was favoured with similar *stigmata*; but, that owing to his extreme humility—a quality rare in monkcraft—he never disclosed this special mark of celestial favour.

jects. Mosheim says that the dying Pope thus humiliated himself, fearful of being deemed a heretic after his decease.

Be this as it may, John's complete retraction was made on the 3rd of December, 1334, and he died early the next morning, in the ninety-first year of his age. Thus, as he only retracted his heresy a few hours before his death, it was said of him that he lived a heretic, but died a good Catholic! Even so, how does the heresy and the retraction square with the dogma of Papal infallibility? How is it possible to reconcile error with truth? Can an infallible oracle pronounce a fallible judgment? Macbeth asks—

“Who can be wise, amazed, temperate,
and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?”

He answers, “No man:” but it appears that even greater contradictions are perfectly reconcilable, if we are to credit the propounders of the modern dogma of Papal infallibility; for a Pope may be at once the inspired oracle of God, and yet a false prophet; infallible, and yet fallible; at the same time thoroughly orthodox and as thoroughly heterodox; he may decree to-day on a point of doctrine, as “Christ's Vicar,” and retract to-morrow in the same capacity, confessing he had decreed erroneously—all this Pope John did, and notwithstanding the marked absurdity of the attempt to bring such extremes together and reconcile the irreconcilable, we are

told it is necessary, in order to merit salvation, for a good Roman Catholic to believe, as a dogma of faith, that in all the phases of his vacillating conduct, of his sayings, preachings, and writings, the Pope was the infallible oracle of the Divine mind!

There can be no doubt whatever that, according to the whole scheme of the Roman system of faith, the doctrine announced by Pope John was rank heresy. Not only so, but it struck at the root of some of the most profitable superstitions that appealed to human weakness and credulity, and by so doing enrich the Church. If John was right, then the doctrine of purgatory was simply a cheat, while all intercessory prayers addressed to the Virgin, and the multitudinous host of martyrs and saints embalmed in the Roman calendar, were utterly worthless!

This was a logical conclusion from which there was no possible escape, because such prayers were offered on the supposition, which was taught as a dogma of faith, that the “blessed departed” had mediatorial and propitiatory influence with the Almighty; but this belief was at once swept away as an imposition, and all intercessory prayer became a vile artifice for obtaining money under false pretences, if Pope John's doctrine was true; for, in that case, how could the “blessed departed” have any mediatorial or propitiatory influence when they had no communion with God? and would have none at all until the general resurrection!*

* “If the Virgin, the saints, and martyrs, were not yet admitted to the Divine presence; if they were only in distant and imperfect communication with the Deity, it was absurd to uphold their mediatorial office; it was vain to supplicate the intercession of beings who had no access to the judgment-seat of Christ.

“Moreover, the mere insult thus offered to the dignity of the saints, and the disparagement of their long-acknowledged merits, were offences very sensibly felt and resented throughout the Christian world.

“Another reason is likewise mentioned; and it may be, in fact, the most powerful motive of dissatisfaction—if the dangerous opinion were once established, that the souls of the just, when liberated from Purgatory, must still await the day of judgment for their recom-

any way compatible with the pretentious dogma of Papal infallibility?

One party maintained that neither Christ nor his apostles had any property whatever, either personally or in common, and the orthodox and logical deduction was that the clergy should follow their example; this, however, was not a palatable doctrine, but Pope Nicholas III. had published a Decretal, *Exiit qui seminet*, in which he declared that the perfection of poverty consisted in the renouncing of all common, as well as private property, and that Christ and his apostles had taught and practised it.

The other instance in which Pope John was held to have committed himself by announcing heretical doctrine, related to what is known as "the Beatific Vision." He preached two sermons, in which he taught that "the blessed departed" do not see the Divine essence, or God, face to face, till the day of the general resurrection; and that none are admitted till that day to the Beatific Vision, but "only see the humanity or the human nature of Christ."

This doctrine was received with universal reprobation by the leading divines of the day, and clergy generally. Philip VI., King of France, summoned all the divines of the University of Paris, and all the bishops and abbots then in Paris, to assemble at the Castle of Vincennes, and, after mature consideration, they unanimously condemned the doctrine pronounced by an infallible Pope, to be repugnant to scripture, and heretical.

It is related by Cardinal Pierre Ailli, that Philip was so incensed against the Pope for promulgating such heresy, that he ordered him to retract his opinion, or he would have him burnt as a heretic! The Pope, however, equivocated, and in reply to a letter from King Philip, said,

that anxious only for the discovery of the truth, he had left the point to be decided by the learned, which was a statement notoriously inconsistent with the facts, for he had not only decided the point himself, but punished parties who dissented from him. Among others he seized and imprisoned one Thomas Wallis, an Englishman, belonging to a religious order, who had publicly preached against the doctrine.

The denunciations of the heterodox Pope became more vehement. The greater part of the cardinals sorrowfully admitted his lamentable departure from the orthodox faith. All over Christendom his grievous heresy was reprobated—his abnegation of sacred truth bewailed as an irreparable scandal on the Church. So intense became opposition, that John began to quail before it. He summoned a Consistory, and sought to allay the clamour against him by artfully declaring he retracted the doctrine if it was contrary to Scripture and the Catholic faith, but he would not affirm that it was! Such equivocation, censurable in any one, but unspeakably so in a Pope with pretensions to be an inspired interpreter of the Almighty mind, naturally and properly failed to give satisfaction, and only exposed the Pope to more serious accusations of heresy.

Finally, however, when some months afterwards he lay on his death-bed, the Pope summoned all the cardinals and bishops then in Avignon to his presence, and confessed that the doctrine he had propounded was erroneous, for that the blessed departed were admitted to the Beatific Vision the moment they were purged from their sins. He retracted whatever he had said, preached, or written to the contrary, and submitted to the judgment of the Church and of his successors whatever he had said, preached, or written on other sub-

jects. Mosheim says that the dying Pope thus humiliated himself, fearful of being deemed a heretic after his decease.

Be this as it may, John's complete retraction was made on the 3rd of December, 1334, and he died early the next morning, in the ninety-first year of his age. Thus, as he only retracted his heresy a few hours before his death, it was said of him that he lived a heretic, but died a good Catholic! Even so, how does the heresy and the retraction square with the dogma of Papal infallibility? How is it possible to reconcile error with truth? Can an infallible oracle pronounce a fallible judgment? Macbeth asks—

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The King of France said that such a doctrine "vitiated the *Christian* faith;" this, perhaps, might be a questionable point, but beyond doubt its tendency was to uproot and destroy the main supports of the *Roman* faith. And so convinced of this was the successor of John, that he published a constitution in which he condemned the doctrine announced by him, and declared that the souls of the blessed departed have enjoyed the sight of the Divine Essence, or the Beatific Vision—that the souls of the just, when duly purged of sin, shall enjoy the same—that the souls of all who die guilty of mortal and unrepented sin are cast into hell, the moment they leave the body, to be there hopelessly tormented for ever; yet that all will appear on the judgment day before the tribunal of Christ, in the presence of the whole human race, to receive reward or punishment.

Such were the main features of this famous constitution which, if infallibly propounded, confirms the heresy of Pope John. It is now the doctrine of the Roman Church, and must be believed by all the faithful, under penalty of virtual excommunication and eternal damnation.

During his pontificate of eighteen years, Pope John accumulated vast treasures. He was, says Mosheim, "crafty and proud, weak, impudent, and covetous." In his contests with the Emperor Lewis, he was singularly indiscreet, and heaped humiliation on himself, and gross scandals on the Church. He was alike superstitious and cruel, Milman says:—

"He gave the sanction of the Papal

authority and of his own name to the belief, to the vulgar belief, in sorcery and magic. He sadly showed the sincerity of his own credulity, as well as his relentless disposition, by the terrible penalties exacted upon wild accusations of such crimes. The old poetic magic of the Greeks and Romans, the making an image of wax which melted away before a slow fire, and with it the strength and life of the sorcerer's victim, was now most in vogue.

"Louis le Hutin was supposed to have perished through this damnable art: half-melted images of the King, and of Charles of Valois, had been discovered or produced; a magician and a witch were executed for the crime. Even the Pope's life was not secure, either in its own sanctity or by virtue of a serpentine ring lent to John by Margaret Countess of Foix.

"The Pope had pledged all his goods, movable and immovable, for the safe restoration of this inviolable talisman; he had pronounced an anathema against all who should withhold it from its rightful owner. A dark conspiracy was formed, or supposed to be formed, in which many of the cardinals were involved, against the life of the Pope. Whether they were jealous of his elevation, or resented his establishment of the see at Avignon, appears not; but the cardinals made their peace.

"The full vengeance of the Pope fell on a victim of the next rank, not only guilty, it was averred, of meditating this impious deed, but of compassing it by diabolical arts. Gerold, bishop of the Pope's native city, Cahors, had been highly honoured and trusted by Clement V. On this charge of capital treason, he was now degraded, stripped of his episcopal attire, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. But the wrath of the Pope was not satisfied. *He was actually flayed alive, and torn asunder by four horses.*

"There is a judicial proceeding against another bishop (of Aix) for professing and practising magical arts at Bologna. A fierce and merciless In-

pense, the indulgences granted by the Church would be of no avail, and this, as the King of France very zealously proclaimed, would be effectually to vitiate the Christian faith."—*Waddington's Hist. of the Church*, vol. i. p. 485.

quisition was set up; tortures, executions, multiplied; many suffered for the manufacture of the fatal waxen images, a physician and several clerks. *The Pope issued an edict of terrible condemnation, thereby asserting the reality of countless forms of sorcery, diabolic arts, dealing with evil spirits, shutting familiar devils in looking glasses, circlets, and rings. How much human blood has been shed by human folly!*"—*Hist. Latin Christ.*, 4th ed., vol. vii. p. 342.

Yes! but how are we to reconcile such "human folly" with the dogma of Papal infallibility? Is it possible to believe that a man who not only credited such childish fables, but persecuted and murdered numerous victims, on the assumption that they had practised the forbidden arts of sorcery—is it possible for any one, possessing a sane understanding, to believe that such a man was divinely inspired?—that he was commissioned to represent Divine wisdom on earth? and that in all his utterances as Pope, was an infallible oracle of truth? The Papal system has many rifts hard to crack, and very indigestible, but assuredly none more so than this dogma of infallibility.

On the death of John, the cardinals remained but seven days in conclave, when, though still divided by faction, they agreed on the election of a Cistercian monk, a Frenchman, and a cardinal in no way distinguished, who took the name of Benedict XII. "You have chosen an ass," he is reported to have said, in humility or in irony; but, as Milman remarks, "Benedict did himself injustice; he was a man of shrewdness and sagacity; he had been a great Pope if his courage had been equal to his prudence. His whole pontificate was a tacit reproach on the turbulence, implacability, and avarice of his predecessor." He is represented as "*a stranger to the refined arts of*

the court, but an eminent divine, thoroughly acquainted both with the civil and the canon law, and, what redounds more to his honour, a man of most exemplary life and known probity."—*Bower, Hist. of the Popes*, vol. vi. p. 447.

The wonderful unanimity of the cardinals in agreeing to the election of Benedict, instead of wrangling over it for months and years, was ascribed by the writers of those days to Divine inspiration, and, no doubt, with as good reason as such an influence could be ascribed to the election of any of his predecessors. Perhaps, however, a more probable, if a less creditable and more mundane reason may be found in the fact, that on the day after his election he distributed among the cardinals no less a sum than 100,000 florins out of the enormous treasure so iniquitously accumulated by his heretical predecessor; and shortly after he bestowed 50,000 florins for the repair of the churches of Rome.

After a pontificate of seven years Benedict died, without his reign having been distinguished by any remarkable events beyond what we have noticed. His condemnation of his predecessor's heresy was, no doubt, the most notable event in his career. He has been charged, says Bower, with avarice, cruelty, and obstinacy; with delighting in buffoonery and lewd conversations; with frequenting the company of women, and making love to them, especially to the celebrated Petrarch's sister. They add, that he liked wine as well as women; that in his time *libere Papaliter*, to drink like a Pope, was the current phrase to express hard drinking, and that a few days after his funeral, the following distich was fixed on his tomb:—

"Iste fuit Nero, laicis mors, viperr
Clero—
"Deviis à vero, cuppa repleta mero.

But a far more generous and, we believe, just estimate of his character has come down to us, as given by Bower, already quoted, and Mosheim says: "If we overlook his superstition, the prevailing blemish of this barbarous age, it must be allowed that he was a man of integrity and merit." (*Eccles. Hist.* Cent. xiv. c. ii. s. ix.) One fact speaks greatly in his favour; he would not follow the arrogant and ambitious policy of his predecessors, who aimed at a universal supremacy in temporal matters, and he never could be prevailed on to confirm any of the sentences pronounced by John against the Emperor Lewis.

In electing a successor to Benedict there were only seventeen cardinals engaged, and they remained in conclave but two days, when they unanimously elected a cardinal presbyter, who took the name of Clement VI.

The Romans no sooner heard of the election than they sent an embassy to Clement, praying him to come and reside in Rome, as their Pope and Chief, and also to order that the Jubilee year, instituted by Boniface VIII., should be celebrated every fifty years, instead of every century. The first request the Pope refused, but the second, which appealed to the grossest and most degrading superstitions that could influence the human mind, he cheerfully granted.

Being a man of violent and haughty disposition, anxious above all things to increase the riches, and extend the aggrandizement of the Papacy, he at once adopted, and proceeded to enforce, the policy of Pope John against the Emperor Lewis, and the German princes who supported him. He renewed and confirmed by a bull all the sentences of deposition and excommunication which John had pronounced, and also excommunicated the Archbishop of Metz, who adhered to the Emperor.

Being weary of the contest, and desirous of peace, the Emperor sent an embassy to the Pope in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. Clement conducted himself in the most imperious manner, and declared that, as the price of absolution from the censures and sentences his enormous wickedness had drawn upon him, the Emperor should acknowledge himself guilty of all the heresies with which he had been charged, renounce and abjure them all, especially the opinion that it belonged to the Emperor to appoint or depose the Pope; that he should relinquish the title of king or emperor, resign the government of the empire, and not resume it without the permission of the Apostolic See; that he should deliver up to the Pope, and leave, without reserve, at his disposal, himself, his children, and all his hereditary dominions, territories, and estates; and that he should acknowledge the empire to be in the gift of the Apostolic See!

Terms involving greater insult and degradation both to the empire and to the Emperor could not well have been proposed. Their extreme violence was their best corrective, and, no doubt, the Emperor's ambassadors so considered when they accepted and signed them in a public Consistory, and, having procured an authentic copy, departed.

Surprised and indignant at the audacious demands of the Pope, the Emperor turned them to his own advantage. He had copies sent to all the princes, states, and cities of the empire, with a letter from himself, stating that, personally, he was prepared to make any sacrifice to secure peace, but as the terms demanded by the Pope concerned the honour and majesty of the empire, he could not accept them without their approbation and consent.

The Papal demands, as they be-

come known, excited the greatest indignation, and a Diet held at Frankfort, in September 1344, declared them to be unjust, adverse to the sovereign rights of the empire, and repugnant to the oath which both they and the Emperor had taken. They were, therefore, indignantly rejected.

When informed of those proceedings, Clement renewed and confirmed all the sentences and anathemas that had been pronounced against the Emperor, and wrote to the electors, ordering them to proceed at once and elect a new emperor. The electors, however, not obeying, another peremptory message was sent, with an intimation that, if the election was not made within a prescribed time, the Pope would himself appoint an emperor, as the right of election was originally conferred on them by the Apostolic See.

After some delay, Clement determined to have a new emperor elected, and, as a preparatory measure, fulminated a final sentence of excommunication against Lewis. This bull was by far the most terrible that had as yet been prepared in the Papal laboratory. "In the vigour and fury of its curses," as Milman observes, "it transcended all that had yet, in the wildest times, issued from the Roman See." Having accused the Emperor of various crimes, the holy and inspired Pope thus mercilessly heaps imprecations on his devoted head:—

"We humbly implore the Divine Power to confute the madness, and crush the pride of the aforesaid Lewis, to cast him down by the might of the Lord's right hand, to deliver him into the hands of his enemies, and of those that persecute him.

"Let the unforeseen snare fall upon

he as he is in his going out

"The Lord strike him with blindness, and madness, and fury!

"May the heavens reign lightning upon him!

"May the wrath of Almighty God, and of the blessed apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, turn against him in this world and in the world to come!

"May the whole world war upon him!

"May the earth open and swallow him up quick!

"May his name be blotted out in his own generation, his memory perish from the earth!

"May the elements be against him, and his dwelling be desolate!

"The merits of all the Saints at rest confound him, and execute vengeance on him in this life!

"Be his sons cast forth from their homes and be delivered before his eyes into the hands of his enemies!"—*Reginaldus*, Ann 1336.

Having thus overwhelmed Lewis with curses, the holy pontiff directed the electors to choose a new emperor, and recommended Charles, son of the King of Bohemia, as worthy of the office. But, as the majority of the electors who favoured Lewis still refused obedience to the Pope's imperious behests, he induced the minority to assemble and elect Charles, who had purchased the Pope's support by binding himself to him as a vassal.

The election of Charles was in due course approved and confirmed by the Pope, and he was crowned at Bonn by the Archbishop of Cologne. The result of all this would have been the rekindling of a terrible civil war in Germany had not the Emperor Lewis opportunely died. Negotiations for peace then followed; but, Pope Clement still remaining inexorable to any terms consistent with the dignity of the empire, the majority of the electors assembled and offered the imperial crown to Edward III. of England, but owing to his embroilment with France he had to decline the honour;

whereupon it was offered to the Count of Thuringia, who was esteemed the most skilful general of his day, and who had served the late emperor faithfully.

After much entreaty the count accepted the honour, and as the Pope had the presumption to assert that no one elected had authority until his election was approved and confirmed by him, in opposition to such an insolent pretension the newly elected emperor published an edict, in which he declared that, as in accordance with the law of the empire established by his predecessor, the election of an emperor did not require the confirmation of the Pope, he renewed and confirmed that law, and consequently declared "all acts inconsistent with it, more especially the decrees of the Popes, to be repugnant to the Apostolic and Catholic doctrine, it being notorious that by the laws, both human and divine, the Pope ought to be subject to the Emperor; and the Emperor is subject, in temporals, to no power on earth."

The bold and dignified protest of the new emperor against the usurpations of Papal tyranny gave general satisfaction, but the national rejoicing was turned to grief by the sudden death of the emperor before he had reigned six months. In this dire emergency, with no one to take his place, the country exhausted by long and devastating wars, the electors deemed it the soundest policy to agree among themselves to accept Charles of Bohemia, the Papal nominee, as Emperor, and thus avert the terrible calamities which would necessarily result were another emperor elected. Accordingly, they accepted Charles, but as they would not recognize the validity of his previous election,

they obliged him to submit to be elected anew.

Thus terminated for a time the contest between Germany and the Papacy, shortly after which Clement was seized with a dangerous illness. He then appears to have become painfully conscious of his own imperfections, for he published a constitution which is one of the many stumbling-blocks impossible to get over, in the way of accepting the dogma of Papal infallibility. In this remarkable document Clement does not represent himself as an infallible oracle, the mouth-piece of the Divine Mind, the unerring "Vicar of Christ on earth;" on the contrary, he implies that he is a weak, fallible man, lying, as he thought, on his death-bed, and troubled with doubts about his own salvation. In this condition he declared that if in disputing, preaching, or teaching, he had advanced anything contrary to Catholic doctrine, or to good morals, he retracted it, and submitted the whole to the judgment of his successors.

Is this the language of infallibility? Could a Pope, conscious of his own total exemption from error—fully inspired with the conviction that he was "Christ's Vicar on earth," and privileged, as such, to declare to the world the will of the Almighty Mind—could it be possible for such a privileged being to feel and confess himself fallible?—liable to fall into error when disputing, or preaching, or teaching? Is not the supposition an absurdity? and how is it possible to reconcile such facts of history with the Vatican decree of 1870?

Clement, however, recovered, but a few months afterwards was seized with fever, and died in December, 1352.* His character is variously

* Clement accumulated vast riches by the sale of benefices and such like traffic. Sismondi relates that, the moment his death was known, his whole household broke loose, and rushed to plunder his treasure; not a single servant remained to watch the body of his master.

While thus intent on plunder, some of the lights that were burning around the corpse

represented. A contemporary writer says that he was most luxuriant and extravagant in his living, and surpassed all his predecessors in conferring the riches and honours of the Church on his relations, both lay and clerical, though many of the latter led scandalous lives. He purchased great estates for them, and allied his numerous nephews and nieces with some of the best families in France. His nephew, Peter Roger, he made a cardinal when not eighteen years of age! It is also alleged that he was, when an archbishop, too susceptible of the charms of female society, and that this disposition he freely indulged in when he became Pope.

The court of Avignon is represented to have become during the pontificate of Clement the most splendid, perhaps the gayest, in Christendom. The Pope was more than royal in the number and attire of his retainers, and his life was a constant succession of ecclesiastical pomps, gorgeous receptions, and luxurious banquets, to which ladies were freely admitted. It is related that his intimacy with the Countess of Turenne was of the tenderest nature, and that, being as rapacious as she was beautiful and imperious, she openly maintained a scandalous traffic in preferments and benefices. — *M. Vallani*, l. 3. c. 43.

Clement was "famous for nothing," says Mosheim, "but his excessive zeal for extending the Papal authority;" except, remarks Waddington, "for manners little becoming the sacred profession, and

for the most unrestrained and unmuffled profligacy. The dissolute morals of the court corrupted the whole city; Petrarch, who resided there for a time, represents Avignon as the sink of Christendom, where the most horrible vices were practised by the clergy. In his letters he refers, with extreme loathing, to the frightful immoralities of the clerical orders.

We have seen how Pope Boniface VIII. claimed to be lord of the universe; in which capacity he asserted his sovereign right to dispose of all newly discovered lands, whether continental or insular, and Clement, nothing loath, followed his example. The Fortunate Islands of the ancients were rediscovered during his pontificate; whereupon the Pope appointed the Earl of Claremont, who was allied with the royal families of France and Castile, king of those islands, with the title of *King of the Fortunate*.

The Pope had a magnificent coronation for his new king—presented him with a sceptre of gold, and placed a golden crown on his head. The fortune of the king, however, unfortunately belied his title, for he had prepared an expensive expedition to take possession of his new kingdom, when the great battle of Cressy resulted in such a glorious victory for England, that the forces and fleet he had collected were required for the defence of France; and so his dream of kingly dominion vanished.*

He was also deeply imbued with superstitious, and, ordering the Ju-

fell down, and set fire to the bed. The flames were extinguished, but not until they had consumed half the body of the robust Pope who had ever governed the Church.

* The discovery of the islands was first then after this time, and remained in oblivion for nearly three quarters of a century, when they were rediscovered by a Norman navigator named Balthusart, who sold them to the king of Spain. When the Spaniards took possession of the islands they found the aboriginals living like wild beasts, in woods and caves, and there was a great number of unusually large dogs. This led them to name the largest island, now Tenerife, Canaries. Hence the name Canary, which is now applied to the whole group.

bilee to be observed every fifty years, showed his desire to enrich the Church regardless of the means. In 1348 he published a bull, which was circulated throughout Christendom, exhorting the faithful to avail themselves of the approaching *Jubilee*, as very few would, in all probability, live to see another. Pilgrims flocked from all parts of the then known world to Rome. The historian, M. Villani, who was there, says it was impossible to ascertain correctly the exact number that crowded the city from the beginning to the end of the *Jubilee* year, but that it was computed from one million to twelve hundred thousand pilgrims were daily in Rome from Christmas, 1349, to Easter, March 28th, 1350, and about eight hundred thousand from Easter to Ascension-day and Whit-Sunday; and that, notwithstanding the excessive heats of that summer, and the busy harvest-time, there were never less than two hundred thousand on any day, while the crowds at the end of the year were equal to those at the beginning.

It was also estimated that, out of the immense multitudes of both sexes thus impelled by superstition to Rome, scarcely one in ten returned home—death made such havoc among them, owing to the fatigues of the journey, the want of the common necessities of life, and the sufferings endured from want of shelter. The Romans exacted a far

higher price for lodgings, for provisions of all kinds, even for bread, than the great mass of the pilgrims could afford to pay. Almost every house was converted into an inn, and the object of every Roman was to extort all he possibly could from the miserable pilgrims. The legate whom Clement sent to regulate matters during the holy year, seeing the evils caused by the exorbitant exactions of the Romans, shortened the time that was appointed for the pilgrims to visit the various churches. This so provoked the Romans, that he had to fly from the city to escape being murdered.—*M. Villani*, l. 1. c 56, 88.*

Clement left behind him anything but a flattering description of the secular clergy of his day. Like the generality of Popes, he was very partial to the various monastic orders, who have always been, as a rule, the most ardent and unscrupulous supporters of Papal pretensions. In 1340 a dreadful plague broke out in Asia, and, gradually extending along the shores of the Mediterranean, reached Italy, and thence spread all over Europe, raging everywhere with unprecedented fury, and followed by an awful mortality.

It was alleged that the monks and friars had taken advantage of this direful scourge to enrich themselves by obtaining immense death-bed bequests, and, after the plague had subsided, the parish priests made a special complaint against the Mendi-

* The same authority says that three churches were appointed which should be visited in order to obtain the promised indulgences, &c., and that in visiting those churches, "including the distance from his lodging and his return to it, each pilgrim performed about eleven miles. The streets were perpetually full, so that one was obliged, whether on foot or on horseback, to follow the crowd; and this made the progress very slow and disagreeable."

"The Holy Napkin of Christ was shown at St. Peter's every Sunday and solemn festival, for the consolation of the pilgrims. The press then was so great and indiscreet; so it happened that sometimes two, sometimes four, or six, or even twelve, were found there crushed or trampled to death."

It must be observed that every pilgrim, in visiting the appointed shrines, was required to make an offering, and of these oblations, which amounted to immense sums, the Pope had his share.

cant Friars as having been the prime offenders in this respect. A petition was presented to the Pope in a full Consistory, praying that the Mendicant Friars should be abolished, or at least that they should be prohibited from preaching, hearing confessions, and burying the dead, and this petition was warmly supported by a great number of cardinals and bishops. The Pope, however, took the part of the Mendicants, and in his reply to the petition has left on record a lively, graphic, and—we are bound to believe—perfectly truthful description of the secular clergy of the age. He said:—

“The Mendicants have exposed their lives by attending dying persons and administering the sacrament to them, while you, consulting your own safety, fled from the danger, and abandoned your flock. *You* have, therefore, no reason to complain of what *they* have got, as they have got it by performing the duty which you have neglected, though incumbent on you.

“They employ the little they have earned in new buildings, repairing, or embellishing their churches; but you would, perhaps, have applied it to very different uses.

“You advise me to silence them, and leave the preaching of the word entirely to you. And *what would you preach?* Surely not *humility*, as you are known to be the most haughty, the most proud set of men upon earth, and the most pompous in your attendants and equipages.

“Would you recommend poverty, and the contempt of worldly wealth? You, whom no benefices can satisfy, however accumulated!

“Would you urge fasting, abstinence, and a mortified life, while you fare sumptuously, and indulge yourselves in the most delicate meals?

“As for your chastity, *I leave yourselves to consider whether you could with a good grace recommend that virtue to others!* God knows your lives—how your bodies are pampered with pleasures. If you hate the Begging Friars, and close your doors against them, it is that they may not see your lives; you had rather waste your wealth on panders and ruffians than on Mendicants.

“The Mendicants preach nothing but what by their example they show to be practicable, whereas many amongst you preach one thing, and practise the quite contrary.”

It will be observed that the Pope does not deny the accusation against the Mendicants of having prostituted their spiritual influence for the vile purpose of extorting death-bed bequests, but rather excuses their conduct, and inferentially applauds it, on the assumption that they devoted the plunder thus obtained to Church purposes—*the end justified the means!* This has long been a standard dogma of Papal morality, and here we have a Pope teaching it in all the perfection of its detestable depravity.*

In this controversy the Arch-

* The Mendicants, or begging friars, had their existence in the thirteenth century, and their vows of poverty and mendicity contrasted favourably with the luxury and corruption in which the monastic orders then wallowed. They rapidly acquired a character for superior sanctity, and, as their fame increased, so did they gradually depart from the rules, and relax the discipline established by their founders.

The Mendicants multiplied so rapidly that Pope Gregory X., in 1272, suppressed a great number, and reduced the orders or denominations to four, viz., the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, and the Hermits of St. Augustine. These orders were highly favoured by the Popes, and in return supported, to the extreme extent, the extravagant pretensions of the most ambitious pontiffs.

The Dominicans and the Franciscans became the most powerful orders, and, ostensibly professing mendicity, spared no mendacity in acquiring riches and power, while animated by the most deadly hatred the one against the other. They ruled in Europe before the Reformation, as the Jesuits have done, in Roman Catholic States, since their establishment.

The Mendicants most decidedly did not merit, as a body, the eulogium pronounced on

bishop of Armagh took an active and most distinguished part in denouncing the vices, false pretences, and pretensions of the Mendicant orders. He wrote against them with great effect, and in his work *Defensorium Curatorum*—which caused great trepidation and fluttering in the Mendicant dove-cots—he ably upheld the rights and privileges of the secular clergy, and contended that the so-called “regulars” should be excluded from the performance of all priestly duties. This so alarmed the Mendicants, that they complained to the Pope, and, having great influence with him, the Archbishop was summoned to Avignon, severely reprimanded, and ordered not to interfere in future with those sturdy beggars, nor suffer them to be interfered with or disturbed by others.*

On the death of Clement, the cardinals in conclave were about to elect John de Birelle, general of the Carthusians, a man, says Bower, “in high reputation for his learning as well as the sanctity of his life; and so great was the opinion they all entertained of him, that he would have been elected at once had not one of the cardinals diverted the rest from it by representing him as an enemy to all pomp and grandeur, and telling them that, should they

choose him, they would soon have reason to repent of their choice, that he would certainly reduce them to their original condition, and that in a few days their fine horses would be all sent to the cart and the plough.”—*Hist. of the Popes*, vol. vi. p. 481.

The cardinals then drew up six articles, which they each individually swore to observe, in case of being elected pontiff. The object was to restrain the despotism of the Popes, and secure the independence of the cardinals. They then without delay unanimously elected the Bishop of Ostia to the Pontifical Chair, and he took the name of Innocent VI. No sooner, however, had he been enthroned, than he turned round and broke his oath. He declared that the articles which he had sworn to observe were illegal, and not binding on him; yet, had he not taken a solemn oath to observe them, he never would have been elected Pope! If he knew the articles were repugnant to the canons, why did he swear to observe them? By swearing he became Pope, but when Pope to have observed his oath faithfully would have greatly limited his power; and the fact stands incontestable that he declared his oath not binding. The conclusion naturally suggested by such a state of

them by Pope Clement, and, however bad the secular clergy may have been, undoubtedly the Mendicants were equally corrupt and worthless, if not more so.

The conduct of these Mendicants became, in the fourteenth century, so intolerable, and so universal was the odium they incurred, that, as Mosheim observes, “there was scarcely a province or a university in Europe, in which bishops, clergy, and doctors were not warmly engaged in opposition to the Dominicans and Franciscans, who employed the power and authority they had received from the Popes in undermining the ancient discipline of the Church, and assuming to themselves a certain superintendence in religious matters.”—*Eccles. Hist. Cent. xiv.*, part 2, c. ii. a. xviii.

* Among other things the Archbishop complained that it was the practice of the Mendicants to entice the students at the University of Oxford to confess to them, and then employ all their arts of seduction to prevail on them to enter their order—especially those who were heirs or had expectations of property.

And also, that in consequence of this interference parents refused to send their sons to Oxford, so that the number of students had been reduced, in his time, from 30,000 to 6,000. — *Walsingham*, Edw. III.

With respect to the 30,000 or 6,000 students at Oxford, Hume asks to some purpose, “What was the occupation of all these young men?” And his answer is, “To learn very bad Latin, and still worse logic.” Oxford was then an overgrown, indifferent school.

facts, is not very favourable to the character of the Pope.

The pontificate of Innocent was inglorious. He entangled himself in a humiliating dispute with the German clergy about money. He demanded an extraordinary subsidy of the tenth of all ecclesiastical revenues for the use of the Apostolic Chamber; but led by the clergy of Treves, Mayence, and Cologne, who determinedly refused payment, all the ecclesiastical orders throughout the whole empire united to resist the demand; and the Pope had to yield, for he was powerless to enforce obedience.

The princes of the empire held a meeting in 1359, when the Count Palatine, in defence of the action taken by the clergy, said:—

"The Romans have always considered Germany as a mine of gold, and have invented various methods to exhaust it. *And what does the Pope give in return but epistles and speeches?* Let him be master of all the benefices as to their collation, but let him leave the revenues to those who own them.

"We send abundance of money into Italy for divers manufactures, and to Avignon for our children who study there, and who there *solicit*, let us not say *purchase*, benefices.

"No one is ignorant what sums are every year carried from Germany to the court of Rome, for the confirmation of prelates, the obtaining of benefices, the carrying on of suits and appeals before the Holy See—for dispensations, absolutions, indulgences, privileges, and other favours.

"In all former days the archbishops used to confirm the elections of the bishops, their suffragans; but in our time John XXII. violently usurped that right. And now another Pope demands from his clergy a new and unheard-of subsidy, threatening his censures on all who refuse or oppose. *Resist the beginning of this evil, and permit not the establishment of this degrading servitude.*" —*Fleury, Hist. Eccles.*, l. xcvi. s. xxxiii.

The Emperor Charles IV. highly approved of the resistance offered to

the Pope's demand, but at the same time he reprobated and denounced in the strongest terms the pride, avarice, luxurious indulgences, and ungodly lives of the bishops and clergy generally. Addressing the Papal Nuncio, he asked how it was that the Pope, who was so ready to tax the property of the clergy, exhibited such lukewarmness respecting the correction of their lives and the restoration of discipline? The Pope did make some attempts to stem the torrent of vice and corruption that flooded the Church, but his efforts were futile.

Innocent added to the superstitious observances that already overwhelmed the Church, obscured the purity and simplicity of primitive Christianity, extinguished true piety, and made Christian ceremonial little else than a caricature of Pagan and Judaical rites. The Emperor having become possessed of some fictitious relics, to wit, the spear with which the centurion pierced the side of Christ, one of the nails with which Christ was nailed to the cross, and the table-cloth that was used at the last supper, the Pope, favouring the ridiculous supposition that they were genuine and worthy of pious preservation and veneration, instituted the *Festival of the Holy Spear*, ordered it to be celebrated annually in Germany on the first Friday after the Octave of Easter, and granted special indulgences to all who visited on that day the shrine where it was deposited. Even assuming that the "spear" was a true relic instead of a notorious counterfeit, why should it be called "holy?" Why should it have a festival? Why should special spiritual favours or indulgences be granted to those who went on a particular day to look at it, even with eyes of wonder and veneration? Is all this consistent with the true spirit of rational Christianity, or is it rather the artful device of avarice?

ricious priestcraft, that trades on the superstitious weaknesses and credulities of mankind?

Innocent died on the 12th of September, 1362, and was succeeded by a Benedictine abbot, who assumed the name of Urban V., and was, says Mosheim, "entirely free from all the grosser vices, if we except those which cannot easily be separated from the Papal dignity." The See of Avignon had remained vacant since the year 1349—purposely kept so in order that the Popes might enjoy its rich revenues; Urban, however, among his first acts, filled the see by appointing thereto his own brother.

Soon after his election, Urban resolved to restore the Holy See to Rome, and in January, 1367, he departed from Avignon for that purpose, but did not enter Rome till the following October. It is related that he went in solemn procession from St. Peter's to the Lateran basilica, and entering the place called the *Sancta Sanctorum*, where the supposed heads of St. Peter and St. Paul were kept, he took them out and showed them from a balcony to the immense multitude assembled in the square. Ashamed of the common wooden boxes in which the heads were kept, he ordered new cases of gold and silver, adorned with rich jewels and precious stones, to be prepared for their reception, and on this piece of superstitious folly he lavished 30,000 florins.

Urban then invited the Emperor to invade Italy at the head of an army of 20,000, for the purpose of punishing the Duke of Milan, who, he alleged, had seized some territories belonging to the Church. The Emperor ravaged the Milanese with fire and sword, and then repaired to Rome, where he was joined by the Empress, who

was crowned by the Pope. In the procession to the Church of St. Peter, the Emperor walked by the side of the Pope, holding the bridle of his horse.

The Pope was not satisfied with the state of affairs in Italy, and, for reasons he did not disclose, had resolved on returning to Avignon, when he was taken dangerously ill.

It is stated that he frequently confessed, and caused his bed to be placed before the altar of St. Peter, and there declared, in the presence of his household and others, that "he held and firmly believed whatever the holy Catholic Church held and believed, and that he had never knowingly departed from her definitions"—a declaration, by the way, not very consistent with his presumed infallibility, for, if it was possible that he could have *unknowingly* departed from the definitions of the Church, how could he be infallible?

In 1366 Urban made a demand on England for thirty-three years' arrears of tribute, which he claimed as due under the engagement contracted by King John as a vassal of the Apostolic See; and he declared that, if the amount was not paid at once, he would commence a suit in his own court for the recovery of the penalties contained in the original grant. Lingard relates that—

"When the Parliament met, the King assembled the lords spiritual and temporal in the white chamber at Westminster, communicated to them the Papal demand, and solicited their advice. The prelates requested a day to consult in private, and returning the next morning, answered, *that neither John nor any other person could subject the kingdom to another power without the consent of the nation.*"*

* This reply was conceived in the same spirit as the noble answer returned by the Parliament of Merton, when the Papacy required that the municipal law of England should be

"The temporal peers concurring in their opinion, it was communicated to the Commons, who willingly expressed their assent; and the public instrument was drawn up in the name of the King, Lords, and Commons, repeating the answers of the bishops, and adding that the Act of John was done, without the consent of the realm, and against the tenor of the oath which he had taken at his coronation.

"It was then resolved by the Lords and Commons (the King and prelates had withdrawn), that if the Pope attempted to enforce his claim by process of law, or by any other means, they would resist, and stand against him to the utmost in their power. *This solemn determination set the question at rest for ever*—*Hist. of Eng.*, 6th ed., vol. iii. p. 126.

Thus was England delivered from the base vassalage to Rome, under which she was placed by the ignoble John. The Roman Catholic prelates of those days acted, in this matter, with a spirit worthy of Englishmen. There was no acknowledgment of Papal pretensions to authority in temporals within the realm of England, such as the Ultramontane faction of the present day would gladly assert and see exercised.

But the patriotic action of Parliament was not confined to delivering the realm from the degradation of John's vassalage tribute; there were other Papal exactions to be resisted, for instance, the Papal claim to *First Fruits* had become very oppressive, and had given rise to the most scandalous abuses. This led to the enactment of two important measures—the *Statute of Provisors*, which rendered it penal to procure from Rome any presentations to benefices in England, and restoring and securing the rights of all patrons and electors, which the Popes had

largely encroached on and usurped; also the *Statute Praemunire*, which declared every person outlawed who carried any cause by way of appeal to the Papal court.

Dr. Lingard, with commendable candour, admits that the complaints of the nation against Papal rapacity were well founded. Although a Roman Catholic, he was an Englishman, and it would be more creditable if Cardinal Manning, and other superstitious idolaters of Papal pretensions, could catch the faintest reflection of his patriotic spirit. Respecting this contest between the Parliament of England and Papal rapacity, Dr. Lingard writes thus:—

"Of the primacy of the pontiff, or of his spiritual jurisdiction, there was no question; both these were repeatedly acknowledged by the Commons in their petitions, and by the King in his letters.

"But it was contended that the Pope was surrounded by subtle and rapacious counsellors, who abused, for their own emolument, the confidence of their master, that by their advice he had 'approached' to himself a temporal authority to which, as it invaded the rights of others, he could have no claim; and that, when repeated remonstrances had failed, it was lawful to employ the resources of the civil power in the just defence of civil rights.

"It was in vain that the pontiff, on account of his pre-eminent dignity in the Church, claimed a right to dispose of its revenues for its advantage, the new statutes were put into execution; and the same legislators who received with deference the doctrinal decisions and disciplinary regulations of their chief pastor, resisted with a most just pride of the law the claims which he put forward from him the provision to which he was in opposition to the rights of the nation.

"This is an important occurrence

about to agree with the canon law of Rome—*Nemo laicus Angliæ matri, was the monastic staff Papal insolence received.*

in our history, as it proves beyond contradiction that the distinction between the spiritual and temporal power of the Pope, *which is maintained by the Catholics of the present day, was a principle fully recognized and asserted by their Catholic ancestors many centuries ago.*"

This is quite true, but not at all applicable to the degenerate Ultramontane Romanists of the present day, whose ignoble boast it is to be *Papists first, and Englishmen afterwards!* There is, however, we are happy to believe, a large, influential, and increasing body of Roman Catholics in these kingdoms, who worthily inherit the spirit of independence that actuated their honourable ancestors, and who would not permit their civil rights to be at the mercy or influence of a foreign priest, as the Ultramontanes desire. Dr. Lingard goes on to observe:—

"In the obstinacy with which the court of Rome urged the exercise of these obnoxious claims, it is difficult to discover any traces of that political wisdom for which it has been celebrated. Its conduct tended to loosen the ties which bound the people to the head of the Church; to nourish a spirit of opposition to his authority, and to create a willingness to listen to the declamations, and adopt the opinions, of religious innovators."*—*Ibid.* p. 132.

Urban died in December, 1370, and was succeeded by Peter Roger, a cardinal deacon, who took the name of Gregory XI. The Romans immediately sent a highly influential embassy, inviting him most earnestly to reside with his Court at Rome. He expressed in reply an ardent desire to comply with

their request, and hoped soon to do so.

At this time the Florentines were at war with the States of the Church, and the Pope not only excommunicated, but preached a crusade against them, and was embroiled with this contest during the whole of his pontificate. Some say that Gregory was moved to transfer his residence to Rome, in the hope of being better enabled to protect the temporal interests of the Papacy. Others allege that the Romans, suspecting he only amused them with fair words, and had no intention of leaving Avignon, represented to him that being Roman pontiff, and so styled, and acknowledged by the Christian world, he ought to reside with his court at Rome; that they were determined to have a Pope who would reside among them, and that, if he did not choose to comply with their wishes, they had resolved to provide themselves with one who would.

It is stated, however, that Gregory was really induced to remove to Rome principally by the solicitations and advice of one of the wildest monomaniacs of that or any other age, known as Catharine of Sienna! This miserable afflicted creature had embraced a conventual life, and acquired by the austerities she practised an extraordinary reputation for sanctity. Carried away by religious frenzy, she watched, and prayed, and fasted to an extent that warped the feeble intellect she possessed, until she professed to hold personal communication with the other world; and the superstition of the age not only credited her gross fables, but absolutely attributed to her the spirit of prophecy.

She declared that she was in

* The annual revenue extorted from England and Ireland by the Pope, at this time, is stated by Fuller to have amounted to £156,000 sterling of our currency.—*Church Hist.*, p. 238.

direct personal communication with Christ, and that it was from him she had obtained all her spiritual knowledge. He had appeared to her on one special occasion, accompanied by the Holy Mother and a numerous host of saints, and in their presence he solemnly espoused her, placing on her finger a golden ring, adorned with four pearls and a diamond; but, most wonderful to relate, after the vision had vanished, or rather after her celestial visitants had departed, the ring remained on her finger, and, more miraculous still, though it was invisible to every other human being, it was sensible and palpable to herself.

Among other hallucinations, not less disgusting than blasphemous, under which this poor creature laboured, she boasted that Christ had granted her the favour of sucking the blood from the wound in his side; that she had received from him his heart in exchange for her own; and that she bore on her body the marks of his wounds—but, more marvellous still, they were totally imperceptible to any sight but her own.

The Pope made the acquaintance of this pitiable fanatic when she was entrusted by the Florentines with an important mission to the court of Avignon, for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation between the Church and the Republic. Having heard all she had to say on the part of the Florentines, the Pope, convinced of

her devotion to the Holy See, expressed his readiness to leave the settlement of all differences to her arbitrament, and to abide by whatever arrangements she effected. Before taking her leave, however, Catharine took upon herself to lecture the Pope respecting the duty he owed "to his Italian subjects, to the tombs of the Apostles, to the chair of his mighty predecessors," and the Church, which duty required that he should abandon Avignon and take up his residence at Rome.

It is alleged that the Pope was so moved by the expostulations of Catharine, that he resolved to remove his court to Rome. But what a ludicrous picture is presented by an infallible Pope receiving, with becoming humility, the frenzied lecturing of a monomaniac! What are we to think of the religion that made this miserable fanatic a canonized saint? and what of the infallibility that permitted her disgusting blasphemies not only to pass current, but absolutely adopted them by assigning her a niche in the Holy Calendar?*

One question presses, and it is always cropping up and presenting itself in our *Retrospect*—how comes it that infallible Popes could commit such monstrous mistakes, so totally irreconcilable with their divine pretensions? This is the *Pons Asinorum* on the way to the citadel of "saving faith," that we have as yet failed to get over. For there

* Some Roman Catholic writers who repudiate all belief in the divine gifts of Catharine yet give her credit for sincerity. So do we, and in our lunatic asylums are, unfortunately, to be found multitudes labouring under similar hallucinations who are equally sincere. No monomaniac can be insincere.

Fleury thinks, and we agree with him, that Catharine believed in the reality of all her visions. *Une imagination vive, échauffé par les jeûnes et les veilles, pouvoit y avoir grande part; d'autant plus, qu'aucune occupation extérieure ne détournait ces pensées.*—*Hist. Eccles.*, l. xvii. s. xl.

Catharine cannot reasonably be held responsible; but what shall we say of the guilt of those who turned the ravings of a poor monomaniac to profitable account, trading on the superstitious, and serving their own base purposes by sanctified deceit, and "pious frauds!"

have been Popes avowedly imbued with the "Arian heresy,"—Popes who affirmed and decreed one thing, and succeeding Popes who reversed and nullified their acts—Popes who confessed their fallibility, and prayed pardon for their errors—Popes who admittedly promulgated heterodox doctrines, and died recanting them; and, in the present case, a Pope, like Gregory, who took the ravings of a mad woman for the utterances of divine inspiration, and then the Pope who canonized her—all, all, according to the Vatican decree of 1870, the Romanist who aspires to eternal salvation is bound to believe were positively *infallible*, including also the monsters of vice who disgraced the Papal chair, and whose infamous excesses out-rivalled the worst abominations of the most revolting Paganism. A very comfortable and rational belief most assuredly!

Gregory went to Rome, whatever the motive that influenced him, and thus ended the *Babylonian captivity*, of about seventy-two years, that the Papal court resided at Avignon. Gregory found, however, that a sort of *municipal independence* had grown up in Rome during the absence of the Papal court. The city had been divided into wards, the heads of which were called *Bannerets*, from their respective banners, and they regulated the municipal government; this government was essentially *lay*, whereas the Pope and his parasites desired

to have it in their own hands, and consequently essentially *ecclesiastical*. The Romans, however, though anxious to have the Papal court resident, would not consent to surrender their rights as citizens, and place themselves under the domination of priests in temporal matters; and, as the Pope was utterly powerless to compel them, he resolved to abandon Rome and return to Avignon, which was his own city, and subject only to his own government.*

Gregory's intentions were, however, rudely frustrated; for, while preparing to remove, he was seized with a fatal illness, and expired on the 27th of March, 1378.

Gregory was the last of the Avignon Popes—at least the last whose pontificate was undisputed—and his death was followed by the *great schism* which extended over nearly three quarters of a century, during which there were, at times, two and three Popes, each claiming to be the true Vicar of Christ! This schism contributed powerfully to the decadence of Papal power, the first great shock to which was given by the transference of the Papal court to Avignon. The natural effect of this withdrawal from Rome was to weaken insensibly, but powerfully, the glorious associations which identified the Popes with the grand, though mythical, traditions of the Chair of Peter.

The Avignon Popes were regarded, with great truth, as the

* Joan, queen of Naples, was accused as accessory to the murder of her husband. To her the city of Avignon belonged by inheritance; and, having been compelled to fly from Naples, she went to Avignon to establish her innocence before Pope Clement VI. He heard her defence in full Consistory, and the verdict was *not guilty*.

Joan, having had her innocence thus infallibly established, resolved on making an effort to recover her Neapolitan dominions; but, being in sore distress for the means wherewith to fit out an expedition, she offered to sell the city of Avignon to Clement. He eagerly embraced the offer—in fact, took advantage of the Queen's necessities—and paid down 80,000 florins in gold, and thus Avignon and its territory passed, by an outwardly legitimate transaction, into the possession of the Popes—the only piece of territory, we may fairly say, that the Popes ever honestly and honourably acquired—that is, assuming the Pope paid the fair value, and did not trade on the Queen's extreme necessities.

mere creatures of France. This impaired both their spiritual and temporal authority, while their absence from Italy left the so-called "patrimony of St Peter" to be preyed upon by whatever faction was in the ascendant. As Mo-sheim remarks:—

"This caused many cities to revolt from the Popes; even Rome itself was the grand source and fomentor of cabals, tumults, and civil wars; inso-much that the laws and decrees sent thither from France were publicly treated with contempt by the common people, as well as by the nobles.

"The influence of this example was propagated from Italy through most parts of Europe; it being evident, from a vast number of instances, *that the Europeans in general did not pay near so much regard to the decrees and thunders of the Gallic Popes as they did to those of Rome.* This gave rise to various seditions against the pontiffs, which they could not entirely crush, even with the aid of the Inquisitors, who exerted themselves with the most barbarous fury."—*Eccles. Hist.*, part 2, ch. ii., s. x.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that as the power of the Popes declined, and they exerted less influence over temporal affairs in Europe, so did they rely more on the arts and crafts of superstition. The Avignon Popes were notorious for their avarice and superstitious artifices, and they left no device untried that promised to gratify their rapacity:—

"The French pontiffs," says Mo-sheim, "finding they could draw but small revenues from their Italian dominions, which were now torn in pieces by faction and ravaged by sedition, *were obliged to contrive new methods for accumulating wealth.*

"For this purpose they not only sold indulgences to the people more frequently than they formerly had done, *whereby they made themselves extremely odious to several potentates, but also disposed publicly of scandal-*

ous licenses of all sorts at an excessive price.

"John XXII. was remarkably shrewd and zealous in promoting this abominable traffic; for, though he was not the first inventor of the taxes and rules of the Apostolic Chancery, yet the Romish writers acknowledge that he enlarged and rendered them more extensively profitable to the holy treasury.

"Besides the abuses now mentioned, these Gallic Popes, having abolished the right of elections, arrogated to themselves a power of conferring all the offices of the Church, whether greater or smaller, according to their fancy, by which they soon amassed prodigious wealth.

"It was by these and other such mean and selfish contrivances, which had no other end than the acquisition of riches, that these inconsiderate pontiffs excited a general hatred against the Roman See, and thereby greatly weakened the Papal empire, which had been visibly on the decline from the time of Boniface."—*Eccles. Hist.*, part 2, c. ii., s. vi.

Such was the position of affairs when the *great schism* commenced. It is one of the most romantic and interesting chapters in Papal history. The mantle of infallibility was rent asunder, and "the Vicariate of Christ on earth" was contested by rival aspirants! This war of pontiffs reduces Papal claims to an absurdity, for how could there be two duly appointed "Christ's Vicars on earth" at one and the same time? Surely one or the other must have been an impostor, even from a Papal point of view.

Yet the puzzle from those days to this has been—"which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?"—which the true, and which the false Popes? For nearly three quarters of a century this *great schism* raged, and gave to the Roman Catholic Church two heads at a time, each claiming true Apostolic succession, and to have a divine com-

mission in virtue thereof, and each excommunicating and vehemently anathematizing the other, with their respective aiders and abettors! We will see how this schism impaired Papal influence in Europe. In fighting for their own existence rival Popes were obliged to conciliate the countenance and support of European sovereigns, and this necessarily had the effect of making them refrain from attempting to treat those sovereigns as vassals, by urging their pretensions to a temporal supremacy as formerly. In point of fact, after the removal of the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, the authority of the pontiffs—previously shaken and perceptibly on the wane—declined so rapidly, that, when the “Babylonian captivity” terminated, the influence of the Papacy, in the temporal concerns of the states, presented but a very faint reflection indeed of its former greatness. Any superstitious reverence that survived, and was still disposed to believe that spiritual authority should be su-

preme in the government of the world, was entirely swept away by the great schism.

The momentous disruption of the Roman Church the schism caused, destroyed its unity, distracted its councils, ranged the sovereign states of Europe under the banners of rival Popes, and thus inevitably the pretensions of the Popes to interfere in the temporal affairs of those states, much less to exercise a supreme authority, were tacitly ignored, and suffered to lapse gradually into abeyance; and although those pretensions were never explicitly renounced, have never been openly abandoned, but, on the contrary, were re-asserted in some instances by subsequent Popes, still they remained practically dormant for centuries, until their attempted revival, in all their mediæval plenitude, has been attempted, in our own day, by the infatuated policy of the Vatican under Pio Nono!

(To be continued.)

THE "KISHOGE PAPERS." *

THIRTY-THREE years ago, in the number of the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1842, there appeared the first of a series of legends in verse entitled *The Kishoge Papers*. In richness of wit, exquisite humour, an inexhaustible fund of drollery "raey of the soil," and a facility for accomplishing the most difficult and perplexing versification, these "papers" were incomparably superior to anything of the kind that had previously appeared in Irish literature, and were not unworthy to take rank with the justly celebrated *Ingoldsby Legends*, which were then in the bloom of their well-deserved popularity.

In a brief preface the author calls his papers "trifles," but they are "trifles" of a very rare order indeed. He says, "they are now collected and republished in compliance with the request of many friends, and if their reception by an entirely new generation, is nearly as favourable as their first success, the writer will have every reason to feel gratified." If, in appealing to the present generation, they meet with success commensurate with their merits, then, indeed, their popularity will be unbounded.

There is only one legend in this collection that did not appear in the series at first, and, as it presents a very fair specimen of the author's ability, we shall quote the greater part of it—warmly recommending our readers to get this very handsome volume, a perusal of which will afford them real gratification. It appeals to them now with all the freshness of an original work. The new legend is entitled:—

THE BALD BARRYS;†

OR, THE WHITE-THORNS OF KILNINAN.

"Oh! the land of Munster is broad and fair,
From the banks of Suir to the cliffs of Clare;
And many a smiling valley, I ween,
On its wide expanse may to-day be seen;
But a fairer plain the gazer's eye
On that wide expanse could scarce espy,
Than that which, tinged by the evening sun,
Kilninan's abbey looked down upon.
And the abbey tow'rs stood, bold and high,
In the evening light, 'gainst the eastern sky;
And the vesper-bell, from the grey old fane,
Made music sweet o'er the tranquil plain;

* *The Kishoge Papers. Tales of Drollery and Drollery.* By Bouillon de Garçon. London: Chapman and Hall, 1875.

† Of the De Barrys, or Barrys, the author says:—"For they long since dropped the Norman pretensions, and became the head-staff of the adventurers who accompanied the Strongbow to Ireland; one of them, Robert de Barry, being the first combatant slain on the coast of Ireland. They became one of the most powerful of the Anglo-Norman families, with large territorial possessions, and, at last, the Barry of Santry, the Viscount of Buttevant, descended from their warry, "*Barter en arret*," when storming the place, and the Viscount of Barrymore. All these "barages" are now extinct."

And sweeter music the vesper-hymn,
 As it rose thro' the aisles, with incense dim.
 But many a year has passed since there
 Has been heard the music of chime or pray'r!
 And scarce some moss-clad stones remain,
 Of the once revered and sacred fane.
 Nor in its old churchyard, long renowned,
 Can the site of a single tomb be found;
 Where, at fragrant eve or at dewy morn,
 No longer blossoms its blessed thorn!

"Not far from Kildinan there stood, at the time
 Of the incident that I narrate in my rhyme,
 A mansion renowned
 Thro' the whole country round,
 For a splendour the like of which nowhere was found.
 Its owner was one of a gallant old race
 As ever looked danger or death in the face,
 And ever was ready the hand to extend,
 With a blow for the foe, or a grasp for the friend!
 Who, when might
 Stood for right,
 Held their own in the fight;
 Caring little what soil
 They invaded for spoil,
 And, so cowardice stained not the scutcheon they bore,
 Regardless who stood their bold onset before;
 Which, fiery and fast
 As the hurricane blast,
 Over many a red field of conflict had passed,
 For, when "Boutez-en-avant!" rang high in the air,
 Be sure that the thick of the combat was there!
 But the hand, strong to seize, was as free to bestow,
 And what valour had won was shared nobly with woe;
 While no chief of his pedigree, by the lord Harry,
 In giving, at least, surpassed David de Barry,
 Known well thro' all Munster, both near and afar,
 As Mac Adam, the owner of famed Lisnegar.

"Now, with gallant de Barry, as chief of the sept,
 Some dozen stout kinsmen all ate, drank and slept;
 For the race was prolific, thro' broad Barrymore,
 Where plenty among them are still "to the fore;"
 Where Barry's-court stands in its lordly decay;
 Where Foaty's twin turrets look down on its bay;
 Where old Carrigtuoil beholds the old stock
 Still muster in force, round the famous old rock;
 While another broad barony likewise can show
 How they flourished on all sides—wave-lashed Barryroe.
 But I've strayed rather far,
 From the famed Lisnegar;
 Where, as I observed, uncles, nephews and cousins,
 Surrounded De Barry, their liege-lord, by dozens;
 All ready to do what he chanced but to will,
 Caring little to know if for good or for ill.

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"'Twas a lovely eve, in the early spring,
 And the small birds flitted on sportive wing,

As De Barry, tired with his long day's chase,
Towards Lisnegar rode, with slackened pace;
And the sun in the west,
Was sinking to rest,
On a couch with gold and crimson barred,
As he passed Kildinan's old churchyard;
When, what in his path did he chance to see,
But its aged, world-famed, white-thorn tree?
Which, 'ere a leaf in the woods was green,
In bud and blossom was always seen;
And with myriad petals, as snow-flakes fair,
With perfume loaded the fragrant air,
And long 'ere the oldest alive was born
Had been known as Kildinan's bless'd white-thorn.
De Barry beheld it with thorough delight;
He ne'er had seen blossoms so wondrously white;
He ne'er had known perfume so fragrant outright;
And the wild wicked notion came into his head,—
Enough to make most people shudder with dread,
To have it dug up from its sanctified bed,
And at Lisnegar to replant it instead!

"But De Barry was not to be easily balked;
He acted as promptly as other folk talked;
Resolved on the deed,
Quick he reined up his steed,
Straightway sprang to the ground,
Bade the abbot be found,
While groups of the brothers stood timidly round,
With feelings half-terror half-horror profound.

"Fair evening, good father!" the chieftain began—
When not crossed, he, in truth, was an affable man—
'Fair evening, in sooth, good son; Heav'n be it praised!
And his eyes the old abbot devoutly upraised;
'We have cause to be thankful for weather so bright,
And such promise of plenty;
Scarce one year in twenty
Does holy St. Bridget display such a sight
As her blessed white-thorn affords, morning and night,
Whose richness of blossom all sanctified lore
Counts as harbinger sure of a bountiful store!

"'Tis a wonderful tree," was De Barry's reply,
(*Sotto voce*—'Your sanctified lore's all my eye!')
'But you know, worthy friar,
The vulgarest briar
Would almost seem amiss
In a wild spot like this.
'Tis a tree fit to grace
Some more civilized place;
I'll have it transplanted, with scrupulous care,
To a scene better suited to beauty so rare.
Don't go off like a gun!—
But just wait till I've done;
Forty pounds of long twigs
You shall have, if you choose,
The very best wax that for candles they use,
To light for St. Bridget;
Well, you are a

Don't stand shivering agape,
 Like a stultified ape!
 'Tis a very long price for a thing of the kind;
 Which I'd take just for nothing, if I had a mind!

"The poor abbot gazed with a petrified look,
 And his limbs with emotion quite trembled and shook:
 Could a creature be born,
 Without hoof or horn,
 That, treating the sanctified legends with scorn,
 Could think of transplanting St. Bridget's white-thorn,
 With unscrupulous hand, from the consecrate ground,
 Where the bones of the faithful lay mouldering around?
 If old Cloutie himself he saw bodily there,
 It scarcely could make him more fixedly stare.
 How could he put stop to a purpose so fell?
 He thought of his book, and he thought of his bell;
 But did such fellows care about heav'n or hell?
 No—better endeavour the chief to appease—
 So he flung himself down on his tremulous knees,
 And prayed him, by all he held sacred and good,
 To let the blest white-thorn remain where it stood!
 But vain was entreaty—the chief roundly swore
 He'd not hear a word more,
 But would send off a gang of his fellows, next morn,
 To dig up, and transplant to his lawn, the white-thorn;
 Then rode off, with an air that the monks styled Satanic,
 And left the whole brotherhood stricken with panic.

"The mandate went forth! and suffice it to say
 That the thorn was translated the very next day,
 And, 'ere evening closed in, bloomed resplendent before
 The Mac Adam's hall door;
 And, when darkness concealed the white petals from sight,
 With their perfume made fragrant the breezes of night!

"The curtain of dawn
 Once again is withdrawn,—
 And the chieftain awakes, and looks out on his lawn;
 For he longs to behold, by the first light of morn,
 The enchanting white-thorn,—
 Which he seized in so daring and impious a way,
 Not caring a button what people might say.
 But—it can't be mistake,—
 He is sure wide awake,
 'Tis not terror, but anger that makes him so shake,—
 Not a thing can he see,
 Where the white-thorn should be,—
 Where he saw it, as plainly as tree could be seen,
 A few hours before, but the sward, smooth and green,
 On whose soft verdant face
 There appeared not a trace,
 Of one least blade of grass being torn from its place!
 Now De Barry, when roused, was accustomed to swear,
 In a style to make stand each particular hair
 On the listener's head—and to write out the oath,
 He indulged in this juncture, I'd surely be loth.
 He consigned the lord abbot and monks to d——nation,
 In a whole repertoire of sublime imprecation,

Bade his flunkys forthwith his best charger caparison,
 Then, summoning round him the whole of his garrison,
 Set off in hot haste, as a furious lord rides,
 To the sainted seclusion of holy St. Bride's,
 Where he marks—with a fury no language could paint—
 In the churchyard, the blessed white-thorn of the Saint;
 While the monks and the abbots are kneeling around,
 In a fervent devout, on the sanctified ground!

"In he dashes apace,
 With a scowl on his face—
 Little suited, indeed, to such sanctified place,—
 'To your feet,' he cries, 'quick!
 Do you think this vile trick
 Will pass muster with me?—digging up in the dark
 This tree, and removing it out of my park!
 In the dead of the night—smoothing down ev'ry mark?
 A miracle quotha! the work of St. Bride!
 Perhaps once again she may lend you her aid,—
 Come, each of you, fetch out a pick-axe or spade,
 And dig up once more'—But, the lord abbot cried,—
 For faith gave him courage—'Hold, desperate man!
 Let no hand stir the sod
 That is sacred to God,
 Whose miraculous aid
 Is so clearly displayed,
 In marring the mischief you ventured to plan!
 Oh! fall on your knees, and ask pardon of heaven!
 The truly repentant are always forgiven,'
 When, lashed into fury, De Barry broke in,
 Addressing his henchmen, who circled around—
 'Dig a hole,' he cries, 'quick, five feet deep in the ground,
 And bury this shaven-pate knave to his chin!
 By the cross on my sword none shall thence set him free,
 'Till St. Bride or the D—l removes the old tree!'

"In rush his retainers, the old monk to seize,—
 But, what force holds them back
 In their sudden attack?—
 Ere they touch him he sinks to the earth, on his knees,
 And with eyes swimming over, and hands joined in air,
 He fervently breathes to St. Bridget this pray'r:

"'Holy Bridget, thine ear I beseech thee incline
 To this prayer, from the humblest who tends at thy shrine,
 And give the vain scold who heeds not thy pow'r,
 A proof that may touch his proud heart, in this hour!
 Teach this reprobate chieftain, who, but yesternorn,
 His hands sacrilegious removed thy blest thorn,
 And, when 'twas, by miracle, borne back again,
 To the consecrate spot, whence 'twas torn by his men,
 Would once more remove it, how weak is the arm
 That to sanctified things would attempt aught of harm!
 In his fury, just now—heeding nought that he said—
 In mockery of my bare, old, tansie-crowned head,
 He called me a "shaven-pate knave,"—Holy Bride,
 For myself, I could bear the poor insult with pride;
 But I pray thee to punish the outrage his tongue
 On the priests of thy altar thus brutally sung—

Grant that, henceforth, his head as mine own may be bare,
That ne'er on its surface shall flourish a hair;
And that, while of his race son or daughter men see,
They shall merit the scoff that he flung upon me!

"What means this confusion?—'Tis sure no remorse
That urges De Barry to shout out 'To horse!'
Makes him spring to his saddle, and ply spur and thong,
As with retainers he gallops along.
A glance tells the cause to men's wondering sight,
A gust sweeps the hat from his brow, in his flight,
And his head—which, a moment since, clustered with hair,—
As if shaved by the cleanest of barber's, was bare!
Not ring-worm or scald
Would have left it so bald,—
And the monks who beheld it were really appalled!

"Months passed, and they tried every kind of pomatum,
Psha! his hair would have grown just as much if he ate 'em.
The baldness defied
Every remedy tried,—
Cantharides ointment was vainly applied;
Till his coiffeur, one morning, acknowledged perforce,
That a wig was his only remaining resource.

"A wig! well 'twas not an agreeable notion;
But, since no hope remained in pomatum or lotion,
He bade one be made, with some signs of emotion.
So they brought a peruke
That was fit for a duke:
And the wig-maker fitted the article neatly,
And vowed that it suited his style so completely,
The most careful observer could hardly declare
That it was not, in fact, his own natural hair;
But, while all present vowed 'twas surprisingly 'spiffy'
The wig vanished clean out of sight in a jiffey!

"'Twas no joke,—
To provoke
Either laughter or merriment;
And a bold man 'twould be that would try the experiment.
It was perfectly plain
That thenceforth it were vain
The hair to restore, or the baldness to hide,
Of the wrong-headed man who—to punish his pride—
Was so strangely bereft of his locks by St. Bride.
Bareheaded he went to the day that he died!

"And pious tradition maintains, in the place,
His descendants have all been a bald-headed race;
While the blessed white-thorn, from that wonderful hour,
Had the highest repute for miraculous pow'r;
'Till at last 'twas by angels removed to the sky,
To bloom evermore in the gardens on high!"

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LINEN MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND.

LINEN and woollen were the first textile manufactures concerning which we have any authentic record. It is impossible now to determine at what remote period of antiquity they were introduced, or to which the priority of invention is to be assigned; but most probably wool was first converted to the use of mankind. The linen manufacture flourished in Egypt more than 2,000 years B.C., and it is alleged that the art of weaving was practised in China at least 1,000 years before it was known in Egypt. Pharaoh, 1716 B.C., arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen (Gen. xli. 42). The Jews were prohibited, 1451 B.C., from wearing garments of linen and woollen together (Lev. xix. 19).

Flemish weavers first introduced a knowledge of the linen manufacture into England in the reign of Henry II., A.D. 1253, and linen was manufactured in the north of Ireland as early as 1430; but the manufacture was then very rudely conducted, and was of no consequence as a branch of national industry. The people were entirely ignorant of the proper way of managing and working flax, spinning the yarn and bleaching, while they had no knowledge of looms and other matters necessary for carrying on the manufacture as an art.

In the *Calendar of Treasury Papers*, edited by Joseph Redington, Esq., the third volume of which was recently published, we have a good deal of interesting information concerning the difficulties with which the manufacture had to contend,

before it became securely established, as the most important and enriching branch of industry Ireland possesses. It was not until after the revolution of 1688 that active measures were taken to encourage the trade by improving and extending the manufacture.

In 1696 an Act of Parliament was passed for the encouragement of the linen manufacture of Ireland. The revocation of the *Edict of Nantes* had compelled a great number of Huguenot fugitives to seek the protection of the Low Countries and of England, many of whom were eminently skilled in the manufacture of fine linen, for which France was then so justly celebrated. A great many of these refugees were induced to settle in the north of Ireland, where by their knowledge, skill, and industry they laid the foundation of the great and prosperous trade which has made Ulster a remarkable contrast in comfort, contentment, and wealth to the rest of Ireland.

In 1698, the English House of Lords addressed King William, praying that he would discourage the manufacture of woollens in Ireland, which had then attained far greater perfection and prosperity than that of linen. The increase of the Irish woollen manufacture had given offence, they said, to the people of England, and they hoped His Majesty would encourage the linen manufacture pursuant to the Act of 1696.

In the same narrow, impolitic, and uncommercial spirit as regards the woollen trade, the English

Commons addressed the King in the hope that he would "induce the people of Ireland to cultivate the joint interests of both kingdoms, and that, as Ireland is dependent on and protected by England in the enjoyment of all they have, they would be content to apply themselves to the linen manufacture, whereby they would enrich themselves and be beneficial to England at the same time."

Lewis Crommelin, a Huguenot refugee, whose family had been connected with the linen manufacture of France, in all its various branches, for upwards of 400 years, was selected by King William to superintend the establishment of the manufacture in Ireland. He was a man admirably qualified in all respects—by knowledge, energy, perseverance, and business capacity—for such a responsible office. There was no part of the manufacture he was not practically familiar with, and could work with his own hands. He published, in 1705, a little work entitled *The Improving of Hempen and Flaxen Manufactures in the Kingdom of Ireland*, in which he testified to the great interest King William manifested for the success of her manufacture. If Lewis Crommelin must, with justice, be regarded as the founder of the linen manufacture that has made Ulster so prosperous, what honour, praise, and gratitude is due to King William who engaged Crommelin, sent him to Ireland, and sustained him in establishing the manufacture? Crommelin's services were acknowledged, but very inadequately rewarded, by a dry vote of thanks from the Irish Parliament.

In 1699 an Order of the English Council issued, directing a warrant to the Lords Justices of Ireland authorizing letters patent to be passed appointing trustees for the establishment of the linen manu-

facture in Ireland, and for this purpose to take charge of £800 per annum for ten years, to pay the interest on £10,000 at 8 per cent., or any part thereof, which should be advanced by Lewis Crommelin, or by his procurement.

Crommelin undertook to make a bleaching yard, and a folding or pressing house, to sow, cultivate, and prepare hemp and flax, and to provide all necessary tools and utensils, looms and spinning wheels for the persons employed. This advance was to be repaid by them in such small payments as they were able to make. He was also to advance the necessary sums for the subsistence of such workmen and their families as should come from abroad, as well as for the persons in Ireland who should be employed. The trustees were further directed to pay £200 a year to Mr. Crommelin during pleasure, £120 a year to three assistants, and £60 a year to a French (*Huguenot*) minister.

In 1700, King William, in furtherance of the efforts he had already made, constituted, by letters patent, the chief governor and governors of Ireland, and other persons, trustees for disposing of £1,180 a year, for ten years, for the purpose of the more effectual encouragement of the linen manufacture. "No part of the sum previously named had been advanced by Mr. Crommelin, but several plain looms had been erected of the value of £30 each, as well as other looms called *Estilles*, for making fine linen in imitation of that of France and Holland, of the value of £50 each."

The patent thus granted was determined by the death of the King in 1702, but the ministers of Queen Anne, well advised in this respect, authorized the trustees to accept the looms above mentioned as *sto* and pay 8 per cent. to those had advanced the money to

them. There were other letters patent issued by Queen Anne to sustain the manufacture, but we need not more particularly refer to them. They were all happily conceived in the same spirit, a desire to foster and promote the establishment and growth of the linen manufacture in Ireland, while a most absurd and short-sighted notion prevailed, that the progress and prosperity of the woollen manufacture in Ireland would prove ruinous to England.

The principles of political economy were little known and less valued in those days. A free commercial policy was not understood; and it was this ignorance that led English ministers and the English Parliament, to believe that by discouraging the manufacture of woollens in Ireland they were not only serving Ireland, but conferring great benefits on England, and increasing the trading industry, wealth, and prosperity of the three countries.

In 1705, under the valuable direction of Mr. Crommelin, the linen manufacture had commenced to make such remarkable progress in the north of Ireland, that the Lords Justices desired it should be extended to the south. The manufacture had not certainly recommended itself to the native Irish population at all, for even in Ulster it was almost entirely confined to English, Scotch, or foreign immigrants, or their descendants. The Lords Justices avowed the fear that if the manufacture was localized, as it were, in Ulster, and its establishment allowed to become concentrated there, it would never be suffered to leave the north and extend itself over the other provinces. They, therefore, urged the Duke of Ormonde and others to take measures at once for the introduction of the manufacture into some central part of Ireland, whence it might spread over Leinster, Munster, and

Connaught, "which," it was said, "is now generally inhabited by English, and those of that extraction."

It was proposed, that Mr. Crommelin and his family should be engaged to remove from Lisburn to some place southward, settle a colony, and establish the manufacture. When Mr. Crommelin was consulted respecting the most eligible site, he selected Kilkenny, on account of the advantages it possessed of climate, water, and soil. He also proposed to remove there with all his family, skilled workers, and looms, to build a bleaching yard, and provide necessary appliances, on condition that he should be paid £2,500 for the expenses of removal, and have an additional term of four years added to his patent.

What a national calamity it must be considered that this offer was not accepted! The whole industrial, social, and moral aspect of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, would, in all human probability, have been changed had the linen manufacture become established and developed in those provinces as it happily was in Ulster. An opportunity then offered, and was lost, never to be retrieved.

The Commissioners of Trade warmly approved of the proposal of the Lords Justices, and recommended that the terms proposed by Mr. Crommelin should be accepted; but the revenue was then in such a state of exhaustion and embarrassment, that it could not bear the charge of £2,500. Mr. Crommelin then made a new proposal—to waive the money payment altogether, in consideration of having his patent extended for twelve years. Subsequently, however, £500 was offered to defray the expenses of his removal. But, it was suggested by the Lord High Treasurer that, should Her Majesty be advised to enlarge the term of the patent,

"it should be under the restriction to make only coarse linens."

Most unfortunately, however, some merchants of London, who were engaged in the importation of foreign linens, took alarm at this proposed extension of the linen manufacture in Ireland, and got up a selfish and illiberal opposition to it. The English Commissioners of Customs, having had the matter referred to them for their opinion, in a spirit that evinced great ignorance and narrowness of mind, approved of the opposition, and reported in strong terms against the projected extension of the Irish manufacture, because, as they alleged, it would entirely hinder the importation of all broad German linen, *damask, diaper, &c.*, from Hamburg; as also of all low-priced linen from Flanders and Holland, the duties on which being great would exclude them, and give a command of the home market to the Irish manufactures.

This opposition was very formidable, but still the Lords Justices of Ireland exerted all their influence to counteract it. They urged the Duke of Ormonde, who was zealous in support of the expansion of the manufacture, to solicit the personal interposition of Her Majesty, as the promotion of the linen manufacture, under the present decay of trade (1707), would be the only means of recovering the poor sinking country from its miserable poverty. The Duke brought the matter before Her Majesty in Council, and urged that the Irish were very intent on the extension of the manufacture; and that the Commissioners of Customs had not consulted them or their interests, but only the merchants concerned in the Hamburg trade, who were against any encouragement whatever being given to the linen manufacture in Ireland. He hoped that opposition of such a character would have no effect to

the detriment of a great national interest and concern, in support of which the English Parliament had so heartily concurred.

The Duke's intercession was so far successful, that a minute was passed by the Council, 26th March, 1707, directing—"A wt to be prepared, but to express therein that 'tis consented to in consideration of the loss that K(ingdom) susteyens by the prohibicon of the exportacon of y^e woollen manufactures from thence, and y^e encouragement^t that was intended by y^e English Parliam^t at that time to be given to the linen manufacture in Ireland."

The Irish Parliament had passed an Act exempting flax from the payment of tithes, which would have tended greatly to encourage the cultivation of flax among a Roman Catholic agricultural class, but the above minute was never carried into effect. Lord Godolphin, who at that time filled the office of Lord High Treasurer, clearly shared the views of the merchants engaged in the Hamburg trade, and had no desire to promote the manufacture of linen in Ireland.

Accordingly, when a draft of the letters patent to give effect to the above minute were sent over from Ireland for approval by the Council, the Lord High Treasurer took many exceptions to them. It was proposed that seven years should be added to Mr. Crommelin's patent; and, receiving £500 for his expenses in removing south, he undertook to set up forty looms the first year, and to increase them to sixty in two years, and to keep them constantly employed in making such sort of foreign cloth as he should think fit.

This was in opposition to the views of the Lord High Treasurer, whose minute, already quoted, shows how he desired to have the manufacture in Ireland restricted "to

make only coarse linens," such as would not compete with the *damask*, *diaper*, &c., from Hamburg. The exceptions he took to the draft letters patent were fully discussed, and most satisfactorily answered by the trustees and the promoters of the manufacture in Ireland, but the resistance of the Lord Treasurer was too powerful to be overcome.

Thus, we find the Earl of Pembroke, who succeeded the Duke of Ormonde in the government of Ireland, writes, in August 1707, to the Lord Treasurer, complaining that, although all the exceptions he had taken to the draft letters patent had been so most unanswerably disposed of, still the extension of Mr. Crommelin's patent had not been attained, and no progress made in carrying out the minute of Her Majesty in Council of the March previous, though doing so would be for the manifest good of the kingdom.

It was further stated as a reason why the letters patent should be immediately passed, and Mr. Crommelin put in a position to establish himself in the south, that is, in Lisburn, where the Huguenot refugees had established themselves, and carried on their manufacture of linen under Mr. Crommelin, that a fire had accidentally broken out, and before it could be subdued nearly the whole town was destroyed. While the proposal to remove the Huguenot colony to the south was still undecided, the rebuilding of the town of Lisburn was necessarily in abeyance, and its manufacture and trade paralyzed. It was therefore prayed that immediate steps would be taken to give effect to the minute of Her Majesty in Council, 26th of March, 1707.

But the energetic advocacy and expostulations of the Earl of Pembroke were just as ineffectual as those of the Duke of Ormonde. *They were* utterly powerless, with

all the influence the Irish interest could then command, to overcome the persistent opposition of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin. He was committed to uphold the interests of the few London merchants who monopolized the trade of importing linen from Hamburg, and thus Irish enterprise and industry should be discouraged.

Thus, through the baneful influence of an ignorant and prejudiced Lord High Treasurer of England, one of the grandest projects ever devised for the benefit of Ireland fell to nought. In the affairs of nations as of men, it may be truly said,—

"There is a tide ———
Which, taken at the flood, leads on
to fortune,"

but omitted, as in this case, leaves a lapsed opportunity, which may be lamented, but never can be recovered.

Impartially reviewing the whole proceedings concerning the establishment of the linen manufacture in Ireland, we have great pleasure in warmly commending Mr. Redington's labours in the volume before us. We have borrowed largely from his preface, and we must now quote his honest opinion as an Englishman, with all the facts before him, as to the success of the manufacture, notwithstanding all the discouragements that were interposed. Since then efforts have been made to encourage the cultivation of flax outside Ulster, but they have all been, with scarcely an exception, failures. The same fate has attended the efforts made to establish the manufacture of linen south of the Boyne. Although factories have been erected, supplied with the best machinery, and, as was proposed in Crommelin's time, skilled labour imported from the north, still the enterprise has not been attended with success,

and we fear there are too many discouraging impediments in the way to render attempts of the kind, however patriotic and well directed, remunerative to the promoters.

In his preface to the third volume of the *Calendar of Treasury Papers*, Mr. Redington closes his reference to the documents bearing on the establishment of the linen manufacture with these words:—

“The facts here brought together will make it apparent that the sister country had been hardly dealt with, for she had been induced to give up the manufacture of wool with the understanding that the linen manufacture should be encouraged, and then expe-

rienced all these obstacles to its establishment.

“But the justice of the case was too strong to be resisted, and the success of the manufacture in Ireland was more remarkable than the difficulties with which it had to contend. To prove this, it need only be said that in 1689 Ireland did not export linen to the value of £6,000 per annum, but in 1741 its exports had increased to £600,000.

The value of linen yarns and of linen exported in 1862 had increased to £6,292,000, and, owing to the great impetus given to the trade by the American war, the exports in 1864 reached the high figure of £10,327,000.

BEAUTIFUL GOLD.

STRONGER than iron, when iron is hissing,
Stronger than beauty, when beauty is kissing;
Stronger than wine, when its bubbles are flashing,
Stronger than lightning, when oak-trees are crashing,
Is gold, gold, gold—
Beautiful gold!

What is all virtue, all wisdom, all glory,
Exploit of valour, or marvel of story?
What is the wrath of a martyr on fire,
Fierce with the love of angelic desire,
To gold, gold, gold—
Beautiful gold?

Still praising the noble, adoring the strong,
Round the good golden sun rolls the planet along;
If the world were but honest, the truth would be told,
How it kneels to the gods, but it worships the gold.
Gold, gold, gold, gold—
Beautiful gold!

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

THE MORALITY OF "DON JUAN."

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

(*Canto viii., stanza 129.*)

"I really do not perceive any likelihood of our virtues sustaining any damage from this performance."—GOTHE.

"It sets him far above all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality"—SHELLEY.

A GREAT epic poem is like a vast and elaborate fabric of the finest architecture, which, however frequently it has been inspected, described, and delineated, always preserves something fresh and new for the enthusiastic observer—some points of beauty hitherto unnoticed, some aspect not previously assumed. The progress of time, if it does not change it, changes to some extent our mode of regarding it, which can never be exactly the same as that of our predecessors when it was just completed. Such a poetical edifice is "Don Juan," the last, the longest, and in many respects the greatest and most remarkable of Byron's productions. More than half a century has passed since it first appeared and made its mark, calling forth every description and degree of blame and praise; criticism has often dealt with it since, but even now that it has long been numbered among standard works comment upon its merits and defects is far from being exhausted.

The origin of "Don Juan," seems to have lain not so much in its subject as in its form. The happy

discovery of a special construction of verse never before used by any great poet in England, and having all the capabilities for sublime or comic effect of the Spenserian stanza, and the Hudibrastic metre combined, first led Byron into a style of composition so admirably suited to his genius. The short poem of "Beppo" was to him a new starting-point, alike in respect to the metre, the mingled jest-and-earnest mode of treatment, and the free dealing with forbidden themes. It was an experiment, and was put forth anonymously, but at once traced to the master whose magic had wrought so many previous enchantments. Jeffrey, in his favourable review, says:—

"We fancy we do know that fine Roman hand."

and many other critics expressed themselves more positively. The immediate model in respect of verse was Mr. Whistlercraft, under which *pseudonym* the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere had written a humorous poem on the subject of

King Arthur; but Berni and Pulci were the originators of the style, and Byron's success at once popularized it in England. "Beppo" attained great popularity, but not without exciting some disfavour. By some it was treated as merely a light and lively poem, at times transgressing insular notions of decorum, but quite in harmony with the easy going social conditions of the land where the scene is laid. Other judges were not so lenient, and, in particular, one "Presbyter Anglicanus," writing to Blackwood, exhausted the vocabulary of wrath and denunciation on the wickedness of the theme and of one who could introduce it to English readers. He took the liberty of comparing Lord Byron with Milton's "Satan," rather to the advantage of the latter; and of representing him as an imp of darkness—

"Whom we have learnt, not to abhor merely, and execrate, but to *despise*."

Such vehement and violent opposition was as uncalled for as it was unavailing. The publication of "Beppo" was indeed a breach of good taste, but quite as worthy to be condoned as that of Moore's "Poems by Thomas Little." But the success on one hand, and the adverse criticism on the other, urged Byron to a far bolder flight in the same direction. Taking for his hero "Don Giovanni," a personage already well known in European literature, and admirably adapted for the central figure of a discursive poem—he commenced and published the first portion of "Don Juan." It appeared anonymously in 1819, but the secret of its authorship was a secret only in name, and the reviewers almost universally concurred in attributing it to Lord Byron.

They also concurred, as might be expected, in denouncing its

moral tendency, and a vast amount of excited discussion on the subject at once arose. Jeffrey, while lecturing Byron upon his literary faults, was just to his merits, and acquitted him of intentionally corrupting the public mind. "Blackwood," still implacable, made the theme a vehicle for an attack upon the noble bard's private character, and carried personal vituperation to such an extreme, as to call forth a remonstrance (not, however, published at the time) from Byron himself, hardened as he must then have become to scathing criticism. Other and less severe censors acknowledged the admirable qualities of the work, its cleverness and pungency, the copiousness and flexibility of the language, its comic force, humour, boundless fancy, and ethereal beauty. They perceived with what astonishing effect all the moods of the poet's mind, "the familiar, the brilliant, the sublime, the affecting, the witty, the ludicrous, and the licentious," were reflected, mingled and contrasted in this great work. John Galt summed up the general impression when he said, "Strong objections have been made to the moral tendency of 'Don Juan,' but in the opinion of many it is Lord Byron's masterpiece, and undoubtedly it displays all the variety of his powers."

Byron, from the first, anticipated the opposition the book would call forth. Yet that did not deter him. He instructed his publisher to "keep the anonymous," but declared at the same time that, if need were, he would not shrink from the responsibility of the authorship. He defended the morality of his poem by a reference to what had been done by and forgiven in his predecessors among the great masters of literature. "If you admit this principle," he said, "you must admit Ariosto, La Fontaine, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher,

the Charles II. writers; in short, something of most who have written before Pope, and even much of Pope himself." Clearly by this argument, the objections on the score of morality to "Don Juan" are removed at once. The amorous adventures of the hero are really no worse than those of Falstaff, and, indeed, the balance of iniquity is against the latter, as the more hopelessly corrupt, advanced, and abandoned sinner of the two. We are not without hope that in process of time Juan may reform and become respectable; but Falstaff, although he announces his intention to leave off sack and live virtuously, is too far gone for any such reformation. Yet the irregularities of the English libertine are pardoned on account of his humour and are not judged injurious to the morality of reviewers or spectators. Nor do we think the worse of any of the other characters in our old dramas on account of the very broad ideas of humour they entertained. There can be no doubt that had such a poem as "Don Juan" been published in the reign of Elizabeth, it would not have stood out conspicuously as an immoral production. In the days of Chaucer, its most licentious incident would have been merely a "merry jest;" in those of Charles II., the hero's desultory intrigues would have seemed venial in comparison with the hardened and systematized profligacy around him.

Whether a modern poet, dealing with modern subjects, is justified in going back to the coarseness which the custom of less polished ages rendered pardonable, is another question. Byron maintained his right to use such a license, and declared that a society by no means faultless in its acts, need not be too fastidious in speech. It is certain that decorum may be very superficial, and that more delicacy of expression is no guarantee of moral

soundness. At no time was the spirit of Bowdler more energetic than at present; for all that we have popular novelists who deal largely in social crimes, and unwholesome ideas—and we have a class of poets whose still greater impurity of thought is no accidental quality, but ingrained in the very tissue of their minds,—the worship of Venus is a creed they openly advocate and the morality of their effusions is in accordance with their inspiration. There is no intention here to pass any opinion as to the merits or demerits of the contemporary bard who sings of

"The roses and raptures of vice."

I only wish to express my conviction, that had he possessed, in addition to his other qualifications, the gift of humour, and employed it on such a theme as "Don Juan," he would have produced a work far more offensive to propriety than that of Byron.

Nothing, indeed, could be more pernicious than the principles, barely veiled beneath the high-flown, mystic, and conceited verbiage, of the prurient rhapsodists of our day who have earned the name of "the Fleshly School of Poetry." Far more than Byron at his worst, are they not only apologists, but upholders of vice, and opponents of virtue and religion. However perverted the genius of Byron was apt to become, there were always flashes of purer feelings, and nobler impulses; with the "Fleshly School," on the contrary, every conception and aspiration seems to be "of the earth, earthy." Whenever they do allow themselves to speak plainly, the native repulsiveness of their ideas comes out. Such a poem as Rossetti's "Jenny" is infinitely more depraving than anything in "Don Juan," for one reason more than others, that it brings the mirror of vice to our very

doors. One great counteracting influence against the worse elements of Byron's poetry is the intense idealization to which the characters are subjected; the placing of them in a remote distance, and giving them attributes, surroundings, and conditions, which tend to alienate the sympathies of ordinary humanity. The bad example is thus too far off to be followed. The crimes of a Conrad or the vices of a Gulbeyaz do not present themselves to us in a form that makes imitation possible. "Don Juan" is most dangerous to good morals where it becomes most prosaic, and brings its erring characters nearest to our own level. Yet this sinister effect was without any evil motive. Byron intended to speak plainly, but with a moral purpose. "His object was," he said, "to remove the cloak which the manners and maxims of society throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are."

Thus he disclaimed any intention of making the world worse; he simply meant to show us how bad it actually is, and his philosophy gave little hopes that any kind of direct teaching would induce it to become better, although satire and exposure might awake in it some sense of shame.

Although more objectionable in treatment and expression, "Don Juan" is essentially no more immoral than any other of Byron's works. It only represents in a new form a tendency which is visible in them all. "The Giaour," "the Corsair," "Lara," "Mazeppa," "Manfred," "Parasina," all turn more or less upon misdirected passion or forbidden attachments. Childe Harold is in character no better than Don Juan, Manfred is infinitely farther gone in moral corruption. But in all these poems the high tragic pitch, the mournful tone, the sublimity, or the charm of

rapid action or descriptive beauty, tend to distract the mind from the abstract morality of the theme. Nor was Byron apt to neglect poetical justice, or to set pictures of "the wicked flourishing like a green bay-tree," before us. The masterly portrayal of the lawless and deeply guilty, he did not palliate their crimes. He never attempted to make black appear white; he merely overlaid it with gorgeous hues, through which, however, the gloomy groundwork was ever visible. The creatures of his creation sinned and enjoyed, but they also suffered. He did not spare them, they did not spare themselves. They endeavoured to find palliation in the idea that their more fortunate or less tempted fellow-mortals were equally corrupt at heart; but this could not avert from them

"The innate tortures of that deep despair,"

Which oppresses

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes."

Their lives were brief and mainly unhappy, their deaths violent and sudden, uncheered by any hopes for the future.

In all Byron's works, including "Don Juan," there is apparent a passionate scorn and detestation of everything mean and hypocritical, a hatred of tyranny in all its forms. The spectacle of great wrongs and flagrant abuses inspired him with burning indignation which spoke forth in words of transcendent force and power; for the more petty and despicable follies and corruptions of social life he had the keen arrows of sarcasm, or a half-jesting, half-earnest acquiescence. Hypocrisy was the chief object of his attacks, and he was so struck with its prevalence that he believed it to be almost universal. He fell into the mistake

from which another great writer of this century—Charles Dickens—was not wholly free, that of supposing that, because hypocrisy often assumes the mask of virtue, therefore nearly all apparent virtue is merely hypocrisy. Byron seemed scarcely to believe that any true happiness or goodness exists in the world, yet he retained a noble consciousness of what man *might* be. He believed that a necessary preparative to attaining a better state is to cast aside the chain of conventionalities, falsehoods, and shams, with which our civilization is so mixed up; and so far he was right. He spoke playfully, yet in earnest praise of a life of rural simplicity like that of Colonel Boone, the hunter-hermit of the American backwoods, who, removed from the enervating corruptions of cities,

“Lived hunting up to ninety.”

The character of Don Juan affords a striking contrast to the strongly marked and intense natures of the Byronic heroes in general. He is the only one of the company who is not a cynic or a misanthrope, or stained with guilt of a tragic type. Of such force of will as we see in the “*Corsair*,” or “*Giaour*,” there is no sign. Juan’s errors are not of a violent kind, and, so far from hating the world, he is prepared to take and enjoy it as it comes. He is surrounded by temptations to which he succumbs in the most graceful manner; all his deeds and adventures, whether in love or war, are unsought for and unpremeditated—he drifts into them and out of them again with apparently as little volition as a piece of sea-weed floating on the ocean. He arrives at Haidee’s island because he is cast there by shipwreck; he leaves it because he is compelled by main force. He goes to the Sultan’s *seraglio* because he is led thither

as a slave, and there takes part in adventures which are forced upon him entirely against his will. His escape thence, of which no account is given, seems much more likely to have been the work of the experienced Jack Johnson or the astute Baba, than of the hero himself, whom we next find acquitting himself gallantly in “the imminent deadly breach,” because chance had driven him, as it were, to the cannon’s mouth, and placed him in a position where bravery was the best, if not the only policy. In all his after adventures Juan is the same creature of circumstances, and seldom assumes the aspect of a bold and prominent figure. It is remarkable how small a part of the epic is occupied by the actual sayings and doings of the hero of the story. In a long poem of some 20,000 lines, scarcely a dozen pages are devoted to the actual sayings and doings of him who gives his name to the whole; the rest is description, reflection, digression, or treats of the achievements of others.

The libertinism of Don Juan is not that of the ordinary libertine of play or novel. Nowhere does he figure as a Lovelace. He is no resolute and systematic betrayer of innocence, or destroyer of domestic peace. In all his escapades we have no evidence that the initiative is taken by himself, that any artful blandishments or subtle diplomacy are employed on his side. He is not the original corruptor, but only aids in the further depravation of natures already corrupt. Wherever he goes it is his fortune to meet with such natures. Julia, Haidee, Gulbeyaz, the Empress Catharine, are all women whose passions are more potent than their moral principles or perceptions, and Juan has but to show himself, to snare and be ensnared. Even the Duchess of Fitz-Fulke may be included in the same category; and the episode

with which the poem breaks off abruptly was evidently intended to lead up to some love-adventure characteristic of the hero. Throughout the book, indeed, the female character is displayed in a deeply disparaging, if not odious light. From long residence in countries like Italy and Turkey, where, at that time, there was everything to lower the character of women in the eyes of men, Byron seems to have learnt to regard them with an Oriental contemptuousness, as beings childish, if not soulless, and utterly incapable of sharing the higher aspirations of humanity. The chivalrous or Western ideas of the sex did not enter into his views. His heroines are in no instance heroic in their firmness of principle, or perseverance in upholding a lofty standard of honour and rectitude. They are strong only through their passions, and these are generally perverted to wrong objects. Such as are good, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, are represented as tame and spiritless. The fiery Gulnare can dare any perils, perform any achievements for the love of Conrad, while his meek and neglected bride, Medora, can do no more than die of grief. Haidee, in some respects a beautiful poetical creation, is, in her mental and moral condition, as dark and benighted as the Otaheitan girl, Neuha, in "The Island."

The cynicism of Don Juan is the best antidote to its immorality; for, though there is often a tendency to make sport of our better feelings and actions, the satire is more frequently directed against such as are deserving of censure. The poet leaves the reader to draw the real moral, whilst he treats them to plenty of mock-moralizing, which is a covert sneer alike at the baseness of the world, and the hollow precepts by which such baseness

is often supported. The real meaning is: "Men do this and that which is wrong, and this is the specious philosophy they employ to excuse their acts." We are mournfully conscious of the bitter truths contained in such insinuations. We cannot but own that the ideal world in such a poem as "Don Juan," faithfully reflects many features of the real world in which we live. Society has, it is to be hoped, rather improved than deteriorated since Byron's time; but would there now be found no scope for such satire as his, were it attainable? Is there no excuse for occasional misanthropy, no necessity for outspoken revelations of evil done under the sun, no warrant for cynicism and unbelief in at least human institutions? Alas! it is much to be feared that there are Don Juans and Donna Julias yet; nay, even Lambros and Giaours, however changed in their outward circumstances and modes of action,

"Such people never die,"

as the poet said of his old "solicitor." What is still worse, the world, while its code of respectability condemns, is prone secretly to excuse, nay, even to admire, at least to invest with a romantic halo, the errors of those who do wrong in a sufficiently dazzling and spirited manner. Does not the conventional social ban placed on some soiled Parisian butterfly, contrasting with the real interest Society feels in that butterfly's sunny flight and gaudy plumage, and the eagerness with which the fair and the virtuous haste to examine, to covet, to possess its faded glories when it has fluttered its little day—does not all this teach an impressive lesson? Are there not men courted and admired for their dashing and brilliant way of expending fortunes obtained

by commercial transactions scarce a whit more honest than Conrad the Corsair's process of scouring the seas? And is there not a strong tendency to make heroes and heroines of persons in high life, whose only claim to notice lies in the revelations of the Divorcée Court?

But I find that, under the influence of Byron I am growing too Byronic in my sentiments; nevertheless, I am fully aware that there was a marked unsoundness in his views, a deep flaw in his philosophy. It is tinged too much with the sombre tints of his own peculiar and unhappy experience, which shut out from his view the sunnier side of humanity. He drew a general conclusion that all was not only vanity but guilt, because he could prove particular instances to that effect. His whole argument and defence lay in "such things are;" but, while admitting this, we must keep in sight the countervailing and redeeming circumstances. It is easy to prove the world entirely bad by pointing only to its bad qualities; but the course is as unreasonable as to judge the climate of England only by its November fogs or January frosts. Human wrongs and crimes and miseries are a sad leaven in our life, but I am thankful to believe that there exists also in that life an abundance of compensating virtue and happiness.

No great poem was ever more spontaneously produced than "Don Juan." Its irregularity and carelessness of construction are evidently not the results of concealed art. It was a pastime, not a task. "I hate tasks!" Byron was wont to declare, and, when pressed to write a grand epic, he would reply, "If you must have an epic, there is 'Don Juan' for you." He asserted that he had no plan in writing the poem; he had only materials. It was a treasury into which he poured all the rich stores of his mind,

of his fancy, and of his keen observation, just as they arose, and it thus became a complete epitome of his versatile genius.

When we consider this, we cannot but regret deeply that Byron did not concentrate his vast powers upon an immortal epic, having all the merits and beauties without the defects of "Don Juan." He might have made his hero a young man of good principles and romantic temperament, setting forth upon his travels in all the fresh enthusiasm of youth—a latter-day Quixote, armed not with lance and buckler, but with a well-filled purse and letters of credit, and a sword for use when required. He could have resolved to right wrongs, to annihilate abuses, to protect the oppressed, and to rectify the errors of the world in general. In doing so, he would meet with a long succession of adventures, perils, and temptations, from which, although not all unscathed, he might have emerged without serious damage. The huge panorama of life, with its infinite variety of scenes light and dark, mean and majestic, would have lain open before him, and, after a long and varied pilgrimage, he might at last have returned home with some of his expectations fulfilled, some exceeded, but more consigned to the limbo of shattered illusions, a somewhat sadder, and decidedly a wiser man.

By some such plan as this "Don Juan"—without clashing with "Childe Harold," which is really not narrative at all, but descriptive and reflective—could have been made more worthy of Byron, and more satisfactory to his readers. All the beauties and sublimities might have been retained—the descriptions of the shipwreck, of the Greek island and its inhabitants, of the splendour of the Turkish seraglio, of the siege of Ismail, of the journey to England,

of "Norman Abbey" and its aristocratic inmates. The same wit and humour and powerful satire might have enlivened its pages, and given all the more force by contrast to its higher poetic qualities. But such regrets are vain; what is written, is written; and "Don Juan," as it stands, is indeed a masterpiece. "Childe Harold," "Cain," and "Manfred" are, of course, more lofty and sustained in sublimity; his other poems have other special excellencies, and in a more eminent degree, but "Don Juan" is a monument of Byron's powers, good and bad. It bears the stamp of his genius in every line, in every beauty, in every blot. No other writer, however highly gifted, could have produced exactly its parallel, because the peculiar elements of which it was composed were in the character and career of Byron, and of Byron only. In the hands of another the subject might have been in some respects

more worthily treated, but it must inevitably have lacked that peculiar tone and fibre which make it unique, and give it a charm which its worst faults cannot take away.

Let us, therefore, extract from this great work all that is good, and beautiful, and true, leaving the dross, the alloy, the baser ingredients to baser minds. And let no man attempt to continue, to complete, or to imitate this epic, or even provoke odious comparisons by using a form of verse which Byron has made his own as surely as Butler has the Hudibrastic measure, and as Burns has the metre in which "Death and Dr. Hornbook" is written. It may be easy for many to parody, or to produce isolated stanzas equal, or even superior to some of the more carelessly-written in "The Don," but they can no more reproduce the spirit of the work than they can resuscitate the mighty but erratic genius from which it emanated.

LITERARY NOTICES.

By Still Waters: A Story for Quiet Hours. By Edward Garrett, Author of "Crooked Places," &c. London: Henry S. King and Co.—This is a most entertaining story—one quite out of the ordinary run. The characters are few, but have a marked individuality well portrayed. The great charm of the story consists in its simplicity—its fidelity to nature. The two sisters, Jane and Tibbie, are perfectly life-like, while Cousin Sarah is a rare and exquisite conception, yet quite natural. The whole story is tinged with a religious colouring that heightens the interest, and the purity that characterizes every incident renders it highly commendable for family reading.

German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience, &c., pp. 398. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.—This is a very readable book, and is, what it purports to be, a plain narrative of the author's experience of student life at the German Universities he attended. It is an unpretending performance, but not the less interesting and instructive on that account. "I had throughout but one aim," says the author; "to communicate facts and impressions, from which the reader might draw his own inferences."

The work is in two parts; the first is confined to a personal narrative of the author's experience, interspersed with many shrewd observations; while the second part

is devoted to general remarks on Universities; the professorial system; comparisons between American Colleges and English and German Universities; with practical suggestions for carrying out the improvements the author advocates. The work will be found replete with interest in both its parts, and shows the author to be a close observer, and possessed of sound judgment.

Half-a-Dozen Daughters. By J. Masterman, author of "Fatal Error," &c. S. King and Co., London, 1875.—This is a capital story, or rather a succession of stories made up of domestic incidents, that arise so naturally, and are worked out so artistically, as to combine the charm of novelty with the freshness of every-day life. There is no straining after effect, no sickly sentiment, no torturing of fancy to pile up sensational unrealities, and no lurking or suggestive impurities. On the contrary, the work is pure and healthy throughout, as well as highly interesting.

Calendar of Treasury Papers 1702-1707. Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Vol. III. Prepared by Joseph Redington, Esq., one of the Assistant Keepers of the Public Records. London: Longman & Co., and others.—These papers, which extend over the early years of the reign of Queen Anne, contain a vast amount of most valuable and interesting information

embodied in petitions, letters, and reports, &c., sent to the Treasury, and having reference to a great variety of matters. The documents are, in fact, of a most miscellaneous character, and throw considerable light on the affairs of Government during the years embraced in this volume. The preface has been carefully prepared. It amply and clearly indicates the richness of the contents. We notice that in those days a very parsimonious and shabby spirit presided over the Treasury, and actuated the Government, and that which is now known as "national honour," and "public faith," was then unknown.

This appears from the fact that the Government of Queen Anne did not consider it a duty to discharge the pecuniary obligations contracted by the Government of King William, of "glorious memory." "The principle that 'the king never dies,' does not appear to have applied to the debts of the kingly office," observes Mr. Redington, "for many claims left unpaid by King William the Third were declined to be liquidated in Her Majesty's time. And if the arrears due to the Crown were not paid up, there appears to have been small chance of petitioners ever getting what was due to them. The minute '*no fund for this*,' was but a poor answer to a legitimate claim on the Government."*

Thus, we find that the widow of the gallant Captain Miediah Browning, who commanded the *Montjoy*, that broke the boom and brought relief to famishing Londonderry, applies for payment of nine years' arrears of her pension of £60 a year settled on her by King William. "The response to this relict of as brave a man as Ireland ever pro-

duced, who," says Mr. Redington, "volunteered to risk his life, and lost it, for the succour of his fellow-citizens, will hardly be considered generous. Its terms are: '*To be paid so much as is due in y^e Queen's time*.'"[†]

We have a petition of a Captain Peter Deleval, who had been awarded a pension of 3s. 6d. per day, for wounds received in the late wars, and to whom arrears of £244 16s. 6d. were due. He prays to be paid, but the following is the minute of my Lords of the Treasury: "17 June, 1702. *No fund for this*." Such was the way in which honest claims were met, while vast estates and immense wealth were conferred on Court favourites and followers.

Again, with respect to the condition of lighthouses on the Irish coast, we have some interesting particulars. It appears that, prior to 1704, there had been six lighthouses in Ireland, but in that year they had been reduced to two, which were very inefficiently maintained. "Coals burnt in a grate were used to produce a light. The fires from these were occasionally put out by the rain, or the smoke arising from them obscured the light, so that they were, at times, of little use. They had to be blown up by a smith's bellows." The Earl of Abercorn had a grant in connection with these lighthouses, but it was inadequate to maintain them, and on surrendering, it here received £3,000 compensation.[‡]

The Soul: Is it in its own nature immortal? An Essay. By a Layman. London, Elliot Stock, 1875.—We cannot say that this work is a valuable contribution to psycho-

* Preface x.

‡ Preface xvi.

† Preface xv.

logical literature, because the author does not even profess to treat his subject as a psychologist, but simply to base his views on the authoritative teaching of the Old and New Testaments. This is his standard of orthodoxy, which he claims full liberty to interpret for himself, and in the exercise of this right undertakes to demonstrate a series of propositions which, taken together, form his theory of the soul and its future destination. We may summarize his theory thus:—

Adam, the first man, was created with a capacity for immortality, both as to *body* and *soul*; and was constituted the federal head of mankind.

Placed in a state of probation or trial, Adam sinned, and thereby forfeited or lost his immortality—became mortal both in body and soul. "The curse of death descended upon him."

Every descendant of Adam, every soul born into the world, is, in virtue of a federal relationship to Adam, born in sin, and with a sinful nature; hence every soul is, in its own nature, as mortal as the body.

That immediately after "the fall" of the first parents of mankind "a gracious promise of redemption was made," in fulfilment of which, "the redemption of sinners was wrought out by Christ."

But in the future state of rewards and punishments, men shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and will be punished according to their deserts—some with few, others with many stripes.

Hence, the dogma of the everlasting duration of future punishment is untrue, and equally so is the supposition respecting the final or ultimate blessedness of all mankind.

As no man during his short probation in this world can live so as to merit everlasting happiness in a future state, those "who inherit eternal life will do so by virtue of their interest in Christ."

Thus, the greatest punishment the soul can endure is to participate in the mortality of the body—annihilation. "The wicked shall be *destroyed*; both soul and body shall be *destroyed* in hell: the wicked are compared to chaff which shall be *burnt up*." Such is the theory of our author; but that it is inconclusive in many respects we need not stop to point out. He is only in a half sense Calvinistic when he declares "that, whereas future punishment will be proportioned to the demerits of the sinner, Salvation is all of grace." The doctrine of "election and reprobation" goes somewhat further than this, and is altogether more thorough.

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IRISH PRISONS.*

THE statistics of crime present serious matter for reflection. Governors and their subordinate officers, prison chaplains and boards of superintendence, are expected by society at large to provide not only for the safe keeping of all whom the laws consign to their custody—but to work reformation in their habits, and train them to cease to do evil, and learn to do well.

In many cases their labours have produced marked results for good; in others, the morally dead men and women of society are beyond the reach of any curative process yet discovered; and, when they leave prison at the expiration of their term, it is absolutely certain that they will return to it with an accumulation of offence and punishment, and so proceed from bad to worse, and wear out their miserable but, upon the whole, not very uncomfortable lives. The daily average of convicts in the prisons of England, in 1873, was 9,620; that is, 8,445 male convicts, and

1,115 females. A number of these were certainly of the hopelessly depraved class, but the majority were open to reformation.

Common sense and experience point out that those who make a home of the convict prisons and the ordinary gaol, ought to be carefully isolated in some moral lazaretto, or in a special department, and obliged to maintain themselves by their labour; and for those who have only fallen and are not lost, society should provide steps for them to graduate through back into ordinary life. In this direction there is great room for the exercise of private benevolence and public effort. Refuges for discharged female convicts and ordinary female prisoners from the gaols are essential—such institutions, and discharged prisoners' aid societies, do solid work. To the efforts made in this direction, and the fact that want of the ordinary necessities of life is not frequent, we are disposed to ascribe the fact, that criminals, as a class, are

* The Fifty-second Report of the Inspectors-General on the General State of the Prisons of Ireland, 1873. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Thom, Dublin, 1874.

not upon the increase. Crimes of violence decrease, and larceny and drunkenness supply the major portion of the populace of the gaols and convict prisons.

Such is the position of this matter in England, and happily in Ireland the picture is not darkened in any exceeding or unexpected degree.

Crime is decreasing in Ireland; the dreadful offence of murder is reduced to a minimum of cases as compared with former years, and agrarian offences become perfectly exceptional; yet Ireland is sometimes startled by the appearance of a great criminal. Such was the case, in a remarkable degree, when a sub-inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary was proved guilty of the murder of a bank clerk left in charge of a branch bank in the absence of the manager, in order that he might rob the bank, which he did. The case presented features of great enormity; the bank clerk and the inspector were on terms of friendship, and the crime was perpetrated with great savageness, and in broad daylight. The unfortunate clerk was in an inner office depositing the cash-boxes in the safe, the inspector was looking on at the operation of his friend, when he drew out a hedge-knife, which he had concealed on his person for the purpose, and which he had prepared by filling the hollow handle with lead, to give weight to the blow and cut down the victim, to make certain that his life was extinct: he subsequently drove a desk file through his ear into his brain; and, all this barbarity gone through with steadiness and deliberation, he took gold and bank-notes from the safe to the amount of seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds, and retired from the premises without any noticeable precipitation.

This dreadful event gave society a shock, and suspicion was slow to

attach itself to one of the guardians of the peace, but when it did nothing was omitted to secure a conviction;—his ingenuity had baffled direct detection, and the evidence at the inquest, and the trials at the assizes, to which he was brought, was altogether circumstantial; and, perhaps, in the end his conviction was due to a theatrical device introduced in the evidence, and which would have given ground for error if his subsequent confession had not removed all doubts. A considerable amount of unscrupulous and vulgar ability was employed against him, or what passes for ability in the provincialized condition of the Irish bar; but all efforts would have availed as nothing to obtain a verdict against a man not unpopular, and not disesteemed by his fellows in the public service, and about whom a previous jury had divided, when the help of the sensational drama was called in. The prisoner had given to the police the suit of clothes he wore on the day of the murder; the money stolen from the bank had been found hidden away in a field in the neighbourhood in the vicinity of which the prisoner had been seen, and the weapon was found also; the identification of the money was complete; the weapon, of course, was not proved to be the actual weapon, but was the supposed weapon. In this state of facts, a policeman named O'Neill, exactly the height of the prisoner, and very much of his make and appearance, was dressed in the clothes which the prisoner had given to the police, and which were his beyond a doubt, and, so dressed, was produced on the witness table, and suddenly, on a sign from counsel for the prosecution, drew out the weapon reddened with blood, and flourished it and struck out with it; and then out of pockets of the suit which the prisoner had given,

we repeat, to the police, produced the stolen money which had been identified. This exhibition, novel in courts of justice, is said to have impressed the jury more than all the tirades to which the prisoner had been subjected, but of the injustice of the proceeding, we imagine, there can be no second opinion. This singular case appears in the report under the heading Murder, and the year as a simple figure. In the table three other cases stain the year; but how many other cases or events are so curtly dealt with it is impossible to imagine.

The inspectors, however, found more space for comment on the case of a prisoner "M'C.," aged eighty years, who had lain in Tyrone gaol for three years and upwards, under contempt of court. The old man, a respectable freeholder, had sold a portion of land; his solicitor, who happens curiously enough to be sessional Crown solicitor for the county, wished the old man to allow him to take up payment for the land (having eaten him up with costs), which the prisoner was advised not to do; the result was an attachment for contempt of court was had—a writ rather easily had in Ireland—and the old man was thrust into gaol, and passed three years in it, partly at the public expense, and for the most part in solitary confinement, and worked by a former governor on the crank-pump like a felon. The Inspector-General states: "The prisoner informed me that he was quite willing to give up all property and documents which were then in the possession of his attorney. His case appeared to me" (Charles F. Bourke, Inspector-General) "such a peculiar one, that I thought it right to bring it under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, whose secretary is, I am informed, in communication with the solicitor who procured the

attachment against this prisoner." The man memorialized the Lord Chancellor, and Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, and the Lord Deputy exercising authority in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, he then memorialized the Home Secretary against this grave outrage, and he (Mr. Cross) ordered inquiry, and, pending this, the case was brought before the House of Commons. It is always of public advantage when hon. Members, and such men as Lord Lifford in the House of Lords, condescend to details, and drag public offenders in the professions to light.

The Irish Prisons' Report, with appendix, extends to 515 pages of letter-press and tabular forms. We think it is clearly made out that crime is vastly on the decrease in Ireland within the last twenty years—a decrease out of proportion to and not to be accounted for by the rapid decrease of the population. The criminals of all classes in the gaols of Ireland, in the month of January, 1851, numbered 10,084, and in the same month in 1873, they numbered 2,477; and the decrease in the number of criminal commitments throughout the year was equally remarkable, the aggregate being half the number in the year 1872 that they were in 1852; and it may be fairly said that the severity of the law and the magistracy has not lessened in the interval, or the vigilance of the constabulary, though it certainly is unique to see stalwart men armed with rifles of the newest pattern, and sword bayonets, hunting pick-pockets, and engaged in giving drunkards the benefit of warm cells to recover and become sober in.

The Irish Constabulary is very doubtfully constitutional. It is armed and disciplined as rifle-corps,—it is paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and it is not subject to the annual Mutiny Act,—it is bound

to its standard by pay and pension; but a time may come when this question will engage public and ministerial attention, and when it cannot be postponed in the face of awakened public opinion. Persons are found to exclaim against the Irish Constabulary, because they do not detect crime; but they fail, we imagine, not from want of zeal, but simply because crime does not exist to be detected,—the gaols, and education, and increase of wages, and a general diffusion of home comforts, in some small degree superior to those which obtained in 1852, have drilled crime. Mr. Thomas Carlyle sends regiments out of existence to a surprising extent. The past history of the Irish prisons' system gives great encouragement for perseverance in the same direction, and justifies the warders and officials of the county prisons in asking the boards of superintendence, and, failing them, Her Majesty's Government, their employers, to consider their position with a view to amending it. As matters now are, if a prisoner incapacitates a male or female official of an Irish gaol—and such things have occurred and may again occur—there is no adequate compensation present or prospective for the maimed officer, so that he or she becomes a burthen on their friends, or on society, as a pauper. This is certainly not a very creditable state of affairs, and is a very harsh construction of the rule between employers and employed. It is not unreasonable to expect that this class of persons shall be placed on a level with the Irish Constabulary of similar grades, and have their compensation for injuries and pensions allotted in the same certain way; by this means the gaols will become purged of worn-out and inefficient officers, and their place will be taken by young and energetic men, who will be

capable of carrying out disciplinary reform. Every encouragement ought to be given for the introduction of useful labours in the Irish gaols,—shot drill, and fanning the wind with fanners of the treadmill, is not useful in any sense. In whatever small degree it is possible, the interests of the taxpayers ought to be considered, and every prisoner ought by his labour to be made pay a quota of the expense of his living and safe keeping. Efforts in this direction are to a great extent as yet experimental, but the experiments are made in a judicious course, and must in the end be successful. The great obstacle in Irish prisons is the mixing up in the same establishment, of short sentence and long sentence prisoners: it is impossible to make the labour of short sentence prisoners remunerative, except in the very crudest employments, such as stone-breaking, for sale to road contractors, for macadamising purposes; but nevertheless, the effort in all possible cases ought to be made to introduce industries, a knowledge of which to the prisoner may be of use in enabling him or her, when discharged, to earn their livelihood by honest means.

In Wakefield gaol, in 1840, the practice of weaving matting and mats from cocoa-nut fibre was introduced as an experiment, and it has succeeded; very considerable amounts have been realized by prison labour. Various other gaols have followed the example; and in Ireland it has been taken up, as might be expected, most warmly and successfully in Belfast gaol, and more recently in Tyrone gaol. In the latter the governor has been met by a curious but not un-Irish difficulty, the want of customers; now this arises mainly from ignorance that the best material is used—that the best article is always cheapest in the end, and that the most careful attention is given, and

no pains spared in making the best article. Nothing discouraged, however, the governor has gone on, and he is in a condition to execute orders for cocoa-nut carpeting and mats to a very considerable amount; but the endeavour in the Irish prisons ought to be made to work upon material of native growth. There is abundance of coarse wool to be had in all the seaboard counties of Ireland, and a ready market for common plaids, blankets, and coarse cloth, coarse linen, and stocking knitting; though, perhaps, the latter industry is doomed to give place to the machine, as hand-sewing has to the innumerable imitations and improvements of the original sewing machine.

In Tyrone prison, stockings, the work of the female prisoners, though of course only in small quantities, can be had as good and as cheap, considering the quality, as those for which Balbriggan was famous, and so we opine it would be in other Irish prisons if attention was directed to the subject by the governors and boards of superintendence. If industries, actual and useful, both in prison and out of prison, were introduced, and the law so amended as to allow of piece-work sentences, much good would result. A pamphlet on this latter subject has been issued by the Howard Association. A suggestion of this nature was made by the late Archbishop of Dublin (Whately) to Earl Grey, in 1832, but it remains still in the region of good intentions, and must so remain until some member of either House takes it up and works it out. A recent Prison Congress, held in Middle Temple Hall, and the conference of the visiting justices, assembled round the Earl of Dudley, approved of the plan: here, we believe, the matter rests; but for how long? Piece-work sentences would give encouragement

for industry and discipline to industry; but no permanent good will be effected by anything which is learned in prison unless it be of productive use, and easily called into requisition in the outer world. All productive labour taught ought to have a view to ultimate use. It is in this respect that cocoa-nut fibre industry fails; the best weaver of it in matting or carpeting inside the prison walls cannot find either loom or material outside, and his knowledge is of no practical use; it would be otherwise if the industry dealt with some native material easily obtained and of ready sale. Straw-pallasse making and straw-mat making might be a useful employment, whilst noways interfering with the acquisition of the knowledge of working up the foreign fibre, which is not to be had retail in any county town in Ireland; and to imagine a prisoner obtaining it from the sellers in Belfast and Liverpool after his release, when he is flung back upon homelessness and want, is simply to dream. Knowledge, to recommend itself, must be useful,—so far as the prisoners themselves are concerned, they might as well be employed learning Persian; but the industry is a vast reform on the old do-nothing systems of prisons, and worse than nothing discipline which subsequently came into vogue.

The cell system has been found to fail in the United States, and we believe it will be admitted that the most useless and baneful day spent in an Irish prison is Sunday; of course the chaplains, good easy men, go through their formula, but, after this is done, the prisoner is locked in to brood over his own thoughts. Perhaps not evenly enlightened, perhaps not commendably good, little or no useful reading is provided; and surely, in the multitude of magazines and newspapers, some might be selected

sufficiently unsectarian not to give priestly offence, and at the same time inculcate sobriety, honesty, and labour. Prisoners would be more manageable if this defect in the system was removed, and it is quite useless to insist upon education being carried on in prisons whilst it is continued.

The chaplains surely might be entrusted to feed their own flocks with literary pabulum, worldly and useful in the world, in books of travels or history, or a standard story even, though a romance, would not be a bad supplement in a prisoner's estimation to a dull sermon or a morning mass. If such were served out, we believe Sunday would pass in the cells of Irish gaols more usefully than it does, or is likely to do; while the prisoners, one and all, watch for communications of no very useful character from their neighbours in the cells, and keep warders continually on the alert to detect infringements of the rule of silence, which is in itself very much a barbarity, and, like all things of a similar nature, entirely useless.

In 1872, 1,602 males and 368 females were convicted by juries at assizes and quarter sessions throughout Ireland, mainly of petty assaults, larceny from the person, and misdemeanours; in 1873, the numbers were respectively 1,544 and 387. By summary jurisdiction the convictions in 1872, included 14,324 males and 10,283 females; in 1873, these numbered respectively 16,476 and 11,782, the males had increased 2,152, and the females 1,434; the summary convictions were 92 per cent. of the entire convictions in 1873: in this number 5,453 males and 4,321 females were convicted of drunkenness only.

How, then, does crime upon the whole decrease in Ireland? It must be ascribed to the innate *virtue of the people*, acted upon by

social improvement in respect to wages and employment. The decrease of prisoners is sufficiently remarkable. During 1873, the average daily number of female prisoners in custody in two of the county gaols was 3, in three 4, in two 5, in three gaols 6, in three gaols 7, in three prisons 8, in two 9, and in one, Meath, it was so low as 2. The daily average number, omitting fractions, of males in Drogheda and Carlow gaols, was 10, and Leitrim and Fermanagh gaols 16; in Queen's County 18, in Longford 20, in Clonmel 22, in Roscommon and Sligo 23, in Meath 24, in Clare 25, in Waterford county and city gaols 26, and in Kilkenny 28, during the whole year 1873.

In Donegal, Longford, Meath, and Queen's County county gaols, there were periods of the year 1873 when *no* female prisoner was in custody; in the gaols of Carlow, Leitrim, Louth, Drogheda, and Westmeath but 2, and in three gaols 3. In five jurisdictions the female prisoners numbered as low as 4, and in four others 5 and 6 respectively, during portions of the year 1873. The male prisoners also in some gaols were at periods very few. In Drogheda gaol the number of male prisoners was reduced to 2, and in Carlow to 4, in Leitrim and Queen's County county gaols to 7, during a portion of 1873; in two other gaols the male inmates were occasionally reduced to 8 and 9. Yet Ireland is virtually out of the pale of the ordinary course of law, and is virtually beyond the precincts of the Constitution,—though exceptional legislation, a matter in no way creditable to statesmanship of our day,—which boasts so much of its enlightenment and courage.

We consider drunkenness, says the Inspector-General, is a main source and cause of crime in Ireland. We desire to draw special

attention to the progressive increase in the number of commitments to county and borough gaols for that vice since 1867, when they numbered only 6,645, while in 1869 they reached 7,034; in 1869, 7,510; in 1870 they rose to 8,963; and in 1873 they had increased 3,129 over the number in 1869.

We imagine adulteration of spirituous liquors in the houses of entertainment mostly frequented by working men is a main cause of this increase; a little attention in that direction, and a few convictions and substantial penalties, would bring the number within the former limit, and place the offence in the decreasing scale. It has been found that vast quantities of rock spirit, sold for cabinetmakers' purposes, has been in all these years imported into the north of Ireland; it is retailed by grocers and hardwaremen, and sold largely to publicans. In innumerable instances men have been affected with the fury of drunkenness by drinking one glass of what is called whisky, which, if the truth was known, was some adulterated stuff calculated to destroy health and life, and really prompt to sudden exhibitions of temper and crime. There is really no use in possessing good and wholesome law against liquor and food adulterations if they are not put fully and impartially in force. Ireland, we fear, is sadly behind in this respect. If it were not, we imagine the offence of drunkenness would not be on the increase. The New Licensing Act may have its effect, but we have indicated the root of the mischief, and a distinction ought to be endeavoured to be drawn by the summary tribunals between men victimized really under the influence of poison and men drunk.

Numerous cases are set out in the tabular form contained in this report, p. 15, in which it appears the same individual has been con-

victed from thirty to forty times, and in another case from 131 to 140 times; and there is one case on the record from which it appears the same individual was convicted and imprisoned 280 times—this unhappily eminent person was a woman. In the year 1870 another female, perhaps the same, had reached 283 convictions; in 1871, 300 convictions; in 1872, 313 convictions.

In 1873, three women appear to have been credited with accumulated convictions numbering respectively 239, 263, and 325—a dreary, dreadful record. Now, it is a curious fact, it was elicited on an inquest held in Tyrone county prison, that some of those reckless women are the most correct of prisoners; they obey the most strict discipline without a murmur, and follow the labour set before them with painstaking regularity, and refrain from ill language. Surely such persons are not irreclaimable! But what hope is for them, when the instant they pass the prison gate released, having fulfilled their sentence and satisfied the law, they are homeless, foodless, moneyless, friendless, no one to take them honestly by the hand, no resource but to travel once more in the old way of sin—no one to encourage the steadiness they have acquired in the cell. It is all idle to talk about religious precepts and examples to houseless men: cold and hunger, temptation comes the way—and temptation will triumph. Even with clergymen and other esteemed professors, there is a hard and brittle side on the question of religious affinities and duties, and to poor ignorant people it must be admitted temptation comes with vastly increased force after they have first fallen away, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Society at large might protect itself by taking humane, precautionary steps with the delinquent, who has discharged the penalty of the law, and is sent out into the highways of life again; such persons are sinned against when

society does not help their amendment, and leaves them no refuge, no resource except sin and a gaol.

Table numbered 7 in the report, is worth extracting; it exhibits with great accuracy the state of crime during the periods 1872-73.

SENTENCE OF DEATH AND PENAL SERVITUDE.

	M. F.		M. F.	
	1873.		1872.	
Death	4	0	0	1
Penal servitude for life	3	2	0	0
Above 15 years	2	0	4	0
15 years and above 10	3	0	5	0
From 7 to 10	8	0	9	4
7 years	76	34	66	37
5 years	85	18	48	32
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	181	84	133	74
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	235		207	

But one male and one female was sentenced to death in Ireland in the year 1872, and in 1873 no female was so sentenced; perhaps there is no other population in Europe of the same number, of which the same report could be made. The sex, the age, state of education, and religious profession of the prisoners is set down in elaborate and carefully prepared tables, and may be condensed. Of 33,804 persons committed to prison in 1873, 20,959 were male and 12,845 females, and 10 males and 9 females of the number were under ten years of age; and between ten and sixteen years of age, 1,063 males and 270 females; above sixteen years to twenty-one years, the numbers respectively stood 4,149 and 1,407; from twenty-one years of age to thirty, the numbers were 8,279 males and 5,640 females; and from the ages of thirty-one to forty-one, 4,014 males and 3,244 females; from forty-one years upwards, 3,234 and 2,310 respectively; and in the whole table only 166 males and 15 females are set down as of ages not ascertained.

This condensation may supply the idea of the scrupulous exactness with which prison returns are made, the labour of which rests with the prison clerks, a class of men in the main fit to discharge any ordinary counting-house duties, and who are serving the public for, on the average, about two-thirds of the wages of an ordinary English mechanic; of course, this is a condition of affairs which cannot last. The educational attainments of the prisoners in 1873, whose numbers we have given, is as follows:—

	1873.	
	Males.	Females.
Read and write	10,194	3,021
Read imperfectly	2,941	2,793
Knew spelling	622	360
Knew alphabet	494	318
Wholly illiterate	6,550	6,413
Not ascertained	148	30
Total	20,959	12,935

It is most desirable that every prison school should be placed in connection with the National Board of Education, and, as has been before observed, that prison libraries should be established; the books selected for this purpose should in a great measure treat of useful customary trades. "Wild's Series" fulfils our idea on the subject; they are handy books, full of useful knowledge on carpentry, masonry, quarrying, cottage architecture, and such like, and may furnish useful hints to tradesmen even who are subjected to prison discipline, and furnish useful readings to others.

The following tabular form supplies a religious gauge:—

	1873.	
	Males.	Females.
Protestant Irish Church	2,149	1,447
Presbyterians	1,525	313
Roman Catholics	17,080	11,141
Other professions	33	2
Not ascertained	133	32
	<hr/>	
	20,959	12,935

Juvenile offenders are an interesting class; of these, in 1873, Ireland produced 84 males and 8 females under ten years of age, and 984 males and 178 females between the age of ten years and sixteen. It would be very interesting to ascertain the offences of the prisoners whose age is under ten years; filching an egg or a turnip has consigned no few to prison.

In 1873, 247 male and 45 female juveniles were ordered to be sent to Reformatories. Now this Reformatory business is one which will by-and-by call for strict investigation at the hands of the taxpayers, for many really good and humane men are not indisposed to believe that it and the industrial school business is a huge, pious swindle—the industrial school business especially, where poor infants are crowded together and fed, to make profit at their expense by devout Roman Catholic ladies, who present the appearance of comfort and good living, while the little wretches entrusted to their keeping show ribby and stunted, and only learn to genuflect at the sound of the clock. When these unfortunate children come of an age to be discharged, they are ignorant of the world, have no real friends in it, all their relations are estranged, and they are helpless beyond their prison gate; if females, and shipped off to the United States, their fate becomes saddening in the extreme, and a curious satire on the system. The Protestants adopt the wise plan of sending their orphans not into institutions, but into families where they are under constant useful supervision. Under superior direction, junior Roman Catholic priests are found to beat up for recruits for these establishments with great perseverance and unflinching success, in Dublin they are remarkably triumphant. The system is French, and it is undeniable that it offers a premium to vice, and the sooner

Parliament relieves the taxpayers of it altogether the better, for it is neither charitable, nor economical, nor useful. A gentleman of great public experience, Mr. David Cunningham, of Belfast, has dealt very fearlessly with the system, considering the hedge of bigotry and ignorance which surrounds it, and the manner in which it is cloaked and obscured, and made to present itself in pipe clay and polish. Experience, however, confirms the fact that he is right. In Roman Catholic hands it is only a system which would gladly extend its peculiar religious and political opinions into unsuspecting families at the Government expense, its hope being to train little armies of propagandists. Mr. Cunningham arraigns the system with irresistible fact and argument. This Prisons' Report supplies the following details: "During the year 1873, 247 male and 45 female juveniles were directed to be sent to Reformatories at the termination of their gaol sentences; nearly one-third of these were from the city of Dublin, where the increase in the number of juvenile offenders is very considerable."

In the appended tabular form it appears that County Carlow and Louth sent each one female, and Donegal not one either male or female; the reason is simply to be found in the fact that the magistracy are alive to the workings of the system, and less swayed by influences at work to promote it.

The parents of considerably more than one-half of the juvenile offenders committed to gaol in 1873 were then living; and a fact worthy of note, the Inspectors observe, is, that only 13 males and 8 females of the number were stated to be illegitimate. Table XX., page 23, supplies the details of education of the juveniles on commitment in 1873. 57 per cent. of the males and nearly 46 per cent. of the females, of this class, could read more or less per-

fectly; of these, 41 per cent. of the males and nearly 18 per cent. of the females could also write. Their religious professions are given as follows: Irish-Church Protestants, 82; Presbyterians, 23; Roman Catholics, 985; other professions, 1; not ascertained, 1; 90 per cent. of the males and 95 per cent. of the females were Roman Catholics. The report then observes, that in 1873 there was no escape from any of the gaols in Ireland, and congratulates the service on the fact that, since the passing of this 30 and 31 Vict., chap. 118, the gaols are relieved of the custody of lunatics, who are at once to be committed (section 10) to the district asylums, committals of such persons to gaols the Law Adviser of the Crown having declared to be illegal; the warrants being mandatory on the keepers of asylums to receive them.

In the course of 1874, in one of the North of Ireland district asylums, a lunatic contrived to get possession of an iron poker, and availing himself of an opportunity, smashed in the head of another lunatic with whom he had been associated. An inquest was held, and the coroner committed the lunatic to the county gaol, where he remained a month, watched incessantly night and day by the warders: at the expiration of that time the Lord Lieutenant's warrant was obtained to transmit him back to the asylum, where he perpetrated the act, and at the assizes he will be handed over to the gaol authorities and tried. This round-about system with a lunatic may have its use, but it is ill to use it. The man's distorted imagination was that he was the Pope, and his business to kill devils; he had happily disposed of one, he declared, but had an infinite number to deal with still. The Pope, though sane, has something of a similar idea, no doubt, when he regards the condition of the domains of

the Church, and the lamentable position assumed towards him by Prince Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone.

The dietary of the prisoners, and prison expenses, form the next subject of the report. The dietary of the prisons in Ireland and in England differ in some serious respects, whilst the classification of prisoners is much the same.

1. Dietary of prisoners whose term of imprisonment shall not exceed one week. Class 1, males—breakfast, 8 oz. meal in stirabout, and half a pint of new milk; dinner, 14 oz. bread and 1 pint vegetable soup (or buttermilk). Class 2, females—breakfast, 7 oz. meal in stirabout, and half a pint new milk; dinner, 12 oz. bread, three quarters pint vegetable soup (or buttermilk). Class 3, males and females under fifteen years—breakfast, 5 oz. meal in stirabout, and half a pint new milk; dinner, not less than 8 oz. brown bread, and 1 pint vegetable soup; supper, 4 oz. brown bread.

2. Dietary for prisoners whose term of imprisonment shall exceed one week, for untried prisoners who do not maintain themselves, and pauper debtors. Class 1, males—breakfast, 8 oz. meal in stirabout, and half a pint of new milk; dinner, 14 oz. bread, and 1 pint new milk; supper, 6 oz. bread, and half pint new milk. Class 2, females—breakfast, 7 oz. meal in stirabout, and half pint new milk; dinner, 12 oz. bread, and three quarters pint new milk; supper, 5 oz. bread, and half a pint new milk. Class 3, males and females under fifteen—breakfast, 6 oz. oatmeal, and half pint new milk; dinner, not less than 8 oz. brown bread, and 1 pint vegetable soup; supper, 5 oz. bread, and half pint new milk.

Potatoes to be substituted for bread at dinner on three days in the week, in the following proportions:—Class 1, 3 lbs. Class 2, 2½ lbs. Class 3, 2½ lbs.

Roman Catholic prisoners on the first and last Wednesdays in Lent, and on Good Friday, receive, in place of milk, 2 oz. molasses at breakfast, vegetable soup at dinner, and tea without milk on these days.

The meal directed in the above tables to be used at breakfast may be oatmeal or mixed meal composed of equal parts of oatmeal and Indian meal. It would be troublesome to prove that the nutriment is in the same proportion; something is gained by the mixture on the score of economy, and the Board of Superintendence adopt the mixture system perhaps too generally and constantly.

The receipt for vegetable soup, mentioned in the dietary scale, and tea, is a curiosity. Soup: add to one gallon of barley water 8 oz. of oatmeal, blended in a little cold water, 2 lbs. of turnips peeled or sliced, 4 oz. of onions cut small, and as much salt and pepper as will make it palatable; when boiled for one hour it is fit for use. Parsnips or carrots may be substituted for turnips. The tea to be made with half a pound of tea and one pound of sugar, to four gallons of water and one quart of new milk. Buttermilk may be used instead of new milk once a day, either at breakfast or dinner, if the surgeon approve of the change; the equivalent to be for every half pint of new milk one pint of buttermilk.

Perhaps in all these cases a lactometer might be useful at the gaol gate. The idea recalls that in one of the union workhouses an urchin was caught fishing in a new milk vat. The circumstance drew attention, and it was discovered that the angler was not far astray, several trout fry were discovered in the vat; but as the milk contractor was a man of title, and well supported by religious people, the affair was hushed up after the

usual Irish blaze of newspaper indignation. A commonplace man would have faced a jury and been mulcted in damages.

The dietary above described is common to all the gaols in Ireland; the addition of supper in the scale resulted in 1863, from some public comments of the writer, which influenced public opinion. A commission of inquiry was instituted, and the supper added to the scale; and the inspectors general report in favour of the change, and add, it has improved the health of the prisoners.

The following is the dietary of an English prison, and the average cost of each prisoner. They are very numerous; hence the sum on the average is small, but the actual items are open to comparison. The prison referred to is Coldbath-fields.

Prisoners are divided into classes: 1st class, those sentenced to more than two months, and they receive 1st class fare; 2nd class, committed for less than two months; 3rd class, those committed for less than a fortnight: the latter get common fare, and no animal food at all.

1st class food, breakfast, 6½ oz. bread, 1 pint cocoa; dinner, same quantity of bread; supper, same quantity of bread; dinner, bread four days in the week, meat and potatoes, three days soup; supper, bread, 1 pint gruel. The estimated cost of each person is £26 19s. 8½d., made up as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Prison diet	5	12	5½
Clothing, bed straw	1	7	2
Medicine	0	1	7½
Wine	0	0	10
Cooking, washing	0	1	7
Fuel, soap, oil, gas	1	17	11
Stationery, postage, books	0	6	3½
Furniture	0	4	11½
Rent, taxes, water	0	2	6½
Officers' salaries	9	19	7½
Pensions	0	7	10½
	£20	2	11½

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	20	2	11½
Support of prisoners removed to other prisons	0	3	10½
Removal to and fro for trial	0	3	11½
	0	5	0
Repairs, alterations	2	9	5
Contingencies	1	1	9½
Repayment of cost of building	2	12	9½
	£26	19	9½

Few matters of the same nature vary so much in expenditure as the cost of prisoners. In 1870 the average cost of a prisoner in the county and borough gaols of Ireland was £33 9s. 10d.; it has since increased. In 1872 the average was £34 14s. 3d., and this the inspectors general ascribe to the cost of maintaining large unoccupied buildings. In Carrick-on-Shannon the annual cost of each prisoner in 1872 was £31 11s. 4d.; and in Belfast the average cost was £16 2s. 1d., and the dietary was the same, the difference being made up from the cost of the establishments, the fewness of prisoners in Carrick-on-Shannon. The fact, however, supplies an argument that, on the score of public economy, prisons should be classified and concentrated; but there is seemingly no intention to do away with any of the county prisons, and of course the staffs must be maintained in a state of efficiency.

The cost of bridewells in 1840, in Ireland, was £10,634 4s. 10d.; in 1873 this item was £5,939 10s. 7½d. Yet in many counties the inspectors general observe, the bridewell keepers are most inadequately paid. The salaries paid to 67 bridewell keepers is £30 each; in ten cases, £20 each; in 20 cases, £15 each; and in six cases, only £10 each a year. Yet the bridewell keeper may have persons charged with capital offences in his custody.

The salaries and allowances to officers who formed the staff of the

Irish prisons in 1878, amounted to £45,922 7s. 10d. The staffs are numerous but indispensable, and the men who compose them are inadequately paid, considering length and fidelity of service. The average number of prisoners in the gaols throughout 1873 was seventy, and in this period the average value of work obtained from each prison ward was £1 7s. 9d.; in 1862 it only amounted to 16s. 7d. Belfast shows the amount of £900 9s. 1d., obtained from prison labour in 1870; and in 1872, £654 10s. In Cork county gaol the amount resulting from prison labour in 1870 was £17 14s. 11d.; £35 9s. 1d. in 1872; £105 18s. 6d. in 1873. In Cork county gaol the amount received from work of prisoners was £49 5s. 9d. in 1873. In Tyrone county gaol the amount realized in 1872 was £51 15s. 5d., in which gaol the industrial labour consists of mat-making, cocoa-nut carpet weaving, stone breaking, warping yarn, and oakum picking; whilst the females are employed at sprigging, knitting, sewing, washing, and oakum picking.

On their last round of inspection in the Tyrone county gaol, the inspectors general discovered the fact that, after men were trained to cocoa-nut mat making and cocoa nut carpet weaving, they had to be sent back to the treadmill and stonebreaking abed from want of custom for the wrought material, though their labour was skilful and the articles made of the first quality. In the face of such difficulties, which is not creditable to the local public, it is most difficult to make profit by prison labour; and, where profit is not made, the local public must very much ascribe it to themselves.

The inspectors general, Dr. Len-
ta C.B., and the Hon. Charles
F. Burke, leave nothing untold in
report on which information

is desirable on the subject, and what they state they state with clearness and precision. For the purposes of inspection they divide Ireland into a northern and a southern district, and each visits each in every alternate year. In the course of inspection every gaol and bridewell in Ireland is visited, and every prisoner confined in these prisons on the day of inspection is brought under review, and asked to state his complaints, if any; nothing natural or unusual is omitted from these observations, and they report both to the local Board of Superintendence and to the Executive.

We believe all this watchfulness is required, and that it is important to the public, and largely useful to those more immediately interested; it prevents cruel and unusual punishments, it keeps up exemplary discipline, and it satisfies the public mind.

No place where persons are collected by force, or by voluntary and self-imposed vows, should be permitted to exist without careful, constant, and impartial investigation into all its workings and minute inspection. Prisons were mysterious to the public from earliest time; but the public have now the opportunity of realizing the truth of what goes on within them nearly as faithfully as if they were the inspectors themselves. If the newspapers in each county lent their space to the republication of the inspectors' general report on their local prison, much good would result; for instance, the local public would come at the earliest possible period to know why prison labour is or is not remunerative.

The counties are dealt with in the appendix to the report, which practically reports on each county prison in alphabetical order. It might be desirable to see in some future report the reports of the counties classified as the Prisons Act classifies the counties, for it is not just in every respect to treat

first class, second, third, and fourth class counties in the same region of detail, and expect equal or even equivalent results. Some of the observations made by the inspectors general as they pass along are deserving of quotation; but it would occupy too much space to go through the counties in detail.

That prisoners under long sentences should be removed to a central dépôt (as in Scotland), and the other prisons to be licensed according to their capabilities, and that a uniform code of rules should be established; and that rules applicable to prisoners committed on attachment, who are neither debtors nor criminals, should be framed. The best protection in peculiar cases will be to make the persons who sue out the attachment liable for the support of the prisoner so committed, according to the prisoner's condition of life, and to the ordinary cost of a prisoner confined in the gaol, and to make the attorney or solicitor suing out the writ personally answerable by security to the sheriff who executes it, for the same, before he executes; the practice of suing out writs of attachment may otherwise become prevalent, and it is to be feared the Vice-Chancellor of Ireland is not sufficiently circumspect in this matter in his decrees.

The offices of local inspectors, the Inspector-General suggests, should be merged into that of four provincial inspectors. But this is an arrangement which the counties would not, we imagine, willingly agree to.

A prisons Act has been long promised, and is much wanted for Ireland, and we hope the present Government will grapple with the matter in an enlightened spirit. If not prepared, however, to legislate, we would suggest that a committee should be appointed to inquire and report concerning the reforms required in the Irish prison system.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 17.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR MICHAEL EDWARD
HICKS-BEACH, BART., M.P.*Chief Secretary for Ireland.*

THE family of Hicks are of ancient lineage—the addition of the surname of Beach having been assumed by Michael of Beverstone Castle, Gloucestershire, the second son of Sir Howe Hicks, on his marriage with Henrietta Maria, only daughter of William Beach, Esq., of Netheravon, Wiltshire. The founder of the family was Sir Ellice Hicks, who was created a Knight Banneret in the reign of Edward the Third.

For distinguished services in the French wars three *fleurs-de-lis* were quartered in his arms. When under the command of Edward the Black Prince, Sir Ellice captured one of the enemy's standards with his own hands. From him descended John, of Tortworth in Gloucestershire, who left an only son, Robert. This gentleman settled in London, and became one of its most opulent merchants. He left three sons; the youngest, Sir Baptiste Hicks, amassed great wealth as a silk-merchant. In 1612, he erected a palatial residence, called Hicks Hall, at Campden, in Gloucestershire; he also built a hospital, alms-houses, and a large market house.

Sir Baptiste Hicks was created a peer by Charles the First with the title of Baron Hicks of Ilmington, Warwickshire, and Viscount Campden of Campden. On the death of the Viscount, the peerage according to the patent passed to the husband of his eldest daughter, Sir Edward Noel, Bart., who was created Lord Noel of Redlington, in 1618. The peerage thus left the male line of descent.

Sir Baptist's eldest brother, Sir Michael, was educated for the bar, and was for some time secretary to Lord Treasurer Burghley. He purchased the estate of Beverstone, in Gloucestershire, and was succeeded by his son William, who was created a Baronet in 1619, and was married to a daughter of Lord Paget.

Sir William died in 1680, and was succeeded by his eldest son, also Sir William, who married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Coningsby, and died in 1703, leaving three sons and two daughters surviving. Sir Henry, his eldest son, died in 1754, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Robert, who died without issue, when the title and estates passed to his cousin, John Baptiste, Sir William's third son, who also died without issue. The baronetcy and estates then reverted to his cousin, a son of *Howe Hicks, of Whitcombe*, who was the eldest son of the first Baronet's

third son. He married Martha, daughter of Rev. John Browne, and had issue two sons and three daughters. William, his successor, was twice married, and died in 1834, leaving an only daughter, who was married, in 1816, to Sir Lambert Cromie, Bart.

William was succeeded by his grand-nephew "whose grandfather had assumed the name of Beach," and who was the father of the present Baronet. The late Baronet was married to Harriet Victoria, daughter of John Stratton, Esq., of Farthinghoe Lodge, and was succeeded by his son, the present Sir Michael Edward Hicks-Beach, in 1854, as ninth Baronet. Sir Michael represented East Gloucestershire in Parliament.

The Right Honourable Baronet whose portrait we give was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. 1858, obtaining a first class in the School of Law and Modern History, and M.A. 1861. He was first married to Susan, eldest daughter of John Henry Elwes, Esq., of Colesborne Park, Gloucestershire, who died in the following year. Sir Michael was subsequently married, September, 1874, to the Lady Lucy Catherine Fortescue, third daughter of Earl Fortescue. Sir Michael is lord of the manors of Netheravon and Quenington, patron of two livings; is a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate for Gloucestershire; holds a commission as Captain in the Royal North Gloucestershire Militia, and has represented East Gloucestershire in Parliament since 1864.

During his parliamentary career, Sir Michael has paid great attention to matters relating to local administration and taxation. In the year 1873, he presided as chairman over the Central Chamber of Agriculture for England, and, while in opposition, he took a considerable part in the House of Commons in the discussion of the Ballot and of the question of University Education in Ireland. Between 1870 and 1874, he acted as a member of the Royal Commission on Friendly and Benefit Building Societies, and in that capacity held, together with his colleagues, inquiries into the condition of these societies in Ireland, at Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.

In 1868, Sir Michael filled the office of Secretary to the English Poor Law Board. He afterwards became Under Secretary to the Home Department, and now most ably fills the onerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland in Mr. Disraeli's administration.

It can be said with great truth that, among the rising generation of public men, there are few, indeed, who have fairer prospects than Sir Michael Beach of attaining the highest eminence in the councils of the State. Young, ardent, and laudably ambitious, with great natural abilities highly cultivated by study, and a remarkable aptitude for political life, he is cast in the mould of a statesman, and possesses all the qualifications necessary to deserve and command success. The bias of his mind is eminently practical, and it may be safely predicted that he has before him, as far as human foresight can judge, a brilliant and honourable public career.

In the discharge of his public duties, Sir Michael evinces great aptness and tact; a ready appreciation of what is required; a prompt and acute understanding, with a manly, hearty earnestness that bespeaks sincerity and commands respect even where it does not excite admiration. Whether it be in parliamentary debate, in answer to a deputation, or where much is expected in an after-dinner speech, he always shows a thorough readiness, and appears familiarly at home with whatever subject he handles. During the brief period he has filled the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, he

sent Government resolved to allow the Coercion Acts to expire. By doing so they might have obtained a spurious popularity, while they pursued a course fatal to the best interests of the country. They had received those laws as an irksome inheritance from their predecessors, and the responsibility was imposed on them of deciding respecting their renewal.

As all competent authorities in Ireland were decidedly of opinion that the salutary, repressive, and deterrent provisions of those Acts could not be suffered to lapse without seriously endangering the peace of the country, it was resolved to relax their stringency as far as could be prudently done, and ask Parliament for a renewal of such parts only as were deemed indispensable. In this spirit the Peace Preservation Bill was framed, and introduced to the Commons by Sir Michael Beach in a most effective speech, that was aptly described as "calm, impartial, and conciliatory."

It soon became evident, however, that the so-called "patriotic" representatives of Ireland, the "nationalists" *par excellence*, were determined to adopt factious and obstructive tactics. Sadly in want of some tangible grievance, something should be done in the hope of stimulating the flagging spirit of Irish agitation. The Home Rule folly has been well-nigh played out, and men who have obtained the privilege of misrepresenting their country by trading in seditious teaching, and pandering to the evil passions of an ignorant, credulous, and excitable people must resort to desperate expedients to maintain their ill-acquired and precarious position. It was not to be expected, therefore, that the opportunity of opposing the Peace Preservation Bill by all means, fair or foul, would be neglected; but, however natural such conduct might be in "Irish patriots," it certainly was not to be anticipated that members of the late Government, or any who had approved of its coercive policy, would turn round and oppose the very measures they had previously supported. Party we know, like poverty, leads to strange companionship, but it is a very unprincipled partisanship, totally without the pale of honourable party tactics, that leads men to regulate their dealings with public questions merely by the consideration of who proposes them.*

Besides, the Peace Preservation Bill in reality is a restorative measure as far as constitutional rights are concerned, for it largely mitigates the severity of the laws passed by the Gladstone Government. As Mr. Disraeli declared, it is "a measure of necessity framed in the spirit of conciliation." Yet when the Bill was in committee some members identified

* Lord Robert Montagu, whose mental calibre can best be measured by his renunciation "of the errors of Protestantism, and the adoption of those of Popery," voted in 1870, when member for Huntingdonshire, for the Coercion Bill of the Gladstone administration; dismissed from the representation of Huntingdonshire, he found refuge under priestly auspices in the county of Westmeath, whose "patriotic" electors sent him to Parliament. What wonder, then, that this distinguished senator should turn out a virulent opponent, in 1875, of the very policy and legislation that he supported in 1870.

In like manner, Mr. Isaac Butt spoke strongly in the House of Commons in support of the Arms Bill of 1856. "Our whole experience of Ireland," he said, "demonstrates that the country cannot be safely governed without some restriction in the possession of arms—a necessity arising from the existence of secret societies. In 1846 the experiment was tried, and the result was that public auctions of arms took place all through Ireland."

This extract was read with great effect by Sir Michael Hicks Beach in the course of one of his speeches; but it would appear that "Irish patriots," among a great many other things that they treat with indifference, are utterly regardless of consistency.

with the late Government joined, on several occasions, in the factious obstructive tactics of the Irish opposition. The progress of the Bill was impeded by every possible device; and although it had been most fully discussed first on its introduction, again on the second reading, and yet again on going into committee, still the Opposition persisted in proposing obstructive amendments, consuming valuable time in useless divisions, and "with matchless intrepidity of face" repeating the same stale platitudes over and over again.*

In contending with this irritating opposition, Sir Michael Beach displayed great forbearance and a marked desire to make all possible concessions consistent with his duty. Even when the opposition from being factious, became ridiculous, as when the Aristides of Waterford shouted out, "If the liberties of my country are to be destroyed by an insolent and despotic majority, those liberties shall die hard!"† even when such ludicrous extravagance was indulged in, Sir Michael maintained an unruffled equanimity, and, intent only on meeting every reasonable objection to the details of the measure, freely conceded in all matters that did not interfere with or tend to neutralize its essential and salutary provisions.

It is not to be supposed that the Irish members, in opposing this Bill, really represented the true feeling of the country. Their factious conduct in Parliament has not been endorsed or seconded by any responsive movement in Ireland; on the contrary, an overwhelming majority of the gentry, landowners, farmers, and industrial classes generally, undoubtedly approve of the measure. Unlike the characterless political adventurers who find profit in demoralizing agitations, those classes have a deep

* To illustrate the spirit of conciliation in which the Peace Preservation Bill was framed, we may briefly enumerate some of the principal concessions by which the arbitrary character and excessive stringency of the Gladstone laws have been very materially mollified and relaxed.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland can no longer act summarily in the case of certain "Fire Offences," nor close public-houses without assigning reasons, while the clause that was denounced as establishing Curfew laws has no place in the present Bill.

The law officers of the Crown can no longer at their discretion change the venue in criminal cases. Police-domestic visits, visits to search for arms during the hours of night are no longer lawful, and searches for arms must be conducted under responsible personal supervision. The power heretofore solely entrusted to the resident magistrate, of granting or refusing licences to carry arms has been extended to any two resident county magistrates, who may now grant certificates to carry arms to any occupier of an agricultural holding; while the term of imprisonment for the unlicensed possession of arms is reduced, and the punishment of hard labour abolished.

Above all, the right of the writ of *habeas corpus* has been restored, and the power possessed by the authorities of arresting strangers in a proclaimed district, excepting by ordinary legal process, has been abandoned.

There are undoubtedly great and important ameliorations of unconstitutional but necessary laws, and the spirit in which they were made scarcely does not, as the member for Derry, Mr. C. Lewis, observed, "intimate a desire to prevent a brutal and bloody code. These concessions," he said, "had been made in no spirit of weakness or vacillation. They had been fully debated and considered with fairness and candour, and the Government had shown their desire, while making the law a terror to evil-doers, not to place any unnecessary impediment or restriction on the liberty of the subject."

† Equally rich was the hon. member for Limerick county, who declared "This law was not only most unnecessary to many people," which we can well believe, "but there was also a sentimental grievance, because it interfered with what was a divine right to carry arms." We suppose a thing we may hear of will be a divine right to shoot landlords, too, shall we not?

proof to the other.

abiding interest in the ascendancy of law and order, and are quite prepared to concur in legislation, which, however exceptional, none but the evil-disposed have cause to fear. As the hon. member for Carlow county, Mr. Kavanagh, with truth and spirit declared: "It was the *murderer* who felt restraint and coercion;—it was the *conspirator* who looked upon these measures as coercive; and it was the *dastardly coward* who tried to make others so, and who indulged in writing and sending threatening letters, who complained of these laws. *They have not been felt as coercive or as imposing restraint save by those who wanted to break the laws*, and there was no stronger proof of the necessity of their continuance than the fact that they were believed in as restraints. *To the well-disposed and peaceable inhabitants they were a protection.*"

There is no class in Ireland that requires, in a greater degree, the protection which the Peace Preservation Bill is designed to afford, than the farmers, because all experience proves that, in the absence of such protection, they are liable to become the helpless victims of Ribbon conspirators. A reign of terror paralyzes the action of the ordinary law, and, even when men may not sympathize with the murderous designs of the assassin, the fear of compromising their own safety renders them passive—no attempt is made to arrest the criminal, nor is there any disposition to volunteer evidence for his detection and conviction. Thus, the ordinary law is completely foiled, a demoralizing terrorism supersedes its action, and when such is the case it is a wise and merciful policy, dictated by the soundest statesmanship, to have recourse to extraordinary measures of a repressive and deterrent character. In one of the many speeches delivered by Sir Michael when the Bill was in committee, he alluded to this point, and gave a very forcible illustration:—

"In considering this matter they must take into account something more than the mere catalogue of crime. True, ordinary crime had not been very large lately, and there had also been a diminution of agrarian crime; but they must look to the special circumstances of crime in Ireland. They must not only consider what crimes were perpetrated, *but whether criminals were brought to justice and convicted.* Now, he held in his hand a statement of the agrarian crime committed in 1874. That statement showed that there were five cases of murder and one of attempted murder. In one of these cases the prisoner had not been tried when the return was made up, but in not a single one of the other cases had the prisoner been brought to justice, far less had there been any conviction. And why was that? *Because evidence could not be procured with respect to the perpetrators of the crimes.* Every exertion was made by the police to get witnesses, *but they could not be induced to come forward (hear, hear).* In one case, five men were sitting in a room with a man who was shot at and murdered, *yet not one of these five offered to go out in search of the assassin.* The excuse they gave was that they were afraid. In another case, a man attending a wake was shot through a window, and *although twenty young men were sitting with him at the time*, only one, who happened to be a dismissed sub-constable, dared to go out and try to discover the murderer. *These facts surely disclosed a state of things which could not be dealt with by the ordinary law.*"

In this way Sir Michael clearly proved, by "the irresistible logic of facts," that the evils with which coercive legislation was designed to grapple had by no means ceased to exist. It will, indeed, be a long time, we fear, before such a state of feeling and independence exists

throughout the country, that cowardly assassins will cease to be harboured, protected and screened, either through criminal sympathy or dastardly fear; and until that time does come exceptional legislation must be necessarily perpetuated.

The Irish members made no character by the manner in which they conducted their opposition to the Peace Preservation Bill. It was quite right that they should insist on having the whole subject thoroughly discussed; no one would think of finding fault with them for discharging what was an obvious duty. But when the principle of the measure had been thoroughly discussed, affirmed, and reaffirmed, after repeated debates unnecessarily prolonged to painful tediousness, it was then factious in the extreme, on their part, to continue uttering bombastic tirades against the principle and policy which the Bill embodied.

It is, in truth, very lamentable to observe the decadence that has taken place in the character of the popular representation of Ireland. The O'Connell "tail" was bad enough, but the degeneracy to-day, even from that low standard, is too painfully apparent. What are we to expect when some of our popular constituencies glory in sending felons to Parliament, and others return men who have the vulgar effrontery and callous insensibility to shame to stand up and declare, in the first assembly in the world, that they are "*not afraid of being called 'no gentlemen';*" and thoroughly make good their words by their conduct. We might, indeed, well despair of the future of our country, could we believe that its honour, principle, and reflective opinion was really and only such as is reflected in its popular representation. As Mr. Roebuck observed during one of the debates on the Bill—"What he complained of was that the gentlemen who were sent to the House of Commons by the Irish people, by the extravagance of their language, and by the wild conduct they have ever pursued in opposition to the Government of England had led the people of Ireland to believe that they were still subject to the same harsh form of Government under which they had previously groined. This conduct on the part of the Irish representatives *had rendered the present law necessary, and he charged them, the leaders of the Irish people, with being the cause of these Coercive Acts.*"

In fact, though there are many ameliorations yet required to ensure the political, social, and industrial well-being of Ireland, it is quite obvious that the most urgently needed of all ameliorations Irish constituencies have in their own hands, and that is the return of men to represent them in the great council of the Empire, who, if they may not reflect lustre on them by the dazzling brilliancy of genius, will not, at least, reflect deep discredit by aspiring to acquire the character of being "no gentlemen!"

It is only fair to notice exceptions, for some of the Home Rule members did oppose the Bill without being unreasonable, rabid, and ridiculous in their wild declamation. On the motion that the preamble be passed, after the Bill had passed through Committee, Mr. McCarthy Downing, speaking on his own behalf and also of those associated with him in opinion, said—"he must acknowledge, on behalf of the Irish members generally, the kind consideration they had received from both sides of the House (cheers). In the discussion of national and constitutional questions of great importance not only English but Scotch members had given them a large support (hear, hear), and, on the whole, he th^t ty of the l^t members would be satisfied with the

manner in which they had been met by the Government with regard to the proposals they had brought forward" (cheers).

Reciprocating the spirit in which Mr. Downing spoke, Sir M. Beach said he "had not complained, and did not complain, of the mode in which hon. members opposite had considered it their duty to discuss this measure. The task which it had been his duty to perform had not only been wearisome but painful in the extreme (hear, hear), and he fervently trusted that he would never be called upon to perform such a duty again."*

We have dwelt at greater length than we had at first intended on the circumstances connected with, and suggested by the passing of the Peace Preservation Bill through the Commons, because the part taken by Sir Michael Beach, was, in all respects, highly creditable to him; while the opposition he encountered shows how surrounded with difficulties the position is which he occupies in the administration of Irish affairs. He has so far evinced an ardent and untiring zeal in performing his duties, and has proved himself earnestly desirous of doing all in his power to promote the best interests of Ireland. The real grievances and wants of the country will, we feel assured, continue to receive from him ready consideration and prompt redress within the compass of his powers, while impracticable schemes and Utopian ideas will meet the stern rebuff that they merit.

Among the public measures of acknowledged utility that Sir Michael Beach has been instrumental in passing for Ireland, we may particularize the Public Health Act, which, if properly carried out, must be productive of much good.

So far we have been considering Sir Michael Beach in his distinguished position as one of the most rising statesmen of the Conservative party. But, in his social life as well, he embodies the definition of a gentleman as portrayed by Thackeray. "To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner."

Well representing his party in the forum and council-hall, Sir Michael is also their worthy representative at the covert side, an ardent lover of field-sports, particularly of hunting. He is to be seen faultlessly mounted at the various meets in Kildare and Meath, and from the time that cheering cry so dear to the fox-hunter's heart of "Gone away" is heard, till the varmint is on his back, Sir Michael may be seen in the first flight, well sustaining the honour of his country and acquiring the friendship, as he already has acquired the respect, of the gentlemen of Ireland. For what better passport to a huntsman's heart than to be a brother hunter also.

* Of course it was not to be expected that such "Die hards," such sturdy Hannibals, as the Biggars and Ronaynes would approve of the spirit in which Mr. Downing spoke or endorse the sentiments he expressed. They soar far above such weakness, and Mr. Ronayne, emulating the representative pretensions of the Tooty Street tailors, "begged to say that the Irish people would not accept chains from the English Government, no matter how they might be gilded by politeness, by courtesy, and by good manners."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY E. C. JEFFREYS.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT half a mile beyond the outskirts of a large manufacturing town, on the top of a hill, as much out of the way of the grime and smoke as it was possible to be anywhere in that neighbourhood, stood a new-looking mansion, something of the villa order, but on a very extensive scale.

The walls of the house seemed to be of some glittering white material, and there were balconies and balustrades, terraces and urns, in every available spot, while the grounds about seemed literally teeming with statues and fountains, ornamental shrubs, and glaring white pillars and chains. Everything looked bran new, spick and span. Not a stray leaf to be seen, and as to a weed, the gardener might pack up his goods and chattels then and there if such a thing were once visible on the premises from one year's end to another.

This distressingly well-kept residence bore the rather irrelevant but highly classical name of the Appian Way, and was the seat of Matthew Gubbins, cotton spinner, and one of the wealthiest men in that very wealthy manufacturing city.

Some five-and-twenty years before the opening of this story, Matthew Gubbins, having finished the building and furnishing of this very gorgeous mansion, and finding himself, at the age of forty, an orphan, and alone in the world, bethought himself that he would look about

for a wife, and being aware that his wordly goods were sufficient to enable him to purchase high up in the matrimonial market, he cast his eyes about amongst the daughters of the peerage, and, finally, obtained the hand of the Lady Hesba Pome-roy, eldest daughter of the august Earl of Lackacre, a damsel whose pedigree and appearance were highly aristocratic, but whose dowry was *nil*. Whether his venture, in a matrimonial point of view, had been altogether the perfect success that Matthew had fondly anticipated, seems doubtful, but he was not a man to complain; every speculation had its risk, and he would as soon think of airing his griefs over a slack year in cotton, as taking any apparent observation of her ladyship's acerbity of temper. She was her ladyship, Lady Hesba Gubbins—a very queen of rank and fashion among the manufacturing society of the district, and if she did leave him behind when she went to visit her august parents in town, during the season, or keep him as much as possible in the background if she occasionally condescended to bring him with her, this was a part of the bargain at which the worthy gentleman complained but little.

When in process of time the Lady Hesba had a son, she solicited her aristocratic papa to undertake the responsible position of godfather to the infant, which then-nobleman graciously consented to do, presenting his grandson, on this auspicious occasion of his christen-

ing, with the very smallest silver mug that the very smallest sum of money could obtain.

With much bell-ringing, and any amount of clergymen (including a bishop) helping each other, and literally smothered in white satin and lace, the infant heir of the cotton spinner was named after his noble god-papa, FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy,—alas! alas! that Gubbins had to be tacked thereto.

It is positively a feeble description of her sufferings, to say that Lady Hesba writhed in agony under the name, and would not be comforted, though her ladyship's mother (whom full forty years' hard fighting with duns and creditors, and all the evils attendant on a peerage and a pedigree, with no means to keep them up, had rendered philosophically inclined to love any man with money) pointed out to her daughter that a natural consequence of marrying Mr. Gubbins was that his children should bear their father's name.

Lady Hesba held her peace, but nevertheless determined that the obnoxious name should give place to a more euphonious-sounding one, money being all powerful in this money-loving land, but unfortunately in this matter she had counted without her host.

In the matter of his name, her lord and master was obdurate. Matthew Gubbins was his name, and had been his father's name before him, and in the heat of the moment, the worthy man was so far carried away by his feelings as to mention a grandfather also, but his ever having had such a relation being entirely a matter of speculation, and altogether an unauthenticated fact, he was obliged to give in on this point, and so compromised the matter by the total abandonment of the family christian name for his son.

Some three or four years after, a little daughter was born, who also had very grand godmanmas and papas, and several astoundingly aristocratic names; but kneeling by her little cot with her little dimpled pink hand clasped in his, old Matthew had mentally christened her Daisy, and, so Daisy she was called, in spite of sundry efforts of her lady mother's to institute one of her grander names. "Such was the house of Gubbins."

CHAPTER II.

LADY HESBA GUBBINS, like Lady Malbrook and Mrs. Quilp, both of historic memory, sat in her bower in her gorgeous villa; the scent of many flowers and the song of birds were wafted through the open windows, and not one odious tall chimney, vomiting its black smoke, could be seen from where she sat, nevertheless the lady looked disturbed, and—shall we say it?—an angry flush was on her face, which actually tinged the tip of her ladyship's aristocratic nose with red.

And yet, unlike the ladies alluded to, she could not be mourning the supposed loss of her lord and master, for that gentleman stood before her in the flesh. She had summoned him to a business interview, and there he was, and, though not much accustomed to entering that sacred chamber, truth to say he did not seem particularly overwhelmed by the honour of his present position.

Mr. Gubbins leant against the chimney-piece, with his back to the empty fireplace, his hands were in his pockets, and there was a sly twinkle in his merry eye, and a half smile on his broad honest face, which might have intimated to the beholders, had there been any present, that he, Matthew Gubbins,

was getting the best of the argument, whatever it might be. Every now and then he screwed up his mouth as if he were going to whistle, and then, suddenly remembering the august presence he was in, at once suppressed the inclination and gazed innocently at the little undressed boys on the ceiling.

The Lady Hesba spoke, "Surely, Mr. Gubbins, you are not going to allow your only son to be harassed and worried for the sake of a paltry sum of money?"

"Paltry sum!" echoed Matthew. "By gad, my lady, I don't know what you call a paltry sum; twelve hundred pounds seems a deal of money to me. But then, I am a plain man, and have made every penny I possess myself, so I suppose I value it accordingly."

These constant references on the part of honest Matthew to the effect that he had made his own money, although an unquestionable fact, were as gall and wormwood to my lady. She tried to snuff him out with her aristocratic bearing, but did not always get the best of it; Matthew was by no manner of means so easily snuffed out, and he had a quiet fund of drollery in himself which made him rather enjoy these little encounters with her ladyship.

"The boy" (Mr. Gubbins never called his son by his grand name when he could avoid it)—"the boy has a very handsome allowance, considering the fellow never did a hand's turn to earn a sixpence in his life."

The pink tinge already referred to on her ladyship's nose visibly deepened as she indignantly replied, "My brother never did a hand's turn, as you say, either, and yet he has an allowance to live like a gentl

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the noble heir of the Lackacre peerage had had, it certainly had not had the effect of making him live like a gentleman, for he was a most notorious blackguard, too much even for his venerable papa, who was as hoary-headed an old sinner as one would care to meet.

"You will drive FitzHerbert to selling his commission," continued her ladyship.

"And a very good thing too; he can come home then, and join me in the business, and steady down."

Lady Hesba actually bounced from her chair! "Join you!—go into the business!—my son!" she faintly gasped.

"By gad, my lady, considering you did not object to take a husband in trade, you are mighty particular about your son."

"It is quite different. If I rashly lower my position, instead of marrying in my own rank in life," cried her ladyship, enraged out of her usual discretion, "I will at all events try to save my son."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Gubbins. "I am very sorry if I interfered with any of the aristocracy when I obtained your ladyship's hand, but by gad I think they had had time enough to make up their minds before I ever had the pleasure of seeing you."

Lady Hesba sniffed in silent scorn. She was thirty-five, and her three younger sisters were married, when the wealthy cotton spinner came a-wooing; retort under the circumstances was absolutely impossible.

"What am I to write to my son?" she said haughtily.

"D—— it! you may tell him to go to the devil if he likes, I'll have none of his d——d extravagance and aristocratic puppy airs with me." Matthew Gubbins was sometimes vulgar, not to say coarse, when his temper was roused, which it was now at last. "I'll not have the

money I toiled and laboured for for upwards of fifty years squandered in horse-racing and champagne suppers with a set of scamps as worthless as himself; devil a penny will I pay for him, now or ever again," and Matthew flung himself out of the room, slamming the door after him, actually causing her ladyship a nervous shiver, and, plunging his hands into the depths of his capacious pockets, gave vent to the long-suppressed whistle, and retired to the garden to cool himself, and work off his very unusual amount of passion.

In the garden, Miss Daisy Gubbins was working away very briskly, with a very formidable pair of scissors and a basket in her little hand, snipping away at imaginary dead leaves.

Papa Gubbins' anger could not last long at sight of that dainty little figure, and when scissors, basket, dead leaves, and all were thrown recklessly on the well-trimmed turf, and the young lady flew to his side, hugged him first, and then scolded him for coming out in the hot sun without his hat, old Matthew forgot all his anger, and a genial smile beamed on his honest face as he kissed the little maiden, and allowed himself to be beguiled into an account of his interview with Lady Hesba, and coaxed into granting a full pardon, including the payment of all debts contracted by his reprobate son, upon that son's promising future amendment, which Miss Daily unhesitatingly undertook to do on his part.

Lady Hesba, witnessing this interview from the window of her chamber, was horribly shocked and disgusted at the extreme gushingness of her daughter, in spite of the first-rate education in the suppressing of all natural emotion she had received; but she was absolutely appalled for the effect on that young

lady's complexion, when she saw her transfer her broad-brimmed hat to the bald head of her papa. Nevertheless she knew it boded good for her idolized son. This blue-eyed laughing girl could turn her doating old father according to her maiden will, and, truth to say, she always used her influence for good, and her ladyship, knowing this, was content to sacrifice Daisy's complexion for the sake of her darling boy.

That day's post carried away two letters from the Lady Hesba—one to her son, containing his pardon in the most satisfactory way his father could bestow it, viz., full payment of his debts, and an earnest request from herself that he should come home if possible for a little to talk matters over. Not with a view to his taking up partnership with his father, albeit her ladyship had a little scheme of her own in view. The other letter was a pressing invitation to her dear sister, Lady Clara Standley, begging her to allow one of her five sweet daughters to come and spend the summer with her lonely Daisy. She did mention casually that FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy was coming home for some time, and also insinuated that it was the desire of her heart to see that dear boy married—money was not any object, she only looked for a good connection. The Standleys were unexceptionable in the matter of pedigree, but five daughters and four sons were a large family to provide for. Lady Hesba was diplomatic enough in her own way, and knew well what she was about.

CHAPTER III.

LADY HESBA v dipl
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ingly the fourth :

Standley, maid, and baggage, arrived in less than a week at the Appian Way.

FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy was not so expeditious in his movements, and the mother's heart was rent with terror lest her truant boy should fail to put in an appearance after all; but he did turn up at last, bringing a dear friend and brother officer with him, and the whole party are now collected at afternoon tea upon the lawn.

It is a very hot afternoon, and the young laburnums and flowering shrubs afford but scanty shelter from the heat of the sun. Miss Standley thinks so, and sighs for the stately oaks of her father's broad domains; but leaning gracefully against a neighbouring shrub, with his dark eyes teeming with sentiment, and his tailoring unexceptional, was FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy, and already the young lady begins to feel that she might become reconciled to the Appian Way, and that, under some circumstances, life might be endurable beneath the questionable shade of flowering shrubs and young laburnums.

And Lady Hesba sat at her tea-table radiantly happy. If anything could cloud her contentment, and make her feel a shade of resentment against her precious son, it was when her eye fell upon Daisy, apparently thoroughly enjoying life in the company of her brother's friend, and she did feel that her dear boy ought to have known better than to make a bosom friend of a younger son, and then to bring him home with him, thereby throwing him into the constant society of a wilful girl like Daisy, who never would take a sensible view of the duty she owed to her position; it really was vexatious, and Lady Hesba sighed. Surely every rose has its thorns.

"Oh, papa!

papa!"

Daisy, springing from her seat on the ground, with a degree of vigour and excitement which was truly grating to the nerves of her lady-mother. "Oh, papa, here is Fitz come at last."

Old Matthew Gubbins looked very happy and very proud of his handsome son, as he shook him cordially by the hand. He was not a man to forgive ungraciously, and he certainly was not going to show on this their first meeting, how entirely he disapproved of FitzHerbert's manner of life.

He was then introduced to Captain Fielding, and finally, after some faint remonstrance on his part, he was seated on a rug, with a cup of scalding tea in his hand. He murmured something about good beer being a much better thing, but Lady Hesba was sternly deaf, and Daisy covered his mouth with her little hands, and so the good man was fain to hold his tongue and "take the goods the gods provided him," such as they were.

Mr. Gubbins sat on the grass, and strove to shade his eyes from the glaring sun, and wondered much why rational human beings, with a house with plenty of chairs and tables in it, had the perversity to take tea out of doors, and subject themselves to such unnecessary tortures; but then he was an old man, and his wooing had been of a practical nature from first to last. In the days when he might have enjoyed a blazing sun and unlimited insects, in company with some fair lass, his days were spent in a counting-house, with the din and war of machinery in his ears, and the only touch of nature near him the buzz of bluebottle flies.

"Papa," said Miss Daisy, "now Fitz has come home, we are going to have all sorts of fun, and do you know we are going to have a ball."

"You are, are you?" said Matthew, in a resigned tone, the hot tea

and the hot sun reducing him to a very meek state.

"Nonsense, Daisy, who could we ask in this place?" lisped FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy; "there are no girls."

"No girls!" cried Daisy, with wide open eyes; "I say, Fitz, there are hundreds."

"Well, yes, such as they are; but I really think the factory girls would be preferable, there is no pretension about them," and the exquisite FitzHerbert closed his eyes, as if to shut out the very idea of anything so dreadful as the manufacturing young ladies of the neighbourhood.

The worthy Matthew contemplated his son, his expression was half comic, half indignant. "By gad!" he said, "Captain Gubbins, you have grown very genteel. I wonder, now, in town, if they have the same objection to the manufacturing young men."

FitzHerbert winced, he was always more or less uncomfortable in the society of his dear papa, and Captain Fielding threw himself back on the grass and fairly roared laughing,—

"By Jove! no, sir," he said, "nor to the young ladies either for that matter; and I shall call it uncommon shabby of Fitz, if he does not let me have my chances—a fellow like me, whose face is his fortune."

"Oh, have your chances by all means," responded Captain Gubbins, "so long as I am not bored by the natives, I really don't much care what is done."

Lady Hesba glanced uneasily at her domestic partner; doubtless, in the depths of her heart, she sympathized with the aristocratic instincts of her son, and a ball to her was little short of personal degradation. Nevertheless she knew the temper of her lord, and that there was a limit to his endurance, and seeing by certain signs and tokens that he

had had about as much of FitzHerbert's sentiments as he was likely to put up with, she upset her tea like any awkward manufacturer's wife in the district, thereby causing a diversion at the expense of an Indian china teacup, and effectually breaking up the party, and stopping the paternal explosion that FitzHerbert was so recklessly provoking.

That night Lady Hesba had a long conversation with her son. She warned him of the folly and danger of his present courses, and strongly urged matrimony.

"Oh, hang it, mother; will you never let me alone about that? Always marry, marry, as if that would cure every evil under the sun; and who am I to marry?" the amiable young man replied.

"My darling boy, I only speak for your own good; and as to who you are to marry,—why, there is your cousin, Madeline Standley."

"Mother, that frightful girl!"

"I do not think her at all ugly, and even if she were, she is so lady-like, and so well connected, and you have a certain position to keep up; you must marry in a certain set. How can I ever make you understand? Noblesse oblige!"

"Oh, bother, mother; you are at that old story still; I don't see why the devil I should be tied to a frightful girl, because my maternal grandfather was a lord; I have an idea, I know it is an exploded one in modern society, that a man is the happier for loving his wife, and who could love that sandy-complexioned little creature, without an idea but dress."

"I don't know how you can know much about her ideas, on such a slight acquaintance," said her ladyship, feeling she had been premature in mentioning her wishes with regard to the young lady in question, "she is a most thoroughly good amiable girl."

"So are lots of the factory girls, besides being much prettier to look at. I doubt if it would not be much better to marry one of them at once, and end the whole matter." There was a bitterness in the young man's tone, and a reckless defiance in his air, which terrified his lady-mother, he had so often latterly referred to factory girls, and seemed so averse to eligible young ladies,—what could it mean?

"FitzHerbert," she said, gently, "dear boy," smoothing, with tender loving hands, his soft dark hair, "don't be angry with your old mother, it is for your own good I speak, but I will say no more now," and she tenderly kissed his forehead.

The young man's heart was softened, he did love his mother, and returning her kiss warmly, he promised to try and do all she wished.

Apparently Captain FitzHerbert really did mean to keep his promise to his mother, and act up to her wishes with regard to his cousin, he became very attentive to that young lady. They played billiards together, and dawdled over croquet, and lingered under the young laburnums 'neath the dusky shades of night, but if they did, so did Captain Fielding and Daisy, and what was Lady Hesba to do? The gallant Captain had collectively and individually informed the family that he had not a penny wherewith to bless himself, and having done this, he apparently considered himself relieved from all further responsibility.

Lady Hesba scolded her daughter, whenever she could pounce upon that damsel alone, which Miss Daisy took good care should not be often, and she and her mother contrasted with the old man in vain, who had only the same old story to retort, that it was the same old story who had only the same old story; and so it went.

rather agreeably surprised to find that his son was so discerning as to have selected such an honest good fellow for a friend.

The Captain, wholly unconscious of being such a bone of contention, did, nevertheless, occasionally intimate in a vague way, "that he must be thinking of going some day," albeit the "some day," so ardently longed for by Lady Hesba, seemed a long time coming, and then the ball was really settled for the last day of June, so of course Captain Fielding must remain for it.

"There will be ever so many heiresses, with no end of money," Miss Daisy said, pouting her red lips, "and you know it is a duty you owe to society to try and better yourself, you said so."

"Did I, Miss Daisy? That was before I knew you."

"No, it was not; don't be hypocritical, because that is a great deal worse than anything."

Miss Daisy looked as if she were going to cry, but she did not; whatever the Captain said, it had a totally different effect upon the young lady, and she looked more radiant and happy, if possible, than usual, as her fingers wandered dreamily over the keys of the piano in the dim starlight.

And FitzHerbert, poor fellow, out on the terrace, in the cold light of the moon, found it very hard work to say sweet nothings to the insipid little girl by his side, albeit he knew she was really a good little soul, in spite of her education, and wanted but the faintest encouragement from him to love him with all the power of her stupid little heart.

Looking up at his divine brown eyes, misty and fathomless 'neath the cold light of stars, she saw not the form of a sweet-faced factory girl that stood ever between her and him, whose rare pale beauty so twined itself round the

young man's heart, that all other women were as naught to him.

Oh, FitzHerbert Horatius Pome-roy, it was a hard lesson for even your mother's son to learn that a factory girl's heart was as nothing in the balance, that man's honour to such as her was dishonour, her marred life as nothing. Love and faith were empty words; rank and fashion, Mammon's gods, were for him.

"Noblesse Oblige."

CHAPTER IV.

ON the margin of the river, a little removed from a large factory, with its tall chimneys, and roaring furnaces, were a group of cottages, which almost formed a little village of themselves, where dwelt the overseers and better paid "hands" of Matthew Gubbins' cotton manufactory.

There were two or three general shops and a post-office in the little street, if street it could be called, where every house had its bit of garden in front, including even the shops. A little removed from the other houses, with even a greater attempt at decoration in the small plot of ground that surrounded it, with climbers neatly trained against the walls and over the rustic porch, stood the abode of the widow Fairbrother; her husband had been overseer, and her only son high up in the manufactory, when one glaring hot summer the cholera had come stalking down on the overcrowded town, and in spite of town councillors and sanitary commissioners, and all other important functionaries, civil and official, Death on his white horse rode rampant through the teeming lodging-houses and narrow ways of the city; the "hands" rapidly thinned, "the workers ceased because they were few," and the doors were shut in the streets, "and there was mourning

and lamentation and woe; but mourning for the poor is too expensive a luxury to be indulged in long, and when the father was borne away to the yawning grave over yonder on the green hill-side, where the daisies and cowslips were wont to bloom but ever more to be a field of terror," the mother had naught left but to put her shoulder to the wheel, and work double tides for the fatherless children that were left.

And thus it had been with Dame Fairbrother; first her husband went, and then her stalwart son, and then her son's young wife, and she was left with a wailing babe of some few months old and a sturdy boy of three years.

Matthew Gubbins was a truly humane man, and everything a kind master could do to alleviate the sorrows of those dependent upon him he did. The widow Fairbrother was given her cottage rent free, and some light work in the factory, whereby she could earn enough to maintain herself and her grandchildren. When years went on and the children were old enough, they both obtained employment from the same kind master, and they became his special favourites; he took every opportunity of benefiting them, and when the young FitzHerbert was at home from school young Mark Fairbrother became a kind of attendant or humble companion to his master's son; many a day's birds' nesting or trout-fishing the boys had had together, and many a pleasant hour they had wandered in the meadows by the river side, and with them almost always was little Jael Fairbrother, now no longer a wailing infant, but a sweet little maiden with dove-like eyes, and nut-brown curls, blithe and gay, in spite of the great sorrow that had desolated her childhood, and the constant groans and sighs of her grandmother, an austere

woman of the strictest school of Methodists, "who had herself been saved so as by fire," and could make no allowance for the fair young girl to whom life was all beautiful, and grief, so far, only a tradition. But the days were to come when the iron was to enter into her own soul, and she was to drain the bitter cup of sorrow to the very dregs.

When Mark Fairbrother was a handsome young lad of about one or two-and-twenty years of age, and FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy, who had got his commission, was at home on leave, a terrible disaster took place; Mr. Gubbins' safe was robbed, one night, of one hundred pounds, and the robbery was undoubtedly traced to young Mark Fairbrother. When the lad was arrested and brought before a magistrate, he made no defence, he only said, "The young master could save me if he liked." But apparently the young master did not like; he returned to his regiment, and the youth remained in prison until the spring assizes, then he stood his trial, and was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. People said that he was let off too easy, owing to Mr. Gubbins' influence used in his behalf, but the young master never appeared.

When Mark first stood in the dock, his eyes once wandered round the court, as if in search of some one; but that some one was not there, and Mark Fairbrother left the court to return to his cell a condemned felon.

And Jael—gay, laughing Jael—what of her? For weeks she lay tossing on her bed, in the wild delirium fever, and when she rose, the girl of the that had been, she of the of her cheerfulness, and almost of all.

In the autumn FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy came home, and soon found his way to the cottage of the widow Fairbrother, as well kept and trim as ever—such was the pride of the stern old woman—but Jael was gone. At first the widow refused to give the young man any information of her whereabouts, but by dint of perseverance, he at length discovered that she was gone away, to a distant village, in a far off western county, to her dead mother's people; where, the doctor said, the balmy sea breezes and the soft mountain air might restore health and vigour to the nervous system, which had been so rudely shocked.

Very shortly after this discovery, FitzHerbert bid his family good bye, finding out rather suddenly that a walking tour in South Wales was absolutely necessary to recruit his health, before returning to his arduous duties as a soldier.

And now two years are past, and Jael, back in her old home, knows that Mark must have left his prison, ere this; but he has never returned nor written, and she must wonder and weep in silence and alone, for to the stern old grandmother he is as completely dead as if she had seen the coffin-lid closed over him, as she did on his father and his grandfather, more than eighteen years before.

CHAPTER V.

There was much preparation and decoration in the house of Gubbins on the day of the thirtieth of June.

There had been an early dinner, and great general discomfort and scrambling, not that these things need have been at all necessary, but such is the way of women, and half the pleasure of a ball, in the country, is the total annihilation of all static rules and regulations, the

eating of meals at irregular periods in irregular places, and the hunting of all males in the establishment into obscure corners and rendering it a thing impossible for them to get even a comfortable chair to sit upon.

Captain Fielding declining obscurity and inactivity, entered with great zest into the spirit of the affair, endangering his precious limbs on the tops of ladders precariously situated, rendering imminent the destruction of entire rows of hot-house plants, tying up Chinese lanterns, assisted by Daisy, and otherwise putting himself considerably in the way of the professional decorators, who sympathized but little in the love-makings of youth, looking more to practical results in the art of decorating in a business point of view.

And Madeline Standley—how did she feel in all this busy scene? Poor little soul, she would gladly have enjoyed it all if she could; gladly would she have held nails and twine, and every other equally un-aristocratic implement for her hero, if only he had been there to use them. But alas! FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy had declined to have anything to say to the laborious part of the entertainment. It was no labour of love to him to get flushed and over-heated, and bruise his aristocratic fingers hammering nails for the sake of having them tied up by his sandy-complexioned little cousin; and so, directly after the early dinner, whereat he growled exceedingly, he betook himself clear off the premises.

Madeline, so deserted, retired to her room, and had her dress laid out, and looked at it, and rather took it out of her maid; but then, poor girl! what else was left for her? The bruised, disappointed little heart should find vent some way, and what more natural object than her maid?—however, she was to dance the first dance with her cousin,

that was the one excitement, the hope that kept her up, and to be worthy of her glorious Apollo in her garments was the height of her feeble ambition.

On the banks of the river, nearly a mile from the Appian Way, where the rare sight was to be seen of a few trees clustering together, FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy was reclining gracefully on the grass, enjoying a fragrant weed. He had been there for some considerable time, and was apparently waiting for somebody, at whose non-appearance he was begining to wax impatient. He sat up and looked about him, and lay down again, and watched and waited, and at last she came, walking swiftly, with a light elastic tread, her nut-brown hair rolled in heavy coils round her small well-shaped head, her plain cotton dress fresh and clean, brightened up by a bow of pink ribbon fastening her linen collar at the front, a flush upon her usually pale cheek, and the love light dancing in her eyes. Jael Fairbrother stood by his side. For one moment it seemed to the young man that all his mother's words were naught, and that the sandy-complexioned little cousin at home was but a horrid dream. She stood by his side again, this girl in her peerless beauty,—one of nature's nobility, a very queen to look at,—his own, all his own! oh why should aught come between those two? Noblesse oblige, forsooth! He took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately, and then his arms relaxed their hold and fell powerless by his side; his mother's words and hopes and plans, and his own too, came rushing back upon his mind. Could he give up all for her—position, ambition? It behoved him more than other men to be careful whom he wed; he had to counteract the Tubbins' connection. He put the girl from him gently with a heavy sigh.

Jael looked up at him lovingly. "What is it, FitzHerbert," she said, "are you angry with me for keeping you so long?"

"No," he said listlessly; "did you get my note?"

"Yes, two hours ago, but I could not get leave from the factory any sooner. Oh, FitzHerbert," she said suddenly, taking his hand and pressing it to her lips, "FitzHerbert, when is this to end? It is nearly two years now, and you have been promising me so long."

The young man moved uneasily, and his colour came and went. His voice, too, was faltering and unsteady when he essayed to speak the words he resolved to do. "Jael," he said, "it is about that very thing I have come to speak to you; it must be all over between us, it was a great mistake from first to last."

The girl sprang from his side, and stood before him with quivering lips and flashing eyes.

"A mistake," she said. "Oh God, FitzHerbert, what do you mean? A mistake that you and I were married twelve months ago last autumn, in the early morning, in the little church among the Welsh hills, so far away?"

The young man hesitated.

"Speak," she cried passionately.

"Well, Jael, I doubt if it were a legal marriage."

"Doubt!" she echoed scornfully.

"You doubt if it were a legal marriage? No, Captain FitzHerbert, you do not doubt it; you have not yet learned to tell a falsehood, and look the woman you would wrong so wickedly in the face; you know you were truly married to me."

There was an anxious inquiring look in the girl's face, as she made this assertion, and then, all her tone changing to one of wild entreaty, she threw herself at his feet.

"Oh tell me, for the love of God," she cried, "that it is not true—that I am not the ruined out-

cast your words would make me this day."

The young man stooped to raise her from the ground. He had a terrible part to play. How could he make this girl understand the perplexity of his position, all his nobler nature pleading her cause, all the true love of his heart with her? What did she care for his mother's false French phrase, or the false doctrine it contained? He looked sorely troubled.

"Jael," he said, "dear Jael, listen to me for one moment;" but she sprang quickly from his grasp.

"Don't touch me, sir," she said; "I am none of yours now, your own words have said it; but oh, I trusted you so, God help me!"

"Listen to me, sir," she continued quickly. "If it is only that you are tired of me, that you want me no more, that you want to marry some lady in your own rank, say it at once."

"Jael," he almost sobbed, "I must say it is true—not that I do not love you as much as ever; I swear to you no woman living can ever be to me what you were and are."

"Hush, sir," she cried fiercely; "keep such words for those that value them, they are only insults to me, and double insults to the lady you want to marry, whoever she may be."

"Oh! Jael, do not be so hard on me, my life is desolate enough as it is; but you shall never want nor have to work for your bread. I will give you money enough to go to any part of the world you may choose, and keep you like a lady."

"Money, you poor pitiful creature! do you think I would take your money? no, not if I had to beg my bread from door to door. I shall stay where I am, sir, but you need not be afraid of me;" and the girl drew herself up proudly before him, but her face was ashy white as she continued,

in a firm steady voice, "I promise you, sir, you shall never be troubled by me again. You can bring your bride here and dress her in silks and satins, and my lips shall be sealed, and she shall never hear of the poor friendless girl you swore to love and cherish before God's altar, in God's church; for it was a good marriage, sir, and you know it. No need to lie to me; but, sir, no one else need ever know. You are free from me, sir—free as if we had never met; your own conscience must settle the rest,"—and a scornful smile flitted over her pale face,—“and now, sir, good bye for ever.”

“Jael! Jael! for Heaven's sake, do not leave me so!” cried the young man passionately; “shake hands once—only once for evermore—before you go;” but the girl sped swiftly away.

Captain FitzHerbert sprang forward as if to follow her, and then stopped short. At his feet lay the little pink ribbon she had worn at her fair white throat. He stooped and picked it up, and pressing it to his lips flung himself on the ground, and moaned in the very anguish of his troubled heart, “Oh! Jael, Jael, how could you leave me so!—oh, my darling, my darling, come back! Ah! I knew she would,” he cried, springing to his feet; “see! she has stopped, and is looking back. Jael, my own, I knew you could not leave me so.”

Ah! who shall say that there was not a wild longing after truth and virtue in the young man's heart that day? Oh, Jael, if thy good angel would only bring thee back to him now, thy wrongs might all be righted, and a great crime have been for ever left undone! Ah! who can tell—who can tell?

Unseen and unheard of by the young man who had so cruelly wronged her, another pair of eyes were watching the girl's retreating figure—a wild and haggard pair of

eyes, set in a wild and haggard face—the eyes of a wretched weary-looking man, with worn shoes and travel-stained garments, who had flung himself on the long grass to rest, waiting for the shades of night to cover him ere he entered the town.

CHAPTER VI.

SLOWLY, slowly, the great sun rolled its course through the heavens on this evening of the thirtieth of June, until it dropt in a great red ball behind the distant hills. Dame Fairbrother lit her little lamp and sat with her friend and gossip, Mrs. Price of the Post-office, who had dropt in to have her usual evening chat. And the old ladies sat and waited and watched until the great factory clock went the half-hour after nine, but never a sign of Jael. The old dame was sorely troubled. “Ah me! you have to thank the Lord, Martha, that took yours while they were all young, before they bowed your old head down with sorrow and disgrace, she groaned, “filling your old age with care and anxiety.”

Dame Price, in the depths of her heart, hardly agreed with her friend; but she was a good woman, and alone and desolate. In her old age she had learned to say, “Thy will be done;” and when, at first, with streaming eyes and aching heart she said these words, poor soul! she tried to think she meant them; and so in time, in God's great mercy, her lonely life became endurable, and she could gossip with a friend over a cup of tea, and be as cheery as the best; but she always had a kind word to say for the young, and an excuse to make for their trifling misdemeanours, and very scant sympathy for the moans and lamentations of her friend.

“Well, Rebecca,” she replied, “if

I have to thank the Lord—as surely I have, for his ways are always best—for bringing those I loved home early before the burden and heat of the day, surely you have to thank Him equally for sparing Jael to you, to be a comfort and a blessing to you in your old age.”

“A blessing!” the old woman repeated sternly, “when my mind is exercised day and night praying the Lord to turn her silly heart from vanity; but his face is turned away, and his ear is deaf, so that He will not hear, and the wench plaits her hair, and sticks gewgaws of coloured ribbons in her dress, and sets herself up in ways unseemly in one of her class; and now, in the dark hours of the night, where is she?—at no good, I warrant you—the Lord be merciful to me!”

“Ah! Rebecca, I doubt if the Lord will be merciful to you in the way you choose to order Him to be; it was his will to give the girl beautiful hair, and, to my mind, she wears it as neat as any maid can. And as to a bit of a pink bow, it would be a poor world if a young lass might not make herself a bit smart when she went out.”

“And where did she go to? and where is she now, Martha?—answer me that.”

“Well, surely, it is late,” acquiesced Dame Price; “and it is not like Jael to be gadding at this late hour, but you will find she has some good reason to-night. Ah, listen! here she comes,” continued the old lady triumphantly; “I knew she would not be long. Well, lass,” she said as Jael entered the room, “where have you been? Granny and I were beginning to be a bit uneasy about you.”

The girl looked at her granny.

“Well,” said Dame Fairbrother sternly, “why don’t you answer—where have you been?”

“Only walking by the river,

“Walking by the river at this hour alone?”

The girl hesitated for a little, and then said, “Yes, granny, alone!”

“And I tell thee that is a falsehood,” cried the old woman angrily. “Ye never were alone; I know what girls are, and you are no better than the rest.”

An angry flush rose on the girl’s cheek, and she seemed as if she were going to speak, but she checked herself with a heavy sigh.

Dame Price interfered good-humouredly, “Ah! Rebecca,” she said, “I warrant Jael was in no bad company.”

“What business has she to keep any company at all?” continued the old woman harshly. “The daughter of godly parents, whom the Lord thought too good for this world, to be gadding and sparking with the low fellows of the town!”

“Granny, how can you—how dare you—speak like that to me?”

“Aye! I can, and will too; you, that are fast bringing shame on the holy name your sainted father gave you, when he held you in his dying arms and named you after one who was blessed among women.”

“And you tell me she was blessed among women,” cried the girl excitedly, “she, who took the hammer and the nail and treacherously slew the man who trusted her. And what would you say to me if I went and did likewise—if I took the hammer and slew the man that sorely wronged me, and left him lying murdered where he lay—would I be blessed among women, if I rid the world of such as he?” and, throwing herself on a chair, the girl laughed wildly.

Widow Fairbrother was too scared to speak, but Dame Price said kindly, “Ah! lass, you are speaking wildly; the wife of Heber the Kenite slew the enemy of the Lord; she would have had no more right to avenge herself of an

enemy of her own than you would have, poor lass! if ye had one—which may God forbid!”

“Oh, no, I have no enemy—what enemy would the like of me have?” said the girl in a half-mocking half-fierce tone.

“Jael, if ye stayed at home, and kept no company, ye would have neither friends nor enemies,” said her old grandmother, in a gentler tone than usual, “and that is far better for a girl such as you.”

“Yes, granny,” cried the girl, springing up and clasping her hands passionately, “you are right; a girl such as me should have no friends, or love, or feelings in life. We should be born with fair faces and no feelings, to be the sport and playthings of—no matter who. There, granny, I have been talking nonsense, never heed what I say;” and, stooping down, she kissed the old woman gently, and went hurriedly upstairs to her own little room. There her old granny, now thoroughly frightened, heard her walking up and down through the long watches of the night.

Dame Price went home sadly mystified and scared at the girl’s wild manner, and fierce wild words—words that came back to her with a terrible meaning when the city rang with a great crime done, and a great sorrow; and a mother desolated in her gorgeous home, knew no mercy in her anguish, but cried aloud for vengeance, when, with mounted trumpeters, and javelin men, and plunging horses, and all the pomp and majesty of justice, the judge made his solemn entry into the town, and took up his seat in the crowded court, where the sea of eager faces surged to and fro, and a pale-faced girl, with heavy eyes and bloodless lips, stood at the bar of justice arraigned for “Murder!”

CHAPTER VII.

MISS MADELINE STANDLEY stood before her cheval glass in all the glory of blue and silver; her dress was perfect, and everything that art and money could do had most certainly been done for her; and, truth to say, she was a success; she was one of those colourless little bodies for whom dress can do wonders. And then there was an unwonted flush upon her sallow cheek and a sparkle in her eye,—

“For he will see it on to-night,
And at the thought her colour
burned.”

Surely, poor girl, she may be forgiven the smile of gratified vanity that played about her mouth and made her look her very best; for was she not all loyal to him, and all the charms and graces of all other swells utterly lost upon her? Down the broad stairs she crept, and through the gorgeous suite of rooms, blazing with light, and gilding, and flowers, and there, awaiting the arrival of their guests, stood the family of the Gubbinses—all save one.

FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy, where was he? Not there. The light died out of her eyes, and the glory of her garments was forgotten; but then it was early yet, and, truth to say, this adorable youth was never remarkable for his punctuality, so the damsel took heart of grace again, and then the guests began to arrive, carriage after carriage, and the rooms began to fill, and the music began to play, and still no FitzHerbert! Mr. Gubbins made some caustic remarks to Lady Hesba on the good manners of her son, and the bosom of the lady herself was troubled and uneasy; for she did feel that her darling boy was just going

a little too far, and she saw Madeline sitting out that dance with a weary dejected face—that dance to which, poor child! she had been looking forward so long. Daisy would have got her cousin plenty of partners, and felt very angry with her brother for poor Madeline's sake; but the girl refused them all, she had no heart to enjoy herself, nor was she made of the metal that would make believe as though she did.

Daisy fell back upon Captain Fielding, and consoled herself by abusing men in general to him, and finally eliciting the remark from that gentleman, "that he thought Miss Daisy was rather cross."

"And so I am," admitted Miss Daisy, her blue eyes filling with tears, and her loving little heart bleeding, as the night wore on, for the poor dejected cousin, to whom it was a mockery, and a weary, weary failure.

"And so would you be if you saw things all going wrong; besides, I do think it is so queer of FitzHerbert. I know he is reckless, and not very careful about vexing papa, but then, for mamma's sake, is it not odd?"

"Well, yes," responded the Captain, "but FitzHerbert is an odd fellow, and you must remember he displayed no great zeal for this entertainment all through."

"Well, no, he certainly did not," said Daisy, "but it is a pity for poor Madeline; do look how sad she looks."

"Yes, indeed;" and the Captain screwed up his face into a look of doubtful sympathy.

"You see before you, Miss Daisy, an awful warning of the effects of having only one string to your bow. Now, if she had only had the good taste to take a fancy to a nice young fellow like me, I might have done to console her *while Fitz was away*; but, upon my

honour," continued the gentleman, solemnly, "I know you will hardly believe it, but positively she does not like me. I know it for a fact."

"I am sure I am not one bit surprised," said Miss Daisy, saucily; "I don't know who could."

"You do, Miss Daisy, you know you do; don't break my heart by saying you don't, and cause me to do some desperate deed of despair," and Captain Fielding threw the most tragic expression into his face that it was possible for that very jolly countenance to assume.

"No, I don't; and if I ever liked you at all, I hate you now, because you are laughing at me, and you have no sympathy."

"Miss Daisy, I am the soul of sympathy; and as to laughing at you, I am perfectly lacerated in my feelings at your even saying such a thing."

"Captain Fielding, I beg your pardon, sir, for one moment," interrupted a footman, touching the Captain's arm.

"What is it?" said the Captain, not, it is to be feared, in the most amiable tone of voice, mentally giving the reverse of his blessing to the unfortunate domestic,—"*what is the row?*"

"Oh, sir, it is terrible; come out here until I tell you. Captain FitzHerbert, sir, is murdered—found lying dead in the water meadow. The police are here, sir, and who is to tell my master or my lady, sir, and the house full of company? Oh, sir! what is to be done?"

"My God!" cried Captain Fielding, fairly stunned for the moment, "what do you mean? What do you say? Where are the police?"

"It is as true as death, sir; the police are here, sir."

Captain Fielding followed the servant downstairs to the back yard, where, knowing of the festivity that was going on, the police had come up as privately as they

could, and from them Captain Fielding heard all the details so far as they were known. The murdered man had been found by one of the factory hands, who had at once recognized him, and immediately given the alarm to the police, and they had conveyed him as quietly as they could to the gate lodge, where he now lay, and the thing was how to tell his father.

Captain Fielding knew that he should be told at once; with all the strange servants and people about, it would soon become known, so he went in search of his host, good old honest Matthew, for whom the young man had a real regard and esteem. It was a terrible task to perform, and he never knew how he did it, or what he said; it was all a hurry and confusion to him. In spite of all his precautions, it seemed as if the whole company knew it simultaneously,—Lady Hesba fainting dead away, poor Daisy, with wild distracted cries, leaning over her; the father, white-faced and dazed-looking, trying, poor old man! to be calm and collected; the livid-faced girl, in her crushed and tumbled finery, who had no right to mourn, and yet had the greatest right of all.

The rush and hurry of departing guests, the cries and moans of women running to and fro, the flaring lights, and faded flowers, and dishevelled dresses looking crushed and tawdry in the grey light of the early morn; and then, in the dead silence, when the last guest had departed, and the great red sun came rolling up in the east, and the little birds woke, chirping, up in the young laburnum trees, and the joyous world burst forth in life and song, the dead man was carried to his home, with his rare beauty marred and blighted in the terrible manner of his death.

CHAPTER VIII.

YEs, on this first of July, the world woke up with a joyous burst of song, and the windows were opened in the neat cottages to let in the fresh morning air, and the women, singing blithely, went about their usual avocations, and the children played and shouted in the gladness of youth and health, and the factory hands came trooping in to their work; but in the gorgeous chambers of the master's dwelling no blind was drawn up to let in the joyous light of day, and there was wild wailing for the heir that was dead—not by the visitation of God, with loving looks around him, and a tender hand clasped in his to bear him company to the very borders of the valley of the shadow of death, but struck down by the brutal hand of the murderer, in the flower of his youth and strength; this moment a very Apollo in his beauty, the next a disfigured loathsome object, unseemly for a loving mother's eye to look upon, with a scarred and ghastly countenance, fit only to be covered up at once and buried out of sight.

Jael Fairbrother and her grandmother were done their early breakfast, and with a weary listless manner the girl had washed up their few breakfast things, and tidied up the little room. She ought to have been at her work at the factory long ago, and two or three times the grandmother reminded her of the lateness of the hour, but Jael seemed quite indifferent; she made no answer to her granny, but neither did she make any effort to hurry to her work. The old dame was greatly troubled in her mind, and was contemplating slipping out quietly to have a word with her minister on the subject of the girl's strange conduct, when the door of the little dwelling opened, and a couple of policemen entered the room.

The widow sprang up with a terrified look, it was more than two years since she had had such visitors before, but what could they come for now?

Jael started, too, and a wild inquiring look came in her sweet blue eyes, but she spake never a word, not even when, with a hesitating manner, and as gently as such a deed could be done, the police constable arrested her for the murder of Captain FitzHerbert Gubbins, found killed in the water meadow, between the hours of one and two of that morning. She staggered visibly, and the colour first rushed to cheek and brow, then slowly ebbed away, leaving her ashy white and ghastly; a film seemed to cross her eyes, and her bosom rose and fell; her lips moved as if she said some words, but no sound came forth; she stood utterly prostrated, bewildered, numbed. Not so the old lady, her grandmother, who with fierce and angry imprecations called on the girl to say that it was false, before she left her roof with a heavy curse upon her head. The girl, trembling in every limb, seemed powerless to speak. The policeman angrily bade the old woman hold her tongue; and Mrs. Price, hurrying in (for very soon the whole village knew the terrible report), tried to soothe and quiet her old friend, who at length, overcome by her own passionate grief, sat down on a chair and rocked herself to and fro.

A crowd began to collect now, and the police were anxious to get the girl away at once; she rose with tottering limbs and followed them to the door, then, looking back, she seemed at last to gain the power of speech.

"Granny," she said, "I don't understand it all yet; I am dazed and stupid like, but I never did it; oh, I never did it, so help me God!"

And so she said again before the magistrates, but with little avail; they considered the evidence too strong against her, and so she was committed to stand her trial at the ensuing assizes. Captain FitzHerbert Horatius Pomeroy Gubbins was buried; "he shall return no more to his house, and his place shall know him no more." And the mother lay in her darkened chamber, and refused to be comforted for her son, for he was not; and the poor dejected cousin, with her much-despised sandy complexion, betook herself to her paternal halls, but found small consolation in the stately oaks and ancient grandeur of that aristocratic home; for, had she not learned to love the young laburnums and glittering terraces of the Appian Way, and to believe that, amid all the fair youths of England, none could ever be so fair for her as the youth who was lying buried under the yew-trees in the lonely cemetery in the far-off manufacturing town?

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH the blazing days and sultry nights of July, Jael Fairbrother lay in her dreary prison, and at length the judges came, and the stir and bustle of the assizes began. The girl, wan, worn, and emaciated looking, took her place at the bar of justice.

The first witness produced was a little old man, one Isaac Jones by name, parish clerk in the little village of Llandeloy, in the Welsh hills far away; in his hands he held a paper, the copy of the register of marriage of FitzHerbert Gubbins and Jael Fairbrother. Jael's fortitude seemed almost to forsake her when she saw this little old man, and she swayed and tottered so in

the dock, that the judge ordered her to have a chair to sit on.

Nevertheless, this man had but little to say; then he showed the paper, and stated that he had been the only witness present, when one early morning those two had been married by the Rev. David Williams, now dead. No, they had no licence! Neither of them resided in the parish, though he believed the maid had been residing for some time in a neighbouring town. Well, the marriage was irregular; yes, he must admit that it was; perhaps Mr. Williams had been bribed by the gentleman; he had a large family, and was very poor; the gentleman did give him (Isaac Jones) ten shillings; the Rev. Mr. Williams was dead; he died the following winter, of a bad fever. And then this witness went down.

A little girl, of about fourteen years of age, came next. She remembered the thirtieth of June, about three o'clock—or it might be more—on that day; Capt. Gubbins gave her five shillings, and a little note; it had no direction on it, but he desired her to give it to Jael Fairbrother, and to hold her tongue; she did give it to her, and saw her blush, and a look like great gladness came into her face; yes, she did guess the Captain was Jael's lover; she saw him turn into the water meadow when he gave her the note.

The girl at the next loom to Jael came next; she saw Jael get the note, and remarked the happy look come in her face; no, she did not know who it was from; Jael was very close and stand off with the factory people always. They left the factory together; Jael ran nearly the whole way home. She lived in the same street with Jael; she saw the girl going out about half an hour later; she had changed her dress and wore a bow of pink ribbon at her throat; yes, that

might be the ribbon; yes, it was the ribbon, she was certain. This to a lawyer, who showed her a crushed and blood-bespattered little pink knot of ribbon. She saw Jael take the turn to the water meadow, for she could not see the turn from the street; but she followed Jael a little bit; maybe it was curiosity.

Then came a man who had come a short cut through the water meadow, between seven and eight o'clock; he saw the prisoner talking to Captain Gubbins; yes, he knew the Captain's appearance very well; he never saw Jael before that night; but he would swear to her; they were having angry words between them, he knew by the tone of the girl's voice; yes, she did seem excited; her manner was passionate; she called him a poor pitiful creature; and something was said about money, but he did not much heed; he was in a hurry; he knew the Captain was a gay gentleman; and that gentlemen like him did not much mind breaking with a girl like her when it suited them; it was only a little money more or less.

Nothing would be gained by examining the Widow Fairbrother, and so, in common humanity, the crown counsel forbore to do so. Then, lastly, came Dame Price, with many tears and much hesitating on her part; and with great cross-questioning, and a small amount of bullying on the part of the counsel for the prosecution, they elicited from that worthy woman an account of Jael's late return home, her strange wild words, and dishevelled looks. The good dame's constant reiterations that the lass meant naught, seemed to bring but little conviction to those who heard her. The judge made his charge. The very fact that his sympathies went with the wretched girl before him, and that he dwelt much on the fact of

the evidence being only circumstantial, made it the more apparent that in very truth he thought her guilty.

Then the jury retired, and flying rumours went about that they could not agree, and that they would be locked up all night, and the weary girl was led away to await her doom while another prisoner took his place at the bar.

At length, after about two hours' careful weighing of the case, Jael was again placed in the dock, and the crowd of eager listeners crushed and struggled into the court. The jury returned to their seats, and the clerk of the crown went through the usual formula, and then the all-momentous question, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict—'guilty' or not guilty?"

In the solemn hush that fell upon the crowd, when the very breathing of the anxious throng seemed suspended, the foreman of the jury stepped forth and said, "Guilty!" but recommended to mercy.

Then the clerk of the crown turned to the poor weak girl standing there, and asked her if she had anything to say, in that awful hour, whereby she might plead for a mitigation of the terrible sentence about to be pronounced upon her.

A slight colour rose on the girl's pallid cheek, and she essayed to speak; but at first no sound was heard, and then she tried again; in a low faint voice, that strengthened as she went on, she said, "My Lord and gentlemen all, I thank you for the patient hearing you have given my case all through; all that has been said is quite true, and it seems as if I had been in your place to-day, I must have said the same as you say of ; but oh, my Lord! oh! gentlemen, so surely as I shall stand in the days before a high tribunal this, the jury of the of all

the earth, and where I pray to receive more mercy than I can expect to get from your lordship to-day, I swear that I am innocent—that I never did that wicked terrible deed. Oh, gentlemen! think yourselves, surely it is different for a poor weak girl like me, speaking in the heat of passion, and doing the deed you say that I have done this day; but sure, my lord and gentlemen," she said, and her clasped hands fell listlessly to her sides, and the bright flush faded from her cheeks, while a sickly smile flitted over her poor wan face,—“but sure, my lord and gentlemen, if you don't think so, I can say no more; God in his great mercy help me, and give me strength to die!”

Strong men felt a dimness in their eyes and a rising in their throats, and the sobs and moans of women echoed through the crowded galleries of the court; but what availed all this human sympathy to this poor doomed lass, when with broken voice, and tears that would not be kept back, the Lord Chief Justice spoke the awful words that condemned a tender girl of barely twenty years of age to return to the place from whence she came, never again to leave it until she tread the terrible road that would lead her to her death. He told her that he would forward the recommendation to mercy, but he could not bid her hope. In all that crowded court, Jael Fairbrother seemed least affected by the terrible doom that had been awarded her; she seemed to move as if in a dream, with a far-off look in her dim eyes, and the same quiet patient expression on her sad, sad face.

She followed the warders mechanically from the dock, and passed gently and meekly to her cell. The great sun went out, quenched the clouds of evening, and darkness fell upon the land, and in the darkness of the night alone

the girl was left to learn to realize her doom.

CHAPTER X.

THE assizes were over, the judge was gone, and the gentlemen of the wig and gown, briefless and otherwise, had betaken themselves to the next town, where they assumed their wigs and their importance simultaneously. The routine of business went on as usual, and the cold proud mother of the murdered man came forth at last from her darkened chamber, colder, prouder, sterner than ever, with broader streaks of grey in her dark hair, self-contained, seeking no sympathy or companionship from her husband or the child that was left, never speaking of the son that was gone, yet ever ever thinking of his murdered beauty, and cursing bitterly—cursing in the depths of her lonely heart—the cruel hand that had laid him low.

She could feel no pity, and the only time she ever spoke upon the subject was in a burst of bitter wrath, when she heard Jael had been recommended to mercy. She took no account of the girl's wrongs, no account of her blighted life. "Mercy!" she cried, "she showed my son no mercy, and she shall get none; she shall die. God could not be so unjust. Surely He will not let my murdered boy go unavenged." Poor mother! doubly to be pitied in the hopelessness of thy angry grief. Ah me! it is a sad thing when affliction hardens the heart and dries up the springs of tenderness, that should for ever keep pitiful the soul of woman, turning the chastisements of the Lord into judgment without mercy, and so giving place to the enemy of mankind, ever watching to take up his abode in the rebellious heart, and to render

the last state of that weary troubled spirit worse than the first, when affliction is all darkness, and the aching eyes, looking earthward only, see no glimmer of the silver lining that surely surely lies behind those heavy clouds.

And Jael, patient ever and un-murmuring, lay in her lonely cell, waiting for the end, that the dawning of each bright joyous day brought nearer and nearer. No commutation of her sentence had as yet been received, and if, poor lass! she had ever hoped, she had ceased to do so now. She was calm and resigned—nevertheless, a sore stumbling-block to her minister, in that she persistently refused to say a word about the murder, or make any confession whatever.

It was a wild, dark, sultry night, and the first rain that had fallen for weeks was pouring in a straight-down torrent, when a weary, travel-stained man, with a wild and haggard countenance, entered the great manufacturing town; his shoes were worn until they hardly deserved the name of shoes, and his ragged garments afforded but scant protection from the heavy rain; but, all unmindful of his doleful plight, he plodded on through the intricate streets, like one who knew well the path he trod, never stopping or hesitating until he came to the great iron gates of the police office. There he paused, and looked up at the windows as if to ascertain whether there was any sign of life stirring within. At length he knocked loudly at the door, which was promptly opened by a policeman, and before that functionary could recover his surprise at the object which met his gaze, the man stepped into the hall. "Now, my good man, said the policeman, surily, "what do you want at this time of night? You know the place for tramps and vagrants, don't you?"

"If I did not, it would be your business to show me," replied the man, sinking down on a settle; "but I am come to spare you the trouble; I am footsore, and hungry, and faint; if you could give me aught to wet my lips it would be a charity."

By this time a few more policemen had collected, and one of them brought him a tankard of beer, and some bread and meat: the man swallowed them with a wolfish eagerness that it was really terrible to see.

"My masters," he said, as he drained the last drop of beer, "that is the first draught of anything but water that I have had for many a long day, and for thirty-six hours I have subsisted on a lump of bread given me by a little child. I have been a wanderer for weeks in the fields and meadows, avoiding all towns, and it was only three days ago that I heard some men talking of the murder of Captain FitzHerbert Gubbins, and that Jael Fairbrother was condemned to death."

The man looked up with an anxious inquiring look.

"Aye!" said the constable, "poor lass, it is too true."

The man staggered to his feet, and a flush rose on his pallid cheek. "Oh! sirs," he said, in a tone of agony, "she never did it. Oh! Jael, Jael, poor lass, what ye must have suffered! Oh! sirs, it was me who did it, and I have come to give myself up. I never thought of her being suspected, so good, so tender!—ye must have been all fools to think it. Oh! sirs, it is not too late."

"No, no, my man, time enough," said one of the policemen, having a lurking suspicion that he was addressing a maniac; "but why did you do it? what grudge had you to the gentleman?"

"What grudge!" repeated the man fiercely. "My masters, I am Mark Fairbrother: ye may well re-

member my name; I was condemned for robbery last March two years. Gentlemen, I never handled a penny of the money. Though I did take it, it was for him I did it; and after all his fine promises he forsook me, and ye say I owed him no grudge! I tell you I had walked far, and was coming to look for him to square my account that day, but I lay down to rest and wait for night in the long grass in the water meadow, and I fell asleep. I was awakened by voices—his voice and my sister Jael's. When I saw them two together, sirs, my heart melted within me, and I might have stayed my hand for ever and left him to a happy life; but when I heard the words he spoke to her, and saw her turn and leave him, with her young life too to be for ever blighted by him, it was more than I could bear, and so I murdered him where he lay, smashing in his dainty skull, crushing and disfiguring his handsome false face with this very stick. Aye, my masters," cried the man fiercely, "feel how heavy it is—it is loaded with lead! I did it, and I would do it again."

The policemen actually recoiled in horror. The man smiled bitterly. "Don't fear me," he said, "there is not much power left in me to use it now," and he bared his emaciated arm. "If ye will let me lie here until the morning, there is no fear of my running away; it is too late to see any magistrate to-night, I suppose, and I am so weak and tired."

It was quite true what the wretched man said, they could see no magistrate that night, and so the men gave him a coat to cover him, and he lay down on the settle and slept quietly until the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

JAEL FAIRBROTHER sat on her little iron bedstead in her narrow cell; her Bible was on her knee, and she was striving hard, poor lass! to concentrate her half-paralyzed thoughts, and grasp the meaning of the holy words she read; but ever, alas! the vision of a grim black gallows rose before her, and the weak woman's soul fainted within her, and she found it hard, so hard, to look beyond, and fix her dim eyes on the shadowy outline of the everlasting hills and pearly gates of the golden city of the great King, where the morning stars sing together, and the "sons of God shout for joy."

And yet there was no love of life left in her; it was no longing to see the green hills of this world again, or to feel the sweet air, laden with the scent of flowers, fan her weary brow; if she could have lain down and died as she was, how gladly she would have done so! but it was the manner of her death to be that scared the poor weak lass, and left her numbed and dazed with fear.

The rain had ceased to fall, and the sun was shining brightly on the refreshed land, and streaming in through the narrow barred window of Jael Fairbrother's cell, lighting up like a glory the girl's soft brown hair. The little birds were singing and chirping gaily round the grim prison. What did they ken of the heavy crimes and hopeless pain of those who dwelt within? All nature rejoiced and was glad, and why should the singing birds be mute because, forsooth, in one short week a fair young lass was to walk that way once more—once more to hear the song of birds, and feel the soft warm wind upon her cheek, and then to see, and feel, and hear naught in this world again for evermore?

Jael sat on her bed and read; she did not hear steps coming along the dreary stone passage, or seem to heed when the door opened, and a warder, followed by a clergyman, entered her cell; but when her minister spoke, she lifted up her eyes, and, laying aside her Bible, rose meekly and curtsied to him. He was an earnest, good man, and she would be always glad to see him, for he made the dark things of this life seem lighter to her, if it were not for that one thing, that he ever urged confession on her. Good man, he could not believe that a jury of enlightened Englishmen could be wrong, and it seemed terrible to him that this girl should go down to her grave with the double crime of murder and falsehood upon her poor heavy-laden soul; and so the girl got to dread his eager, anxious prayers, almost denunciations, against her hard impenitent heart.

But he had no such words to say to her to-day, and the poor old man's heart was glad, for this erring daughter of his flock had a way of winning love, and he had, in truth, been sadly bowed down in grief for her, and now he had to tell her that they all were wrong, and that she was indeed proved innocent; he would have liked to have told her that the martyr's crown was ever the brightest; but, truth to say, he was not quite sure of that doctrine, thinking that it savoured overmuch of the error of justification by suffering, and so he forbore. But he told her she was free—free to go out into God's glad world again, and move once more unstained among her fellow-men. It was long before he could make her understand, and he had to tell her some parts of his story twice over before her poor dazed mind could grasp his meaning; but well heard who was really guilty was to suffer in her!

blithe and handsome young brother, the fountains of her tears, so long parched up and dried within her, burst forth in wild and bitter crying.

"Oh, Mark, Mark! why did you come back?" she sobbed. "I would have died; I had learned to look upon it as so sure now, that half the bitterness of death was gone, and how can I go back and face the world again, and take up the broken thread of my life? Oh! perhaps, sir," she said, turning suddenly to the minister, "no one knows but you, you could tell him to go quietly away; he is so young, and his life has been so sad, sir, and I am not afraid to die; it is better as it is—indeed it is, sir, if you would only tell him so."

"No, my good girl," the old man replied, "even if it were in my power, I could not do that, but it is not; he has given himself up to the police, and has been before a magistrate, and he is at this present moment locked in this very gaol."

Jael clasped her hands wildly, rocking herself to and fro; this girl, so calm in her own great hour of trial, seemed totally and entirely heartbroken for this her only brother. "Can I see him sir?" she said; "can I ever see him again?"

"Yes, my good girl, to-morrow, when you are calmer, and he is a little rested and better; for, Jael, he is very ill and very broken, not one bit like the lad he used to be; you must prepare yourself for that. And now you must go home, and strive to be calmer and quiet, for your poor old grandmother's sake, for she has been very sick and like to die."

The old man had a hard task to calm the girl, she being far more impatient under this trouble that had fallen on her brother than she had ever been in her own; but for the sake of that brother, broken down and worn from ill-health and suffering, she schooled herself to

meet him with an outward appearance of composure and calmness; her fortitude almost forsook her when she saw the wreck he was—the hollow eye, and hectic flush, and burning lips, that spoke of disease of the body as well as the mind.

"Better so, dear lass," he said, when he saw the look of anguish that came upon her face unbidden—"better so. I shall never stand where you stood, and bear the bitter ordeal of shame and pain, nor tread the grim road to the gallows; I shall be lying in the quiet grave, dear Jael, e'er the March winds blow again, or even another assizes are held in this town. My only Judge will be the great Judge who will judge all men one day, and for all He is so great, He will have more mercy than man; for, sure, He knows how we have been tempted. Ah, dear lass! you are the one I have wronged the most; how can you ever forgive me for what I left you to suffer; but I never knew—never thought of any damage to you."

"Hush! Mark, hush!" the girl cried. She saw his laboured breathing, and the damp upon his brow, and it tore her very heartstrings, for well she knew the end was near, and yet she knew that it was better so, and that she would not have it otherwise; but, oh! it was so terrible—so terrible to feel that he must die in prison! and still she knew she should thank God for this his mercy vouchsafed to this her dying brother. Mark read her thoughts.

"Yes, Jael," he said, smiling sadly, "I might have liked to have died at home, if that might have been, but God has been more merciful to me than I deserved; I pray to Him to forgive me for the deed I have done; but, Jael, I never did that till I saw your patient face, and knew your goodness and faith. I thought only of my wrongs, Jael; how I loved him and

trusted him. I never handled one penny of that money, I swear. He told me it would be all right, he would repay it, and I could put it back again. For more than a week he went on promising me, for it was all that time gone before it was missed, and even when it was found out he told me to be silent, and I was, for I trusted him; and then, when the trial came, I knew it was too late to speak—who would believe my story unsupported?—and so I held my peace. But I swore an oath of vengeance, Jael, which I kept. God forgive me! I should have left all vengeance to Him; but my punishment has been heavy enough; I almost lose my reason when I think of what might have been."

And Jael, poor lass! held her peace; her idol was shattered, and he, whose early death, by whosoever hand it was wrought, she had mourned even in the hour of her bitterest trial, she now knew to be all unworthy, and yet, true woman's heart, she loved him still.

Jael had many kind messages from old Matthew Gubbins, offering her all the compensation that he could for the great wrong which had been done her. But she refused everything, asking leave only to return to her work at the factory; it went hard against the stricken girl's grain to do this, but while she lived she knew that she must eat and drink, and so must her old granny; while she lived, she could never forsake her; and so she went back to her work, taking up her old place amongst the old hands, doing her duty faithfully, and spending every hour she could with the dying man in the hospital of the great grim gaol. For Mark Fairbrother's words proved true; he was sinking fast, and before the gusty March winds blew chill o'er the land, when the Christmas hollies were bright and green,

and the glad new year was bringing hope and happiness to the young and strong, trust and resignation to the aged, who had seen so many come in joy and depart in sadness, through the mists of the early morning, deep down through the drifting snow, a grave was dug, and there Mark Fairbrother was laid, with his great crime and his bitter provocation, beyond the power of man's condemnation for evermore, biding his time through the ages to come, till that great day when the trumpet shall sound and the graves be opened, and the dead shall come forth, those who have done well into everlasting glory; those who have done ill—ah me! who can tell the just from the unjust? I fancy in that last day there will be strange revelations, and that it will be well for many a sin-laden, bruised, and broken heart, that "God's ways are not our ways, neither his thoughts our thoughts." And Jael, standing by and seeing the poor coffin lowered into its humble grave, rejoiced, and was glad that her brother had passed away from the power of man's judgment for ever, and his last resting-place was not a felon's grave.]

CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR had passed away, with heavy wings and slow for some, for some with lightning speed, and bitter cries for just one hour more, and for many the same dull monotonous curse, unmarked by weal or woe—a year older, that was all!

Lady Hesba Gubbins was a year older, and so was good old Matthew, and so was the "Appian Way," for the matter of that, but no amount of years would give that incorrigibly new-looking place an air of respectable antiquity. Her Ladyship was little changed since that first great shock, and seldom appeared in the

family rooms now, living almost alone in her solitary chambers. Daisy would have liked to have borne her mother company, but the poor child was snubbed for her good intentions; she had never been much of a favourite with her aristocratic mother; she favoured the paternal Gubbins too much in manners and appearance to meet with that august lady's approval. Not that we say this in any disparagement of the little maiden—far from it; we admire her a great deal more than we do any of the Pomeroy's; we think her great violet eyes, although they have strongly at times the r. guish twinkle of her unaristocratic papa—perfectly lovely; and then her nose—well, it certainly is not aquiline, if the truth must be spoken—not even Grecian, albeit we are decidedly of opinion that it had a more taking way with it than her Ladyship's undoubtedly Roman organ; and it never got red. And so papa and Daisy lived a very quiet social life together, inhabiting as little of the grand house as possible, and suppressing, with much fear and trembling, lest her Ladyship should find it out, as many of the colossal fortunes as it was possible in private life; and Daisy and the old man walked and drove together. She seldom rode her little mare now. At the best of times, old Matthew's figure had not been adapted to equestrian exercise, and he was an old man now, and had sustained a great shock, which at his time of life he was never likely thoroughly to recover; but they used to go together to visit the little bay mare Emerald in her loose box, and the girl's mind would be slipping back to those long June evenings when four happy young people used sometimes to ride through the green lanes and byways together. One was not, and Madame Standley had obeyed the paternal decree simply because she never dreamt

of ever again having a choice in that matter, and had married a very eminent Q.C., who was in Parliament as Lord Lackacre's nominee, and consequently owed a duty to the family. She wore handsome dresses and went into society, and grew in time to think wonderfully seldom of the dead youth in his grave under the yew-trees, the spell of whose beauty had left her powerless to love for evermore.

But there was another of that joyous party of whom they seldom heard now; he had left the house when his friend was laid in his grave. He wrote once since to old Matthew a kindly letter, full of sympathy and sorrow for the great tragedy that had broken up the little party, and begging to be remembered to Miss Daisy (as if the girl could ever forget), and that was all they had ever heard of him.

Standing one bright summer morning at the little paddock gate, where Emerald was now allowed to disport herself, and feeding the gentle animal with bread and sugar, it seemed as if old Matthew divined his daughter's thoughts.

"Daisy" he said, "what has become of your friend Captain Fielding?"

The girl started, and a bright blush rushed to cheek and brow over even the fair white throat.

"Papa, I am sure I don't know."

"No, I suppose you don't care," said the old gentleman, with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"No, I don't," said Miss Daisy shortly.

"That is a pity, now," continued the old gentleman, tilting his hat on one side, and rubbing his old bald head, because I had a letter from him this morning, saying he wanted to come here, and I thought you might like it; but if you don't, never mind it; I can write back and tell him to stay away."

"Papa, you are a perverse old

torment! why could you not say that at once? What else did he say?"

"Oh, begad! he says a good deal; they have plenty of talk, these young fellows;" and old Matthew chuckled, evidently rather amused. "He says, for one thing, that he wants to bid you good-bye before he goes to India."

"To India, papa?"

"Yes, child; did you never hear of an officer going to India? For my part, I think it is the best place for them. It would not be, in the course of nature, that they could do as much mischief amongst a parcel of blacks as they do in this country."

"Papa, you are an abusive old goose; you know you like Captain Fielding very much."

"Well, if I do, it is a case of unrequited affection, for he does not say one word of liking me."

"Well, papa, what does he say?"

"I can't tell you, my dear; I don't think it would be honourable to betray the young man's confidence, but I think myself he is in a bad way," and the old gentleman screwed up his face into a very knowing look. However, we will have him down here, as you have no objection, and then see what country air will do for him."

Miss Daisy pouted her rosy lips, and said she did not believe that he was sick.

"A mind diseased, my dear—a mind diseased. I think it is Shakespeare that says something of that kind; and I know your mamma always had a high opinion of him. For my part, I never rightly understood him, but that is nothing against the man—nothing whatever."

Though Mr. Gubbins did not think it right to betray the young man's confidence to his pretty daughter, we have not the same delicate feelings on the subject, so we will give Captain Fielding's letter in full:—

"Dear Mr. Gubbins," he wrote,—

"I have not written or heard anything of any of you for a long time, but this is by no means to be taken as a proof that I have forgotten you, or the happy days I spent at the 'Appian Way.' And now, before I leave this country for perhaps a lengthened sojourn in India, I cannot do so without at least saying a written good-bye. How much I long to say it personally, I can hardly express, but before asking leave to do so, I think it right to tell you the whole truth. Dear sir, in those happy weeks I spent beneath your roof, before the awful event that was such a terrible end to it all, Miss Daisy and I spent a good deal of our time together, and I learned to love her with all my heart, truly and honestly. I cannot say certainly what her feelings towards me were, but I was very hopeful, and undoubtedly I would have spoken to her before I left, except for the great tragedy, that nevertheless changed the whole aspect of her life. She was then Miss Daisy, with, I presume, a moderate fortune; now she is, I have no doubt, one of the greatest heiresses in England. You will see yourself now why I have since avoided her. So grand a young lady would hardly be allowed to think of a penniless fellow like me; and yet, dear sir, it has been a great heartsore to me to think that she might not understand my reasons, and perhaps think ill of me; and now, before leaving this country, I would like at least that she should understand my motives for silence, and I do so long to see her once more, that if you thought it would do no harm to her, I would ask you to let me do so. With kind regards to Lady Hesba, believe me, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

"HARRY FIELDING."

Mr. Gubbins, albeit he was a little stout old gentleman, with

rather a red face, and decidedly not romantic to look at, had nevertheless a soft heart for this little maiden of his, and he was sharp enough too, for all he looked so innocent, and so he made a very shrewd guess at Miss Daisy's secret; consequently the Captain's heart was made very glad by a letter from the old man. "I do not know my daughter's feelings," he wrote, "but you are wrong in thinking that I want to get any great swell for her," (poor old fellow! the swells had been rather too much for him as it was.) "I only want to see her happy, and if you think you can make her that, why come and try."

And so Captain Fielding came, arriving at the "Appian Way" at the same hour as he did little more than twelve months before. He found no gay party under the young laburnums, no stately Lady Hesperia to greet him, and it was surely but a natural tribute to the dead man in his lonely grave, that there was much of pain and constraint in this their first meeting; but it was equally natural that such feelings could not last long, with two young hearts yearning with love to one another. The shadow of no dead man, be he never so dear, could keep them long apart, so out on the terrace, in the misty moonlight, while old Matthew snored calmly in the well-lighted room within, Harry Fielding told Miss Gubbins the old, old story. Not that it really needed much telling on either side, for the state of their feelings was perfectly palpable to the most unobserving mortal; but it was all fresh and new and delightful to this young couple. It was nothing to them that the story is popularly supposed to be as old as Adam, and altogether used up and out of date in this our nineteenth century. There are a few fresh young hearts left in this old world

yet, in spite of the march of intellect and woman's rights, and all other modern improvements; and there ever will be, please God, those to whom the old, old story will still be new, and the sparkling eye, and the blushing cheek, and the beating heart made glad, at least one short period of their lives, no matter how rough the road and steep the path the two will have to climb together.

Lady Hesperia said little when she heard the news; she was, indeed, a crushed and broken woman when she could so calmly hear that her daughter was making a mere love-match, not even bringing a title with all her untold wealth; but the mother's heart was dead, she had neither love nor ambition left, and *noblesse oblige* was now to her an empty sound. The highest title in the land, and oldest blood, could not give her back the son that was gone, and she only asked to be left alone in her hopeless pain.

Captain Fielding did not go to India, but instead he and Daisy were married very quietly in the autumn, and spent a couple of months abroad—months wherein poor old Matthew was as miserable as man could be; he wandered about alone in the pleasant haunts, where he and his little maid were wont to roam together, and counted the days till they returned, for they were to live with him, and the old man was never more to be left alone.

In spite of the lonely woman in her solitary rooms upstairs, they had a very happy quiet winter at the "Appian Way," and Lady Hesperia never left those rooms now except to pay an almost daily visit to the grave of her son. When in the course of time a little grandson, bearing her dead boy's name, was placed in her arms, a smile came for the first time for many a weary day on the poor old hapless face, and the child became a constant visitor, bringing with its childish ways some

life and light into the half-darkened mournful chamber.

Old Matthew's turn came next, and never was there a prouder or happier man than he was with his little granddaughter Hesba in his arms; but, ere those days came, the Lady Hesba had gone to her rest beside her murdered son, and who shall say that it was altogether unnatural that her departure was something of a relief to those who would have loved her if they could, but against whom the stricken woman's heart was closed, and the power to love dead within her for evermore?

CHAPTER XIII.

AND what of Jael Fairbrother all this time? Declining all help from man, she worked on bravely at the factory, supporting her old granny; but, truth to say, she had a rough time of it with the said old lady, who, as her mind and body grew weaker, became more rigorous in her religion, being ever on the alert to grapple with the enemy, or to withstand the evil one to the face, as supposed to be represented in the form of poor patient Jael; but at length the estimable old lady died. We will hope the best for her; her religion was stern and bigoted, partaking more of judgment than mercy; albeit, she was truly sincere, she was made of the stuff whereof were the martyrs of old, and she could have walked with a stern unflinching step to the scaffold or to the stake; but she was born a century or two too late to show off her good qualities to the best advantage, her virtues

being hardly those to render her either amiable or agreeable in a domestic point of view. Her departure was decidedly considered a blessing in the parish, and the day of her funeral a day of unwonted rejoicing among the youth thereof.

Mrs. Price offered Jael a home with her, but all tie to the place was broken now for the girl, and she declined; selling her few household goods, she left the city where she had lived and suffered so much, and made her way to London. There, amongst the haunts of the poor, where sickness and want went hand in hand, might long be seen the figure of this girl fitting to and fro. Her Bible was always in her hand to bring ghostly comfort to sad despairing souls, but also she brought, as far as she, a poor sister of mercy, could, what would comfort their bodies too, in meat and drink.

One holiday each year she gave herself, and always sleeping on the night of the thirtieth of June with old Mrs. Price. She visited in the early morning two graves, one humble and poor, the other beautiful, with all the outward adornments wherewith the rich can dress the sepulchres of their dead; from both she brought away a few blades of grass, and then returned to her lowly life among the poor.

At length, one thirtieth of June, she never came. Mrs. Price watched for her in vain; and in vain the old man, who kept the cemetery, stood a long time waiting at the gate. The long day passed away and the night closed in, and still she came not, then or evermore; and then they knew that Jael Fairbrother was dead!

HISTORY OF THE CONNAUGHT CIRCUIT.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE history of the Connaught circuit during the eventful year 1798 is marvellously free from all trials of interest. Not a single criminal appears to have been brought before the courts either for high treason or for murder, for hanging cattle, or for any lesser crime; and need it be told, that if such trials had taken place they would have been reported in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, of which newspaper Mr. George J. Browne, then in considerable practice on the circuit, was editor.* But we must not therefore infer that there was an immunity from crime, or that justice had grown weary; the hangman's occupation, indeed, was gone; it was for him then to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*; but courts-martial sat daily at the drum-head, and by their sentence multitudes perished. The *Saunders's News-Letter* of the 12th of August in that year states that "great numbers of criminals were tried by court-martial in Galway, some for being engaged in the late rebellion, and others for hanging cattle. Some were acquitted, but far the greater number were executed." The condemned in the county of Galway were generally shot, while those in the northern counties of the province were for the most part put an end to by the more ignominious death of hang-

ing. The commanding officer in Galway, colonel of the Kilkenny Militia, ordered the prisoners out to be shot in batches of ten. One of his officers, a Captain Rawson, of Baltinglass, refused to be a party to this wholesale slaughter, and, when his colonel ordered him to take a file of soldiers to the Green for the above purpose, he at once refused, and immediately resigned his commission. On his resignation being accepted, he flew at his colonel, and gave him before his brother officers an unmerciful flogging at the door of the Tholsel, in the town of Galway. The colonel sent him a challenge, which the captain did not accept. The latter was then just about to be married; but calling on the morning of the intended marriage, dressed as a bridegroom, at the lady's house, he found that she declined to marry one upon whose honour, on account of the above refusal, there rested a stain, he rushed to the barracks, and, returning in a couple of hours, claimed and received his bride, as he had in the meantime wounded his colonel and vindicated his own good name. How vividly does this anecdote portray the ideas of that time! How difficult is it to realize that in little more than three-quarters of a century so great a change could have taken place in the feelings of society!

The usual meeting of the Connaught bar took place after the

* FitzPatrick's "Sham Squire," 5th edition, p. 50, n.

Hilary term of 1798, but there was no meeting after Trinity term, as appears by the following minute made by the secretary, Mr. John Guthrie, in the Bar-book:—“Trinity Term, 1798.—The Connaught bar did not meet after this term on account of the rebellion in Ireland.”

The defeat of the insurgents at Vinegar Hill, on the 21st of June, crushed the rebellion for a time; but on the 22nd of August the whole country was again in confusion in consequence of the landing of a small French force of 1,000 men, besides officers, at Killalla, in the county of Mayo. On the 25th of August the French, under General Humbert, took possession of Ballina, and on the 26th routed the English forces at Castlebar. On the 8th of September, however, they were surrounded at Ballinamuck, in the county of Longford, by an army of 20,000 men, assembled under the command of Lord Cornwallis. These are matters of history with which our readers are familiar. Need we, then, enlarge upon them further than to say that the summer assizes in consequence were postponed until late in September? On Saturday, the 15th of that month, the judges, Chief Baron Yelverton and Baron Metge, opened the commission in Roscommon. The bar appeared all in military costume, as they had done during the two preceding terms, in the courts of law and equity in Dublin. It was universally conceded then that the lawyers' corps were the most efficient of the volunteer regiments during those disturbed and dismal times. Their uniform was a scarlet coat, turned up with blue facings, yellow waistcoat, red stripe down the breeches, long boots, and a cocked hat. The bar, indeed, were not deficient in courage, and, though perhaps none of them had ever fought in line, yet many had faced

death in the duelling field. None of the Irish judges, it must be admitted, had won laurels as some of their English brethren won them in the navy and in the army. Every one knows that Lord Erskine was a midshipman on board the *Tartar* in 1768, and failing to rise in the navy he entered the sister service, from which he retired after having obtained a lieutenancy in 1773. Need we remind our readers that Lord Chelmsford (Frederick Thesiger), who died in 1873, fought as a midshipman on board the *Cambrian* at the second bombardment of Copenhagen, and that, having both as an advocate and a wit equalled Thomas Erskine's splendid renown, he too, like Erskine, won the seals?

The military aspect of the judges and the bar on circuit may have been amusing from its novelty, but what business they transacted we have been unable to learn. Much it could not have been; much certainly was not anticipated, since it appears, from the list published shortly previous to the circuit, that three days only (exclusive of Sundays and travelling days) were at the most allowed to any of the towns. On Wednesday, the 19th, “the counsellors, fifteen in number, assembled on horseback before the judge's lodgings. The Chief Baron mounted his horse at eleven o'clock, but Baron Metge got into his carriage, and much to the amusement of the bar drove the whole way to Carrick-on-Shannon, while his servants led his horse in case his lordship should wish to ride; a troop of heavy dragoons accompanied them along the road, and all the bar, as well as their servants, were armed with pistols in their holsters, and blunderbusses slung across their backs, and two-edged swords by their sides.”

On Thursday, the 20th September, the assizes were opened at Carrick-on-Shannon and closed on

Saturday night. On Monday, the 24th, the judges and bar proceeded to Sligo, and on the following day the commission was opened; it was a mere matter of form, for there were no trials in either of the courts, civil or criminal, in this county. On Wednesday the 20th, they slept at Ballina, in the county of Mayo, and the next day proceeded to Ballinrobe; but along the line were ghastly evidences of the past struggle and of the vengeance that had followed in the track of Lord Cornwallis. Four weeks had elapsed since the French evacuated Castlebar; they were now prisoners of war; but scores of the misguided people who joined them had been hanged on the trees that overhung the road, and their bodies were left for many weeks dangling for the birds of the air to pick. Even while the judges were on circuit "Drum-head courts-martial" continued to sit, and to punish or to avenge. Not high treason alone came under the cognizance of these abnormal courts, but other classes of crime, too—the laughing of cattle, for instance*—which in happier times are left to the civil magistrate for investigation. Accusation before them was almost tantamount to a conviction. Where the prisoners were for the most part illiterate; where no counsel appeared to defend them; where the judges were ignorant of the laws of evidence, or, if not ignorant, yet with true professional love of absolute command probably despised them, what chance remained for the accused? Alas! that Justice should ever drop the scales and only wield the sword. Alas! that Liberty, too, like Religion, should have her false prophets; and alas! for the misguided thousands who heed their prophecies.

How should the leaders of civil strife pause ere they begin! How should they pause to calculate the chances of that success without the probability of which, no matter what the provocation, no cause can be holy! "Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia." Rebellion gains all or loses all, and to fail is to rivet the chains more tightly. Not like the Moloch of the ancients is Liberty; she delights not in useless sacrifice! Not like the Saturn of mythology, she devours not, willingly, her own children! Rather like the Prophet, in the Vision, she loves to gather together the dry bones, and bid the Spirit breathe upon them, that they may live and be an exceeding great army!

The bar and bench proceeded from Ballinrobe to Galway, by Tuam, where the latter and many of the former were hospitably entertained by the archbishop, Dr. Beresford.

On the 1st of October the commission was opened in Galway by the Chief Baron, but we are unable to learn what business was transacted there. The Galway assizes, for 1799 were maiden ones, and the high sheriff, William Gregory, of Coole Park (grandfather of the Right Hon. William Henry Gregory, the present Governor-General of Ceylon), presented white gloves to the judges, and, according to a habit then dying out, to all the circuit barristers at the time in town, for in ancient times it was customary to present not the judges only, but all the bar, with gloves, and that, too, on various occasions; thus, on a capital conviction, each one received a pair of black gloves†.

No trials of interest are reported to have occurred on the circuit during the first year of the present

* *Saunders's News-Letter*.

† *Jenssman's "Book about Lawyers,"* vol. ii. p. 193, n.

century. The Irish bar were at that time occupied in discussing the proposed union with Great Britain; a measure on which the Chancellor, Lord Clare, had set his heart. To carry this measure it was necessary, above all things, to have the co-operation of the bar; for the bar was the only great body in the State that he feared as a serious obstruction to his plans. In its ranks were the most accomplished statesmen and the most formidable debaters of the country; and the most earnest opponents of the Union were barristers. Lord Clare therefore resolved that they should be won at all hazards; and, to accomplish this end, he created a great many new legal offices which they were expected to solicit, and by which they would become vassals to the Castle. He doubled the number of bankrupt commissioners, revived some offices, created others; and, under the pretence of furnishing each county with an assistant barrister, in two months he established thirty-two new offices, worth each about £700 a year. A meeting of the Irish bar was then convened to consider the question of the Union; it was attended by 198 barristers, and, on a division being taken, 166 voted against the Union and only thirty-two in favour of it. Of these thirty-two, seven were from the Connaught circuit, and most of the seven received their reward.

Sergeant Duquerry, who had been in earlier years one of the brightest ornaments of the Connaught bar, died in the year 1803. He was a great orator at the bar, but was a failure in the House of Commons. In 1787 he was raised to the dignity of Serjeant, which in 1793 he resigned. Had he retained his intellects, his fame would have rivalled that of Plunket, Burke, Burrows, O'Connell, or Sheil. The long vacation of 1793 he spent in making a tour of the Holy Land; he had

taken copious notes of his travels, which would, no doubt, have been amusing and instructive had they been published; but a sun-stroke, which he got on his homeward voyage in the Mediterranean, deprived him of his intellect, and for several years before his death he groped in utter idiotcy.

Of the members of the Connaught Bar Society who had been recently promoted to the bench, there was one who was subsequently unfortunate in not retaining his seat in the Court of Common Pleas. We speak of Robert Johnson, who, in 1803, was compelled to resign under the following circumstances:—

On the night of the insurrection, organized by Robert Emmett in 1803, the Chief Justice Lord Kilwarden, one of the best men that ever graced the Court of King's Bench, was barbarously murdered in Thomas Street, having been mistaken by an infuriated mob for Lord Carleton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who had rendered himself obnoxious in consequence of the trial and condemnation of the two Sheares to death for high treason. Some time after that unfortunate event Emmett was discovered, arrested, tried, and executed. On his trial Mr. Plunket was employed to act for the crown. The circumstances of that trial are no novelty, but the result of it was a paper which appeared in Cobbett's *Annual Register* of the 5th of November, 1803, which was signed "Juverna." It was written in a bold and bitter style, and, having narrated the story of the Trojan Horse, applied it to Lord Hardwicke's stupid, plausible, and vicious rule in Ireland. In that and subsequent papers Lord Hardwicke was described as "a very eminent breeder of sheep in Cambridgeshire." Lord Chancellor Redesdale was called "a very able and strong-built Chancery pleader from Lincoln's Inn." The chief

secretary, Mr. Marsden, was styled as "a corrupt, unprincipled, rapacious plunderer, preying upon the property of the State," and Justice Osborne as "the most corrupt instrument of a debased and degraded Government, lending himself as a screen to conceal them from the disgrace their actions would naturally bring upon them."

These were the strongest passages that were relied on in the prosecution. Cobbett was immediately prosecuted for the libel in England, and found guilty.

In one of the "Juverna" articles (that published on the 10th of December) Plunket, then Solicitor-General for Ireland, was attacked on many grounds, but especially for his speech in reply on Emmett's trial. "Juverna" represents Emmett as describing Plunket thus: "that viper whom my father nourished! He it was from whose lips I first imbibed those principles and doctrines which now by their effects drag me to my grave: and he it is who is now brought forward as my prosecutor, and who, by an unheard-of exercise of the prerogative, has wantonly lashed with a speech to evidence the dying son of a former friend when that son had produced no evidence, had made no defence, but, on the contrary, had acknowledged the charge and submitted to his fate."

For publishing this document, alleged to have been an outrageous, false, and scandalous libel (and if untrue, it was a cruel charge by the writers), Plunket brought a civil action in England against Cobbett, and obtained a verdict for £500 damages.

These verdicts were not enforced, for Cobbett gave up the manuscripts of the libellous articles, alleging they were written by Mr. Justice Johnson. The offended parties believed the statement, and it was resolved to ruin Johnson.

For this purpose a vast and abominable machinery was resorted to.

On the 20th of July, 1804, an Act was passed, entitled "An Act to render more easy for bringing to trial offenders *escaping* from one part of the United Kingdom to the other, and also from one County to another;" by which, amongst other things, it was enacted that a warrant obtained from a court in Great Britain might be transmitted to Ireland, endorsed and executed there by a justice of the peace, and the accused transferred for trial to the court from which the warrant issued.

That all the persons concerned in publishing this Act knew its object, it would be wrong to say; but it was brought in by Perceval, Lord Redesdale's brother-in-law, and by Charles York, brother of Lord Hardwicke, and was mainly and speedily used against Johnson.

The Act was soon passed. Bills were found against Johnson by the Middlesex grand jury, on the 24th of November, 1804, a warrant was issued against him by the King's Bench at Westminster, founded on a charge of libel, this warrant was endorsed by two magistrates for the county of Dublin, and under it the judge was arrested at his house at Miltown on the 18th of January, 1805. Johnson procured delay, a Habeas Corpus was at once issued, and on the 19th of January, he was brought up before the Chief Justice and six other judges at the Chief Justice's house, and the case immediately gone into. Johnson was ill and sought delay, but O'Grady (the Attorney General) refused it, and Johnson read a statement showing that he had sought to go to Bath for his health, then very feeble, and had obtained leave though warned that he would be held to bail, and that the whole proceeding was a tyrannical and illegal contrivance. Counsel argued the case. The

Attorney-General replied on the 22nd, and, an eighth judge having come in that day, their lordships divided, three for and three against allowing the cause shown on the writ of Habeas Corpus, and two were neuter. The question therefore went into the King's Bench and was there argued on the 26th, 28th, and 29th of January, by Curran, with whom were MacCarthy and William Johnson, of the Connaught circuit, and by Arthur Browne, the Prime Serjeant, also a Connaught lawyer, and the Attorney-General O'Grady for the Crown; Justice Day decided for release, Chief Justice Downes and Justice Daly against it.

Another writ was then issued from the Court of Exchequer. Under it Johnson was brought up on the 4th of February before the full court, the chief of whom was Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore. Mr. Curran then rose, and moved the release of Mr. Justice Johnson from illegal imprisonment. The learned counsel complained that the public press was frowned by authority into silence, and that no newspaper dared to whisper that such a question was afloat—that there were no murmurs audible—that all was hushed into silence. "But when all is hushed," he said, "when nature sleeps—

'Cum quies mortalibus ægris,'

the weakest voice is heard—the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk; and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the voice shall be heard; yes, through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard; yes, through that silence shall the felon savage be chased

into the toil. Yes, my lords, I feel myself impressed and cheered by the composed and dignified attention with which you are disposed to hear me on the most important question that has ever been subject to your consideration."

Having contended that Mr. Justice Johnson's arrest was illegal, the learned counsel said he was not ignorant that the extraordinary construction contended for by the Crown had just received the sanction of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland. He was aware that he might have the mortification of being told in another country of that unhappy decision. "And," he added,

"I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told it. But I cherish, too, the consolatory hope that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend (Lord Avonmore) whom I would put above all the sweepings of their hall, who was of a different opinion, who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and Rome; who had fed the youthful vigour of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen, and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct by contemplating the practices of their most illustrious examples.

"I would add, that if he had seemed to hesitate it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was but like the passing cloud that floats across the morning sun and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator without even approaching the face of the luminary. And this, this soothing hope" (in allusion to their long broken friendship) "I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life, from the remembrance of those Attic nights and those refectations of the gods which we have partaken with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions who have gone before us, over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed."

Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.

"Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the noble warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man, where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose, where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more mature and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for

'We spent them not in toys, or lust,
or wine,

But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my
friend, were thine.'

The court then rose for an hour, and Lord Avonmore sent for Mr. Curran, threw himself into his arms, declaring that unworthy artifices had been used to separate them, and that they should never succeed in future.*

On the return of their lordships, William Johnson, brother of Mr. Justice Johnson, followed on the same side, and Prime Serjeant Browne for the Crown. On the 7th of February the judgment of the court was given against the release (Baron Smith dissenting). The learned judge was then taken in custody to England, and the trial commenced at the bar of the Court of King's Bench on the 23rd of November, 1805, and resulted in the jury finding a verdict of guilty. Sentence was then deferred to the next term, but in the meantime the

Whig Government of Mr. Fox came in. They dropped all proceedings in the matter, and allowed him to resign on a pension of £1,200 a year.

Robert Johnson,† who had been very popular on the Connaught circuit, was a well-read and entertaining man, extremely acute, and an excellent writer and an agreeable companion. He was in every way superior to his brother William, who also belonged to this circuit, and who was, in 1815, appointed a judge of the Common Pleas. He was succeeded on the bench by Mr Justice Fletcher, a clever man and an excellent lawyer; but he had two characteristics, a surly temper, together with a truly feminine vanity concerning his personal appearance. Wherefore this vanity it is difficult to conceive, for he was a hard-featured man, with a red, pimply nose, betokening that the judge of law was also a judge of good old port wine. Then he had heavy, shaggy eyebrows, which overhung a pair of piercing eyes, and when the whole face was surmounted by the judge's wig he presented a most extraordinary appearance. He was fond of going the Connaught circuit, and enjoyed the wit and drollery of the bar, of the witnesses and suitors immensely; all the more, be it observed, as the flashes of fun must ever in such case be for the most part at some other man's than the judge's expense. Fletcher was crown judge at the Galway summer assizes of 1813, and was trying a case of no great importance, when an Irish-speaking witness was called to give testimony. The interpreter was a solicitor, Mr. John Kirwan, of the family of Glan, a most respectable gentleman and member of one of the oldest families in the county of Galway. He spoke the

* "Life of Curran," by his son, vol. i. p. 148.

† Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches," vol. i. p. 269.

Latin language with great fluency, and was perhaps the wittiest man in the province. He was very eccentric, and some said that his eccentricity bordered on insanity. Judge Fletcher disliked him much, for, being a privileged person, it was his habit to go into the judge's chamber and eat his luncheon without invitation, and then return to court and proceed with his interpretation. On the day we speak of the judge retired to lunch, but there was nothing left for him to eat, for Kirwan had devoured it all. Judge Fletcher returned to court in a rage, his face swollen with anger. The jury reassembled, and the Irish-speaking witness got on the table, the interpreter by his side. It so chanced that the former, looking steadfastly at the judge, exclaimed in Irish, "*Dher meh Hunshayes iss thoo un farr iss grauney haneck may areaw.*" A suppressed titter followed this observation. The judge at once required the interpreter to tell him what the witness had said, but he answered, "Oh, my lord, I could not tell your lordship." "You must tell, sir," replied the judge. The other vowed that he could not do so even though St. Peter came down to ask him. The judge vowed that he should tell, and to support his vow two constables were called in. "And now, sir," said the judge, "I am about to commit you to gaol for a month." "Oh," said Kirwan, "if it goes to that, I'll tell it without scruple. He says, my lord—" "Speak slowly, sir, as I must have it on my notes"—"that, upon my conscience, you are the ugliest man that ever I saw." The judge laid down his pen in anger. Shouts of laughter followed this remark so faithfully translated; and as the trial proceeded the half-starved and half savage judge failed for a time, amid the convulsive and suppressed laughter of the audience, to give his attention to the case before him.

He seldom after went the Connaught circuit.

The province of Connaught was now once more verging on revolt, and disturbances had risen to so alarming a height in the northern counties of Connaught during the whole of the year 1806, that the Whig Government issued, in the month of December, a special commission to Chief Justice Downes and Baron George with the view of striking terror into a body of people styling themselves "Threshers." On the 5th of December the grand jury of the county of Sligo found true bills against John M'Donough, William Kearney, and many others "for breaking and entering, on the 2d of September last, after sun-set and before sun-rise, the dwelling-house of Peter O'Neil, at Cartron, in said county, and forcibly taking away his money." There were several other counts in the indictment, one of them for carding with a weaver's card the said O'Neil, and thereby inflicting grievous bodily pain upon him in order to compel him to enter the unlawful confederacy called the "Threshers." The jury were then sworn and the prisoner given in charge, Plunket and Bush appearing for the Crown as attorney and solicitor-general, while with them were associated several lawyers of the circuit, Messrs. Whitestone, James Darcy, and James Kirwan.

The prisoners were defended by Mr. Martin F. Lynch, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. R. Blakeny, and Mr. George J. Browne.

Mr. Plunket stated the case for the Crown. He said that this was a branch of a vast conspiracy got up to overturn the Church, seize upon her property, and starve her clergy. Nor were the aims of this lawless and unchristian confederacy confined to attacks on the Established Church, for there was an association binding their misguided

members not to pay the Roman Catholic clergy either their dues. "The overturning of altars, the extinction of all religious principles, the casting off of all regard for a future world, and the rending of the ties which bind them to earth as well as to heaven, were the aim of that society to which the prisoners belonged."

Witnesses were then examined to bring the several offences set forth in the indictment home to the prisoners, and, the case for the Crown closing—

The prisoners' counsel, Mr. Mark F. Lynch, repelled the accusation that they sought to rob either their own clergy or the ministers of the Established Church of their dues, and denied that they were members of any such body as "the Threshers." They proved to demonstration an *alibi* on the 2nd of September, the day named, and they called witnesses to prove that on that day they were attending a fair at a distant town in the county of Cavan.

The prisoners were acquitted, but in the county of Mayo, where the Right Hon. Dennis Browne had pioneered the operations of the commission, a different result was attained, and about a dozen persons were found guilty and executed.

We are now about to lay before our readers the narrative of a case deeply sensational, in which a distinguished member and sometime secretary of the Connaught Bar Society was plaintiff, and sought to recover from the defendant £20,000 damages for criminal conversation with his wife. The case is that of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, and it was tried before Lord Norbury in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin on the 15th of July, 1815.

Messrs. Daniel O'Connell, White-

stone, K.C., Vandeleur, K.C., Cramp-ton, North, Walsh, Phillips, and Costello were counsel for the plaintiff, all of them, save Mr. O'Connell, being members of the Connaught Bar Society.

Messrs. Burroughs, K.C., Goold, K.C., Burton, K.C., and Antisell appeared for the defendant.

Although Mr. Phillips had been but three years on the circuit, he had already gone to the foremost ranks; he had been previously on the north-west, but, having got into some scrape with the seniors of that bar for having written lampoons on the father and on one of their quondam circuiters, Mr Justice Fletcher, he joined the circuit of his native province in 1812. Born in Sligo in 1787, he had spent his early years in that town, had entered the University of Dublin when he was fifteen, and had been called to the bar in 1811. Having remained ten years on the Connaught circuit, he went, in 1821, to the English bar, and there declined, during the chancellorship of Lord Brougham, a silk gown, and also a seat on the judicial bench of Calcutta. In 1842 he was appointed by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst a commissioner of bankruptcy at Liverpool, and in 1846 Sir James Graham made him a commissioner of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, the duties of which he discharged with great credit until his decease in 1859. Phillips was the author of several poems: "The Consolations of Erin," "The Loves of Celestine and St. Aubert," both composed in 1811, and "The Emerald Isle," composed in 1812, which the *Quarterly Review* says "was a perfect stream of praise, a shower of roses on every person who is named in it, from alpha to omega."* Mr. Phillips's speech in *Guthrie v.*

* *London Quarterly Review*, vol. xvi. p. 33.

Sterne, delivered in 1815, was published in book form in 1816, and immediately became the subject of severe criticism in the *London Quarterly Review* (vol. xvi. pp. 27-37) and in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. xxv. p. 389). He felt aggrieved by the censures of his reviewers, and answered the charges made in the former in a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and in the latter in a speech in defence of his speech in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*. In 1818 his "Recollections of John Philpot Curran" appeared, a work thus noticed by Lord Brougham:—"This is one of the most extraordinary pieces of biography ever produced. Nothing can be more lively and picturesque than its representations of the famous original. The reader can hardly be said not to have known Curran and Curran's contemporaries."

Mr. Phillips was severely censured for his course in defence of Courvoisier, the Swiss valet who murdered his sleeping master, Lord William Russell, in London, in May, 1840.*

In the course of the trial evidence was unexpectedly volunteered that removed all doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who then made a full confession of guilt to his counsel. With this knowledge in his mind, Mr. Phillips rose to address the jury for the defence, and not only called God to witness his belief in the perfect innocence of his client, but strove to direct the suspicion of guilt to parties that he knew were entirely innocent. This caused a warm controversy at the time concerning the privileges and duties of counsel.

Of this distinguished lawyer Mr. Christopher North, a most unmerciful critic, thus speaks: "Charles

Phillips was worth a gross of Sheils, there were frequent flashes of fiery imagination and strains of genuine feeling in his speeches, that showed nature intended him for an orator."

Of his remarkable speech delivered in *Guthrie v. Sterne*, which we are now in great part about to lay before our readers, many and various opinions have been expressed, both in the United Kingdom and in America. On the Connaught circuit it has invariably been pointed to with pride, and with justice may the Connaught Bar boast that one of the greatest orators of the day was a member of their society.

Mr. Costello opened the pleadings by stating, that it was an action brought against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, and that damages were laid at £20,000. Mr. Phillips stated the case.

"After some prefatory remarks, he said that the plaintiff was Mr. John Guthrie—by birth, by education, by profession, by—better than all—by practice and by principles, a gentleman. He called on the jury to believe that it was not from the commonplace of advocacy, or from the blind partiality of friendship, that he said of the plaintiff, whether considering the virtues that adorn life, or the blandishments that endear it, he had few superiors. Surely, if a spirit that disdained dishonour, if a heart that knew not guile, if a life above reproach and a character beyond suspicion could have been a security against misfortunes, his lot must have been happiness.

"He (the learned counsel) was then speaking in the presence of that profession of which Mr. Guthrie was an ornament, and with whose members his manhood had been familiar, and he must say of him with a confidence that defied reproach, whether he considered him in his private or in his public station, as a man or as a lawyer, that there

* *The Times*, June 22, 1840, p. 7, col. 1.

never breathed a being less capable of exciting enmity towards himself, or of offering even by implication an offence to others. Having spent his youth in the cultivation of a mind which must one day have led him to eminence, he became a member of that profession by which he was now surrounded. Possessing as he did a moderate independence, and looking forward to the most flattering prospects, it was natural for him to select for his partner in life some one who should adorn his fortunes and reduce his toils. He found such a person, or thought he found her, in the person of a Miss Warren, the only daughter of an eminent solicitor.

"Young, beautiful, and accomplished, she was adorned with all that earth or Heaven could bestow to make her amiable. Virtue never found a fairer temple; beauty never veiled a purer sanctuary. The graces of her mind retained the admiration which her beauty had attracted, and the eye her charms fired became subdued and chastened in the modesty of their association. She was in the dawn of life, with all its fragrance around her, and yet so pure, that even the blush which sought to hide her lustre but disclosed the vestal dity that burned beneath it! No wonder an adoring husband anticipated all the joys this world could give him, no wonder the parental eye which beamed upon their union saw in the perspective an oblation of happiness and a posterity of honour. Methinks I see them at the sacred altar joining those hands which Heaven commanded none should separate, repaid for many a pang of anxious nurture by the sweet smile of filial piety, and in the holy rapture of the rite, blessing the power that blessed their children, and gave them hope that their names should live hereafter. It was virtue's vision, none but fools could envy it.

"Year after year confirmed the anticipation. Four lovely children blessed their parent. Now was their love the summer season of prosperity, no fortune-provial afflictions chastened it; before the mandate of that mysterious power which will at times despoil the paths of innocence to decorate the chariot of triumphant villainy, my client had to bow in silent resignation.

He owed his adversity to the benevolence of his spirit—he went security for friends; those friends deceived him, and he was obliged to seek in other lands that safe asylum which his own denied him. He was glad to accept an offer of professional business in Scotland during his temporary embarrassment.

"With a conjugal devotion Mrs. Guthrie accompanied him, and in her smile the soil of a stranger was a home—the sorrows of adversity were dear to him. During their residence in Scotland, a period of about a year, they lived as they had done in Ireland, and as they continued to do till this calamitous occurrence, in a state of uninterrupted happiness. Happy at home—happy in a husband's love, happy in her parent's fondness—happy in the children she had nursed—Mrs. Guthrie carried into every circle (and there was none in which her society was not courted) that cheerfulness which never was a companion of guilt or a stranger of innocence. Her husband saw her the pride of his family, the favourite of his friends, at once the organ and ornament of his happiness. His ambition awoke, his industry redoubled, and that fortune, which, though for a season it may frown, never totally abandons probity and virtue, had begun to smile upon him. He was beginning to rise in the ranks of his competitors, and rising with such a character, that emulation itself rather rejoiced than envied.

"It was at this crisis, gentlemen, in this noon-day of his happiness, and day-spring of his fortune, that, to the ruin of both, the defendant became acquainted with his family. With the serpent's smile and the serpent's wickedness, he stole into the Eden of domestic life—poisoning all that was pure, polluting all that was lovely—defying God, destroying man—a demon in the disguise of virtue—a herald of hell in the paradise of innocence. His name, gentlemen, is William Peter Baker Dunstanville Sterne. Of his character he counsel knew but little, and was sorry he knew so much; but, if he was rightly instructed, he was one of those vain and vapid economists whose views tinge the frivolity of their follies with something of a more odious character

than ridicule—with just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel for its consequences—one of those fashionable insects that folly has painted and fortune plumed for the annoyance of our atmosphere—dangerous alike in their torpidity and their animation, infecting where they fly and poisoning where they repose.”

In this impassioned strain counsel proceeded to state how the parties became acquainted, and to describe the varied and artful efforts made by the defendant to rob the plaintiff of the affections of his wife. He then went on to give a glowing narrative of how Mr. Guthrie went in July, 1814, to attend the dinner usually given by his Bar previous to going circuit, and on returning home discovered that his wife had fled :—

“Alas! he was never to behold her more. Imagine, if you can, the frenzy of his astonishment on his being informed by Mrs. Porter, the daughter of the former landlady, that about two hours before she had attended Mrs. Guthrie to a confectioner’s shop, that a carriage had drawn up at the corner of the street, into which a gentleman, whom she recognized to be a Mr. Sterne, had handed her, and that they instantly departed. Mr. Guthrie could hear no more: even at the dead of night he rushed into the street, as if in its own dark hour he could discover guilt’s recesses. In vain, a miserable maniac, did he traverse the silent streets of the metropolis, affrighting virtue from its slumbers with the spectre of its ruin. But imagine you see him, when the day had dawned, returning wretched to his deserted dwelling, seeing in every chamber a memorial of his loss, and hearing every tongueless object eloquent of his woe. Imagine you see him, in the reverie of his grief, trying to persuade himself it was all a vision, and awakened only to the horrid truth by his helpless children asking him for their mother!

“Gentlemen, this is not a picture of fancy, it literally occurred; there is

something less of romance in the reflection which his children awakened in the mind of their afflicted father; he ordered that they should be at once dressed in mourning. How rational sometimes are the ravings of insanity! For all the puposes of maternal life, poor innocents! they have no mother; her tongue can no more teach, her hand can no more tend them; for them there is not ‘speculation in hereyes’—to them her life is worse than death; as if the awful grave had yawned her forth, she moves before them, shrouded all in sin, the guilty burden of the peaceless sepulchre. Better far their little feet had followed in her funeral than that the hour which taught her value should reveal her vice; mourning her loss, they might have blessed her memory, and shame need not have rolled its fires into the fountain of her sorrow.

“As soon as reason became sufficiently collected Mr. Guthrie pursued the fugitives; he traced them successively to Kildare, to Carlow, to Waterford, to Milford Haven, on through Wales, and finally into Devonshire, where all clue was lost. I will not follow them through their joyless journey. But philosophy never taught and the pulpit never enforced a more imperative morality than the itinerary of that accursed tour promulgates. Oh, if there be a matron or a maid in this island balancing between the alternatives of virtue and crime, trembling between heaven and hell, let her pause upon this one, out of the many horrors I could depict. I will give you the relation in the words of my brief, I cannot improve on the simplicity of the recital.

“On the 7th of July they arrived at Milford Haven, the captain of the packet dined with them and was astonished at the magnificence of her dress. The next day they dined alone; but towards evening the servant heard Mr. Sterne scolding and beating her! Mrs. Guthrie then rushed into the drawing-room, and, throwing herself in an agony on the sofa, she exclaimed:—“Oh, what an unhappy wretch am I! I have left my home where I was happy, seduced by a man who has deceived me. My poor husband! my dear children! Oh, if even they would

let my little William live with me, it would be some consolation to my broken heart."

"Alas! nor children more can she behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Mr. Phillips then led on the jury to inquire into the cause of this unhappy Mrs. Guthrie flying with the seducer from her home, and, in conclusion, called on the jury for exemplary damages.

At the conclusion of this brilliant display of eloquence (writes the reporter of the case) a burst of applause arose in the court which lasted for several minutes, and which was unchecked by the learned Chief Justice, who himself had been moved to tears by the closing appeal of the gifted counsel.

Evidence was then given in support of the plaintiff's case, and Mr. Burrows, K.C., on behalf of the defendant, spoke in mitigation of damages, but his speech is unreported.

Lord Norbury, in his charge to the jury, expressed his great satisfaction that the trial of this cause had given an opportunity to the young gentleman, who had stated the plaintiff's case, of delivering a speech which he heard with un-mixed delight—a speech containing, in his lordship's opinion, "as brilliant a display of classic eloquence, and some of the finest effusions of manly feeling, as ever fell from the lips of any counsel in these courts.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Phillips has detailed to you the leading features of this case, and has drawn on his fancy for a striking picture of the

defendant, Mr. WILLIAM PETER BAKER DUNSTANVILLE STERNE.

"Gentlemen, in portraying the character of the defendant, Mr. Phillips has (if he might use a nautical expression) raked him FORE and AFT, from STEM to STERN. (Loud laughter, in which his lordship joined, here shook the court; silence being partially restored, the learned and witty Chief Justice resumed.) But had the defendant been in the possession of as many Christian virtues as Christian names, he would not have been guilty of the crime of seduction." (Laughter.)*

Having commented at great length on the evidence, his lordship concluded by informing them that "he would not detain them by a repetition of the travels of the defendant and his unhappy victim from Carlow to Waterford, and from thence across the channel to Milford Haven, but the jury would agree with him, that the cruel treatment the unfortunate lady received there formed the most disgusting part of "Sterne's Sentimental Journey." With these observations he would leave the question of damages entirely in the hands of the jury. Loud laughter followed this amusing charge, the jury then retired, and in less than an hour they returned with a verdict for £5,000.

Sterne was now a ruined man. Being unable to pay the damages, he was arrested and thrown into the Marshalsea, where he remained for eight-and-twenty years; for damages in this description of action, as the law stood, could not be wiped away by the Insolvent Debtors' Act.

Mr. Guthrie returned to practise at his profession, after a few years;

* The Court of Common Pleas, during the Chief Justiceship of Lord Norbury, from 1800 to 1827, was one of the most amusing places in the city of Dublin. His lordship's performances at Nisi Prius were greatly superior to any theatrical exhibition. Here the judge, the witnesses, the counsel, the parties, and the audience, were involved in one universal riot.—SHIEL'S *Political Sketches*, vol. i. p. 85, tit. Lord Norbury.

but his heart was then shaken by sorrow to its depths, and he was no longer in the foremost ranks of the bar. He, however, remained to the end of his life a member of that circuit he loved so well, and was the author of a work—"A Commentary on the Laws of England."

Of his faithless wife, her name, as if she had never been, was ban-

ished from each lip and ear. We have heard it said, with what truth we know not, that she retired from the world, and won to heaven her dreary road by blighted and remorseful years. That may be so; but the truth, we apprehend, is that her fate lies hid, like dust, beneath the coffin-lid!

DUBLIN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A SECOND PART.

A CENTURY ago "the Castle of Dublin" was a different place from what it is now, not that its outward appearance has undergone much, if any, alteration. Grimy now, it was in all probability grimy then; but in those days it was a magnet which attracted to it all the youth, beauty, and nobility of the country.

London was too distant a goal for any but the very highest to aspire to, and why go there? when there was a good supply of fledgling lords and rich commoners to be found in the Irish capital, and so mammas in the different counties lying east, west, and south of Dublin would coax papa to give the girls just *one* season in town, to see the fashions and be presented at court.

It is curious to read over a list of one of these courts, bristling as it does with earls, viscounts, and

marquesses, and contrast it with the scanty supply which figure at the levées and drawing-rooms of the present day. The very titles are unknown to us, having slipped out of the Irish peerage, and those with which we are familiar are only so through the medium of the papers recording their presence at some London ball or concert. But a hundred years ago these noblemen had no seats in the English House of Lords, and came perforce to the Parliament that sat in College Green. Money too was plenty and taxes very low, and these noblemen and gentlemen brought with them immense retinues of servants and equipages which would not have disgraced Hyde Park. In one of these, drawn by four and sometimes by six horses, and with running footmen at either side, my lord, in full costume and well-powdered wig, would go to court. The Castle

yard would be thronged with a crowd of these equipages, no hired carriage being allowed within the sacred precincts.* The Speaker of the House of Commons would be there, and the Lord Chancellor with his Chief Remembrancer, and a host of other officers who held sinecures, now happily done away with. The Viceroy's personal staff included some of the highest nobility, and must have been a dazzling vista before the eyes of the young country beauty, who came up to town for her first season. One may suppose that miss had many a heart-burning if she were left out of the magnificent entertainments given at the Castle. How one would like to have a peep into St. Patrick's Hall a hundred years ago, and see the ladies in their court plumes and hoops, and the gentlemen in their volunteer uniforms, and bag wigs and swords: what a motley crowd they must have been; what bright eyes and clever faces—Grattan and Curran, and the beautiful Kitty Tyrrell, and the charming Duchess of Rutland. We kept royal birthdays in those times, and odes were performed in King George's honour, and superb balls given whenever a royal prince or princess's natal day came round.

The performance of odes in honour of royal birthdays seems to have been a favourite sort of entertainment, although they would strike now as being somewhat tedious—chorus, duets, and trios, all succeeding one another, and running in a highly complimentary, not to say fulsome style. Here we have one that was sung on 4th of June, the anniversary of George the Third's birth,—a most elegant ode, beginning with chorus recitative,—

“ Say, muse, what region boasts a
king
Right worthy such a sacred name;”

and going on through interminable verses in the same adulatory strain. There were balls, too, and theatricals, and a succession of gaieties, which made the Castle of Dublin quite a reputation, and before which even the sumptuous hospitality of our present noble Viceroy pales a little. But to all this splendour and brilliancy there is another and a much gloomier side; the times were lawless ones, and the pillow of the unfortunate Lord-Lieutenant must have been anything but an easy one. Indeed, the wonder was how any one could be found to fill the office. Not a night passed without the most dreadful fires all through the city, houses being broken into and robbed, and the most disgraceful riots in the streets.

Justice, too, was very one-sided. We read of four gentlemen, returning rather fresh, as the saying is, from one of the gay entertainments of the fashionable world, setting upon a luckless watchman and killing him. The jury brought in a verdict *Not guilty*. Mobs of discontented workmen would seize upon the body of a man hung for murder, and, unless stopped by military force, carry him to the house of the Crown prosecutor or the judge who had tried him. When such things were done in the capital, the country parts were far worse.

Mr. Young, an Englishman, who made a lengthened tour through Ireland in 1780, and who seems to have been an intelligent and observant traveller, gives us the following account:—“ You cannot figure to

* A gentleman who told the writer remembers this rule being in force no later than fifty years ago. No one could then go to a levée in a hired carriage. Now, you can count the *private carriages*!

yourself anything more wretched," he says; "men of £5,000 a year in Ireland live in houses that a man of £700 in England would disdain. Neatness and order is wanting to a surprising degree, and there is a number of small country gentlemen, fellows in round hats edged with gold, who hunt in the day and get drunk in the evening. Dancing is the order of the day with these gentlemen, and the country people generally are much given to this amusement; everywhere there is an itinerant dancing master, to whom the poorest manage to pay sixpence the quarter or half-year for teaching their families; and they not alone dance the Irish jig, but also the country dance."

It is pleasant to hear of their having some amusement, as the account he gives of the population is pitiable. "The rate of labour is singularly low, sixpence a day being the price of field work, carpenters, masons, and thatchers getting 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. a day," at the same time he acknowledges "that land is let at an equally low rate, the best quality bringing only 5s. 7d. an acre; but the majority of the labouring poor move about the country, settling where they please; a wandering family will fix themselves under a dry bank, and with a few sticks, furze, and ferns, will make for themselves a hovel worse than any English pig-sty. I have passed along the road," writes Mr. Young, "without seeing the vestige of a habitation, and the next morning have found there a hovel with a man, a woman, six children, and a pig in it."

One might be tempted to accuse Mr. Young of a slight "Saxon" exaggeration in this unpleasant picture, were it not that there are many now alive who can remember in the early part of this century a similar state of things. Miss Edge-

worth, in her famous novels, was the first to draw general attention to the Castle Rackrent properties in Ireland, and to her is due in some measure the improvement.

Mr. Young goes on to describe the existing terms between the landlords and these singular tenants.

"These people," he writes, "have a spot for a potato garden, which with the inevitable pig forms their means of subsistence, and for which they seldom pay any rent. They are called cotters or squatters, and their landlords exact a sort of feudal service from them, they obey them with slavish submission. Disrespect is punished by a speedy application of either horsewhip or cane, and knocking down a man is spoken of in a manner that makes an Englishman stare!"

Going along the roads it strikes Mr. Young with amazement to see how when a gentleman is driving he will whip into whole strings of cars, and if one is overturned or broken no complaint is ever made; indeed, he frankly owns, it would be useless seeking for redress, as if a justice or magistrate were to issue a summons against a gentleman he would be called out without doubt (an alternative by the way that Mr. Young has a most pious horror of); as a matter of course very serious consequences followed from these oppressions. In the country around bands of men went about from one house to another, defying all efforts to put them down. They were of all classes and creeds, and varied in name according to the different provinces.

The *Steelboys* and *Oakboys* were Protestants, and affectioned the north; the *Whiteboys* and *Peep o' dayboys* were Catholics, and were generally to be found in the south. The disturbances of the *Whiteboys* lasted over ten years; and that time no one betrayed the cause—

fact in a land where informers are very rife. It must have been rather unpleasant when any of these gentlemen were attracted by either the bright eyes or the supposed wealth of a fair lady. They made short work of it, as in the case of Catherine Bohilly: this young lady lived with her father, whose only child she was, at the Abbey near Clonmel, and "on the night of the 13th of January, 1780, when the whole house was buried in sleep, forty armed men silently surrounded it; four of them broke open one of the windows, and cautiously made their way to Catherine's sleeping room. They took the poor girl ruthlessly out of her bed, and first having taken the precaution to gag her, placed her on horseback, and, adds our Clonmel informant, she has not since been heard of." It would seem by this that the Tipperary gentlemen of that day were not over chivalrous, as surely they ought to have scourged the country in pursuit of the luckless Catherine, who, indeed, could hardly have survived such a midnight ride in the depths of winter.

Another gang of Whiteboys attacked the house of Mr. Wall of Springmount, county Clare, which they burned down and gutted, houghed his cattle and leveled his land; and when Mr. Wall, who had fled to Ennis, went to replevy twenty-three head of cattle which had been impounded, he was attacked by sixty of these ruffians and brutally murdered. But sometimes they met with a very determined resistance, as in the following instance.

A man named Dogle, a large dealer in wool, lived in the town of Borris, and had the misfortune to draw upon himself the ire of the Whiteboys; they determined to destroy him and his property. The poor man threw himself upon the mercy of Thomas Kavanagh, Esq., Colonel of the Borris Independent Volun-

teers, who promised him his protection on the 1st June, 1781. The Volunteers were convened privately, and having assembled at the Red Gate to the number of seventeen proceeded to Dogle's house: they had not long arrived when the Whiteboys, thirty or forty strong, were seen approaching through the fields. The Volunteers instantly appeared, calling upon them to surrender, Colonel Kavanagh pledging his honour they should not be prosecuted but sent to man the navy. Their captain swore a savage oath that they would stand to their arms, and have life for life if molested. Some shots were fired, which they returned, and then precipitately retreated. Colonel Kavanagh was wounded in the left arm, but the leader of the Whiteboys was taken and lodged in gaol. There is a touch of romance about this episode; one can bring before one's mind's eye the still summer's evening, and the silent advance of the Whiteboys to their work of destruction, and then the sudden surprise when called upon to surrender.

The Volunteers of 1780 were a gallant band of brave gentlemen; they had plenty of hard work to do, and did it well. The great Earl of Charlemont was their colonel, and amongst their ranks were to be found the names of the highest and the noblest gentlemen in the land: their strength may be gathered from the following account of a review held near the town of Antrim, on the 11th of July, 1780. "It was under the command of General Lord Charlemont, Lord Camden, Major Dobbs, Sir Alexander Stewart, Mr. Grattan, etc. The review-ground was flat and smooth, but the whole front was a rising ground, on which boxes were erected for persons of distinction, a centre box being reserved for Lady Charlemont; in there were 3,000 men, and

thirty-six pairs of colours, and we are told that Lords Charlemont and Camden were highly gratified.* At a fancy ball given about two years ago by the Countess of Charlemont, the present Earl appeared in the uniform of the old Volunteer corps of 1780, copied exactly from the dress worn by his celebrated ancestor.

The Duke of Leinster, whose grandfather also belonged to the corps, has in his possession a painting representing the Volunteers marching through Dublin; each figure is a faithful portrait, and this, together with the view of old Dublin, the narrow streets, the high houses, the windows filled with a bevy of pretty eager faces (portraits also), gives to this picture a special interest, and the few remaining engravings of it that fall sometimes into the hands of dealers fetch a high price. The picture represents the Volunteers on their way to King William's statue in College Green. We have the whole account of it in the newspaper of the time. Lord Charlemont is there, of course, with his aides-de-camp, Mr. Yelverton and Mr. Stewart, also the Duke of Leicester, and Lords Henry and Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Trimleston, Sir Allen Johnstone, Sir Edward Newenham, Mr. Grattan, all heading as colonels their respective regiments. The Volunteers assembled in Stephen's Green, and, on arriving at college Green, marched three times round King William's statue, firing a *feu de joie*; the whole concluded with a grand procession of coaches, in which his excellency the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, nobility, and officers of state took part. The Volunteers had all orange cockades,

and the caparisons of the horses were of the same colour. This unfortunate statue has always been a great bone of contention, and the students of Trinity College have fought many a battle over both man and horse; in July, 1790, we find it appearing in mourning, and round the pedestal labels were affixed with the following inscription:—

"In mourning for the Bill of Rights and the *Liberty of the Press*."

On the same day the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Peter Cooney, by name, had the pleasure of standing one hour in the pillory, to which he had been sentenced as a preliminary to six months' imprisonment for asserting the liberty of the press by publishing a paragraph from the London papers.

This was a very stirring time in the Irish capital. On the 12th of May, 1790, Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Mr. Grattan were declared duly elected for the city of Dublin, and it must be acknowledged they paid rather dearly for their honours, as most certainly any one member of the present day would object very strongly to be paraded for four hours on a triumphal car through the city. This triumphal car must have been a work of art. "It was," we are told, "a carriage of the phaeton order, 12 feet high, to which you ascended by an ascent of FIVE LOFTY steps—the seat, steps, and all the front was covered with a pale pink stuff; the body had a covering of green baize, and from the aides and back floated festoons of white taffety, adjusted by knots of election ribbon in a taste truly elegant; on the front of the lower gradus were exhibited the city arms supported by two angels with trumps, representing Fame,

* *Universal Magazine*, 1780.

motto 'Vox populi;' on another was placed the cap of liberty; on the third, a beautiful golden vase with flame of liberty blazing from the top: the fire being *real* produced a very striking effect,—on either side appeared the ominous words 'Bill of Rights.' On the fourth gradus appeared all the vexed questions in a string: Place Bill, Pension Bill, Responsibility Bill, Repeal of Police. On the summit of the back and just behind the two members rose 'the Harp,' crowned with the Irish Imperial diadem; the back itself exhibited the three flaming castles; on the right side were the arms of Leinster; on the left those of Grattan. Such was the car," the paper says, "the elegance and effect of which it would be impossible to give an idea. It must suffice to say that it went far beyond all conception, and surpassed anything of the like description ever seen," etc., etc.

In this wonderful erection, seated side by side, the two members proceeded through the city, drawn by a number of working manufacturers, carrying streams of orange and blue ribbons, and escorted by an enormous multitude. Fifty working men walked in front; after these a band of music playing "He comes, he comes;" then a select committee of gentlemen in open carriages drawn by four horses; then the triumphal car, followed by a band playing "God save the King:" then came the different guilds, the tailors, the freeholders, the merchants (the smiths with a carriage in which were a forge, an anvil, and four men at work; a white pony

followed with the old patron of the guild, Vulcan; their banners were inscribed, "The men who dare to be honest in the worst of times—Fitzgerald and Grattan"), the carpenters, shoemakers, chandlers, skinners, tanners, and saddlers. The procession took up four hours, not a shadow of riot or drunkenness was seen. On the arrival of the members at the House of Commons' senate, they were introduced by the people, and having made a short speech retired.

Before closing this paper, I cannot refrain from giving my readers the following paragraph. At this distance of time, and with the knowledge of the sad finale before us, we read it with a curious sensation:—June, 1780, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for whose safety the most alarming apprehensions have been entertained by his noble relatives, has been at last heard of from New Orleans, where he was in December last completing his long and fatiguing journey from Nova Scotia to Quebec." One can imagine the rejoicings of relations and friends over this paragraph. The letters of congratulation that were written, the visits, the handshakings, the cordial reception of the young traveller himself; and yet it would have been well for all, and how many tears and mental agony would have been saved, if he had never completed his long and fatiguing journey. But it is perhaps as good, it is only those who come after us in the race of life who can read rightly what is to us a blank page.

A PAPAL RETROSPECT.

No. V.

THE *Great Schism* in the Western Church we have now to deal with. On the 27th of March, 1378, Gregory XI. died at Rome. Before he was seized with the illness that carried him off, he had resolved to return to Avignon, and when it was known that his life was in danger, the *Bannerets*, who presided over the different wards of the city, met and resolved that, on Gregory's death, either a Roman or an Italian should be elected to succeed him.

The College of Cardinals at that time consisted of twenty-three members, of whom sixteen were then at Rome, six at Avignon, and one absent on an embassy. Of the sixteen at Rome, with whom, of course, the election rested, *twelve* were in the French, and only *four* in the Italian or Roman interest; consequently, the election of a Pope favourable to the French, and who would reside at Avignon, was morally certain, unless strong pressure was brought to bear on the cardinals, and thereby turn the scale in favour of a Pope who would reside at Rome.

Accordingly, when Gregory died, the *Bannerets*, during the nine days that should elapse before the cardinals entered Conclave and the election could take place, had interviews with the cardinals separately, and plainly told them that the Roman people were prepared to insist on the election of a Pope who would reside in Rome. The cardinals endeavoured to evade committing themselves by answering that the election of a pontiff could not be treated of outside the Conclave,

but popular feeling becoming more pronounced, they declared, that should any menaces be employed, or violence offered to intimidate the cardinals and influence the election, the person so elected would not be Pope—in short, that the election would be practically, morally, and canonically null and void.

The *Bannerets* and the Romans, however, were determined, reckless of all consequences, that there should be no renewal or prolongation of the *Babylonish Captivity*—that Rome should be the residence of the popedom, and that the cardinals should be coerced, if necessary, to comply with their wishes. Guards were, therefore, placed on all the city gates and outlets, to prevent the escape of the cardinals; the nobility not favourable to the popular view were driven from the city; trusty citizens were armed; and a number of men who could be relied on from neighbouring towns and villages were brought into Rome, and armed in defence of popular rights.

Such was the position of affairs when, on the 7th of April, the cardinals went into Conclave. They were accompanied to the door by a vast multitude, comprising the scum of the city, clamorously shouting—“*A Roman or an Italian Pope, or death!*”

All that night Rome was alive with tumult. The ruffianism of the city was let loose. The rich wine cellars of the pontifical palace were broken into, and an intoxicated rabble ruled in the streets. Early on the morning of the 8th, they

took possession of the great bells of St. Peter's and of the Capitol, and rung them to call the people to arms, as if an enemy had suddenly appeared at the gates.

Thus excited, an armed and inebriated multitude rushed to the Palace, where the cardinals were in Conclave, and demanded speech with them. Some say they broke into the Conclave; however, the cardinals strove to gain time by promising, that if they would retire, most assuredly a Pope would be elected on the morrow. But no! the rabble were too excited; and, infuriated by opposition, shouted,—*"We want a Roman or an Italian Pope now—we will not go without one. Elect at once, or immediate death!"*

In such an extreme emergency, the cardinals, fearing for their lives, resolved to comply with the demands of the populace. They first protested that they acted under violent intimidation; and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bari, who was a native of Naples, having during the tumult remarked:—"You see what methods are used; but *he, who shall be thus elected, will not be Pope; for my own part, I would not obey him, nor ought he to be obeyed by any good Catholic*."

Such a decisive declaration of opinion from a cardinal archbishop, who was reputed to be one of the ablest civilians and canonists of his day, naturally directed the attention of the cardinals towards him, and they came to the conclusion that if they elected him to escape from the direful difficulties in which they were involved, he, knowing the election to be utterly invalid, as held under compulsion, would at once resign pretensions to the papacy as soon as they had all managed to escape from Rome to a place of safety. Accordingly, he was unanimously elected, and announced to the people as the new Pope. He was enthroned

next day amid great public rejoicings, and on the 18th duly consecrated and crowned. He took the name of Urban VI.

Alas! for human frailty. The Archbishop of Bari, elevated to the popedom, forgot all the humility he had professed, and the opinions he had so solemnly enunciated. He resolved at once to renounce his former self—to assume the functions and play the part of a Pope canonically elected! Thus, when temptation does not offer, it is easy for human nature to be virtuous and abstinent, but who can calculate what temptation may lead to? or once ambition is incited, and the lust of power inflamed, who can measure the consequences?

Having thus drawn the sword, Urban threw away the scabbard, and resolved to uphold his usurpation of pontifical power at all hazards. He maintained a strict *surveillance* over the cardinals who he knew were hostile for the great deception he had practised, and compelled them to remain in Rome and officiate at his enthronement, consecration, and triumphal coronation. Not only so, but he directed them, on the 19th of April, the day of his coronation, to communicate the joyful intelligence to the six cardinals who were at Avignon. In peril of their lives, and knowing that their letters would be intercepted and read by Urban, while they were completely in his power, they wrote as follows:—

"Our late Father Gregory, of holy memory, having left us, to our unspeakable concern, on the 27th of March, we entered into the Conclave on the 7th of April, to deliberate about the election of a new pontiff."

"The next day, being enlightened by the rays of that sun that never sets, at the hour when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, we all freely and unanimously elected for

High Pontiff our Reverend Father and Lord in Christ, Bartholomew, Archbishop of Bari, a man endowed, in an eminent degree, with every virtue becoming so high a station.

"The news of his election was received with loud acclamations by an innumerable multitude of people. On the 9th he was placed in the Apostolic throne, taking, on that occasion, the name of Urban VI. On the day of the resurrection of our Lord he was solemnly crowned, according to custom, in the Basilic of St. Peter.

"We have thought it necessary to transmit to you this account, *containing the truth, and nothing but the truth*, of what has passed within these few days in the Roman Church. You may safely rely upon what we write; and it is incumbent on you to contradict, *as absolutely false*, all reports to the contrary."—*Raymund. ad. ann. 1378, num. 19.*

It would be ungenerous to judge the sixteen cardinals who concurred in such an epistle too severely. They were in the power of one who proved himself a merciless tyrant, and they had no choice between implicit obedience to his will and death, or tortures, as we shall see, worse than death. They were virtually prisoners in Rome, and their only hope of escape lay in a seeming compliance with the Pope's will, so as to disarm all suspicion.

Besides, as Bower observes, the weight of opinion favours the conclusion that, notwithstanding his uncanonical election, the sixteen cardinals in the French interest, with a view "to avoid schism, and the dreadful consequences attending it, would have continued to obey him, but for his unreasonable severity. For in a consistory held immediately after his coronation, he reprimanded the cardinals very severely, and in very coarse terms, taxing them with pride, avarice, and venality, with engrossing to themselves all the best benefices of the Church, and insolently lording it

over the rest of the clergy."—*Hist. Popes*, vol. vi. p. 47.

While he thus denounced the cardinals, and attributed to them very grave ecclesiastical crimes—which no candid reader of the chronicles of those times can say were undeserved—the Pope paid studied court to the Roman rabble. He most unquestionably was the *Pope of the rabble*—to an inebriated rabble he was solely indebted for his election, and to that rabble he owed allegiance. Hence, "he was all compliance to the Romans, made it his study to gratify them in all their demands, and even distinguished with particular marks of his favour such of them as had been most active in the late disturbances"—and consequently most active in promoting the mob violence that led to his election. Yet we are told to believe it was the Holy Ghost that descended from heaven to inspire the election of Urban VI.!

The haughty and contemptuous manner in which Urban treated the cardinals led those who were in the French interest to take counsel secretly together, when it was unanimously resolved to declare his election uncanonical and null, as soon as they could assemble in some place of safety. They managed to leave Rome singly on various pretences, and towards the end of June they met at Anagni, to which city had also repaired the chamberlain and judge in ordinary of the Apostolic See, with many other prelates. "Being now out of all danger, and free from all fear," they attested on oath before the chamberlain and the other prelates, that the election of the Archbishop of Bari to the pontificate was brought about by extreme violence, and therefore, not being free, was canonically null and void. A copy of this attestation was sent to Urban, and he was

exhorted, as he regarded the welfare of the Church, to resign the tiara, to which none knew better than himself that he had no legal title whatever.

Urban, however, paid no attention to the exhortations of the cardinals, and they, finding him determined to maintain his position, at last resolved to depose him. They published a Manifesto, in which they "solemnly declared that the danger to which they were exposed of being massacred by the Roman people, if they chose not an Italian, had induced them to choose him; that they had elected him in that fright and confusion, flattering themselves that as he was so well acquainted with, and pretended to be so strict an observer of, the Canons, he would not avail himself of an election which he could not but know to be null by the Canons; but that as he, nevertheless, trampling upon all laws, and regardless of his own salvation, had the assurance to impose himself upon the world for true and lawful Pope, they thought it indispensably incumbent upon them to undeceive those who received him as such, by declaring him an apostate from the Church, and an usurper of the Apostolic See."—*Bauer's Popes*, vol. vii. p. 42.

The cardinals then repaired to Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples, and, on the 20th of September, unanimously elected Robert of Geneva, a cardinal presbyter, to the pontificate, which they had declared vacant. He was enthroned next day, took the name of Clement VII., and his election was notified to all Christian princes and bishops, who were exhorted to treat the Archbishop of Bari as an usurper, and to receive Clement as lawful Pope, whom they had freely and canonically elected.

Meanwhile Urban, to strengthen his party, created twenty-nine cardinals, selected from influential families, but three declined to receive such an honour from him. Clement also created six cardinals, and in June, 1379, took up his residence at Avignon.

Charles V. of France, when informed of the election of Clement, assembled the prelates and most eminent civilians of the day at Vincennes, and having bound them by oath to judge impartially, he placed before them all the documents relating to the elections of Urban and Clement, and required them to decide who was, according to the Canons, the true and lawful Pope. After long and anxious deliberation, this most competent assembly decided on the 16th of November, 1379, that the election of Urban was null, whereas the election of Clement was strictly canonical, and therefore he alone should be acknowledged as Pope. This decision King Charles at once adopted, and communicated it to all his allies. The University of Paris, then a great power in the theological world, accepted and confirmed the decision, repudiated Urban as an usurper, and acknowledged Clement's election as alone lawful and valid.

Thus two Popes divided the allegiance of the Western Church, and so commenced the *Great Schism* that afflicted Europe for half a century with great scandals, and was the cause of much bloodshed and crime. Yet from evil good resulted, for this *Schism* exercised an all-potent influence in creating the habits of thought, and in diffusing the principles that led up to and triumphed in the Reformation.*

"The union of the Latin Church under one head was destroyed,"

* This was very far from having been the first schism that rent the alleged seamless unity of the Roman Church. The total number is variously estimated by its own historians. J. authority, reckons this schism as the *twenty-second*.

observes Mosheim. The *Schism* "was fomented with such dreadful success, and arose to such a shameful height, that *for the space of fifty years the Church had two or three different heads at the same time*; each of the contending Popes forming plots and thundering out anathemas against their competitors. The distress and calamity of those times is beyond all power of description; for, not to insist upon the perpetual contentions and wars between the factions of the several Popes, by which multitudes lost their fortunes and their lives, all sense of religion was extinguished in most places, and profligacy arose to a most scandalous excess.

"The clergy, while they vehemently contended which of the reigning Popes was the true successor of Christ, were so excessively corrupt, as to be no longer studious to keep up even an appearance of religion or decency; and, in consequence of all this, many plain, well-meaning people, who concluded that no one could possibly partake of eternal life unless united with the Vicar of Christ, were overwhelmed with doubt, and plunged into the deepest distress of mind.

"Nevertheless, these abuses were, by their consequences, greatly conducive both to the civil and religious interests of mankind; for by these dissensions the Papal power received an incurable wound; and kings and princes, who had formerly been the slaves of the lordly pontiffs, now became their judges and masters. And many of the least stupid among the people had the courage to disregard and despise the Popes on account of their odious disputes about dominion, to commit their salvation to God alone, and to admit it as a

maxim, that the prosperity of the Church might be maintained, and the interests of religion secured and promoted without a visible head, crowned with a spiritual supremacy."—*Mosheim's Eccles. Hist.*, cent. xiv., part ii., c. ii., s. 15.

Let us now follow the course of this *great Schism* to its dénouement. Urban had an ungovernable haughtiness, a boundless arrogance, and a merciless disposition that spared neither friend nor foe, but without remorse sacrificed both alike when they stood in the way of his criminal ambition. For example, as soon as intelligence of his election reached Naples, Queen Joan who, as we have seen, was a devoted partisan of the Popes, induced her third husband, Otho, Duke of Brunswick, to visit Rome, and do homage to the Pope, in her name, for the kingdom of Naples as a fief of the Apostolic See. Otho is represented as having been exceptional in that age for ability and princely qualities; yet Urban received him with insolent imperiousness, and treated him as a menial.

It is related on the authority of Theodoric de Niem, who was secretary to the Pope, that one day after the arrival of Otho at Rome, his Holiness dined in public, when Otho had the questionable honour of waiting upon him at table, standing lackey-like behind his chair. Urban having called for some drink, Otho offered it to him on his knees, but the Pope, pretending not to see him, continued his conversation, leaving the prince all the while in that humiliating position, until, at last, one of the cardinals called the attention of Urban to the fact that his drink awaited him.*

Queen Joan, naturally resented such gross insults offered to her

* Pope Clement V. was so inflated with insufferable arrogance and a tyrannical dition, that once, while he was dining, he ordered Dandalus, the Venetian ambassador, chained under the table like a dog.

husband, and, when the *Schism* commenced, took the side of Clement. Whereupon Urban resolved to dethrone her, and obtain the crown of Naples, if possible, for his own nephew, who was one of the most detestable scoundrels and profligates of the age. But, as he had no means of making war himself, he laboured earnestly to revive the quarrel between Queen Joan and her brother-in-law the King of Hungary, and as an inducement to him to invade Naples and dethrone her, Urban, with a deep duplicity and perfidy, that has always characterized Papal ambition, promised to bestow the crown on the king's cousin, Charles, Count of Gravina.

Charles was under the deepest obligations to the queen, who, having no children of her own, had brought him up from infancy as her son, gave him her niece in marriage, and adopted him as the heir of her dominions. When first invited to engage in the base conspiracy against his benefactress, he evinced some reluctance; but, tempted by the prospect of immediate sovereignty, he was infamous enough soon to yield before the far more infamous importunities of the Pope.

The King of Hungary, having consented to supply the troops for the invasion of Naples, Urban, as a preliminary expedient to afford

some justification in the opinion of Papal partisans, for so iniquitous a proceeding, excommunicated and deposed the queen, on the pretence that she had acknowledged and honoured as lawful Pope, an apostate and a usurper of the Apostolic See: he therefore denounced her as a schismatic and heretic, and declared all her possessions forfeited, absolved all her subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and forbade any one under pain of excommunication to acknowledge or obey her as sovereign.

The queen having now to contend with formidable enemies, and being related to the royal family of France, sought to engage the king, Charles V., in her favour, by adopting his brother Lewis of Anjou as her heir. An agreement on this basis was concluded, and then approved of, and confirmed by Pope Clement, in August, 1380.

Meantime, at Urban's urgent solicitations, Charles arrived at Rome with his Hungarians; but at the last moment, Urban who, as Milman observes, was governed by "all the passions least becoming a pontiff, vengeance, family ambition, interest, pride," before he consented to crown Charles, extorted from him the cession of fully one-third of the whole kingdom of Naples, which he made him confer on his despicable nephew Buttillo.*

* "This nephew," observes Milman, "was, at once, the madness, the constant disgrace, danger, and distress, of the weak, imperious, unforgiving pontiff." After Charles had established himself in Naples, Buttillo, among his many other nefarious acts, broke into a convent and forcibly carried off a professed nun of great beauty and high family. Her relatives appealed to the magistrates, and they to the Pope; but his Holiness, though his nephew was then more than forty years of age, made light of the outrage, and sought to excuse it as a thoughtless folly of exuberant youth.

But the family resolutely prosecuted the ruffian, and they were too powerful to be treated with palpable injustice; so Buttillo was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to death. The Pope then, as Suzerain of the realm, annulled the sentence. This caused great excitement, and a fierce contest respecting the authority of the Pope and of the King, until at last the affair was patched up, by King Charles granting a free pardon to Buttillo, and giving him for wife a lady of his own family, with a rich dowry of 70,000 florins a year, and the castle of Nocera, one of the strongest in the kingdom.—*De Niem*, l. ii., c. xxviii.

As a rule, Popes' nephews and relatives, who have played a conspicuous part in history,

This iniquitous contract having been concluded, the invasion of Naples was delayed by want of money to pay the troops. The King of Hungary readily supplied the living material, for human life was of little worth in those days, but insisted that Urban should find the means to set the material in motion. In this emergency Urban was not scrupulous as to the means he employed to replenish his exhausted exchequer. He at once imposed the most exorbitant taxes on the clergy, seized the revenues of all vacant benefices, and appointed a commission of cardinals, of his own creation, with full authority to sell or mortgage, without the permission of the bishops, clergy, or religious orders, the property and estates of the churches and monasteries. In this way he took violent possession of the chalices and other sacred vessels, the gold and silver statues, crosses, and images of the saints, which were melted down and coined to feed the lust of his sanguinary ambition. Besides, he despoiled the churches, chapels, altars and shrines of all ornaments, and pillaged everything that could be turned into money. "Thus," says an authority of the time, "were the

churches pillaged, to gratify the revenge and ambition of an ambitious and furious man, whom nothing could satisfy but the exaltation of his family to the rank of princes, and the destruction of all who presumed to traverse his wicked designs"—*Baluzius*, p. 501.

Having by such means provided the necessary supplies for the army, Charles and his Hungarians were enabled to set out and invade Naples. In the merciless warfare that followed, Otho, the husband of Queen Joan, was taken prisoner owing to his impetuous gallantry, and shortly afterwards, when the queen was besieged in the Castel-Nuovo she was treacherously induced by Charles to surrender on conditions which he never intended to fulfil. He then consummated his monstrous ingratitude and iniquity, by having, with the approbation of Pope Urban, the queen barbarously murdered on the 22nd of May, 1382.*

During the remainder of his life Urban was in perpetual strife. He quarrelled with Charles, his own King of Naples, who refused to carry out the engagements he had contracted. Urban insisted that Charles should keep faith with him, but Charles resolutely refused to

have been among the most wicked and detestable of mankind. Subsequent to his marriage, this cruel miscreant, Buttillo, was with the Pope at Perugia, where he surreptitiously obtained entrance into the house of a noble lady for whom he had a violent passion; but, being surprised by her brothers, they flogged him severely, and then kicked him out. The good, sympathetic Pope was so shocked and offended at such an outrage having been committed on his nephew, and which the Perugians warmly justified and applauded, that he shook off the dust of his feet, and departed from the city.

Shortly after the death of Urban, his detested nephew was deprived of all his ill-gotten property, and on his way to Venice by sea with his mother, wife, children, and all the other members of his family, was shipwrecked, and all were drowned.

* With the queen also surrendered the two princesses, her nieces, sisters to the wife of Charles, but, notwithstanding her entreaties, he cruelly treated them; fearing a diversion might be made in their favour, he shut them up in a prison, where they soon died.

Two cardinals of Clement's creation were also made prisoners at the same time, and Charles handed them over to Urban, who had them barbarously tortured during a long imprisonment, and then inhumanly put to death.

With respect to the manner of Queen Joan's death, Niem, the pope's secretary, says she was strangled while praying in her chapel, while other accounts represent her as having been smothered in bed.

alienate one-third of his kingdom to enrich the Pope's profligate nephew. Thus Charles and Urban became involved in war.

Thwarted in his ambitious designs, Urban became morose, suspicious, and mercilessly cruel. His rage at times, when opposed, bordered on the blind violence of insanity. Suspicious that some of his cardinals contemplated deposing him, he held a consistory in his nephew's castle of Nocera, declared he had discovered a horrid conspiracy against his life, and ordered his nephew to take six cardinals he named, with the Bishop of Aquila, into custody. They were "the most learned, and of best repute," but they were loaded with irons, and thrust into narrow fetid dungeons, so confined that they could neither stand up nor lie down at full length.

Urban subjected his miserable victims to the cruellest tortures. He had them stretched on the rack day after day, under the superintendence of his brutal nephew, who, as they writhed and shrieked in horrible suffering, manifested the greatest delight, and mocked their agonies. At last, unable to longer endure such terrible anguish, in the hope of obtaining relief, they confessed that all the charges against them were true; they were then cast into loathsome cells, crawling with reptiles, and detained there for some months, until Urban had himself to fly from the castle, to escape captivity. He would not, however, relinquish his hold on his victims, but managed to carry them with him. During the flight to the sea-coast, the Bishop of Aquila, whose limbs had been disjoined on the rack, being unable to keep up with the party, Urban ordered him to be murdered, and left his body to rot on the road-side. Urban made good his escape, and finally

reached Genoa in September, 1385.—*De Niem*, c. 50-51.

After remaining nearly a year at Genoa, Urban became so unpopular, that he considered it no longer prudent to remain in that city; but, previous to taking his departure, it is said that he had all his cardinal prisoners put to death; but "there is a strange disagreement among authors," as Bower remarks, "with respect to the manner of their death." According to *De Niem*, it was reported that five of them were tied up in sacks, and thrown into the sea, or strangled in prison, or beheaded; and that their bodies were privately conveyed from prison to the Pope's stables, where they were cast into a large hole, and consumed with quick-lime.—*De Niem*, c. lx.

Baluzius, who lived at that time, and wrote the *Life of Clement*, says "that the unhappy prelates were either thrown into the sea and drowned, or buried alive or beheaded, being first buried in the ground up to the chin." P. Grannone, in his *Civil History of Naples*, says that Urban caused the heads of two of the cardinals to be struck off; their bodies dried in ovens and reduced to powder, which he had put in bags and carried with their red hats on mules before him wherever he went, with a view to inspire terror and deter others from conspiring against him. But the time and mode of the death of the cardinals remain a mystery—the one thing certain is, that Urban had them cruelly tortured, and imprisoned, until they finally disappeared—the *how* remaining a historical puzzle to the present day.

After committing these barbarous cruelties, Urban left Genoa, where "the inhabitants treated him with cold disrespect, and the magistrates had seized and punished some of

the satellites of his cruelties.* The remainder of his days he spent principally in Rome; and, being in desperate straits for money, he reduced the jubilee from every fiftieth to every thirty-third year, not only for the purpose of recruiting his own finances, but to conciliate the citizens of Rome, with whom he was very far from popular.

But, as De Niem observes, Urban sowed for another to reap. He did not live to the jubilee year, 1390, but died an unhappy death, October 15, 1389, it is said by poison, as his body swelled, without, it is alleged, having received the sacraments of the Church, though his fatal illness had lasted twenty-two days. "None were found," says Trithemius, "who grieved at his death except his creatures and relations." "Charity," observes Milman, "might almost admit for the manners and acts of this pontiff the excuse of insanity; but whether more than the insanity of ungoverned passions, pride, ambition, cruelty, and blind nepotism, must be left to wiser judgment than that of man."

On the death of Urban, it was hoped that the *Schism* would be brought to an end by all the cardinals concurring in allegiance to Clement as Pope; but the Italian cardinals created by Urban consulted their own assumed interests rather than the peace of the Church, and on the 2nd of November, 1389, hurriedly elected as Pope one of their own body, who was immedi-

ately enthroned, and took the name of Boniface IX.

Thus was the *Great Schism* continued, and manifold were the evils the rivalries of the Popes caused in Europe. The whole Western Church sunk into the grossest corruption. "Schism," observes Milman "when it was a stern, acknowledged duty to hate, punish, exterminate schismatics, could not but produce persecution, and victims of persecution. Everywhere might be found divisions, spoliations, even bloodshed; ejected and usurping clergy, dispossessed and intrusive abbots and bishops, feuds, battles for churches and monasteries. Among all other causes of discord arose this the most discordant; to the demoralizing and unchristian tendencies of the times was added a question on which the best might differ, which to the bad would be an excuse for every act of violence, fraud, or rapacity."

Boniface commenced his pontificate by reaping the rich reward of Urban's jubilee year. Vast numbers undertook the pilgrimage to Rome, notwithstanding the dangers of the journey, exposed as they were to be attacked and plundered by the partisans of Clement, as well as by organized bandits, who despoiled and murdered indiscriminately. Thus great numbers were put to death, and multitudes who carried with them much treasure, not only for personal expenses but for the purchase of spiritual benefits, were robbed and left destitute. Great suffering spread among

* True to the spirit of papal policy, Urban was quite ready to pardon the most atrocious crimes when well paid for doing so. While he resided in Genoa, a member of the powerful and wealthy family of the Visconti, Gian Galeazzo, desired to make away with his uncle Bernabo. By the basest treachery he got possession of his person, and had him murdered by poison.

Vastly enriched by this atrocity, with boundless wealth and power at command, Gian found no difficulty in propitiating the merciful Urban! He obtained absolution, but, of course, paid heavily for it.—*De Niem*, c. lvi.

the impoverished pilgrims, and a plague broke out in Rome. Boniface, whose overwhelming passion was an insatiable avarice, dare not leave the city, fearing his authority would be undermined, and that he would lose his share of the rich oblations superstition was bestowing on its favourite shrines. His rapacity was so great, that it is alleged he refused to render any assistance to the plundered, helpless pilgrims, thousands of whom fell victims to starvation and plague.—*De Niem*, ii. 28.

When the jubilee year, 1390, was over, Boniface, not satisfied with the great treasure he had acquired, sent his emissaries into all the countries that acknowledged him as Pope, with full powers to grant the plenary indulgence and spiritual benefits of the jubilee to all persons indiscriminately, who had been, from sickness or other sufficient cause, unable to visit Rome. By such means immense sums were collected. "This absolution extended to every sort of offence, and appears not to have been preceded even by the ordinary formalities of confession or penance—it was purely and undisguisedly venal. The necessary consequences of this measure were sufficiently demoralizing; but the evil was multiplied by the impositions of certain mendicants and others, who traversed the country with forged indulgences, which they bartered for private profit,"—*Wadd.*, *Hist. of the Church*, vol. i. p. 518.

It is alleged that the collectors employed by Boniface abused their powers to such an extent as to absolve for ready money all who came to them. No criminal was too abandoned, no profligate too vile,

no sinner too great or unrepentant to be turned away—dispensations of absolving grace were bountifully bestowed on all who paid the price demanded, no one was refused but those who could not pay!

Thus, say the chroniclers of those times, the setting up of the most sacred things to public sale left none unabsolved, of what crimes soever guilty, but such as wanted money to purchase absolution (*Gob. Persona*, c. lxxxviii). They remitted all sins to every one at a fixed price without repentance, satisfaction, or restitution, as if money alone were a sufficient atonement for the most enormous crimes.—*De Niem*, c. lxviii.

The mode of proceeding adopted by these indulgence-mongers was, on their arrival in any town or city, to hang a large flag out of the window of their lodging, with the arms of the Pope and the keys of the Church emblazoned thereon. Tables were prepared in the cathedral, or other churches, by the side of the altar, covered with rich cloths, to receive the money. They then harangued the people, declaring the absolute power with which the Pope had invested them to deliver souls from purgatory, and give complete remission from sin to all who purchased. Those who exclaimed against this vile traffic in spiritual favours were excommunicated and otherwise punished wherever the civil authority enforced the decrees of the ecclesiastical.*—*Sismondi*, *Repub. Ital.* c. lxii.

Still unsatisfied with the vast amount of money he had gained by such means, Boniface absolutely sold the privilege of holding jubilees, after the manner of Rome, to the cities of Cologne and Magde-

* It is related that the collectors appropriated to their own use large sums, and on their return to Rome were tried and convicted. They were all severely punished; some imprisoned for life, and some put to death.—*De Niem*, l. ii. c. iv.

burg, with like power of granting indulgence and conferring spiritual advantages. By this rash and avaricious act, he disparaged, as Waddington observes, the supereminent sanctity of the see of St. Peter, of the tombs of the apostles, and the relics of the most renowned martyrs. He called in question the exclusiveness of that glory which was thought to encircle the throne of the Vicars of Christ! He sacrificed, that which he least intended to sacrifice, even the temporal interests, even the pecuniary profits, which were closely connected with the peculiar holiness ascribed to the apostolic city. But his immediate greediness was gratified. His collectors were present in both cities to share the offerings of the faithful, and, when he perceived that the fatuity of superstition was not yet exhausted, he extended the sale of licenses to hold jubilees to several insignificant places, until, as Fleury testifies, indulgences were so prodigally disposed of by the Pope, that he refused them to no one who paid his price; the effect of which was that they came to be regarded with contempt.

Meantime the evils caused by the *Schism* became daily more intolerable. The rival Popes subsisted by plundering the nations and churches that adhered to them; for they had not only to maintain their own state, but to reward their own partisans. Ecclesiastical discipline became relaxed to a most scandalous extent, and the desire for the re-establishment of union and tranquillity spread among all classes. In 1393, the University of Paris presented proposals to the king for terminating the *Schism*. Three ways were pointed out by which this desirable end could be attained—by the rival Popes submitting their claims to arbitration, and abiding the result; by the resignation of both Popes, and a

new election; or by the assembling of a general council of the Church.

Both Popes professed a most earnest desire to make any personal sacrifice in the interests of the Church, but neither had the slightest intention of giving way. Boniface vehemently protested his ready submission to whatever the princes and learned authorities might deem best to be done, but was thoroughly insincere. Clement was equally perfidious and obstinately selfish. When he was informed of the proposals of the University of Paris, and urged to give his consent to them, as the evils of the *Schism* had reached such a height that some persons had commenced to advocate a *plurality of Popes*, maintaining that one should be elected for every kingdom, he started from his seat in a great rage, and exclaimed that "the letters were poisoned, and tended to bring the Holy See into contempt." He was so violently affected, that he had an apoplectic attack, which terminated fatally in two days at Avignon, September, 1394.

The cardinals who adhered to Clement, twenty-one in number, in order to maintain their own position, determined to elect a successor at once; but, with a view of manifesting a desire to end the *Schism*, they solemnly took an oath to embrace, without fraud or deceit, whatever means for effecting that object the majority of the Sacred College might deem most expedient. They then elected one of their own body, who took the name of Benedict XIII., and he was acknowledged by France, and all the countries that had adhered to his predecessor, because it was believed, from the oath he had taken, that he was truly desirous of healing the *Schism*.

In negotiations were : 1
mence.

to procure peace for the Church; but, both Popes proving utterly insincere in their professions, the king, after prolonged forbearance, summoned a grand council in May, 1398, to deliberate on the best means of compelling both to resign. It was unanimously resolved that both should resign; and then it was proposed that, if Benedict did not consent, no further obedience should be paid to him as Pope. This point was debated for nine days, and finally carried by a majority of 240 to 60, and the Emperor of Germany, Wenceslaus, approved of it.

A commission was then sent to Avignon to communicate the proceedings of the Council to Benedict, whose answer at first was, "Let the King of France issue what ordinances he pleases, I will hold my title and my popedom till I die." Urgently entreated by the Cardinal of Amiens to yield to an inevitable necessity, he declared, "I have been invested by God in his papacy, and I will not renounce it for count, or duke, or king."

At last a final answer was demanded, and although nearly all the cardinals clamorously urged his submission, Benedict, as obdurate as ever, exclaimed, "Pope I have written myself; Pope I have been acknowledged by all my subjects; Pope I will remain to the end of my days. And tell my son, the King of France, that I had thought him till now a good Catholic: he will repent of his errors. Warn him in my name not to bring trouble on his conscience."

All attempts to bring Benedict to reason having failed, the King of France ordered Marshal Boucicaut

to capture the city of Avignon and take him prisoner. The citizens became alarmed, and surrendered at the first summons; but Benedict, having laid in a large store of provisions, shut himself up in his well-fortified palace, determined on a resolute defence. All the cardinals but two deserted Benedict, and made terms by submission to the King of France, securing their own interests.

At last Benedict was forced to yield; an accidental fire broke out in the palace, and consumed some provisions and all the stock of fuel that had been stored; and as a close blockade was maintained, and no hope of rescue offered, there was no alternative but starvation or submission.* He surrendered, and promised complete compliance with the king's wishes, even to resigning the Popedom, if his rival, Boniface, would do so likewise. But the king, well knowing his deep dissimulation, and that no faith could be reposed in his promises or oaths, ordered that he should remain in strict custody in his own palace at Avignon, the cardinals and citizens pledging themselves to maintain a strict guard over him. He was thus confined as a prisoner for five years, until, in 1403, he contrived to escape, and found refuge in Marseilles.

After a time Benedict, by his consummate craft, succeeded in again imposing on the King of France, and inducing him, by the ardour of his protestations, to believe in the sincerity of his professions. A reconciliation took place, and Benedict carried his duplicity so far as to send an embassy to his rival at Rome to treat for a termination of the *Schism*. But Boniface was fully

* Benedict, who was a Spaniard, had great hopes that the King of Arragon, who was related to him by marriage, would effect his rescue. To secure his support, he offered to abandon Avignon and make Barcelona or Perpignan the seat of the papacy, but the king replied, "Does the priest think that for him I will plunge into a war with the King of France?"

ambitious and as obdurately self-
as Benedict, as impervious in
sition and as crafty in dissem-
. He refused to receive the
assadors unless in his capacity
ope, and, they having conceded
oint, he gave them a reception
l Consistory; but all their ar-
nts to induce him to concur in
e conference to discuss and
the rival claims he scornfully
ed, exclaiming,—“I alone am
Peter di Luna an Antipope!”
e Bishop of Paris, one of the
assadors, irritated by such an
nt reply, at once rejoined,
ur master, at least, is guiltless
nony;” thus implying the re-
in his case. This insult so
ed Boniface, for its stinging
ity was in its perfect applica-
and truth, that he commanded
mbassadors to leave Rome in-
y, but they refused, and, hav-
afe conduct from him and the
in civil authorities for a certain
would not depart till it ex-

Infuriated by this opposi-
o his imperious will, he gave
to such paroxysms of passion
labouring as he was under a
lication of severe diseases, he
seriously ill and died in two
1st of October, 1404.*

cardinals after having taken
th similar to that sworn by the
als who elected Benedict—
they would be bound by the
on of the majority of the Col-
f Cardinals in adopting means
an end to the *schism*—elected
cessor to Boniface, who took

the title of Innocent VII. Like
all the rival Popes, he professed a
desire for union and peace, but was
utterly insincere. His pontificate was
brief but turbulent. He lavished
great wealth on his relatives, pre-
ferring them, no matter how un-
worthy, to the highest and most
lucrative offices. He embroiled
himself with the Romans, who rose
against him. He had to fly the
city, and, after an inglorious reign
of two years, died suddenly on the
6th of November, 1406. A suc-
cessor was elected without delay,
who took the name of Gregory XII.

To gain credit for a desire to heal
the wounds of the Church, Gregory
wrote to Benedict, declaring he was
ready to sacrifice even his own dig-
nity to effect a union, and terminate
a deplorable *schism*. He directed
his letter thus: “Gregory, servant
of the servants of God, to Peter di
Luna, whom some nations call in
this deplorable schism Benedict
XIII., wishing him the love of
peace and unity.”

The address of Benedict in reply
was—“Benedict, Bishop, servant
of the servants of God, to Angelus,
called Cararius, whom some adher-
ing to him in this pernicious schism,
style Gregory, wishing him the love
and effects of true peace and unity.”
(*Raynald.*, ann. 1407, Nos. 1 and 2.)
But this was all hollow, outward
pretence and show, for both were
equally averse to the termination
of a strife which could only be ef-
fected by sacrifices that neither
were seriously inclined to make.

boniface organized *simony* into a system, and far exceeded all his predecessors by
quitous extent to which he carried it. He bestowed, says De Niem, all Church pre-
s on the best bidder, without any regard to merit or learning, making it his study
his relations. One brother he made a marquis, another a duke, and enriched
the spoliation of the Church, but after his death they fell into great poverty.
398 his avaricious relatives and the Romans thought he was sincere in his professed
to put an end to the *schism*, and that he was conceding too much. They sent a
ion to entreat him not to abandon them, but to maintain his rights as true Pope,
y would hazard their lives in his defence; he replied, “My good children, Pope I
pe will I remain, despite all treaties between the Kings of France and Germany.”

The cardinals who adhered to Gregory, convinced of his duplicity, strenuously urged him to remember the obligations of his oath, and agree to a free conference for the restoration of union. But Gregory was deaf to all such solicitations, and, finding the cardinals not inclined to yield him unscrupulous obedience, he summoned them to a Consistory, and, in direct violation of his oath and of a pledge given not to increase the cardinalate, and despite the remonstrances of the cardinals, who refused to take any part in the ceremony or even to be present, he conferred the red hat on four partisans of his own. This perfidious conduct completely alienated the old cardinals from Gregory; they deserted him, retired to Pisa, and published a manifesto in their own justification.

Thus all efforts to effect an agreement between the rival Popes fell through, because they were both utterly insincere and false in their professions. Leonardo, of Arrizio, who was then at Rome, writing to a friend who had left the Papal court and retired to Naples, says:—"How shocking to see two men, both at the age of seventy and upwards, sacrificing their reputation, their conscience, and the peace of the Church to their ambition, to the desire of reigning but a few days!" Christendom might, indeed, well regard with indignation the miserable game of chicanery, stratagem, falsehood, and perjury, played by these pretenders to a divine vicariate and infallibility!

Thoroughly convinced of the deep duplicity of Benedict, the King of France finally abandoned him, and renounced, with his whole kingdom, all obedience to him as Pope. He also, with the approbation of his Council, resolved to acknowledge the pretenders to the Papal throne while the schism lasted, having received timely

warning that the king had ordered his arrest, fled into Spain.

His cardinals, instead of attempting to follow Benedict, resolved to abandon him, and join the cardinals of Gregory who were at Pisa. The fusion of the two parties gave great satisfaction, and, after grave deliberation, it was finally agreed to call upon both Popes to resign, and that a general council should assemble at Pisa to heal the schism and re-establish union.

This resolution was immediately communicated to all princes and bishops, and was highly approved of, especially by those of England and France. The cardinals then invited both Popes to appear personally, or by deputy, before the Council, declaring that, in case of refusal, they would proceed against them according to the Canons.

The Council of Pisa assembled in the cathedral church of that city, and was formally opened on the 25th of March, 1409. There were present during its sittings 22 cardinals, 150 archbishops and bishops, 300 abbots, 282 doctors of divinity, the three Latin patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem—in all 787 ecclesiastics, the *élite* of the Christian churches, besides ambassadors from the Kings of France, England, Portugal, Bohemia, Poland, Sicily, Cyprus, and from several other sovereign princes.

Such was the composition of "the most august assembly," as Milman observes, "which for centuries had assumed the functions of a representative senate of Christendom." The Kings of Spain were not represented, as they still clung to Benedict, to whom also the Kings of Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Scotland, owed a nominal allegiance. Rupert of Bavaria, Count Palatine of the Rhine, who claimed to be Emperor

of Germany, alone of all the sovereign princes of Europe, disputed the legality of the Council, and adhered to Gregory in the hope of obtaining the Empire by his aid.

On the 26th of March, the rival Popes, Benedict and Gregory, were summoned by proclamation at the gates of the cathedral to appear, and no one answering for them, a similar proclamation having been made on the three following days with the like result, they were on the 30th, by the unanimous voice of the Council, pronounced in contumacy.

No further step was taken until the 24th of April, when the Popes, still not appearing in person, or by representatives, they were solemnly arraigned, as guilty of the most odious and contemptible conduct—falsehood, perjury, obstinate adherence to fatal and damnable schism.

The advocate Fiscal concluded the reading of a long report on the origin and progress of the schism with the following proposition:—"Seeing that the contending prelates had been duly cited, and, not appearing, declared contumacious; they were deprived of their pontifical dignity, and their partisans of their honours, offices, and benefices; if they contravened this sentence of deposition, they might be punished and chastised by secular judges; all kings, princes, and persons of every rank or quality, were absolved from their oaths, and relieved from allegiance, to the two rival claimants of the Popedom."

It was not until the 5th of the following June that the final sentence of deposition was solemnly pronounced against the rival Popes. It was read by the Latin patriarchs of Alexandria:—"The Holy universal Council, representing the Catholic Church of God, to whom belongs the judgment in this cause, assembled by the grace of the Holy

Ghost in the Cathedral of Pisa, having duly heard the promoters of the cause of the anticipation of the detestable and inveterate schism, and the union and establishment of our Holy Mother Church, against Peter di Luna, and Angelo Coraria, called by some Benedict, XIII. and Gregory XII., declares the crimes and excesses adduced before the Council to be true and of public fame."

"The two competitors, Peter di Luna and Angelo Corario, have been and are notorious schismatics, obstinate partisans, abettors, defenders, approvers of this long schism; notorious heretics, as having departed from the faith; involved in the crimes of perjury and breach of their oaths; openly scandalizing the Church by their manifest obstinacy, and utterly incorrigible; by their enormous iniquities and excesses they have made themselves unworthy of all honour and dignity, especially of the supreme pontificate; and though by the canons they are, *ipso facto*, rejected of God, deprived and cut off from the Church, nevertheless the Church, by this sentence, deprives, rejects, and cuts them off, prohibiting both and each from assuming any longer the sovereign pontificate, declaring for further security the Papacy to be vacant, and the cardinals at liberty to proceed to a new election." The sentence then proceeds to free all persons from allegiance and obligations to the deposed Popes, annuls their proceedings, and excommunicates all who harbour them. *De Niem*, c. xlv.; *L'Enfant*, p. 273.

Such, observes Milman, "was the first solemn, deliberate, authoritative act by which a general council assumed a power superior to the Papacy, which broke the long tradition of the indefeasible, irresponsible autocracy of the Pope throughout Christendom. It as-

sumed a dictatorial right in a representative body of the Church, to sit, as a judicial tribunal, with cognizance of the title by which Papal authority was exercised, of offences committed by prelates claiming to be Popes, and to pronounce in the last instance on the validity of their acts." This right was carried out to its fullest extent, as we shall see, by the Council of Constance.

The Council having adjourned, to allow the cardinals to elect a Pope, their choice fell, after remaining in conclave for eleven days, on the Cardinal of Milan; who took the name Alexander V. He was a man of obscure birth, and never knew, as he declared, father, mother, brother, sister, or any relative. Thus he rose superior to the two vices—avarice and nepotism—which had exposed the conduct and memory of most of his predecessors to great obloquy and deserved condemnation.*

Alexander confirmed, as Pope, all the proceedings of the Council of Pisa; declared null and void all sentences pronounced by the deposed Popes, and, it having been decreed that another general council should assemble in three years, to follow up the work of reforma-

tion so happily begun, the Council was dissolved.

Thus the Western Church had now in effect, *three heads*!—three infallibilities! Gregory was still acknowledged by the King of Naples, by several cities in Italy, and by Rupert of Bavaria, who aspired to the Empire.

Benedict was obeyed, as true and lawful Pope, by the Kings of Arragon, of Castile, of Scotland, and a few princes of no great note.

Alexander, on the contrary, had all the other sovereigns, princes, and free cities of Europe in his favour, and if the number of adherents was sufficient to decide between the spurious and the real, he, undoubtedly, was true and lawful Pope. He died, however, at Bologna when he had only reigned a few days more than ten months.†

His successor, Balthasar Cosca, a Neapolitan by birth, had been a pirate in his youth. He was a man of most infamous character. It is alleged that he obtained his election by force, some say by bribery, others by trickery. He took the name of John XXIII., and is, as Milman remarks, "another of those Popes, the record of whose life, by its contradictions, moral

* Alexander had led a blameless life. He was studious and without reproach. But he was attached to the Mendicant Order of Friars, and being of a weak, yielding disposition, was induced to declare null and void the bull of the infallible Pope John XXII.

In his bull published a few months after his election, he conferred on the Friar Preachers, Friar Minor, the Augustinians, and the Carmelites, full and uncontrolled power of hearing confession and granting absolution in every part of Christendom, totally independent of all episcopal authority.

This bull gave great offence. It reopened a bitter controversy between the Dominicans and Franciscans, the secular and regulars. Besides it reversed the decision of an infallible Pope as he had reversed others before him, and was thus a cause of great scandal.

• The University of Paris refused obedience to Alexander's bull, expelled all Mendicants, and prohibited their preaching in Paris. At last the king interfered, and ordered priests and curates not to permit the Franciscans or Augustinians to preach or hear confessions in their churches.

† Rome, by placing Alexander V. in its calendar as a legitimate Pope, has not only adopted all his acts, but those also of the Council of Pim, which he approved of and confirmed. Hence Rome, while thus inferentially admitting that the Pope is amenable to a general council of the Church, acts in quite a contrary spirit, for it is utterly impossible to reconcile the Vatican Decree of 1870 with the principles acted on by the Council of Pim.

anomalies, almost impossibilities, perplexes and baffles the just and candid historian. That such, even in these times, should be the life even of an Italian churchman, and that, after such life, he should ascend to the Papacy, shocks belief." After he had abandoned piracy, he still retained his piratical habits, and rose in Papal favour by the practice of the most nefarious arts. Boniface IX. found in him one of the most dexterous and unscrupulous agents for feeding his insatiable avarice. He was the most daring and skilful trafficker in preferments.

Boniface rewarded his services by raising him to the cardinalate, and appointed him legate to recover the city of Bologna from the Vicenti. Having obtained permission of the city, his rule is represented as horrible and merciless, beyond belief. His frightful debaucheries were only surpassed by his fearful extortions and remorseless cruelties. Multitudes of both sexes were daily put to death, on various charges. His licentiousness spared no rank or profession. Some two hundred maids, wives, widows, and nuns, are enumerated among his victims. Such are the crimes ascribed to this monster, by his two secretaries, Theodoric De Niem and Leonardo Aretino, confirmed by contemporary authorities, proved before the Council of Constance, as we shall see, and in great

part admitted as true by John himself!

John led a very turbulent life in Italy, alternately at peace and war with the King of Naples; sometimes residing in Rome, and then flying from the city before the victorious arms of his enemies, until he was called upon to attend the general council of the Church summoned to meet in the city of Constance. It was a fatal moment for John when he was prevailed on by the Emperor Sigismund to attend that Council. The emperor aspired to restore the peace of the Church, and, with the reluctant concurrence of John, he selected the city of Constance as the most convenient in which to assemble the Council, and named the 1st of Nov. 1414, as the day when it should meet.

The emperor then published an edict, informing all Christian nations of the time, place, and purpose of the meeting, promising to all who attended safe conduct and protection, without exception, in coming, staying, and returning—a promise that was foully broken in the cases of Huss and Jerome.

John had no sooner committed himself to the assembling of the Council than he repented; but it was too late to recede. He officiated at the opening, in the presence of a vast assemblage, that was unequalled for learning, rank, power, and influence by any previous Council*.

* The Council was composed of the following:—30 cardinals, 4 Latin patriarchs, 33 archbishops, about 150 bishops, 134 abbots, 250 doctors of divinity, of civil and canon law, 125 provosts, and other superiors. Many sovereign princes attended. The free cities sent deputies, and, including ecclesiastics of every degree, the lay element represented, with all their followers, there were not less than 18,000 in attendance on the Council.

The Council continued sitting for three years and a half; during which time, on ordinary occasions, the average number of strangers in the city was 50,000, which increased to 100,000 at certain periods. Stalls were provided by the city for 30,000 horses, with adequate provender, and also 30,000 beds for strangers.

The garrison, all the time, never consisted of more than 2,000 men; but so admirable were the arrangements, that no disturbances took place, and provisions were always plentiful and moderate in price.

It is a pity this Council covered itself with eternal infamy, by its perfidious and barbarous murdering of Huss and Jerome.

The antipopes sent deputies; but, as they were not provided with full powers, they were summarily dismissed.

It soon began to be rumoured that Pope John should place his resignation at the disposal of the Council. What was at first a low, whipered murmur soon became a great clamour, and John found the ground slipping from under him. All his bribes, promises, threats, could not keep his partisans together. They fell off daily. At last, his free abdication, as a generous sacrifice for the peace of the Church, was urged on him. The stronger his claims to be recognized as lawful Pope, said the Cardinal d'Ailly,—“The Universal Church, represented by a general council, has full power to depose even a lawful pontiff of blameless character, if it be necessary for the welfare of the Church.”—*L'Enfant*, i. p. 105.

At last John was fairly meshed in the toils of his own deceit. He was openly called on to abdicate. There was no escape, and he strove to make a merit of necessity. To the surprise of the Council, he accepted the form of resignation drawn up for him. “I, Pope John XXIII., for the peace of the whole Christian world, declare, promise, vow, and swear to God, to his Holy Church, and to this Holy Council, to give peace to the Church by the way of cession or resignation of the pontificate, and to execute freely and spontaneously what I now promise, in case Peter di Luna, and Angelo Corario, called in their obediences Benedict XIII. and Gregory XII., in like manner resign their pretended dignity; and

also in case either of resignation, of death, or otherwise, when my resignation may give peace to the Church of God, and extirpate the present schism.”

This form John read the next day in full Council, and at the words, *I vow and swear*, he rose from his seat, kneeled before the altar, and, laying his hand on his breast, said, *I promise thus to observe it*; then sitting down, ended the reading with a repetition of the same promise. The emperor was so overjoyed that, laying down his crown, he prostrated himself before John, kissed his foot, and in the name of the whole Council thanked him for his great sacrifice, and all engaged to support him against the antipopes, should they not follow his good example.

How shocking to know that all this vowing, and swearing, and kneeling before the altar, however melo-dramatic, was nothing but mere acting! Insincerity rankled in the heart of John. His thoughts were bent on escape; and the Council soon began to suspect that he never intended to observe what he had so solemnly promised, sworn, and vowed.

Meantime a memorial of a very fearful character was presented to the Council against John. It embodied a long list of the most atrocious crimes, to substantiate which an abundance of unexceptionable evidence was ready to be produced. To prevent such an inquiry into his past life, and as most of the accusations against him were notoriously true, John proposed to his friends to *plead guilty* before the Council, relying on the generally received maxim that *a Pope could not be deposed for any crime except that of heresy*; but he was dissuaded from so desperate a course.*

Before any action was taken on

* How is it possible for an infallible Pope to be guilty of heresy? The supposition is an

this memorial, John, having secured the assistance of the Duke of Austria, escaped from Constance in the disguise of a groom. The flight of the Pope at first perplexed the Council, and some thought the sittings could not be continued in his absence; but the emperor determined to uphold the authority of the Council, and the Cardinal of Florence proposed the following decisive article: "That the present Council lawfully assembled in the city of Constance, and representing the whole Church militant, holds its power immediately of Jesus Christ; and all persons of whatsoever state or dignity—the *Papal not excepted*—are bound to obey it in what concerns the Faith, the extirpation of the schism, and the reformation of the Church in its head and members."

Thus, we have clearly defined the supreme authority of a general council of the Church over the pretensions of the Papacy in all matters, even *faith* included. This Council is admitted as genuine orthodox by Rome; and surely what was true then, should be equally true now? Then the Council was superior to the Pope; now, the Vatican Decree of 1870 exalts the Pope as supreme lord over the whole universe—for the pretensions put forth just amount to that, which, indeed, is no new thing.

After several attempts made to negotiate Pope John's return to Constance, and his flight from place to place, he was finally captured,

and placed in close confinement. The accusations—seventy in all—against him were then taken into consideration by the Council. About twenty of the imputed crimes appeared too scandalous and too shocking to be publicly inquired into; they were suppressed for the honour of the Apostolic See, and fifty only were entertained.*

In all truth, the articles exhibited in Council against John were so atrociously bad as to need no exaggeration from his worst enemy. They had reference to his notorious simony, his tyrannical cruelty, his amassing immense wealth by the sale of benefices, bishoprics, indulgences, and everything that was sacred, and also by publicly selling and mortgaging the lands and estates of the Roman and other Churches. Then his conduct when Legate of Bologna was brought under review, disclosing a series of crimes perfectly appalling. His tyranny, extortions, and oppression of all under him, especially the poor, we are told, would scarce be credited had they not been attested and sworn to—as, indeed, were all the other accusations—by the most unexceptionable witnesses, by cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and two of John's own secretaries.

This terrible memorial—the more terrible when we consider it was presented against an infallible vicerent of Christ—concluded in these words: "He (Pope John) is universally looked upon, as will

absurdity. We know, beyond doubt or controversy, that Popes have been denounced by Popes as heretics; what, then, becomes of Infallibility?

* The suppressed articles are given in full by Von der Hardt, and may be briefly summarized as affirming that he, Pope John, had been of a wicked disposition from his childhood, lewd, dissolute, a liar, disobedient to his father and mother, and addicted to almost every vice; that he had raised himself to the pontificate by causing his predecessor to be poisoned; that he had committed fornication with maids, adultery with wives, incest with his brother's wife, and with nuns (in some MSS. with 300), and had been guilty of those abominations that drew down the indignation of Heaven upon the children of rebellion; that he had agreed to sell the head of St. John the Baptist to the Florentines for 50,000 ducats; and that he had maintained there is no life after this—that the soul dies with the body.—*Von der Hardt*, l. 4, p. 230.]

be found on the slightest inquiry, as a sink of vice, the enemy of all virtue, the mirror of infamy, and all who know him speak of him as a devil incarnate!"

Such is the character given of an infallible Pope at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and that too by a Roman Catholic authority. There was then no Protestant heresy, and it must always be kept in mind that, prior to the Reformation, we see Roman Catholicism as it is presented to us by Romanist writers; while even subsequent to the Reformation we must number Roman Catholics among the most reliable authorities in exposing the corruptions of the Papacy.

Pope John, a prisoner, distrusted and helpless, was formally arraigned before the Council, and, in the first instance, a sentence of suspension was pronounced against him on the 25th of May, 1414. The sentence sets forth, "that our Lord Pope John XXIII. has, ever since his promotion to the Papacy, ill-administered that office; that by his damnable life and execrable manners, he has set a bad example to the people; that he has, with the most notorious simony, disposed of cathedral churches, monasteries, priories, and other ecclesiastical benefices; and that, being charitably admonished to desist from such practices, and reform his life, he has persevered, and still perseveres, in his wicked courses, notoriously scandalizing the Church of God; for these reasons we pronounce, decree, and declare, by this our present sentence, that the said Lord Pope John ought to be suspended from all administration in spirituals as well as in temporals, belonging to him as Pope, and we declare him accordingly actually

suspended for his notorious simony and wicked life."—*Bower's Hist. of Popes*, vol. vii. p. 167.

John lost all heart, his piratical spirit was cowed. Utterly downcast and humiliated, when this sentence was communicated to him, he professed to accept it submissively, or any other sentence the Council should pronounce, because he knew the Council could not err! At the same time, however, he wrote an earnest letter to the emperor, reminding him how he had exerted his influence to get him elected King of the Romans, and of the many proofs he had given of his zeal for his interests, and entreated him to interpose in his favour with the Council, and, should he be deposed, to obtain for him a sufficient provision in safety for the remainder of his days. This was very abject, but, as Milman observes, John's whole conduct in dealing with the Council "was that of timidity, vacillation, and tergiversation."

On the 29th of May, the Council having taken John's answer into consideration, resolved to depose him, and forthwith passed the following sentence:—

"The General Council of Constance having invoked the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and examined, in the fear of God, the articles exhibited and proved against John XXIII., and his voluntary submission to the proceedings of the Council, does pronounce, decree, and declare by the present sentence, that the nocturnal escape of the said John XXIII. in disguise, and in an indecent habit,* was scandalous; that it was prejudicial to the unity of the Church, and contrary to his vows and oaths; that the same John XXIII. is a notorious simonist; that he has wasted and squandered away the revenues of the Roman Church and other churches; that he has been

* The present Pope escaped from Rome in November, 1546, disguised in a similar habit.

guilty in the highest degree of mal-administration both in spirituals and temporals; that by his detestable behaviour he has given offence to the whole Christian people; that by persevering in so scandalous a conduct to the last, in spite of repeated admonitions, he has shown himself incorrigible; that as such, and for other crimes set forth in his process, the Council does declare him deposed, and absolutely deprived of the pontificate, absolves all Christians from their oath of allegiance to him, and forbids them for the future to own him for Pope or name him as such."—*Bower*, vol. vii. p. 169.

The sentence concluded by committing him to the custody of the emperor, and having been unanimously approved of, the Council ordered the seals of Balthasar Cossa, no longer "our Lord Pope John," presented to them by the Archbishop of Riga, to be broken. John received this sentence with expressions of great contrition for his past conduct, approved and confirmed it, as if that were necessary, and swore he should never act contrary to it. This vow he kept, for he never had an opportunity of breaking it. He was confined in the castle of Heidelberg, where he had the illustrious martyr John Huss, for a fellow-prisoner. Here he remained for four years, when by some means he obtained his liberty, and sought the protection of the reigning pontiff Martin V., by whom he was favoured, but died shortly afterwards at Florence, on the 20th of December, 1419, some say of gout, others of poison.

"Our Lord Pope John" having been deposed, the Council resolved to proceed against Gregory and Benedict. As the Council had been convened by John, and as some doubted whether its acts would be valid while the Church remained without a visible head, terms were made with Gregory, in accordance with which he was to be acknow-

ledged Pope, for the purpose of convoking the fourteenth session of the Council and confirming all its previous proceedings. This was done, and he then resigned the pontificate in July, 1415, received "the kiss of peace" from the cardinals, had the honours and emoluments of the cardinalate continued to him, till his death in 1417.

Benedict was now the only remaining Pope, but he would make no terms with the Council. He claimed their complete submission to him as lawful Pope. He was summoned to appear before the Council. Two monks, the habit of whose order was black, conveyed the summons to him. On being introduced, Benedict said: "Let us hear the ravens of the Council," when one of them replied: "No wonder that ravens should flock to a carcass."

Benedict, however, obstinately refused to make any concessions. He was therefore finally adjudged, and deposed 26th July, 1417, as a disturber of the peace of the Church, an abettor of schism, notoriously guilty of perjury, a manifest, obstinate, incorrigible heretic. In a better cause the firmness displayed by Benedict would be worthy of admiration. He continued to reside in the castle of Peniscola, in Spain, under the protection of the King of Arragon, and acted the Pope up to his last breath. The day before his death he created four cardinals, and, it is alleged, made those present swear to elect a successor. He died on the 29th of November, 1424.

The schism was continued by Benedict's cardinals electing, with the approval of King Alfonso of Arragon, a successor who notoriously purchased their votes, and took the name of Clement VIII.; but one of the cardinals who was absent, holding the election void through simony, nominated another

who took the title of Benedict XIV.; he however soon disappeared, and it is not recorded what became of him. Clement, however, continued to reside at Peniscola, maintaining the state and exercising the functions of High Pontiff, and acknowledged as such by King Alfonso, and his clergy.

We must now revert to the Council at Constance. After Benedict had been deposed, there was no acknowledged Pope, and the Council was divided into two great parties with respect to its future proceedings. One desired to proceed with the reformation of admitted and notorious abuses, that corrupted the Church, and to postpone the election of a pontiff. The other party contended that the election of a Pope should take precedence of all other matters, because the Church could not reform itself while it remained without a visible head. After much contention the emperor, who sided with the reformation party, gave way, and it was consented that a Pope should be elected. The cardinals accordingly entered into conclave, and on the third day a member of the powerful Colonna family, of irreproachable character, obtained a large majority of votes, was declared duly elected on the 11th of November, 1417, and took the name of Martin V.

This step was fatal to the proposed reformation of the Church. The Pope did not favour reform, and the patience of the Council was exhausted in fruitless debates. At

last it proposed, as the Council had sat so long, and the members were desirous of returning to their homes, that another should assemble within the space of five years for the work of reformation; and, this being agreed to, the Council was dissolved on the 22nd of April, 1418, having assembled on the 16th of November, 1414.*

Pope Martin departed in great state for Rome, and in 1422 issued letters convening another Council, which assembled at Pavia in May, 1423, but, the plague having broken out in that city, the place of meeting was changed to Sienna. There were very few prelates present, and when it was proposed to endeavour to reunite the Greek and Latin Churches, a counter proposition was carried, that internal Church union, by reform, should take precedence of external union; and this so alarmed Martin, that, alleging as an excuse the paucity of attendance, he dissolved the Council in February, 1424, and in the same bull convened another to assemble in seven years, at Basle in Switzerland.

On the death of Benedict in Spain, we have seen that Clement VIII. was elected to succeed him. Martin appealed to the King of Arragon, to withdraw his support from an antipope, and after much strife and prolonged negotiations, terms were at last agreed on, highly favourable to the King, whose consent in fact was purchased. Clement abdicated, and with his cardinals were absolved by Martin; whom they acknowledged as true and

* When the reform party in the Council found that in consenting to elect a Pope of Martin's high character and firmness of purpose they had defeated their own policy, and given themselves a master, they were greatly incensed. They could not dictate to Martin as they had done to John, and felt they were powerless to oppose him.

They entreated the emperor to enforce needful reforms, but he bitterly replied,—"When we urged that reform should precede the election of a Pope, you scorned our judgment, and insisted on first having a Pope. Lo, you have a Pope, implore him for reform! I had some power before a Pope was chosen, now I have none."—*Gob. Perrona*, vi. p. 345.

lawful Pope. Clement obtained the bishopric of Majorca; and his supporters were all provided for.

Thus terminated, on the 26th of July, 1429, the *Great Western Schism*. It ended by the resignation of Clement VIII. on that day, having been commenced on the 20th of September, 1378, by the election of Clement VII., in opposition to Urban VI.; but which was the schismatic Pope has never been decided.

It will be observed that the two general councils, of Pisa and Constance, which were expressly assembled with a view to put an end to the schism, both guardedly refrained from offering any opinion whether Urban and his successors, or Clement and his, were canonically elected, but left that vital point undecided. The Vatican Library alone contains no fewer than thirty-two volumes on this subject, in manuscript, setting forth all the facts and arguments that have been alleged on either side;

but which of the competitors for pontifical dignity, and Christ's Vicariate, was the true Pope, and which the spurious pretender, has never been determined by the Church, and remains a puzzle to the present day. One thing alone is certain—that the boasted integrity of apostolic succession was broken, and the seamless robe of papal infallibility torn into shreds.

The great schism having ended, Martin, reigning without a rival, devoted all his energies to combining the Princes of Germany to wage a war of extermination against the Hussites of Bohemia. In furtherance of this cruel policy, he expended vast sums, but did not live to see the success of the war he so ardently promoted. He died on the 20th of February, 1431, after having, by his blind refusal to ameliorate the scandalous abuses of the Church, materially contributed to, and strengthened, the causes that brought about the great Reformation.

AL MOAKHIBAT.*

A Mohammedan Tradition.

We see them not, but—one on either hand—
Thro' the long day two silent watchers stand.

Angels, white-robed, with still and steadfast look,
And in the hand of each an open book.

Talk we of deeds so secret—none can know?
Of acts forgotten—done so long ago?

Behold, on either side the watchers stand!
Behold, the open book on either hand!

No slightest thought in action springs to light,
But one or other lifts his hand to write.

And both are great, and strong beyond belief,
But he that standeth to the right is chief.

And if an act be righteous, swiftly then,
He, the chief watcher, lifts his book and pen.

And, joying in the record, writes it more
Than once; yea, in his gladness ten times o'er.

But when the deed is evil, slowly then
The other angel lifts his book and pen.

Yet ere that evil deed be enter'd there,
The right-hand watcher speaketh low: "Forbear

" For seven hours—so this sinner may,
Repenting of his sin, for pardon pray.

" And being pardon'd, so shall he be clean,
And that deed be as tho' it had not been."

Thus as the long day wears, on either hand
With open book the mighty watchers stand.

G. P. MEADE.

* The recording Angels.

THE SENSE OF HEARING.

By J. P. PENNEFATHER,

AUTHOR OF "DEAFNESS AND EAR DISEASES, THE CAUSE AND TREATMENT," &c., &c.

It has long been an unsettled question as to whether the loss of sight or the loss of hearing is the greatest calamity. But there can be little doubt that the early loss of hearing power is of more serious import than the loss of sight, inasmuch as the faculty of speech is to a large degree dependent on the perception of sound. Up to a very late period, the child that was either born or became deaf in the early periods of life inevitably became dumb also; the case was treated as hopeless, and the one infirmity was considered an inevitable concomitant and sequence of the other; but, as knowledge and science has progressed, the erroneousness of such ideas has been demonstrated; and the deaf child who, until recently, was considered to be incapable of interchanging ideas with his fellow-beings other than by dactylology, which means communication or the art of conversing by signs with the fingers, is enabled, under proper training, to so form the mouth as to articulate in a manner little inferior to many gifted with the full power of the sense of hearing.

But though great may be the boon to a deaf child to acquire the faculty of speech, whether his life be long or short, his existence is, necessarily, one of isolation from his fellows.

The deaf, though all other things which tend to make life happy be

given to them, lose more than half the capability of life's enjoyment. They know not the delights of music which Hogg thus describes:—

"Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found or God has
given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting, mystic lay:
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love."

Again, in the words of Cowper:—

"There is in souls a sympathy with
sounds;
And as the wind is pitched, the ear
is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk
or grave,—
Some chord in unison with what we
hear
Is touched within us, and the heart
replies."

The charms of conversation and the thrilling delights of eloquence are also denied to them. That power of the human voice, which Longfellow describes as wonderful, the organ of the soul through which the soul reveals itself—for the soul of man is audible, not visible—is to the deaf a vain shadow; and yet there exists no institution in the world, I will not say, for the cure, but for the persistent treatment of these sufferers.

Experience has led me to the conclusion that much benefit would

be derived by judicious and long-continued treatment in many of these very sad cases.

By experiments with the air-pump, first publicly demonstrated more than a century and a half ago, it was proved that "a vacuum surrounding a body, rendered that body incapable of originating sonorous vibrations.

Sound is produced in the first instance by the vibrations of a sonorous body; but the radius to which these vibrations extend is due to the composition of the body from which they emanate, as well as the atmospheric conditions surrounding it, and also by the amount and formation of the points of resistance which the sound waves encounter vibrations of equal power, and from similar bodies, and from equal distances, but arising in an atmosphere of differing elasticity will strike on the ear with different force: the vibrations from one quarter may be loudly audible, while those from the other cannot be perceived.

Sound is conveyed by undulating aerial waves. It has been illustrated by a number of balls placed in contact: by striking the last ball, the motion is imparted from one to the other; but a more perfect illustration of the waves of sound is to be gathered in the displacement of water by a substance being dropped into it, we there see the circular undulations gradually expanding, until the original force is expended. If you notice a wave striking against a cliff in which there is a cavernous entrance, the power with which the water is forced into the opening is obvious, the resistance at each side increases the force with which it pours in. So in the aerial undulations of sound, as the sonorous waves strike the side of the head, they envelop the whole cranium and pour into the meatus audior or external canal of each

side, with an increased power. That the force of these waves may be concentrated, and the circular undulations stopped and driven in an opposite direction, is well known, and is mentioned by Tyndal and others. A bell placed on a height in Heligoland was unheard in the town it was intended to benefit, but, on a reflector being placed behind the bell, each stroke was distinctly audible. An interesting fact is also recorded by the same author regarding the explosion at Brith, which occurred in 1864: the windows of the town, though some miles distant, were all broken, those that were in an opposite direction, as well as those directly facing it; but in Brith church, where the windows are formed in lead saebes, which are partially flexible, every window in the church was bent inwards without any of the glass being fractured; yielding at first to the shock, the windows soon received the support of the air contained in the church, and were thus saved from damage. This fact will show us the value of the air contained in the cavity of the tympanum in supporting its membrane from external pressure.

For the mere conception of sound without variation of tone, the vestibule is the only part of the organ which is essential, though in zoophytes and animals of still lower creation, when even the rudimentary structure of hearing is entirely absent, there is no trace of a vestibule, and in the majority of the insect tribe comparative anatomists have pronounced it wanting; but eminent zoologists allow that many of the insect creation are influenced by sound. This may be proved by the fact of a sudden noise stopping the chirrup of the grasshopper, or, what may be more familiar to some of us, that of the cricket. The base of their antennae, gifted with the keenest sensibility,

is in contact with a bulbous expansion, which if not a complete vestibule is analogous to it, and the sonorous waves, agitating their antennæ, communicate the vibration to the auditory nerve, for that all living animals are gifted to a certain degree with nervous organization is not denied.

In the mollusk, the auditory organ consists of small membranous vesicles.

In the next order crustaceæ, the lowest of the articulata, we find the vestibule covered at the base of their antennæ by a membrane analogous to the finestral membrane of a higher creation, the vestibule contains fluid, in which is expanded the terminal extremities of the auditory nerve.

In fishes there is a vestibule and semicircular canals, but the entire organ is situated within the cranium. It must, however, be remembered that fish live in fluid, which is a powerful sound-conductor.

In reptilia we find a rudimentary cochlea and imperfectly formed tympanum, which is described by Edwards as a dependance from the pharynx. In the class reptilia we arrive at a formation which, though imperfect, is capable of conceiving different degrees of sound in rhythmic order.

This faculty is taken advantage of by the snake-charmers in India. Those who have not seen the power which melodious vibrations exert on the most venomous of this class have, no doubt, often read of it. The deadly cobra, among others, may be charmed from its death-dealing dart by the notes of a tin whistle.

In birds we arrive at another step in the formation of a perfect auditory structure in the addition of an external auditory canal. The tympanum of birds communicates with the diploe of the cranial

bones which are filled with air instead of medulla. It contains also a single bone, which adheres to the vestibular membrane, and may be considered as the rudimentary ossicula of the mammalian order.

In the mammalian class we find the organ of hearing complete, consisting of an auricle, external meatus, perfect tympanum, or middle ear, and perfect internal ear; the only difference observable in the class is, that man, from his higher sensorial development, has the most perfect realization of the sense, and the structure of the auricle is somewhat modified to meet the different requirements of the animal: thus, in aquatic mammals, the auricle is necessarily small, and among the carnivora it is smaller than among the herbivora.

In the seal, the mole rat, the zemni rat, and the walrus, the auricle is absent. Several writers have contended that the auricle in man is useless as far as hearing is concerned; and a celebrated aurist, now dead, the late Mr. Toyubee, had an opportunity of testing the fact, being applied to by a returned colonist who had lost his ear in California by the summary process of lynch law, awarded to those who disregard the law of *meum* and *tuum*. This gentleman wanted to return, and he was anxious to have an artificial ear fitted so as to hide his distinguishing appearance. Mr. Toynbec, though applying very delicate tests, could detect no difference between the hearing power of either ear. No doubt among quadruped mammalia the auricle is of greater value than in man. Observe the motions of any of the equine tribe at sudden noise, how the auricle is cast backwards and forwards, and is finally kept turned to the quarter from whence the sound proceeds, no doubt to receive and concentrate them more powerfully on the tympanic membrane, when

the animal can by instinct know if such sounds betoken danger.

The opportunity of judging of the degree in which the hearing power is affected in man by the loss of the auricle is of rare occurrence except as a congenital condition, when it is never the only malformation existing. Kerner cut off the right ear of a cat; the animal always held the left side of the head outwards, and, when the left ear was plugged, the cat was completely deaf, although not to the same extent. I believe the human being, with the loss of an auricle, must also experience a loss of hearing power.

We thus trace briefly the development of the auditory mechanism where lies the sense of hearing through the different orders of creation, finding each part added according to the requirements of the animal.

The aerial undulations, having reached the auricle of a healthy organ, are collected in its sinuities; the channels will be observed to lead into the cavity called the concha, where they are concentrated and discharged through the external auditory canal on to the membrane of the tympanum, which vibrates according to the force of the inceptive vibrations. This membrane, which is composed of concentric fibres radiating from its centre to its circumference, is peculiarly adapted for its office, which is to intensify and communicate the pulses of sound which it has received to the ossicula auditus by means of the close attachment which it has to the malleus, one of this chain, which consists of four bones so articulated that their vibration becomes a multiple of that received from the membrane; they in their turn act on the membrane of the fenestra by the stapes, which in its motion with it. It is by this mechanism and this alone

that the sonorous undulations are conveyed to the internal ear. Writers on this subject even of recent date state that the parietes and air in the tympanum are also mediums of transmission. Were the bony parietes capable of transmitting the pulses of sound, the external and middle ear were superfluous appendages, as the surface of the cranium would afford an ample means of conduction, unless the sonorous body be in actual contact with the bones of the skull; and the vibrations are thus imparted to them, the bony parietes can have no act in the production of the sense further than concentrating the undulations and affording lodgment to the aural machinery. Nor can the small amount of air contained in the cavity of the drum, which almost immediately on its entrance there loses its elasticity, be supposed to perform any other office than that of supporting the membrane; and the idea of some writers with regard to the reverberating character of this chamber is entirely untenable, for probably no formation could be worse constructed for such a purpose than the irregular cavity of the tympanum, with its numerous spines and processes. That the waves of sound are capable of being focused in a particular direction by peculiar formations is a well-ascertained fact, and there are several existing illustrations of this recorded.

The following is given by Sir J. Herschel: in a Sicilian cathedral the Confessional was unintentionally so placed that the sound was focused to a different part of the building, and the sins of the penitents were heard by other ears than those of the priest. This was discovered by a gentleman who delighted to share with the padre the confessions of his fair, but sometimes frail, flock, and for some time kept the knowledge to himself, but in an

evil hour he invited a number of friends to gratify their curiosity. Unfortunately for the gentleman, his own wife was at the confessional; and, though his friends were highly amused, it is said he had good cause for vexation at the disclosures focused to his ear.

We now come to the internal ear or labyrinth, the true seat of the organ of hearing. It is divided into three parts; but to enter into a minute and particular description of this wondrously beautiful and complex structure would be out of place in these pages. Hitherto elastic air has been the medium for conducting the sonorous pulses; but, having arrived at the internal ear, they require in such a confined space a more powerful medium of conduction. We now find an aqueous fluid of greater specific gravity. In the windings of the labyrinth are sacculi and tubes containing fluid in which are expanded the terminal filaments of the auditory nerve, and these sacculi and tubes are themselves surrounded by a watery fluid.

Thus, when the membrane of the fenestra ovalis is set in motion by the vibrations of the ossicles, the impulse is communicated to these fluids in which the terminal extremities of the nerve are expanded, and by the irritation so caused the sense or faculty of hearing is formed; but without the semicircular canals and cochlea it would be merely the perception without the distinction of sound; and, further, were the vibrations of the ossicles imparted to the dense fluid confined within its unyielding walls, unless a means of expansion was provided, not only would the violent undulations be transmitted to the nerve with the same force they were received from the chain of bones, but all sonorous undulations would be without any distinguishing character.

But the simplicity of nature's

provision for this, as in all her works, is but in keeping with its efficiency. If we call to mind that a glass tube of even a mile in length, filled with fluid, cannot lose one drop without the whole column being agitated, the nature of this provision will be more readily comprehended. As the impulse is received at the fenestra ovalis, it is transmitted from body to body in one unbroken wave, throughout the wanderings of the internal ear, until it arrives at the point of exit into the tympanum. The foramen of the fenestra rotunda, a small opening leading into the tympanic cavity, but closed by an elastic membrane, which admits of the sacculi and fluids contained in the labyrinth expanding in proportion to the violence of the agitation communicated to them, and thus the nerve is protected from undue vibrations. It is in the advance of this aqueous wave, if I may so use the term, that the gradations of sound are conceived, and how? Contained within the cochlea is a perfect musical instrument, discovered by Corti, and consisting according to Kolliker of three thousand strings or fibres. The nervous fasciculi are further irritated to action by minute sharp pointed bristles, discovered by Max Schultze; and again we have minute bodies, called otolithes, lying among the nervous filaments. These bristles of Schultze and cretaceous particles are probably provided for the reception of those minute vibrations which would otherwise be so evanescent in their effect as to be scarcely perceivable. The internal ear, different in its formation to the middle, has regularly formed elliptical chambers, which may possibly have some power of focusing the pulses. There are many different degrees and powers of the sense of hearing. Helmholtz states its entire range to embrace

eleven octaves, and the practical range of musical sounds to be comprised between 40 and 4,000 vibrations a second.

But it is a well-known fact that all people have not musical ears, and that some are unable to distinguish one tune from another. A plausible way of accounting for it is that Corti's fibres are in such cases imperfectly developed; but, unfortunately, this is negatived by the detailed cases of people affected by severe fevers in which the brain was seriously engaged, and who, from having a non-musical, on recovering were found to have a perfectly musical organ. But this involves many physiological and psychological questions.

The object of this chapter is to show the mechanism by which the sense of hearing is put in action. There is, probably, no part of the human body that anatomists have so thoroughly investigated, and yet the general public have remained so entirely ignorant of. Every one who is not deaf knows that, when a noise is made, they hear it; but how the sound is produced and conveyed

to the brain remains a mystery too troublesome to solve; and yet how simple, but still how perfect, is the machinery by which the centre of the sense is stimulated into action! It is regulated by the laws of force. The more powerful and contiguous the primary force, the more powerful is the action on the aural mechanism, and the more rudely is the nerve stimulated into action, originated at first by the body from whence the vibrations arise; secondly, by the undulating pulses so agitated; thirdly, by the vibration of the membrane of the drum; fourthly, by the vibration imparted to the chain of bones in connection with the membrane; fifthly, by the vibration of the membrane covering the entrance to the internal ear; sixthly, by the agitation of the fluids and bodies contained in the labyrinth irritating the numerous minute filaments of the nerve of hearing, their communicating to the trunk, and the trunk of the nerve to its centre or origin in the substance of the brain, where human knowledge cannot further follow the action of the sense.

TASCAR AND EVA.

A LEGEND OF THE "MAIDEN TOWER."

HAVE you never heard the story
 Of yon castle, grim and high,
 With its battlemented turrets,
 Gleaming ghost-like 'gainst the sky,
 Like some gaunt, gigantic sea-bird,
 Hovering o'er the troubled sea;
 While the billows, round its basement,
 Dance and leap, in boisterous glee?
 Come and seat yourself beside me,
 While, to pass an idle hour,
 I relate the mournful legend
 Told about the "Maiden Tower."

In the time when bold Crusaders,
 Burning with a zeal misplaced,
 Flock'd in eager thousands eastward,
 Paynim lands and hordes to waste;
 'Neath a sacred standard marshall'd,
 Rushing, in "hot haste," to prove,
 By a war of ruth and rapine,
 That *they* served a God of love,—
 Pacing o'er yon beach together,
 Moved a knight and maiden fair;
 Radiant in her youthful beauty,
 With dark eyes and soft brown hair;
 But the tears upon her eyelids
 Glisten'd in the moon's soft rays,
 As the dark, proud face beside her
 Bent to meet her upturn'd gaze;
 While in broken tones she murmur'd,
 Nestling closer to his side,—
 "Oh! my Tascar, something whispers
 That I ne'er shall be your bride;
 And, e'en now, thy soothing accents
 Strike my sad heart like a knell,
 That these words, in anguish spoken,
 Are, in sooth, our last farewell."
 "Nay, my Eva," smiled her lover,
 "Let me dry those foolish tears;
 Trust me, sweet, our separation
 Shall but be for two short years;

Surely, to a love like ours,
 Months of absence matter not,
 And, this righteous war being ended,
 Often, on this very spot,
 On her Tascar's strong arm leaning,
 Shall a fair and happy bride
 Whisper how in tears she waited
 For his coming o'er the tide.
 Know'st thou not that, ere I met thee,
 I had vow'd a solemn vow,
 To redeem the sacred city?
 And I may not break it now.
 Were it not foul scorn, dear maiden,
 When our bold Crusaders join,
 If the trumpet tongue of Rumour
 Told how Tascar, by the Boyne,
 Pass'd his time in dalliance idle,
 Fetter'd by a small white hand,
 While his manlier comrades gather'd
 Laurels in the Holy Land?"

Smiling through her tears, the maiden
 Raised her dark eyes to his face,
 While the glow upon her features
 Sent a new and richer grace:
 "I would rather mourn thee, fallen
 By the hand of Paynim foe.
 Slander's voice must never reach thee;
 Tascar, love, I bid thee go.
 When beneath the holy standard,
 In the fiercest of the fight,
 Eva's ceaseless prayers to Heaven
 May protect her gallant knight."

"Now, my Eva," said her lover,
 "Thou hast spoken wisely, well;
 And thy gentle benedictions
 Needs must shield me like a spell,
 Till this holy strife is over,
 And the sacred burial place
 By our swords for ever wrested
 From the hated Paynim race.
 Then our ship, when home returning,
 Shall display a banner white,
 Of our victory to assure thee,
 And the safety of thy knight;
 O'er the sunlit waters floating,
 To thy watchful eyes 'twill tell,

Long before his voice can greet thee,
That he lives, and all is well;
While a blood-red banner streaming
Shall a different tale relate,
How, beneath the Paynim sabres,
Tascar bravely met his fate."

Months had passed since that sad parting,
And Sir Tascar's promised bride
Daily, vainly, for his coming,
Scann'd, with tearful eyes, the tide,
Till, grown sick of idle longing,
To beguile the weary hours,
Had, this gaunt, ungraceful castle
With its battlemented towers,
Built, a watch-tower by the seaside,
Where, in solitude, she kept
O'er the waves her prayerful vigils,
While the world around her slept.

And, at length, the warfare ended,
Light of heart and flush'd with fame,
Gallant Tascar hasten'd homewards,
His fair Eva's hand to claim,
O'er the sunlit waste of waters,
Sailing gaily to his bride,
Darkly 'gainst the far horizon,
First the stately tower espy'd,
With its battlemented turrets,
Frowning o'er the sea below,
And he deem'd it meant defiance
From some false invading foe;
Trembling for his darling's safety,
Madly drove his ship full sail,
With wild shouts of war and vengeance,
Flung the red flag to the gale,—
All unmindful of his compact,
And the tale that flag should tell
To the patient, waiting maiden,
Who had loved so long and well.

She, poor girl! had watch'd that morning,
From her turret with delight,
As the vessel rose before her,
Like a tiny speck of white,
But her cheek grew white with horror,
As the good ship onward sped;

From the mainmast, slowly floating,
Stream'd a banner, bloody red.
Then her brain grew sick and dizzy,
And, with one wild shriek of woe,
From the turrets, headlong falling,
Dash'd upon the beach below,
As the vessel near'd the harbour,
And her last expiring wail
Pierced the frenzy'd ear of Tascar,
Blanch'd his bronzed cheek deadly pale,
Turn'd his gay young heart to ashes,
As the cold, unpitying tide,
Close beside the anguish'd lover,
Dash'd his pale and mangled bride.

Pillow'd on her shining tresses,
Lay the small and graceful head;
But the sweet lips now were pallid,
And the gentle soul had fled.
On the white and perfect features,
No rude scars had left their trace,
Even the cruel rocks had spared them,
Loath to mar so fair a face;
But the trailing seaweeds mingled
With the wavy golden sheen
Of the bright hair, darkly falling
O'er the crush'd form like a screen,—
O'er the white and mangled shoulders,
And the bare and bleeding arm,
O'er the young heart, still for ever,
Lay so hopeful and so warm.

Once again, 'neath sacred standard,
In the fiercest of the fight,
Vainly seeking for oblivion,
Might be found the hapless knight,—
Till some friendly Paynim sabre
Pierced his ever-aching breast,
Freel his sorrow-burthen'd spirit,
Gave him happiness and rest.

R. SCOTT.

NOTES ON THE DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH we have reached a period of the year when the amusements more specially adapted for summer must tend to diminish the patronage accorded to purely theatrical entertainments, the latter are still in a flourishing condition, if we may judge by the continued run of numerous "legitimate," domestic, and spectacular pieces, which with the various kinds of opera, and the French plays, would seem sufficient to provide for all the diversities of taste that can possibly exist among even the vast body of London playgoers.

It is long since we have had a theatrical event of greater importance than the visit to England of the eminent Italian tragedian, Signor Tommaso Salvini. A few months ago his name was unknown to the majority of the British public; it is now, as the phrase goes, "in everybody's mouth." He came amongst us heralded by such glowing reports of supreme excellence, that the more cautious, taking into consideration the perfection which the diplomacy of advertising has attained, might well have been excused some apprehensions of possible disappointment. He soon, however, proved the groundlessness of such fears. That he is really a great actor none who have witnessed any of his performances can doubt, but the degree or nature of his greatness still remains a question for critics to dispute over. As yet his genius has been mainly tested by his performance of Shakespeare's "Othello," and it is accordingly by that embodiment that we shall in this instance

attempt to judge him. At starting, however, we must do all we can to avoid the natural tendency to be biassed by preconceived notions, and individual partialities. There are many persons so illogical as to be resolutely blind to merits which may exist in that which, as a whole, does not commend itself to their taste, and who would pronounce an adverse and sweeping verdict upon Irving's "Hamlet," or Salvini's "Othello," not because they can prove any great defects in those impersonations, but because the actors' conception of the characters differs from their own. "We cannot call it good," they will say, "because it does not come up to our idea of what Hamlet or Othello should be; it errs against such and such a rule, and departs outrageously and unwarrantably from this or that tradition." A clear and impartial judgment can only be formed by adhering to that independent point of view from which we are ready to detect "good in everything," whatever the nature or surroundings of that goodness may be.

Signor Salvini's conception of the character of Othello is distinct and intelligible enough. He makes him a blunt, *brusque* soldier, who, beneath this exterior, conceals not only many noble and generous qualities, but also much of that latent ferocity which marks his African descent. He is one capable of—

"Deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,"
and, long before the climax, we are afforded glimpses of the terrible

sleeping volcano, which circumstances may awaken into destructive fury. He exhibits less of the poetic or romantic element in the character than we are accustomed to see—indeed, it is the absence of this element that some consider the great fault of the interpretation. There is little of the spirit or demeanour of a Romeo in Salvini's Moor. He is a husband whose affection is deep and ardent, but not lover-like or over-demonstrative; perhaps the intention here is to leave our imagination to estimate his love as being the deeper, because less outwardly shown. He assumes no picturesque or stately attitudes—none of the artificial elegance of the operatic hero—some degree of which might not unreasonably be expected in a countryman of Mario, performing on a stage so closely associated with lyric idealism. Salvini's whole interpretation is strikingly realistic. Some of his familiar gestures are decided and daring violations of the conventional stage business which is generally held appropriate to, or permissible in, the legitimate drama; when, for instance, Othello, after taking leave of Desdemona, stands regarding her retreating figure with a smile of affection, and at the same time thrusts his hands carelessly in his pockets, the whole *pose*, dress, and appearance combine to make him look very much like a jovial, but not particularly romantic, Zouave officer of the nineteenth century. We cannot at first reconcile ourselves to accept such a free-and-easy demeanour as at all appropriate in a drama of which the incidents are tragic, and the scene and age remotely laid. But very little reflection will show how much this opinion is owing to custom and prejudice. Reason must assure that men in real life were never in the habit of studying the dignities

of look and attitude in moments of emotion, and that in whatever age and country pockets were worn, the wearers must inevitably have acquired the convenient and natural habit of resting their hands in them. Salvini's mode of proceeding, therefore, can be defended upon the best grounds, namely, that if there ever were actually such an Othello as he represents, he would certainly have thus acted.

Some have accused the Italian tragedian of a strong and almost repulsive realism, and in some situations we are inclined to agree that he goes somewhat too far in this direction; for instance, in his demand of the "ocular proof" from the insidious Iago, he not only seizes him by the throat and hurls him to the ground, but pulls his hair, and, when he is prostrate, scarcely refrains from the act of kicking him—a gesture certainly too violent and unseemly, and indicative that the savage nature of the African has not been even slightly tempered with the urbanity of the Italian. These symptoms of an ungovernable temper are, however, perfectly in accord with Salvini's theory of the character as Eastern, Moorish, and more than half uncivilized.

Another case in which the realism is most intense and impressive is the bedroom scene. Othello's fierce accusations of Desdemona, and her passionate disclaimers and entreaties in reply, grow so fast and furious, that they resemble not the set dialogue of tragedy—each speaking alternately—but the voices blend in all the clangour and confusion of a real deadly quarrel. The fearful shriek of Desdemona, in the struggle of being seized and borne away to her doom, is indeed startling enough to fright the most hardened critic from his propriety. We know of nothing comparable to it, except

the cry of horror uttered by Mathias in the "Bells," on recognizing the features of the murdered Jew. Othello's deed itself is not seen, but what is left to the imagination is infinitely more impressive than any visible murder. A similar instance of harrowing the soul by mere suggestion is the dream scene in the "Bells" just referred to, in which the murder is rehearsed, but not visibly witnessed. The reverse method is pursued in Salvini's rendering of Othello's mode, which is effected, not by stabbing, but by cutting his throat with a most formidable curved dagger, as he stands directly facing the audience!—an action we cannot but decri as a piece of coarse and revolting "sensation," whose only result must be to shock the mind. It may be argued that all such simulated horrors are directly intended to shock the mind, and that, if the perfection of art is closely to imitate nature, murder, if permitted to be represented on the stage at all, should bear as close a resemblance as possible to the real crime. But there is a limit, distinctly to be appreciated, though difficult to lay down, to which realism should be confined, and the imagination cease to be appalled through the double medium of eye and ear at once.

In the present Drury Lane "Othello" we see a grand Shakespearean play presented in a manner that entirely subordinates scenery to acting. This fact is gratifying when we consider how often the name of "legitimate revival" has been made the excuse for intrusive spectacle and prolonged musical, scenical, and terpsichorean effects, of which we could only say, "All this is magnificent; but it is not Shakespeare." Of course, literally, the more limited the scenic appliances, the nearer does the Shakespearean drama approach to its original style of presentment. It

is remarkable how custom can enable us either to require or to dispense with such highly-seasoned accessories to our dramatic fare. We have witnessed—and that recently—amateur and provincial performances of Shakespeare at which all the stage resources were so confined in extent that the plays were reduced to little more than costume recitations. At first, and whenever the acting was not powerful enough to draw attention from its surroundings, the incongruities thus involved became painfully or ludicrously apparent; but whenever it rose to a sufficient lifelike impressiveness to work upon their feelings, the audience soon forgot the trivial fact that the Moor had only a pair of plain folding-doors behind him, instead of "a Council Chamber," "a Street in Venice." On the other hand, the main body of playgoers have by degrees become so thoroughly "educated up to" a knowledge of "mounting" plays, that, whenever scenic embellishments are employed, they demand that these should be the best of their kind, and in the case of so large and conspicuous an arena as that of Drury Lane, the spectators become proportionately exacting. In Salvini's "Othello," there is certainly no scenery particularly striking or picturesque. Even the Council Chamber of the Doge presents by no means a spectacle of impressive grandeur, and the palatial interiors do not err at all on the side of undue magnificence.

The costumes, though rich and elegant, and in general chronologically correct, are not harmoniously varied and contrasted. There seems an undue preponderance of red; perhaps this has been thought appropriate to a drama whose chief actors are of the military profession; but this can be scarcely an excuse for the scarlet

robe of Emilia, and the absence of blues, greens, and neutral tints in the dresses of Iago and others. Othello himself changes his attire several times; the first costume in which he appears—the purely Moorish—is the most graceful, and that he wears in the third and fourth acts the least so. The latter is incongruously if not ludicrously suggestive of the modern Zouave uniform, or a highly ornamented knickerbocker suit. It is “loud” and gaudy without being rich or magnificent, and imparts by no means a graceful aspect to the figure. The species of dressing-gown in which Othello appears in the last act is also extremely ugly in colour. Whatever may have been the authority consulted for these costumes, we are assured that it could have given warrant for others no less historically correct, while far more pleasing to the eye. The dresses of the ladies, though graceful enough in themselves, present an incongruity often seen in pieces otherwise carefully costumed—viz., that they belong rather to the nineteenth century than the period of the drama represented. Desdemona and Emilia would look more at home in a modern drawing-room than in a Venetian palace or a castle in Cyprus three centuries back. All these, it may be said, are minor and unimportant particulars, but now-a-days such apparent trifles tell for much in the sum total of effects by which a drama is estimated.

Considering the average quality of the theatrical companies employed to support “star” actors during their triumphant flights, that of Signor Salvini may be pronounced singularly efficient. The Iago of Signor Carboni is a sufficiently polished and insinuating villain, though rather more vivacious and volatile in manner than the Iagos to which we are accus-

tomed. Signora Giavanoglio's Desdemona is throughout a most creditable impersonation, and at times rises to deep pathos and tragic power. The same praise can scarcely be awarded to the performance of Signora E. Hoffman, who seems to lack the qualifications necessary for a successful Emilia. In the last scene, however, the excitement of passion, distress, and indignation, as she gives the alarm after the murder of Desdemona, is finely rendered.

The drunken scene, in which Roderigo (Signor Fabri) has his chief opportunity, hardly appears to be sufficiently pronounced for English notions of stage inebriety, which may be accounted for by the performer being the native of a land where intoxication in an aggravated form is, happily, a less familiar spectacle than here. Indeed, the style of acting throughout the drama is essentially un-English, and this fact presents an important consideration. The play is one of Shakespeare's, well known to us all, but it is in this case an Italian tragedy, played in Italian, and by Italians. It must not be forgotten that, although in so many of Shakespeare's plays the scenes are laid in other lands, the characters (as generally presented to us) are virtually English, and we are led insensibly to judge them by an English standard. Whatever may seem to us strange and foreign in the performance of Salvini's company may, therefore, for that very reason, approach all the nearer to the originals of the characters represented. Their variety of gesture and volubility of speech are natural characteristics of a Southern race, and modern Italian performers may reasonably be expected to realize with greater ease and completeness than artists of our own land, those minuter phases of character and manner which marked the Venetian

nobles, senators, and soldiers of the period referred to. Thus, in what we may call local or national colouring the Drury Lane revival of "Othello" has advantages not possessed by an English representation. But the fact of the tragedy being played in Italian is at the same time a drawback, as it prevents the general public from having that full appreciation and enjoyment of the subtler points which can only be secured by closely following each word and sentence of the dialogue. To do this of course requires a thorough knowledge of Italian, which is likely to be possessed by but a small minority of the vast audiences that fill Drury Lane. Italian and English versions of the text are, however, provided, and in any case the main points of the drama are so universally known that there are few likely to miss them. The ordinary stage version of the piece is followed in the translation, and the time occupied is about three hours, despite the considerable excision of dialogue, scenes, and characters which is made in that version, and the fact that the intervals between the acts are by no means long.

That Salvini is a great artist, who fully deserves the honours he is obtaining at our hands, will, we think, be the verdict of the majority, and, without denying some defects, we think that the present mode of producing "Othello" can give more than one valuable lesson to our own histrionic artists. We hope to have the opportunity of seeing Signor Salvini in other popular characters. With no wish to "discourage native talent," we cannot but imagine that the production of "Macbeth," with Salvini and Ristori in the leading parts, supported by one of those trained French companies which can make even trifling parts important by perfection of rendering, would ensure to lovers of the drama an intellectual treat which is now very

rarely to be obtained at any of our theatres.

The anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was celebrated this year by a morning performance of his—"As You Like It"—at Drury Lane Theatre. The laudable object of this entertainment, and the fact that the services of the professionals engaged were gratuitously given, may be deemed sufficient to disarm criticism with regard to the quality of the performance itself, but happily that quality was so excellent, that criticism's most impartial and outspoken opinion could not but be a favourable one. This was one of those rare occasions on which we may see the legitimate drama thoroughly well supported, not only in the leading but in the subordinate parts—of a cast comprising eminent members of various London companies. The most notable feature was the return to the stage of Miss Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin), who again favoured the playgoing world with her well-known impersonation of Rosalind. The fact need not be disguised that this lady has now to contend with personal disqualifications for the full realization of so youthful a part; and at first, indeed, she seemed scarcely equal to the arduous task she had so generously imposed upon herself. But, as the play proceeded, she rose with the occasion, infused spirit and life into the performance, and, especially in the "Ganymede" scenes, proved that she still possessed much of that consummate power which has so often charmed the playgoers of a previous generation. In all the "business" of the part there was a degree of finish, and natural ease and grace, only communicated by long practice and severe study—that perfection of art by which at last art is completely concealed. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, another old favourite, also reappeared as Audrey, and displayed

that intelligent appreciation by which she is able to make so much of that eccentric character. Miss Henrietta Hodson, whose admirable manner of enacting Ariel we remember with pleasure, again proved her Shakesperean efficiency by a telling representation of the lively Celia. Mr. Charles Warner was an able Orlando, and Mr. Chippendale, as Adam, had an old man's part for which no actor is more thoroughly adapted.

The melancholy of Jacques was forcibly impressed upon us by Mr. Creswick, with whom, however, rather too much of the "heavy" and legitimate manner still lingered. We could not help being forcibly struck by the *outré* "make-up" of the reigning Duke, who, by the exaggerated dimensions of his robe, coronet, and ornamentations, suggested far more a burlesque king than a high-comedy prince. The part of Touchstone was to have been taken by Mr. Compton, failing whom, it was enacted by Mr. Righton, with considerable dry humour. Mr. Lionel Brough displayed his ability as the old shepherd; Corin, Silvius, and Phebe were also admirably represented. The well-known voice of that unchangeable veteran Mr. Buckstone was instantly recognized when the "Swain" William began to speak, and his answer to Touchstone's inquiry concerning his age, "Five-and-twenty, sir," raised a chorus of laughter—a new point, but one doubtless premeditated. In order to make the performance as complete as possible, the part of Charles the Wrestler was appropriately taken by the pantomimic artist, Mr. H. Payne. The valuable services of Mr. George Perren were secured for the musical Amiens, and the choral songs of "What shall he have?" and "Foresters sound," were performed by members of the Italian Operatic Chorus. As ap-

propriate to the occasion, the original epilogue (the points of which must be wholly lost on modern audiences) was spoken by Miss Faucit, to whom fell the chief honours of the occasion.

The crowded state of the house, and the frequent applause, showed that the "immortal bard" has still his legion of ardent appreciators, and, as a more immediately substantial advantage, resulted in the receipt of £300 towards the sum which is to be devoted to establish a theatre, a museum, and a school for actors at Stratford-upon-Avon. With the motive and spirit of this enterprise we cordially agree; but we also concur in the opinion that the programme of it is not in all points judicious. That some worthy and lasting memorial of the greatest of dramatists should be inaugurated at Stratford, is what all worthy of the name of Briton must combine in desiring. A museum and a statue would be additional attractions to those which Shakespeare's birth-place already possesses. But, while all the associations of the poet's early and retired life are inseparably connected with the Warwickshire village, London was the scene of his own theatrical triumphs, and there only can his memory be kept green by an adequate display of his works. The establishment of a theatre, or the engagement of some theatre already existing, for the exclusive purpose of representing the legitimate drama, and associated with a dramatic school, in which acting could be systematically cultivated as one of the Fine Arts, is an enterprise which, whether supported by State or private aid, would not fail to receive at the hands of the public such encouragement as would ensure its efficacy for producing the results so much desired.

THE TREASURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EMILE SOUVESTRE.

BY RICHARD BEVERLEY.

A young girl and an old man were seated in a little garret-room, the furniture of which, though more than modest, was kept with care, and gave evidence of an indigence that had not lost heart. Order, taste, and neatness, shed a kind of elegance on the poor interior. Everything was in its place; the floor was carefully washed; the faded hangings were spotlessly clean; and the window was furnished with small curtains of coarse muslin, on which numerous darns formed a sort of embroidery; while some common flower-pots adorned the outer sill, and, the window being half-open, scented the room with their pleasant odours.

It was near sundown. A purple radiance lit up the humble dwelling; resting on the young girl's pleasing countenance and on the old man's silver hair. He was leaning back in a rush-bottomed arm-chair, that an industrious solicitude had fitted up with tow-stuffed cushions, covered with a patchwork of calico-print. An old footwarmer, turned into a footstool, supported his mutilated feet, and his only remaining arm rested on a small round table, on which a meerschaum pipe was to be seen, and a tobacco-pouch embroidered with coloured beads. The old soldier had one of those hardy and furrowed faces in which roughness is tempered by frankness. A grey moustache concealed the half-smile that kept his lips apart, while he gazed, as it were unconsciously, at the girl. She seemed

to be about twenty years of age. Her complexion was dark; her features kindly and yet lively, betraying her emotions by sudden and rapid expression. Her whole countenance resembled in its openness one of those beautiful pieces of water that let everything they contain be seen to the very bottom.

She had a newspaper in her hand, and was reading to the old pensioner; suddenly she stopped and listened.

"What is it?" asked the old man.

"Nothing!" answered the girl, on whose face disappointment was visible.

"You thought you heard Charles?" said the soldier.

"Yes, I did," replied the reader, slightly blushing; "his day's work must be finished, and it is the time when he comes in."

"When he *does* come," added Vincent, with a tone of displeasure.

Susannah opened her lips to defend her cousin; but her judgment, doubtless, protested against that intention, for she checked herself, as if at a loss, and then fell a-dreaming.

The pensioner passed his only remaining hand over his moustache, and began to twist it impatiently. This was his regular movement whenever he was displeased.

"Our recruit beats a bad march," he began again at last; "he comes home sullen; he neglects his work to frequent the tavern and run after merry-makings; and all that will be a bad ending for him and us."

"Don't say that, uncle; you would bring ill-luck on him," said the girl, as if feeling hurt. "It will soon blow by, I hope. For some time cousin has got notions into his head. He has lost heart for his work."

"And why that?"

"Because he has nothing to expect from it. He believes all the efforts of the workman are useless for his future, and maintains that it is best to live from day to day without foresight or hope."

"Ah! that's his system, is it?" said the old man, with a frown; "well, he has not the honour of having invented it. We had reasoners in the regiment, who exempted themselves from setting out under pretext that the way was too long, and lagged behind in the depôts while their companies were marching into Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin does not know, you see, that by merely setting one foot before the other the shortest legs may travel to Rome."

"Ah! if you could get him to understand that," said Susannah, with anxious eagerness. "I have tried to convert him by counting what a good binder like him might save; but when I reach the sum, he shrugs his shoulder, and says that women don't understand anything about arithmetic."

"And then you, you give up all hope, poor girl," continued Vincent, with a pitying smile. "I see, now, why your eyes are so often red—"

"Uncle, I assure you——"

"What it is that makes you forget to water the carnations, and why you don't sing any more——?"

"Uncle——"

Susannah, in confusion, kept looking down, and turning up the corner of the newspaper. The pensioner laid his hand on her head.

"Come! She was not going to

think that I'm scolding her?" he said, with kindly gruffness of tone. "Is it not plain why you are interested in Charles, who is your cousin, just now, and will one day, I hope——"

The girl made a movement.

"Well, no. Don't let us speak any more of that," said the pensioner, interrupting himself. "I always forget that with you folks; one mustn't know what one does know. Let us speak no more about it, I say, but return to that ne'er-do-well, for whom you have a friendly feeling—that's the proper phrase, isn't it?—and who has quite as much for you?"

Susannah shook her head.

"That is, he once had," she said, "but for some time . . . if you knew how cold he is, and how listless he seems."

"Yes," answered Vincent, musingly, "when one has tasted those loud amusements, household pleasures seem insipid; it's like thin home-made wine after brandy; we know about that, my girl; many of us have passed through that."

"But they have got over it," remarked Susannah, "and Charles may get over it too. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, uncle——"

The old man made a gesture of disbelief.

"Those diseases are not to be doctor'd by words," he replied, "but by deeds. We cannot get a reasonable man at a moment's notice any more than a good soldier. Your cousin, you see, wants the will, because he has no end in view; we must let him see one, to make him take heart again; but it's no easy business. I'll think about it."

"It is he, this time," broke in the girl, who had recognized her cousin's hurried step on the stair.

"Silence in the ranks, then!" said the pensioner; "don't let us seem as if we were thinking of

the gentleman. To your reading again!"

Susannah obeyed, but the trembling of her voice would easily have revealed her emotion to an attentive observer. While her eyes followed the printed lines, and her lips mechanically pronounced the words, her ears and her thoughts were entirely taken up with her cousin, who had opened the door, and laid his cap on the table in the middle of the room. Not to interrupt the reading, the young workman gave no salutation to either his uncle or his cousin, but, going up to the window, leaned against it, with his arms crossed. Susannah went on without knowing what she was saying. She was at that mosaic of detached and often contradictory items of information grouped under the common title of General News. Charles who had at first appeared to be absent, at last paid attention, as it were, in spite of himself. The girl, after several notices of thefts, fires, and accidents, reached the following paragraph:—"A poor pedlar of Besançon named Pierre Lefèvre, wishing at any cost to make a fortune, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and diamonds. So he sold all the little he possessed, went to Bordeaux, and engaged as under cook in an American vessel. Eighteen years passed away without any more word of Pierre Lefèvre. Now, however, his relatives have at length received a letter, saying he will be home shortly, and telling them that the ex-pedlar, after inexpressible fatigues and unheard-of ups and downs of fortune, arrives in France with one eye only and one arm, but possessed of a fortune which is estimated at two millions." Charles, who had listened to the paragraph with growing attention, could not keep from exclaiming, "Two millions!"

"That'll do to buy a glass eye

and an artificial arm," observed the old soldier, ironically.

"There's good luck for you!" went on the workman, who had not heard his uncle's reflection.

"Which he has not procured on credit," added the pensioner.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible fatigues!" repeated Susannah, dwelling on the expressions of the newspaper.

"What does it matter, when there is a fortune at the end of it?" answered Charles, with animation. "The hard thing is not to undertake a bad road or endure ill weather in order to get at good quarters, but it is marching on to arrive nowhere."

"And so," replied the girl, looking up timidly at her cousin, "you envy the pedlar's lot, do you? You would give all the years of your youth, one of your eyes, one of your hands——"

"For two millions," broke in Charles; "to be sure I would. You have only to find me a purchaser at this price, Susannah, and I promise you a portion for pins."

The girl turned away her head without replying. Her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye. Vincent also held his peace; but he began to twist his moustache morosely. There was a long silence; the three actors in the scene were internally pursuing each their own train of thought. The noise of the clock striking eight startled Susannah from her musing. She got up quickly, and began to set the supper. It was sad and short; Charles, who had spent the last third of the day at the tavern with his comrade, was not disposed to eat, and Susannah had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honour to the frugal meal; for the trials of war had accustomed him to maintain the privileges of the stomach in the midst of all emotions; but he was soon satisfied, and went

back to his stuffed arm-chair near the window. After having made everything tidy, Susannah, who felt the need of being alone, took a light, and, kissing her uncle, retired to a little closet that she occupied upstairs. Vincent and the young workman were now alone. The latter was also going to wish his uncle good night, when the old soldier signed to him to bolt the door and come near him.

"I have to speak to you," he said to him, seriously.

Charles, looking for reproaches, remained standing in front of the old man; but he made a sign to him to sit down.

"Have you well considered the words you uttered a little while ago?" said he, fixing his eye on his nephew. "Would you really be capable of a long effort to arrive at fortune?"

"Me! can you doubt it, uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"So you would consent to be patient, to keep steady at work, to change your habits?"

"If it would serve any purpose to me. . . . But why ask such a question?"

"You will see just now," said the pensioner, as he opened one of a little chest of drawers, in which he was wont to put away the newspapers lent him by one of the tenants.

He searched some time among the printed sheets; took one of them, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked with his nail. The young workman read half aloud: "Application has been made to the Spanish Government in regard to a deposit interred on the banks of the Douro, after the battle of Salamanca. It would appear that, during that famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, and which was charged with the protection of several wag-

gons, was cut off from the main army, and surrounded by such a superior force, that every attempt at resistance was impossible. The officer in command, seeing there was no more hope of piercing his way through the enemy, took advantage of the night to get the chests interred by some of the soldiers in whom he had most confidence; and then, sure that no one would find them out, ordered his little band to disperse, that every one might seek by himself to escape through the enemy's line. Some did succeed in gaining the main body; but the officer and the men who knew the place where the chests had been buried all perished in that flight. Now, it is said that the chests contained the money of the whole *corps d'armée*; that is, a sum of about three million francs." Charles stopped, and looked at the pensioner, his eyes beaming.

"May you have been one of this company?" he cried.

"I was," replied Vincent.

"You know of the existence of the deposit?"

"I was one of those whom the captain charged with the undertaking, and the only one among them who escaped the balls of the enemy."

"Then you could give information to aid in recovering it?" asked Charles, with still greater animation.

"All the more easily that our captain made us take for landmark the position of two hills and a rock; I would recognize the spot as surely as the place of the bed in this room."

Charles sprang to his feet.

"But then your fortune is made," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why have you not spoken of it? The French Government would have accepted all your proposals."

"Perhaps," said Vincent, "but at any rate, they would have been useless."

"How?"

"Spain has refused the authorization requested. Read this."

He handed the young workman a second newspaper, which indeed announced that the petition in regard of the search for the deposit of the French, in 1812, on the banks of the Douro, had been rejected by the Government at Madrid.

"But what need of permission?" objected Charles. "Where's the necessity of officially attempting a search that can be made without any fuss or noise? Once on the spot, with the ground purchased, who would hinder us from digging?—who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have often thought of that during these thirty years," answered the soldier: "but where get the sum necessary for the journey and the purchase?"

"Can't we apply to those who are richer than we, and let them into the secret?"

"But how get them to believe? Or how prevent the abuse of our confidence, suppose they do believe? If it happen, as in the fable you were reading the other day to your cousin, that, at the division, the lion kept the whole of the prey, then you would need, besides the fatigues of the journey and the risks of failure, to brave the torments of a lawsuit. To what end, say I, does the little that remains to me of life deserve so much ado? To Jericho with the millions that one has to go and search for! I have two hundred francs of a pension, thanks to the little woman there, that's enough—along with my cross—for the daily ration, and my tobacco. I laugh at the rest as at a squad of Cossacks."

"And so you will let the occasion slip?" replied Charles, with feverish animation. "You will refuse the riches?"

"For myself, decidedly," answered the old man; "but for you, that's another thing. I saw a little while ago that you were ambitious; that you would do anything to get into the company of the millionaires. Well, then, get together the sum that we need for the journey, and I will set out with you."

"Never! You?"

"Earn two thousand francs. On that condition I give you a treasure. Is it done?"

"Done, uncle!" cried Charles, enthusiastically. Then taking himself, he added, in alarm, "But how can I get together so much money? I'll never manage it."

"Work heartily, and bring me regularly your week's earnings, and I promise you shall succeed."

"Think, uncle, the savings of a workman are a mere trifle."

"That's my concern."

"How many years will it need?"

"You offered eighteen a little while ago, with an eye and an arm into the bargain."

"Ah, if I were sure!"

"Of getting a treasure? I swear you shall on the ashes of the Little Corporal."

That was the soldier's chief asseveration. Charles could not doubt of his being in earnest. Vincent again encouraged him, by repeating that he had his future in his hand; and the young man went away to bed, determined to strain every nerve. But his uncle's secret had awakened too magnificent hopes in his mind for him sleeping. He spent the night in a kind of fever, calculating the means of most rapidly gaining the sum that he required; arranging the outlay of his future wealth; and running over one after another, as if they had been realities, all the day-dreams he had till then indulged. When Susannah came down next morning he was already away to his work. Vincent, who noticed the girl's

astonishment, wagged his head and smiled, but said nothing. He had recommended the secret to the young workman, and wished to keep it himself. It was needful, too, to see how far Charles would persevere in his new resolutions.

The first months were the most trying. The young workman had got into habits which he strove in vain to break off. Keeping steadily at work was insupportable. He had to give up that capricious mobility which till then had alone ruled his actions; to surmount weariness and disgust; to resist the urgency of his old comrades. It was a hard task at first. Often did his courage grow weak, and he was on the point of falling back into his old irregularities; but the importance of the end to be gained reanimated him. When he brought his earnings, which were increasing from week to week, to the old soldier, he always felt a renewal of hope, which made him take heart again—it was a very little step towards the goal, but it was a step! Every day, too, the effort was becoming easier. As his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduous labour of the day made the repose of the evening more sweet. The forsaking of his noisy companions gave a new charm to the company of his uncle and cousin. She had resumed her friendly familiarity. Only concerned about Vincent and Charles, she managed to turn every meeting into a feast, of which her own heart supplied all the expense. There was every day some new surprise, some charming attention, to tighten affection by the bands of sensibility and joy. Charles was quite astonished to find in his cousin qualities and graces that he had never observed before. She became, by imperceptible degrees, more and more indispensable to him. *Without his being aware,*

the object of his life was changing its place. The hope of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his only motive. At every action he thought of Susannah; he wished to deserve her approbation; to become dearer to her. The life which he led gradually extinguished his ardent ambitions. He saw a simple and a nearer happiness. His paradise was no longer a fairyland of the Arabian Nights, but a little space peopled with attachments, that he could enclose in his two arms. All that had taken place, however, without his explaining the matter to himself, without his taking notice of it. The young workman gave himself up to the current of his nature, without seeking to study every wave that carried him backward or forward. His transformation, visible to those who lived with him, remained a secret to himself; he did not know that he was changed; he only felt more tranquil, more happy. The only novelty he noticed in his feelings was his love for Susannah; henceforward he mingled her with all his projects; could not see life without her. This element of happiness introduced into his future, had modified all the other elements. The millions, instead of being the principal object of his ambition, were now no more than means. He regarded them as an important addition, but only accessory to his hopes; and accordingly he wished to know, with certainty, whether his love was reciprocated.

He was walking one evening up and down the little room, while Vincent and his cousin were chatting by the stove. They were speaking of Charles's first master, who, after thirty years of an honest and laborious life, had just offered his bookbinder's stock for sale, intending to retire to the country with his wife.

"There's a couple who have

known how to make a paradise on earth!" said the old soldier; "they were always at one, always in good humour, always at work."

"Yes!" replied Susannah decidedly, "the richest might envy their lot."

Charles, who had just then arrived in front of the girl, stopped abruptly.

"And so you would like your husband to love you, Susannah?" he asked, as he looked at her.

"Why certainly—if I may," replied the girl, smiling and slightly blushing.

"You may," resumed Charles more briskly, "and for that matter you have only to say one word."

"What word, cousin?" stammered Susannah, still more agitated.

"That you consent to become my wife!" answered the young workman. And as he saw his cousin's movement of surprise and confusion, "Oh! don't agitate yourself about that, Susannah," he continued with respectful tenderness. "It is long since I wished to ask you that question. I was always waiting for a reason that uncle knows; but you see it has escaped from my heart in spite of me. And now be frank as I am. Do not hide anything you feel in your heart; uncle is there listening to us, and he will reprove us if we say anything amiss." The young man had gone up to his cousin, and was holding her hand clasped in his; his voice quivered; his eyes were moist. Susannah, trembling with joy, sat still with her face downwards; and the old soldier was looking at them both, with a smile half-tender and half-sly. At last he took the girl, and pushing her gently towards Charles—"Come, speak! won't you, you dissembler?" he cried merrily.

"Susannah! one word, a single word, do!" resumed the workman,

who still continued to hold his cousin's hand. "Will you have me for your husband?"

She hid her face on the young man's shoulder, with an inarticulate "Yes!"

"Eh! come then," cried Vincent, slapping on his knees, "that was hard to get out. Your hands, here, your hands, and embrace me. To-night I leave you for your secrets; to-morrow we will speak of what is to be done."

Next day, indeed, he did take his nephew aside; told him that the sum needful for their journey was complete, and that they could now set out for Spain when they liked. This news, which should have enraptured Charles, gave him a painful shock. Then he must leave Susannah just as they were beginning to exchange the secrets of their affection; to run all the chances of a long, difficult, uncertain journey, when it would have been so sweet to rest! The young man almost cursed the millions that he had to go so far to seek. Since the interest of his life had changed, the desire for wealth was singularly deadened. What henceforth was the use of so much gold to purchase happiness, which he had already found! Yet he said nothing to his uncle; and declared he was ready. The old soldier undertook the preparations, and went out several days on end along with Susannah. At last he told Charles that there was nothing to do but secure their seats in the coach. For this purpose (the young girl being out) he asked his nephew to come with him, and as the fatigues of the previous days had made his wounds painful, he got into a cab. Vincent had taken care, some time when he was out, to procure the newspapers which had spoken of the famous deposit made on the banks of the Douro; when he found himself alone with Charles

he handed them to him, asking him to see if they contained any information that might be of use to them. The young man first observed the details with which he was already acquainted, then the announcement of the refusal of the Spanish Government, and lastly explanations about some fruitless researches attempted by some Barcelona merchants. He thought he had come to the end of the documents, when his eye lighted on a letter signed by a certain Pierre Dufour.

"Pierre Dufour!" repeated Vincent; "that was the name of the quarter-master of the company."

"And that is the title this person takes," replied Charles.

"Bless me! I thought the brave fellow was in the other world. Let us see what he has got to say, he who was the captain's confidant——"

Instead of answering, Charles gave a cry. He had run over the letter, and his countenance had changed.

"Well, what's the matter?" coolly asked Vincent.

"What's the matter?" repeated the young workman. "If what this Dufour says is true, the journey is useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money, but with gunpowder."

Vincent looked at his nephew, and burst out laughing.

"Ah! it was powder," he cried, "and that's the reason why before burying them we took cartridges out of them."

"You knew it?" interrupted Charles.

"Of course I did, when I saw it," replied the old man good-naturedly.

"But then . . . you have deceived me; you could not believe in the existence of the buried millions, and your promise was a hoax?"

"It was a truth," answered the soldier, seriously. "I promised you a treasure, you shall have it; only we will not go to seek it in Spain."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see presently."

The carriage stopped before a shop; the two travellers stepped out, and went in.

Charles recognized his old master's bookbinding workshop, but it was renovated, re-painted, and fitted up with all necessary implements. He was going to ask the meaning of what he saw, when his eye lighted on the proprietor's name in golden letters above the counter—it was his own name. At the same moment the door of the back shop opened; and he caught sight of a fireside blazing joyously, a table spread, and Susannah, who, smiling, signed to him to enter.

Vincent then bent towards him, and, seizing his hand,—

"There is the treasure that I promised you," he said; "a good establishment to maintain you, and a good wife to make you happy. All that you see here has been gained by you, and to you belongs. Do not grumble if I have deceived you. You were pushing the cup of happiness away, and I did like those nurses who rub the rim with honey. Now that you know where the happy life is to be found, now that you have tasted of it, I hope you will refuse it no more."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Words of Faith and Cheer. By the Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney. London, 1875: Henry S. King and Co.—These “Words” take the form of Lectures delivered by the author while employed in conducting a mission in a populous London parish. They are ranged under three separate headings:—Words for Communicants, for Christian Thinkers, and for Special Classes—such as Husbands and Wives; Brothers and Sisters; Fathers; Mothers; Young Men; Young Women; Men Servants; Maid Servants.

“A mission,” says Mr. Gurney, “may be considered in two principal aspects, as a call to those who are without, and as means of awakening those within.” Wishing “to avoid anything of the character of an American revival, or an appeal to excited feelings,” his Lectures are conceived in a spirit of sober earnestness, well calculated to excite thoughtful attention. For the most part dealing with familiar and homely topics, Mr. Gurney is very happy in the substance and manner of his discourses. His expositions of Christian doctrine are simple and lucid, while he is sympathetic and persuasive in the enforcement of Christian duty.

Manual of Universal Church History. By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition, by F. J. Pabisch, President of Mount St.

Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati; and the Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, Professor. Vol. I., 800 pp. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O. London: Lockwood & Co.—The work of Dr. Alzog has long enjoyed a standard reputation on the Continent as a text-book of ecclesiastical history from a Roman Catholic point of view. This American translation is a very careful and scholarly performance. It has received the approbation of the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of the United States, and is brought out in excellent style. The work will be completed in three volumes, of which the first only has appeared. Each volume will contain a map; and the third, which will be published next year, is to include the Pontificate of Pio Nino.

Recollections of the late Dr. Barter. By the Author of “Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts,” &c. Dublin: William McGee. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1875.—A little work of this kind does not challenge criticism. It is the tribute of a warm friend to the memory of a truly good man, who, as the reviver of the Hot Air Bath in Western Europe, has a solid claim to be regarded as a public benefactor, while the publication is for a charitable purpose.

Nineteen years ago, Dr. Barter, who had a hydropathic establishment at St. Anne's Hill near Cork, constructed the first hot air bath that existed in these countries since the Romans held sway in Britain.

It is needless to observe that he encountered a good deal of discouraging opposition arising from ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness—such opposition as invariably, in all ages, has endeavoured to retard the progress of great and beneficial innovations. Had he been a man of less determined character, he might well have despaired, and recoiled before the hostility that confronted him. But he was hopeful and sanguine, and endowed with indomitable energy and perseverance. This carried him through triumphantly, and he had the gratification of living to see his exertions crowned with remarkable success by the establishment of numerous hot-air baths in Ireland, England, and Scotland, on the Continent, in America, and the Colonies; while every year prejudice was dying out, and such baths were becoming more and more regarded in the light of valuable public institutions. The salubrious and sanative properties of hot air are now appreciated by the medical profession more highly than ever, and just as a knowledge of those properties extends so will that appreciation be increased. The gratifying result is, that the most earnest and enlightened supporters of these baths now are medical men.

There are a good many particulars relating to the career of Dr. Barter in this publication, which cannot fail to interest his friends and admirers, but the writer does not aspire to give anything more than a sketch of his life—not a regular biography.

The English Gipsies, and their Language. By Charles Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," "The Music Letters of Confucius," &c., &c. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co.—The works of Borrow, Simson, Heyland and

others, have made us, to a certain extent, acquainted with the *outer* life of the most remarkable people of our day, who have descended from an unknown antiquity—the Gipsies.

Borrow saw more of their inner life than any other writer that preceded him, but still left much in obscurity. Our author has the credit of having penetrated far deeper into their social life and habits. He won his way by the exercise of rare tact and sympathetic feeling, and presents us with "an original collection of material fresh from nature, and not a reproduction from books."

We thus have a large amount of most valuable and interesting information, relative to the customs and peculiarities of Gipsies, that is perfectly reliable—information, not gleaned second-hand from hearsay sources, but, as our author assures us, "gathered directly from Gipsies themselves." He states that every word of the Gipsy language, whether in conversation, stories, or sayings, was taken from Gipsy mouths.

Mr. Leland claims that his book presents abundant evidence that its contents were not gathered by slight and superficial intercourse with the Romany. It is only, he says, "by entering gradually and sympathetically, without any parade of patronage, into a familiar knowledge of the circumstances of the common life of humble people, be they Gipsies, Indians, or whites, that one can surprise, unawares, those little inner traits which constitute the characteristic."

With respect to the Gipsies in England, Mr. Leland says they "are passing away as rapidly as Indians in North America. They keep among themselves the most singular fragments of their Oriental origin; they abound in quaint characteristics, and yet almost nothing

is done to preserve what another generation will deeply regret the loss of."

Certainly an effort should be made to preserve the *Rommany*. It is a most interesting study—as interesting as the peculiar people who are identified with it.

The Gipsy character, our author thinks, has been much misunderstood. He does not "excuse them for certain proverbial faults." But, on the other hand, he never "took the pains to hunt up and discover what would cast discredit upon the people who always behaved decently to him."

This very interesting volume we commend to our readers. It is admirable in its design and execution.

Arca: a Repertory of Original Poems. By Francis Meredyth, M.A., Canon of Limerick Cathedral. London: Trübner and Co., 1875.—The contents of this handsome little volume embrace short pieces, sacred, secular, and elegiac. There is a fine vein of poetic feeling pervading the whole; but to illustrate our author's merits we will select two of his secular poems, though, to our mind, they have a great breadth and depth of the "sacred" about them. Here is one replete with noble sentiments, gracefully and vigorously expressed, while the teaching it conveys is inspiring and elevating—worth a ship-load of the debasing twaddle in which American revivalism trades:—

SELF-RELIANCE!

"Oh! give me beyond mines of gold,
Or kingdoms proud and wide, man,
A heart of independent mould;
'Tis worth the world beside, man.
Self-trust is might, if duly used,
Self-knowledge wisest science—

Then show, man, that you know,
man,
There's nought like *Self-reliance!*

The noble fortitude it gives
May mock at threatening Care, man;
Through trial's fiercest storm it lives,
Unfounded by Despair, man.

The spirit mail-clad thus may bid
To Fortune's frown defiance.
Believe it, man—achieve it,
man—
There's nought like *Self-reliance!*

Its honest pride from all that's mean,
And foul and false restrains, man;
On other's aid it scorns to lean
While native power remains, man.

One's own true heart's the
surest friend;
With guardian Heaven's alliance,
"Twill save, man, to the grave,
man—
There's nought like *Self-reliance!*

We give another which breathes the true spirit of an enlightened Christian philosophy. The motto is from one of the late Charles Dickens's Christmas tales:—

"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN."

"FORGET! why should the heart forget
Aught of its bygone hours,
Although life's path with tears were
wet,
And lay through thorns, not flowers?"

What though there were few sounds
to cheer,
And joys but far between;
Yet should the wise soul pray the
prayer,
"Lord, keep my memory green!"

"What boots remembrance of the
past."
May cav'lers cry, "if pain
Be o'er the retrospection cast?
Why raise dead grief again?"

Yes—if the ghost we thus evoke,
How grim the phantom e'en,
Hath truth—though stern in warn-
ing spoke—

"Lord, keep my memory green!"

Though Hell's worst pang be me-
mory,

'Tis memory without hope;
But here on earth the penitent's sigh
Can Heav'n's barred portals ope.

And Penitence is Memory's child,
Whose eyes look up serene,
Although with dews of sorrow filled—

"Lord, keep my memory green!"

Of every evil done us long,
Let recollection live,
Not till that we repay the wrong,
But until we forgive!

Oh, when we muse on ills endured
Along Life's trial scene,
The heart grows stronger, more as-
sured—

"Lord, keep my memory green!"

Bad as this bad world is, 'twere worse,
Far worse, if on the Past,
The teaching Past, as o'er a corse
Oblivion's pall were cast.

What lessons of philanthropy,
What wisdom, then, we glean
From sufferings o'er, and ills gone
by,

"Lord, keep my memory green!"

Studies of the Divine Master.
By Thomas Griffith, A.M., Preben-
dary of St. Paul's. Henry S. King
& Co., London, 1875.—Mr. Griffith
has an established reputation as a
profound thinker and a very vigor-
ous and pleasing writer. His *Fun-
damentals*, or basis of belief con-
cerning man and God, and his
Sermons for the Times, are works
that are destined to endure as stand-
ards in religious literature.

The object of the present work,
the author says, "is not to attempt
a complete life of Jesus, but only

an outline of such incidents of His
public career as formed the occasion,
and illustrate the meaning of His
sayings. And in setting out these
sayings it does not encumber its
readers with processes of investiga-
tion, but gives only the *results* of
lengthened study." In entering
upon this study our author con-
ducted it on the only permissible
principle applicable alike to the
investigation and interpretation of
all ancient documents, and by which
alone they can be rightly under-
stood. Some object to this course
as not reverent towards the Scrip-
ture, but Mr. Griffiths does not
share in such objections. On the
contrary, he says:—

"Nor may it be objected that the
ordinary rules of historical interpre-
tation are inapplicable to the study of
sacred documents, because these con-
tain the record of new manifestations
to the world, of new commencements
in the course of events, of new inter-
ventions of the Divine with the human;
for we have now learned to acknow-
ledge that all Events in time, as well
as all Things in space, have their
ground and growth in the ever-present
Lord of all. In men and their vicissi-
tudes, equally as in nature and its
changes, the doctrine of a true philo-
sophy is not that of Atheism—'all
things without God,' nor that of Pan-
theism—'all things themselves God;' but
that, if I may so name it, of En-
pantitheim—'all things in God, and
God in them.' For 'He is not far from
any one of us, seeing that in Him we
live and move and have our being;' and
'do not I fill heaven and earth?' saith
the Lord."

Following out his theory, Mr.
Griffiths holds "that those who
make history by their words and
deeds, are only instruments in the
hands of God, and organs of His
self-revelation." He thus adduces
most powerful—most irresistible
natural evidence against Atheism—
that the matured mind, the brilliant
intellect, the glowing genius of man-

kind, in all ages, has looked upward to a Divine source:—

"In Philosophy we find a Socrates declaring that his wisdom is not his own, but a breath of the divinity within him.

"In Science we see a Pythagoras, flushed with the joy of geometrical discovery, running to sacrifice a hecatomb of grateful adoration to the Inspirer of this discovery.

"In Morals we have a Sophocles, affirming that in the highest heaven the Divine laws have their birth, and not the race of mortals did beget them, but the power of God.

"In Music we have a Haydn, when admired for his genius, lifting up his hands to heaven, and exclaiming—'Not mine! Not mine! From God alone it comes.'

"In Painting we have a Blake declaring, 'He who does not imagine in a stronger and better light than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all.'

"In Poetry we have a Wordsworth referring to 'the Vision and the faculty divine,' 'the fountain light of all our seeing.'

"And in Religion we have the prophets of old proclaiming, 'The word of the Lord came to me!'—'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me!' and Jesus himself declaring, of all that He taught and did, 'My doctrine is not mine, but His who sent me.'—'The words I speak to you I speak not of myself, but the Father who dwelleth in me, He doeth all my works.'"

We cannot follow our author further; but we can earnestly recommend these "Studies" as in all respects exalted, and worthy of the subject they contemplate.

The Life and Letters of Rowland Williams, D.D. With extracts from his note books. Edited by his wife. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co.—The friends and admirers of the late Rowland Williams are guilty of no exaggerated estimate

of his public career, when they claim for him honourable rank "in the great army of witnesses for the truth," and that he "did good service in the Church of God by advocating an open Bible, and free reverential biblical criticism; and by maintaining this to be consistent with the standards of the Anglican Church—of which he was a divine—he helped much to vindicate for her the wide boundary which was her lawful inheritance."

In modern church controversy the publications that excited the most intense interest, and caused the greatest acerbity among contending parties, undoubtedly were *Tracts for the Times* on the one hand, and *Essays and Reviews* on the other. The controversy thus excited was conducted with great vehemence and bitterness of spirit, which necessarily involved a good deal of personal conflict and animosity. Now, however, time, with healing on his wings, has done much to assuage the tone of theological differences, so that past contentions can be regarded without participating in their rancours.

The publication of the *Tracts for the Times* commenced in 1833, and extended over ninety numbers. The spirit and tone of the writers betokened an extreme sacerdotalism, and the drift of the whole publication was decidedly Romeward. The authorities of Oxford University condemned the publication in 1841, when it ceased, but the effect of the movement, to which Dr. Pusey gave his name, most undoubtedly was to send some of the most earnest men connected with it into the Roman Church; while, strange to say, he who was the principal cause of so much perversion did not follow his pervers.

Essays and Reviews, with which Dr. Williams was identified, did not appear till twenty years after the *Tracts*. The latter represented the

